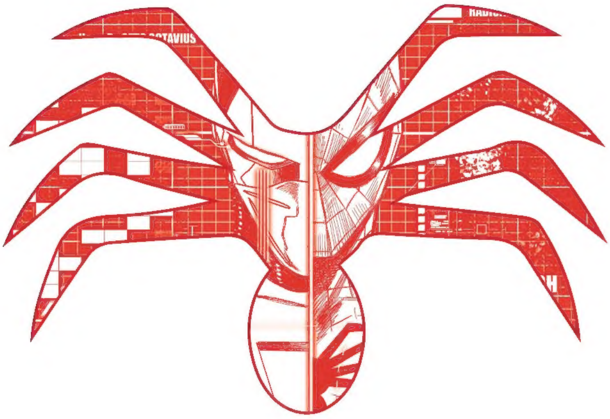
ULTIMATE
MARVEL

July 2024
December 2024

Ultimate Spider-Man 7-12
Ultimate Black Panther 6-11
Ultimate X-Men 5-10
The Ultimates 2-7
One Year In



7

Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Six months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime.

Fighting alongside Peter is the **GREEN GOBLIN**, a.k.a. **HARRY OSBORN**, who learned the truth of the world—and how his parents died at the hands of the Maker's Council—when his company, **OSCORP**, bought **STANE/STARK INDUSTRIES** at the behest of **WILSON FISK**, the **KINGPIN** of New York and a subordinate of the Maker's Council.

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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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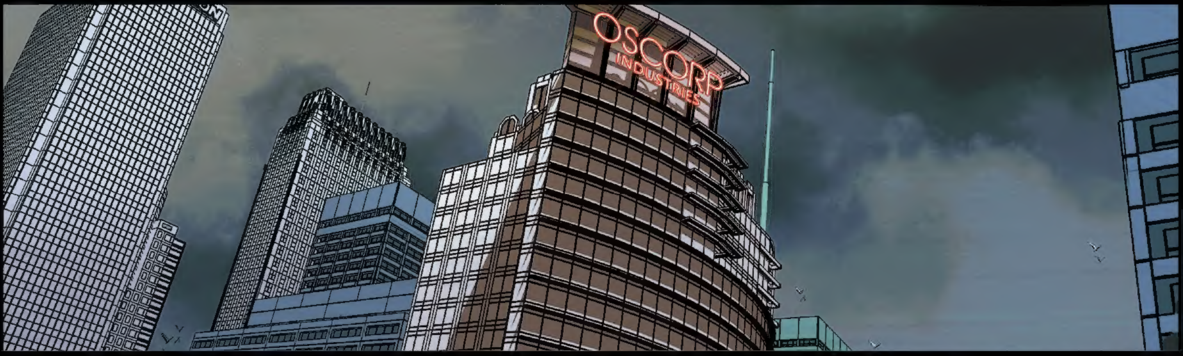
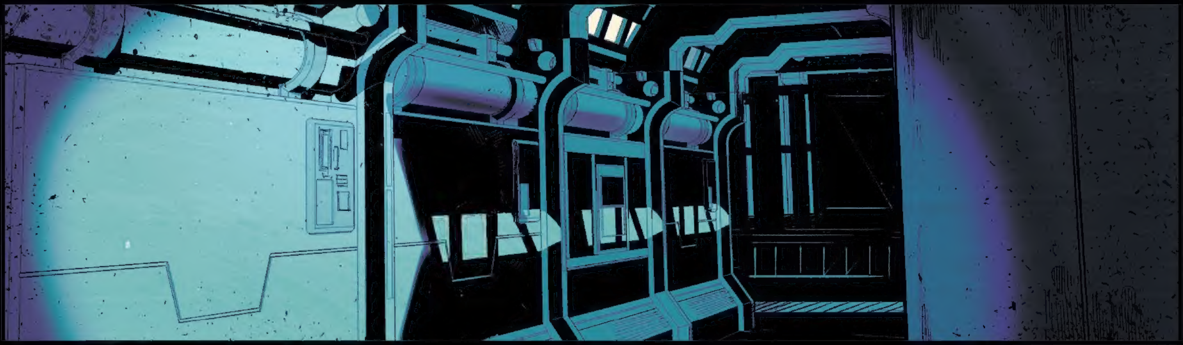
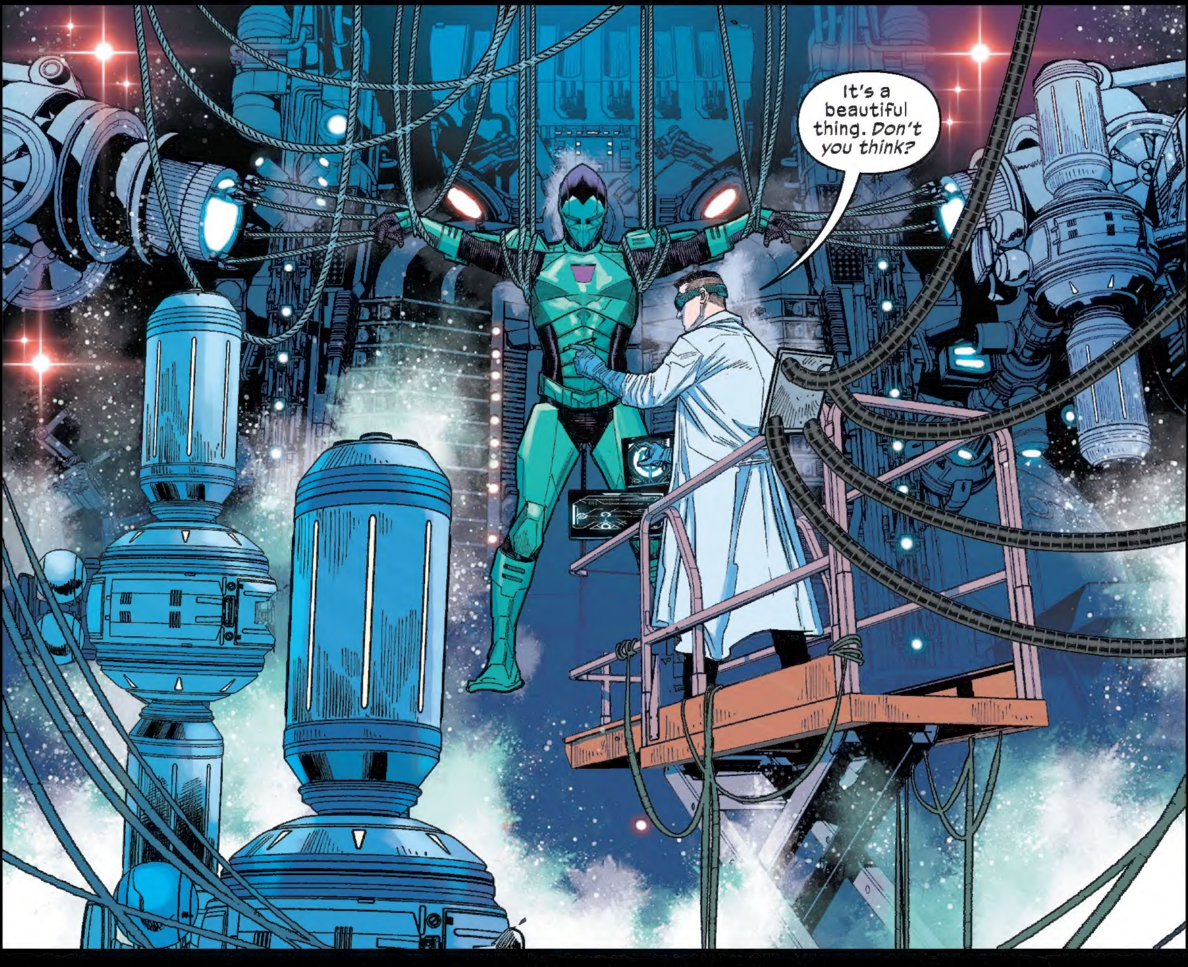
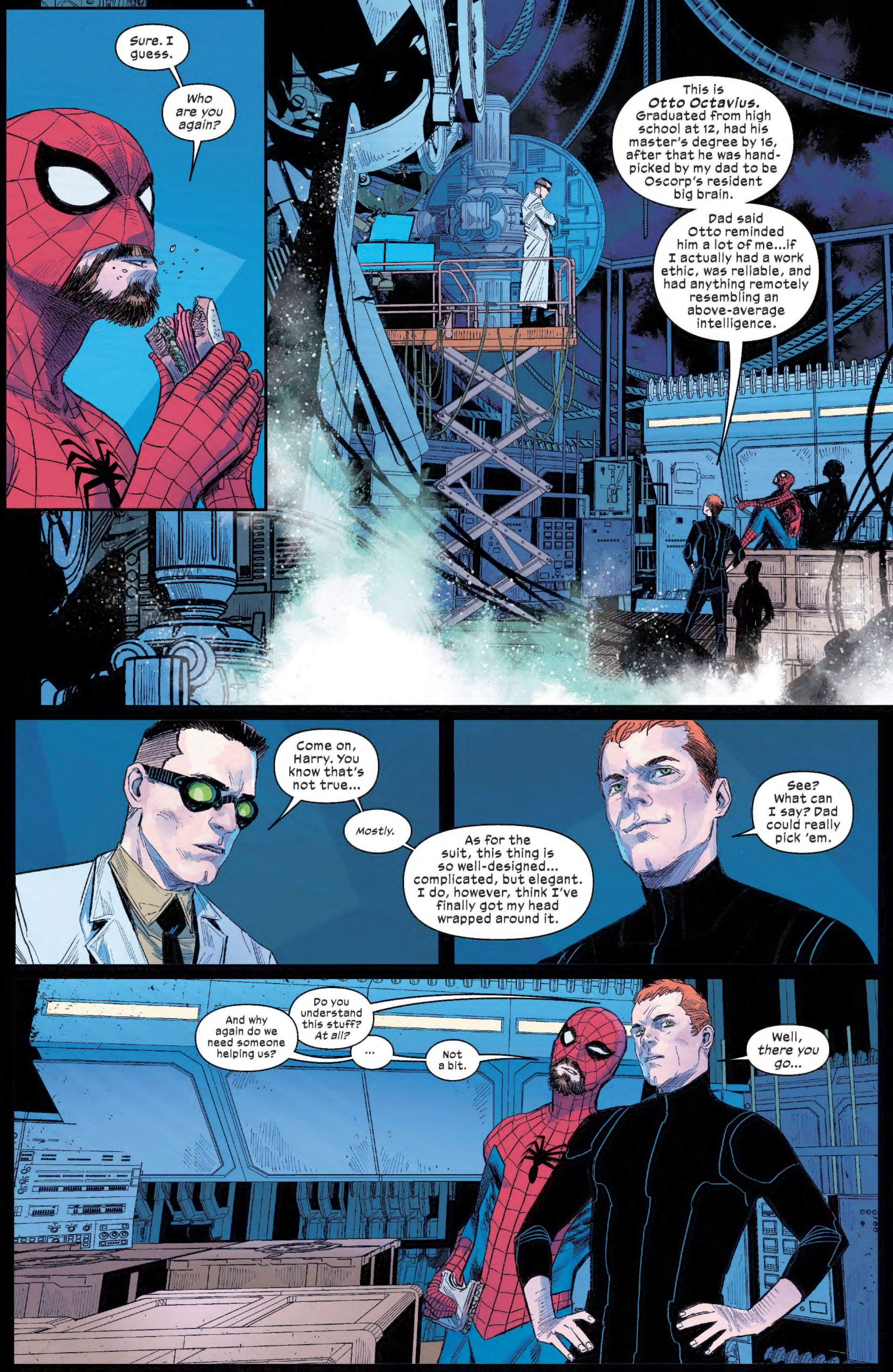
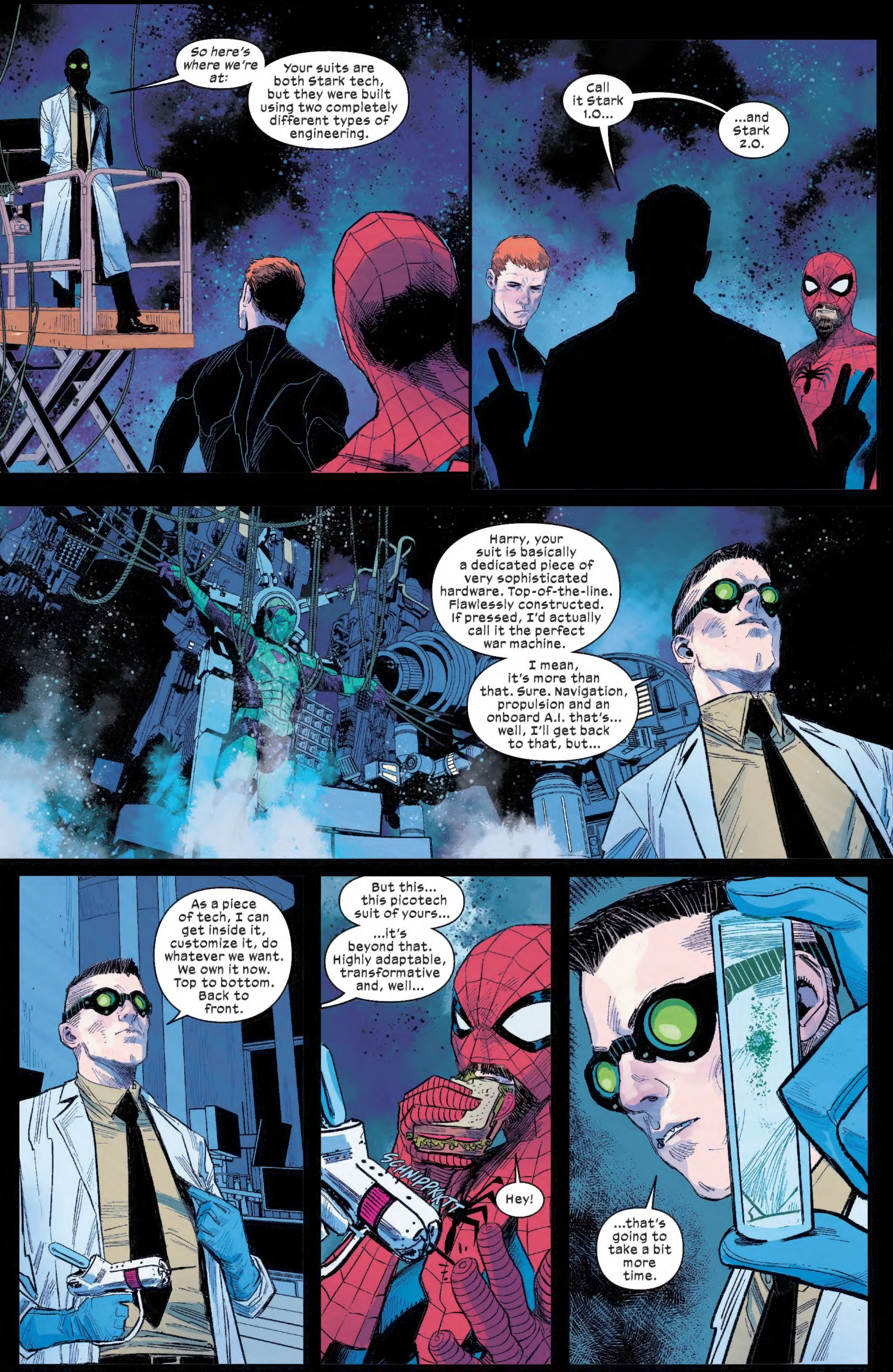

OSCORP
INDUSTRIES

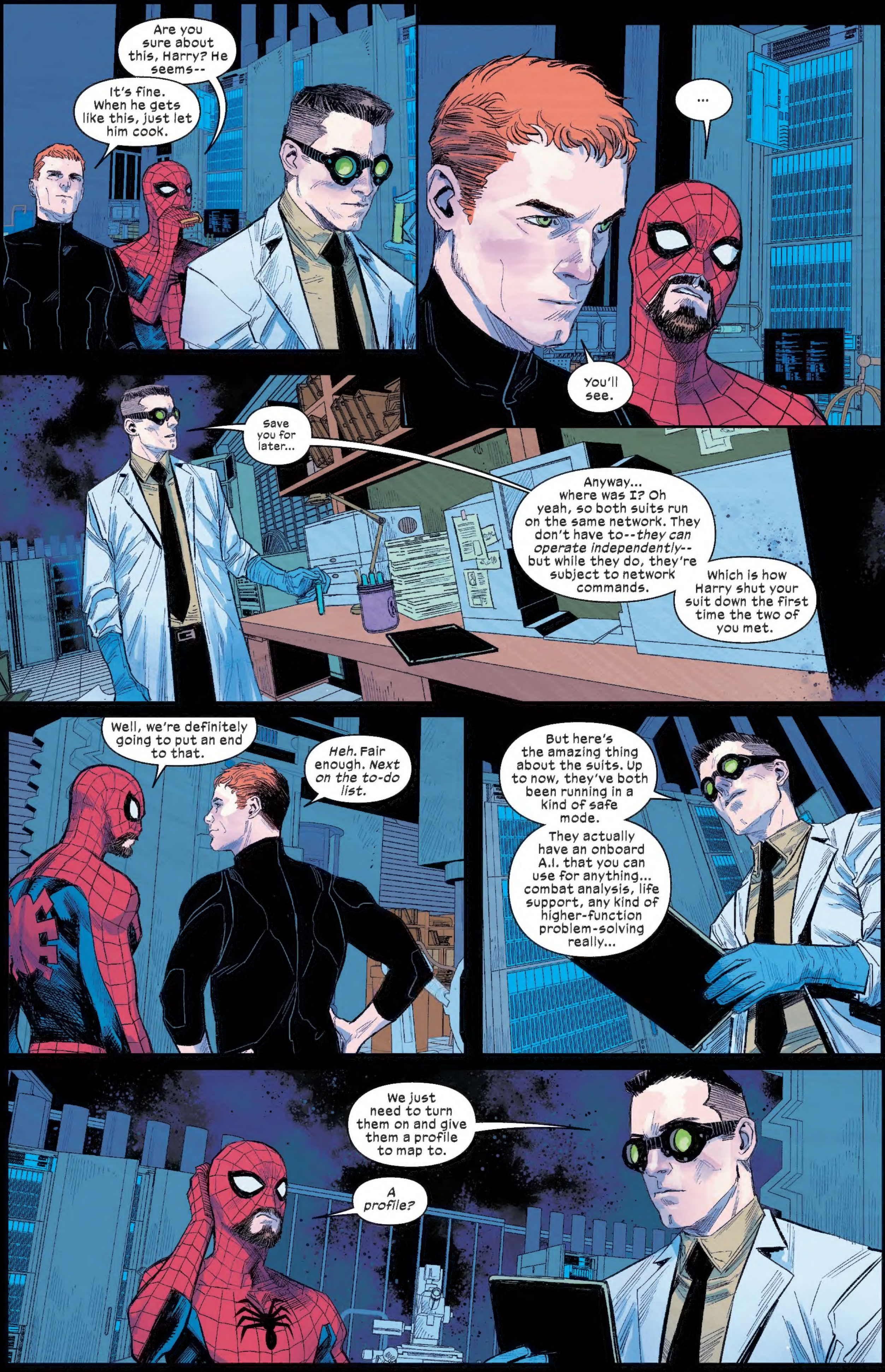


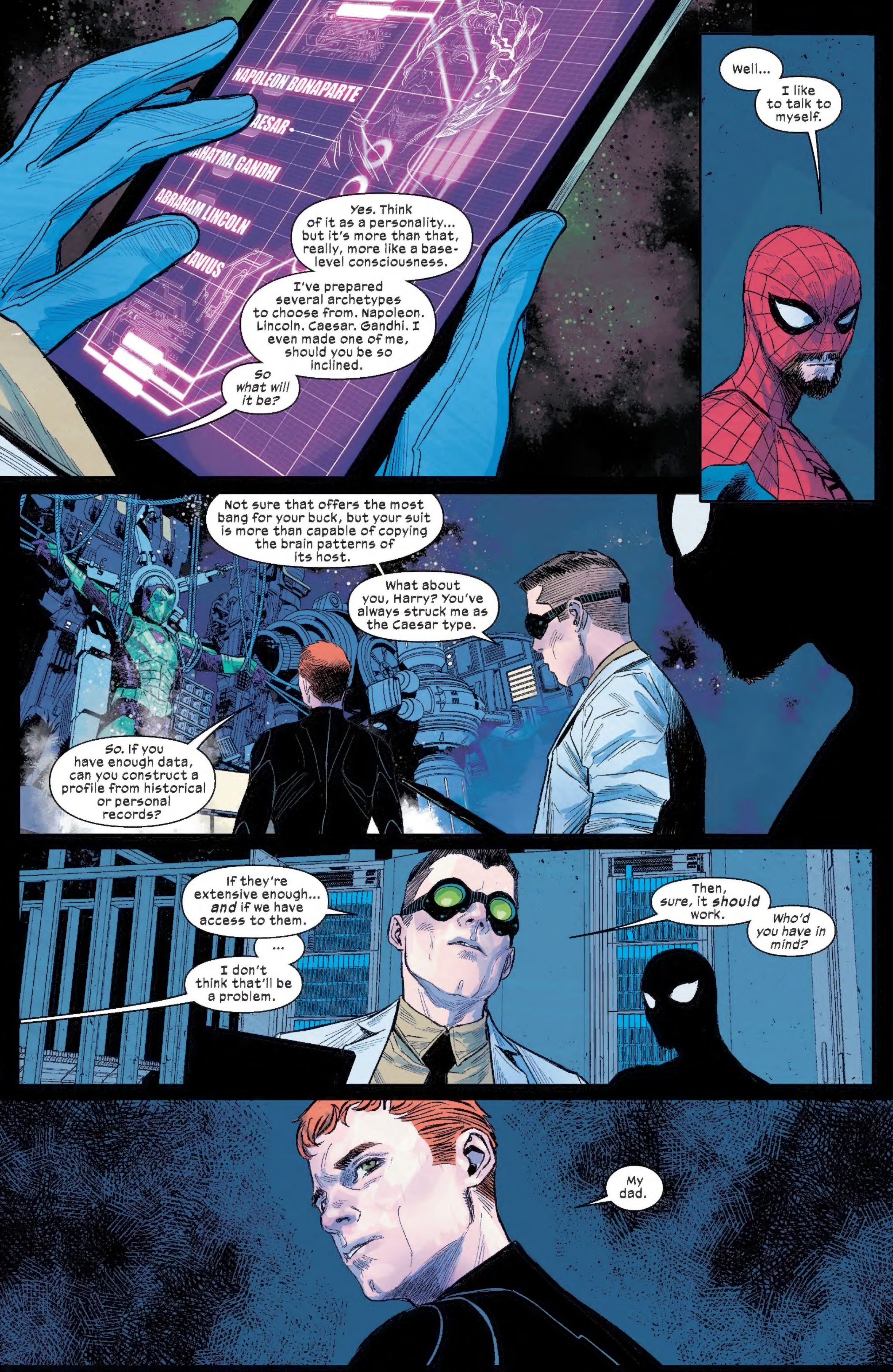
JULY

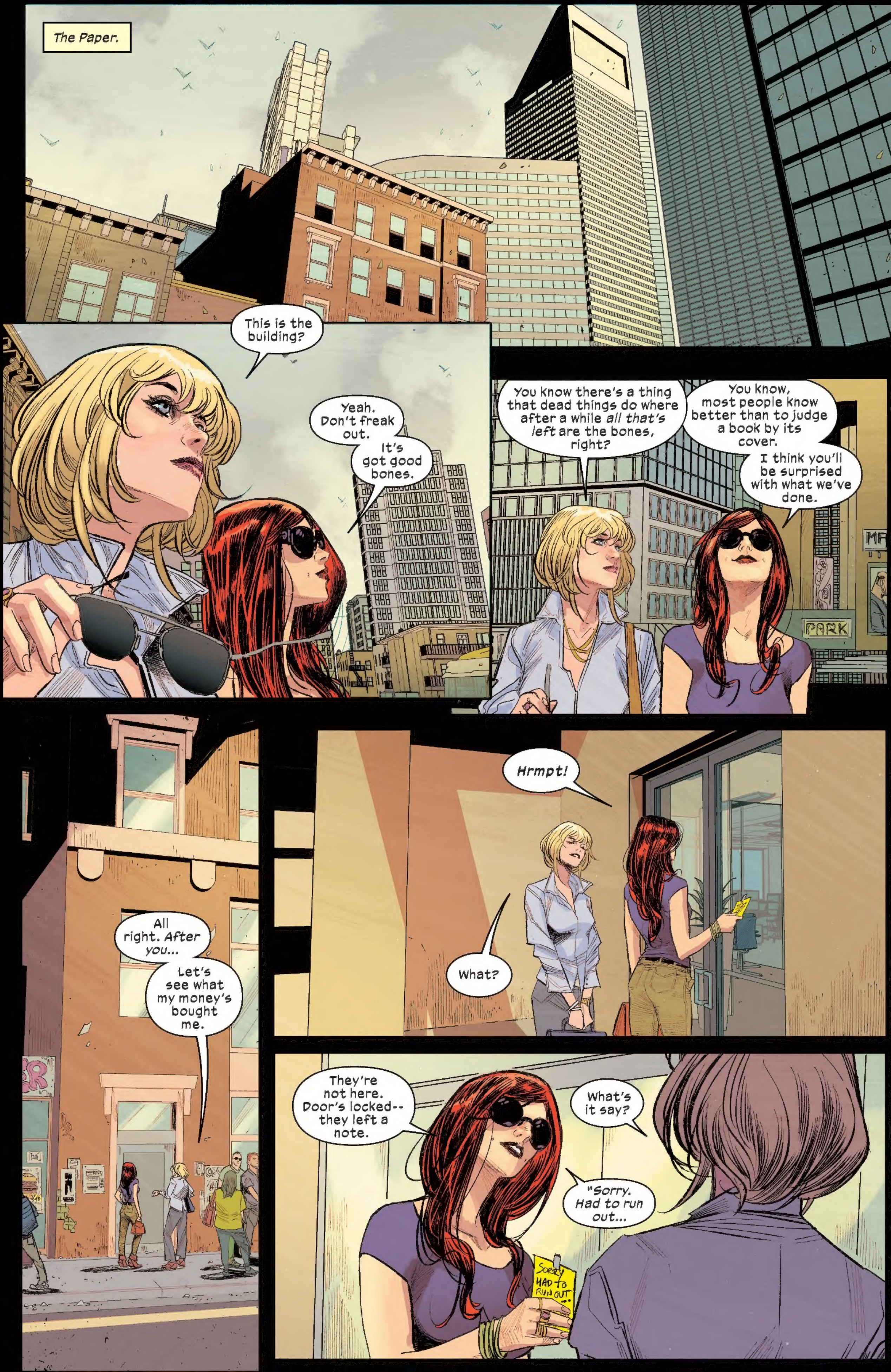

It's a beautiful thing. *Don't you think?*

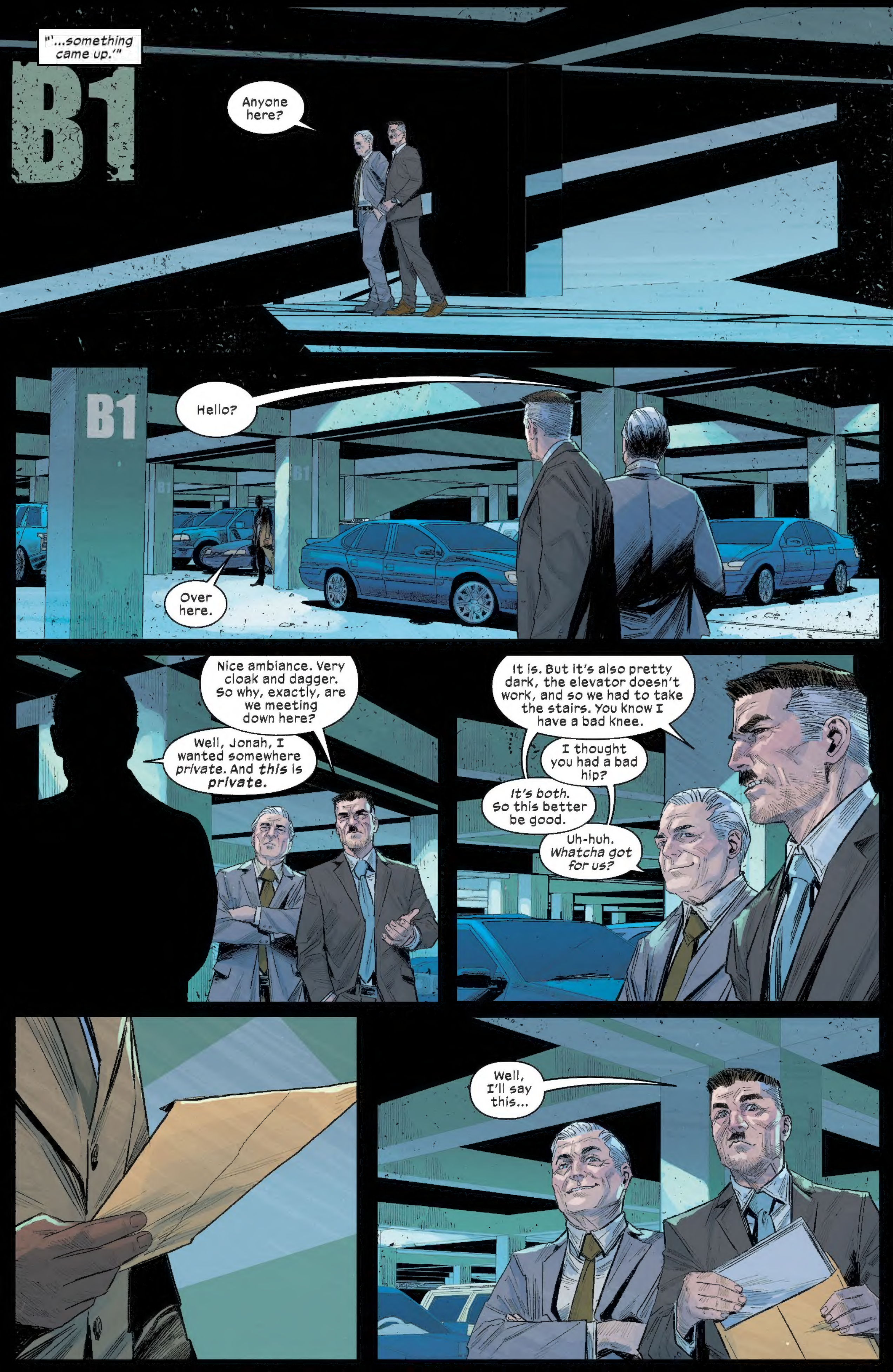

Sure. I guess.
Who are you again?
This is *Otto Octavius.* Graduated from high school at 12, had his master's degree by 16, after that he was hand-picked by my dad to be Oscorp's resident big brain.
Dad said Otto reminded him a lot of me...if I actually had a work ethic, was reliable, and had anything remotely resembling an above-average intelligence.
Come on, Harry. You know that's not true...
Mostly.
As for the suit, this thing is so well-designed... complicated, but elegant. I do, however, think I've finally got my head wrapped around it.
See? What can I say? Dad could really pick 'em.
And why again do we need someone helping us?
Do you understand this stuff? *At all?*
...
Not a bit.
Well, *there you go...*

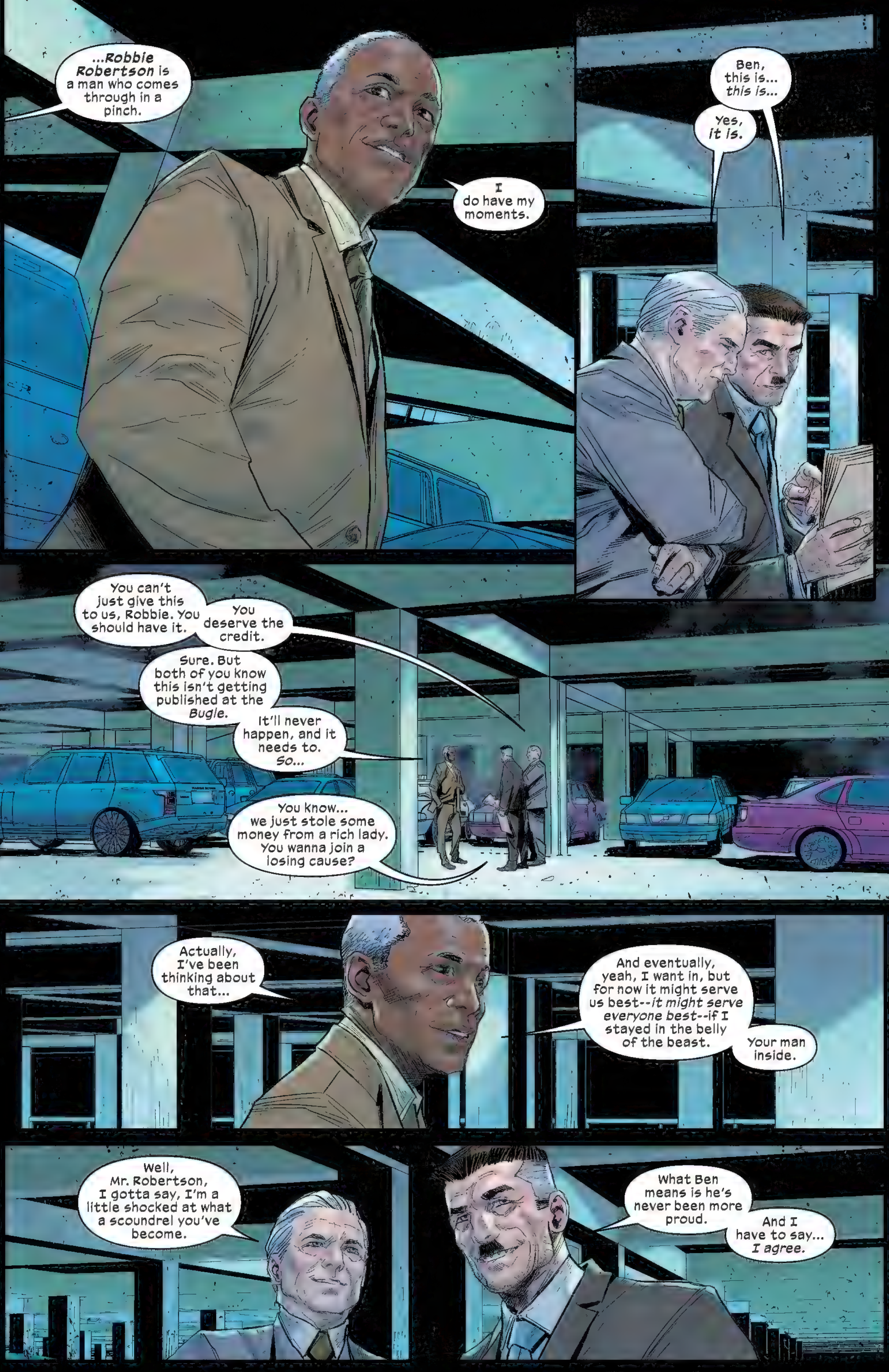

So here's where we're at:
Your suits are both Stark tech, but they were built using two completely different types of engineering.
Call it Stark 1.0...
...and Stark 2.0.
Harry, your suit is basically a dedicated piece of very sophisticated hardware. Top-of-the-line. Flawlessly constructed. If pressed, I'd actually call it the perfect war machine.
I mean, it's more than that. Sure. Navigation, propulsion and an onboard A.I. that's... well, I'll get back to that, but...
As a piece of tech, I can get inside it, customize it, do whatever we want. We own it now. Top to bottom. Back to front.
But this... this picotech suit of yours...
...it's beyond that. Highly adaptable, transformative and, well...
SCHNIPPKKTT
Hey!
...that's going to take a bit more time.

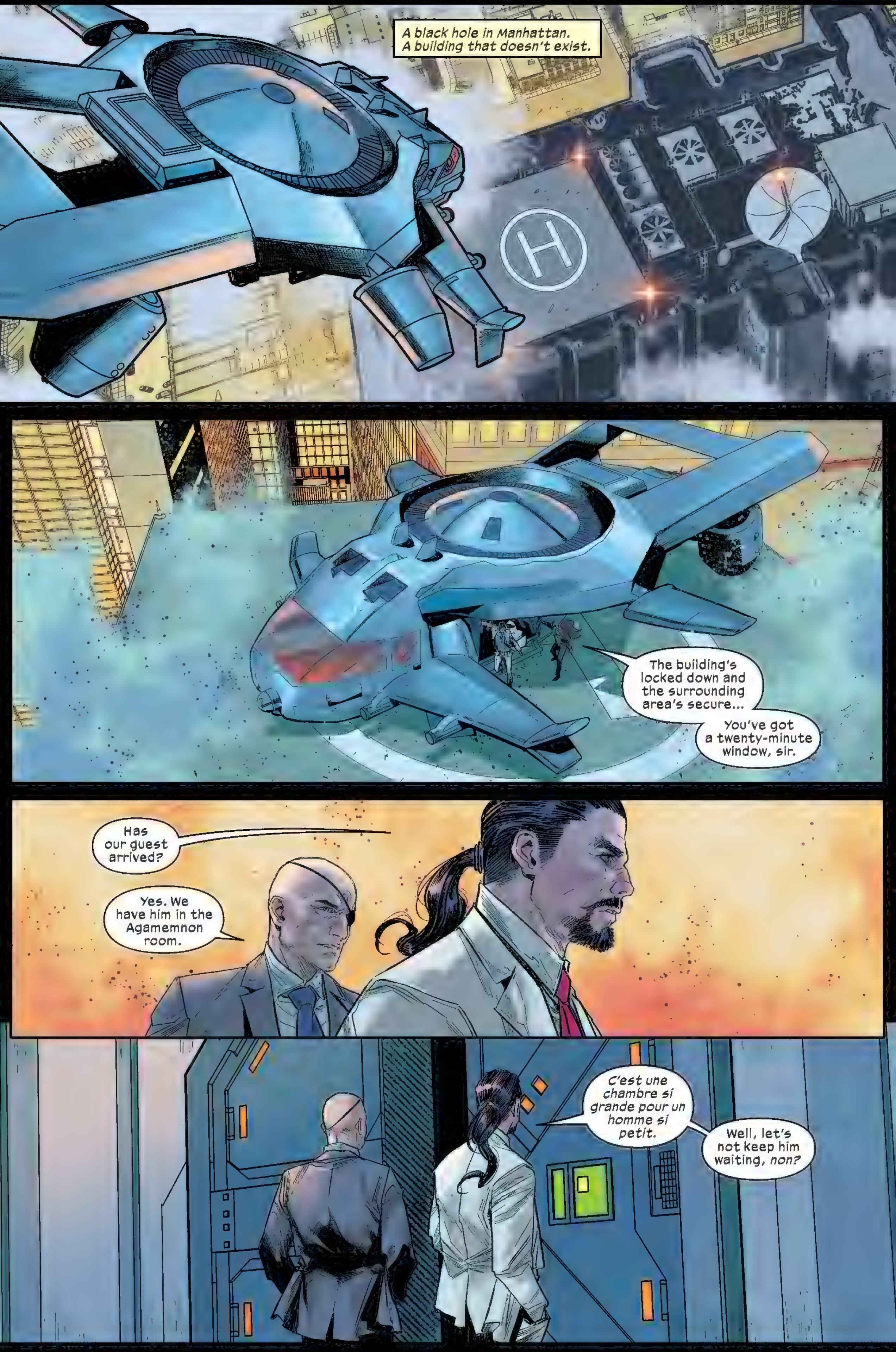

Are you sure about this, Harry? He seems--
It's fine. When he gets like this, just let him cook.
...
You'll see.
Save you for later...
Anyway... where was I? Oh yeah, so both suits run on the same network. They don't have to--*they can operate independently*--but while they do, they're subject to network commands.
Which is how Harry shut your suit down the first time the two of you met.
Well, we're definitely going to put an end to that.
Heh. Fair enough. *Next on the to-do list.*
But here's the amazing thing about the suits. Up to now, they've both been running in a kind of safe mode.
They actually have an onboard A.I. that you can use for anything... combat analysis, life support, any kind of higher-function problem-solving really...
We just need to turn them on and give them a profile to map to.
A profile?

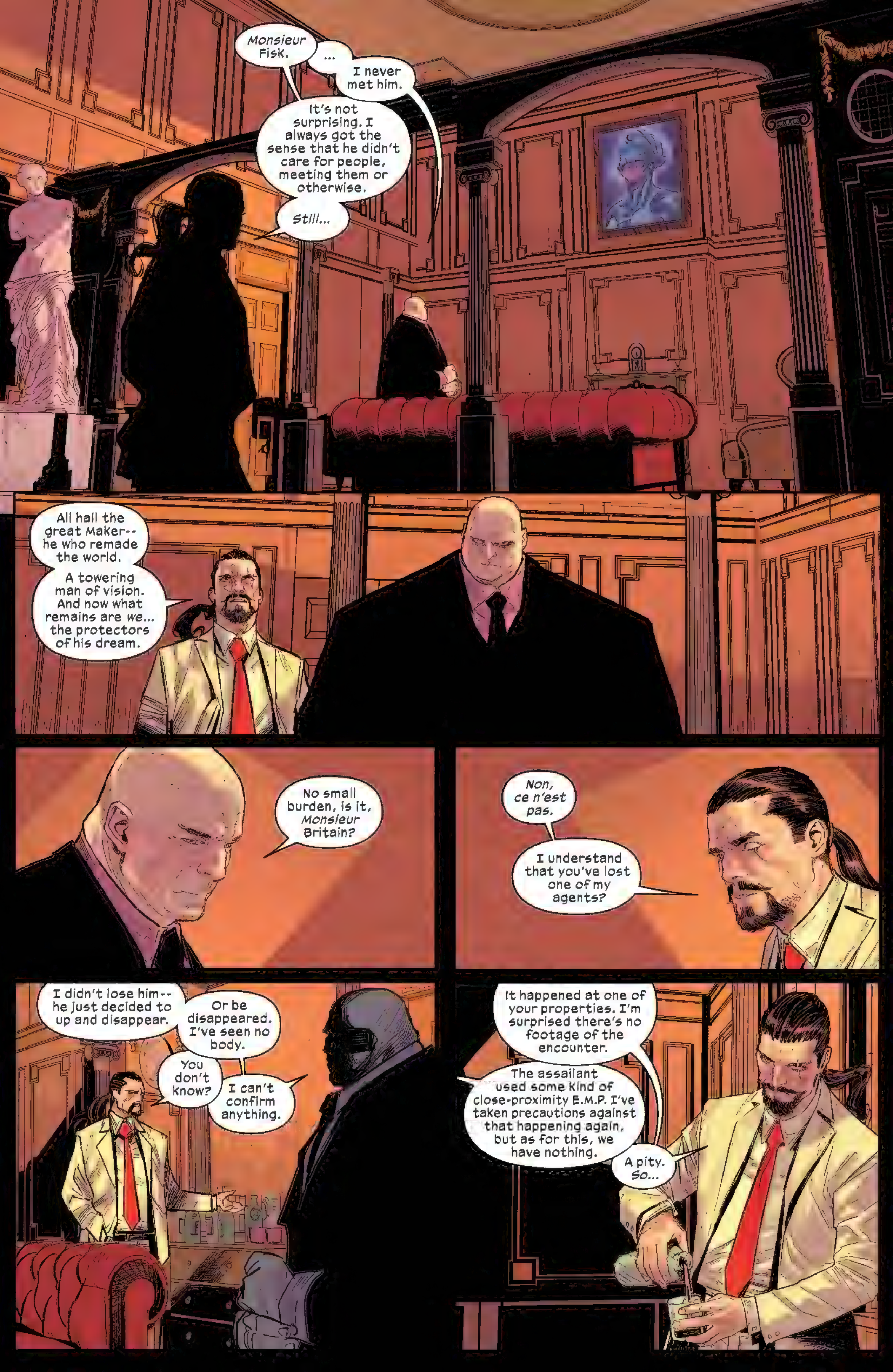

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
AESAR
AHATMA GANDHI
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
TAVIUS
Yes. Think of it as a personality... but it's more than that, really, more like a base-level consciousness.
I've prepared several archetypes to choose from. Napoleon. Lincoln. Caesar. Gandhi. I even made one of me, should you be so inclined.
So what will it be?
Well...
I like to talk to myself.
Not sure that offers the most bang for your buck, but your suit is more than capable of copying the brain patterns of its host.
What about you, Harry? You've always struck me as the Caesar type.
So. If you have enough data, can you construct a profile from historical or personal records?
If they're extensive enough... *and* if we have access to them.
...
I don't think that'll be a problem.
Then, sure, it *should* work.
Who'd you have in mind?
My dad.

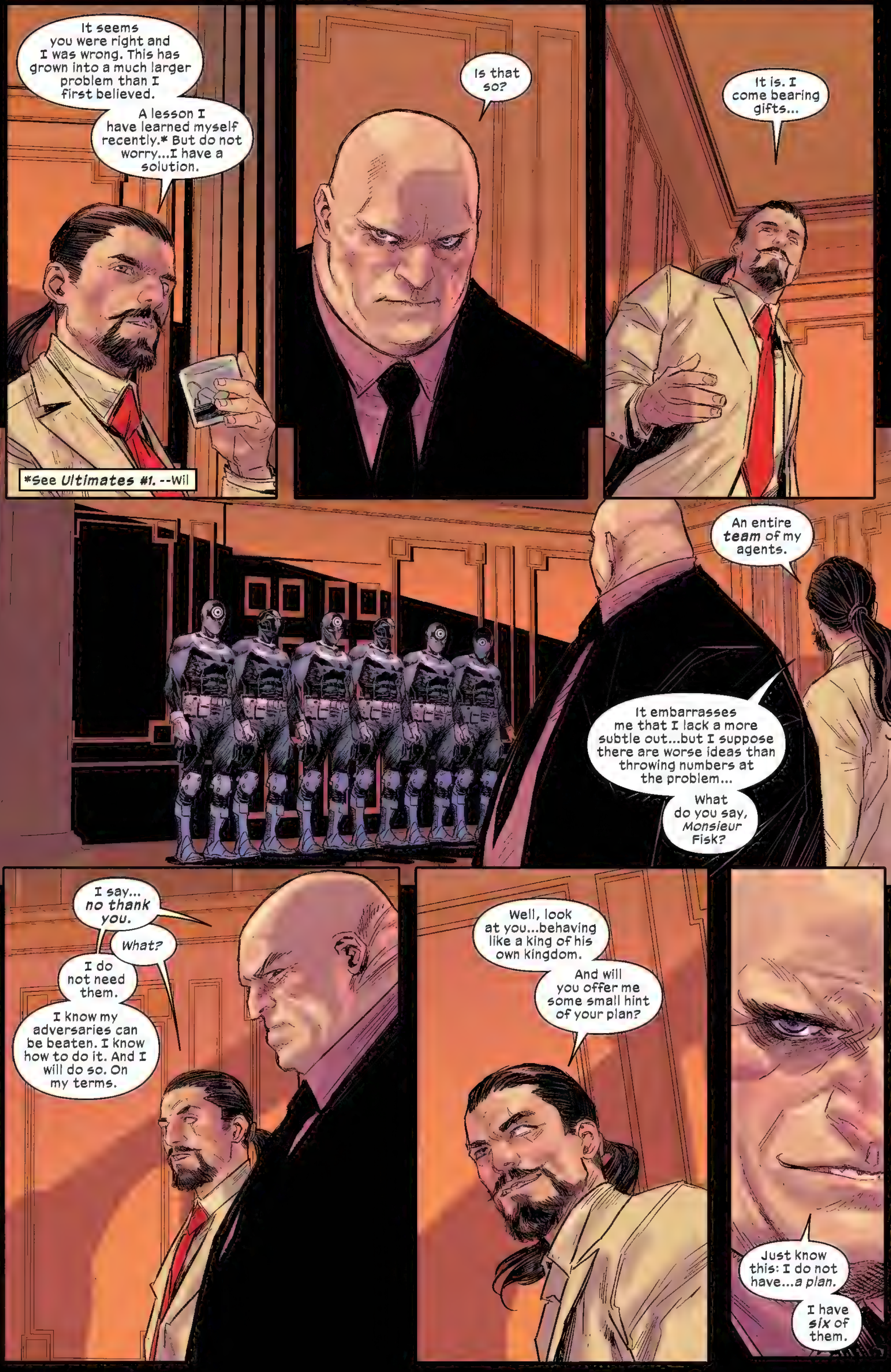

The Paper.
This is the building?
Yeah. Don't freak out.
It's got good bones.
You know there's a thing that dead things do where after a while *all that's left* are the bones, right?
You know, most people know better than to judge a book by its cover.
I think you'll be surprised with what we've done.
PARK
All right. *After* you...
Let's see what my money's bought me.
Hrmpt!
What?
They're not here. Door's locked--they left a note.
What's it say?
"Sorry. Had to run out...
SORRY HAD TO RUN OUT...

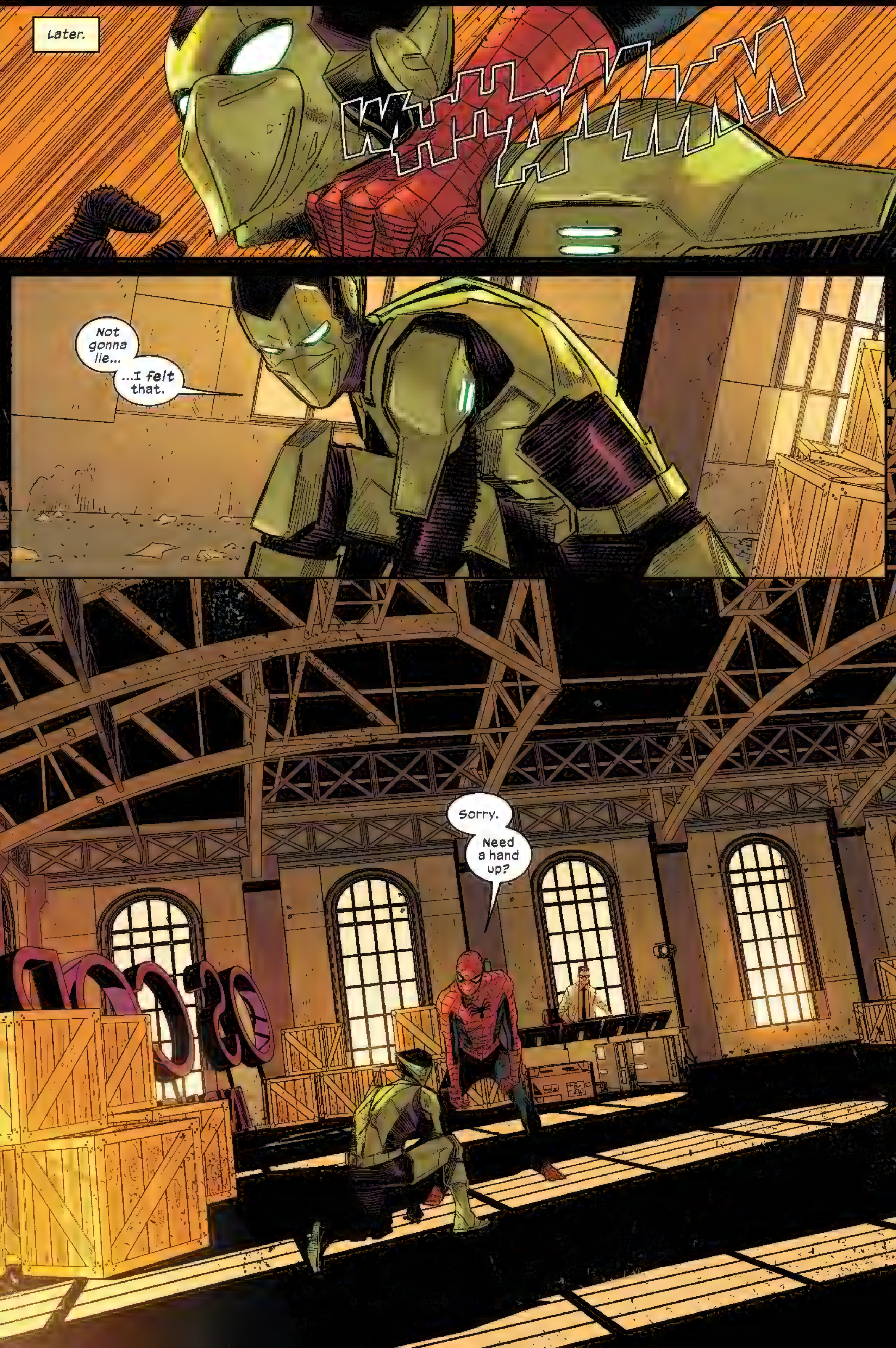

"'...something came up.'"
B1
Anyone here?
B1
Hello?
Over here.
Nice ambiance. Very cloak and dagger. So why, exactly, are we meeting down here?
Well, Jonah, I wanted somewhere *private*. And *this* is *private*.
It is. But it's also pretty dark, the elevator doesn't work, and so we had to take the stairs. You know I have a bad knee.
I thought you had a bad hip?
It's both. So this better be good.
Uh-huh. *Whatcha got for us?*
Well, I'll say this...

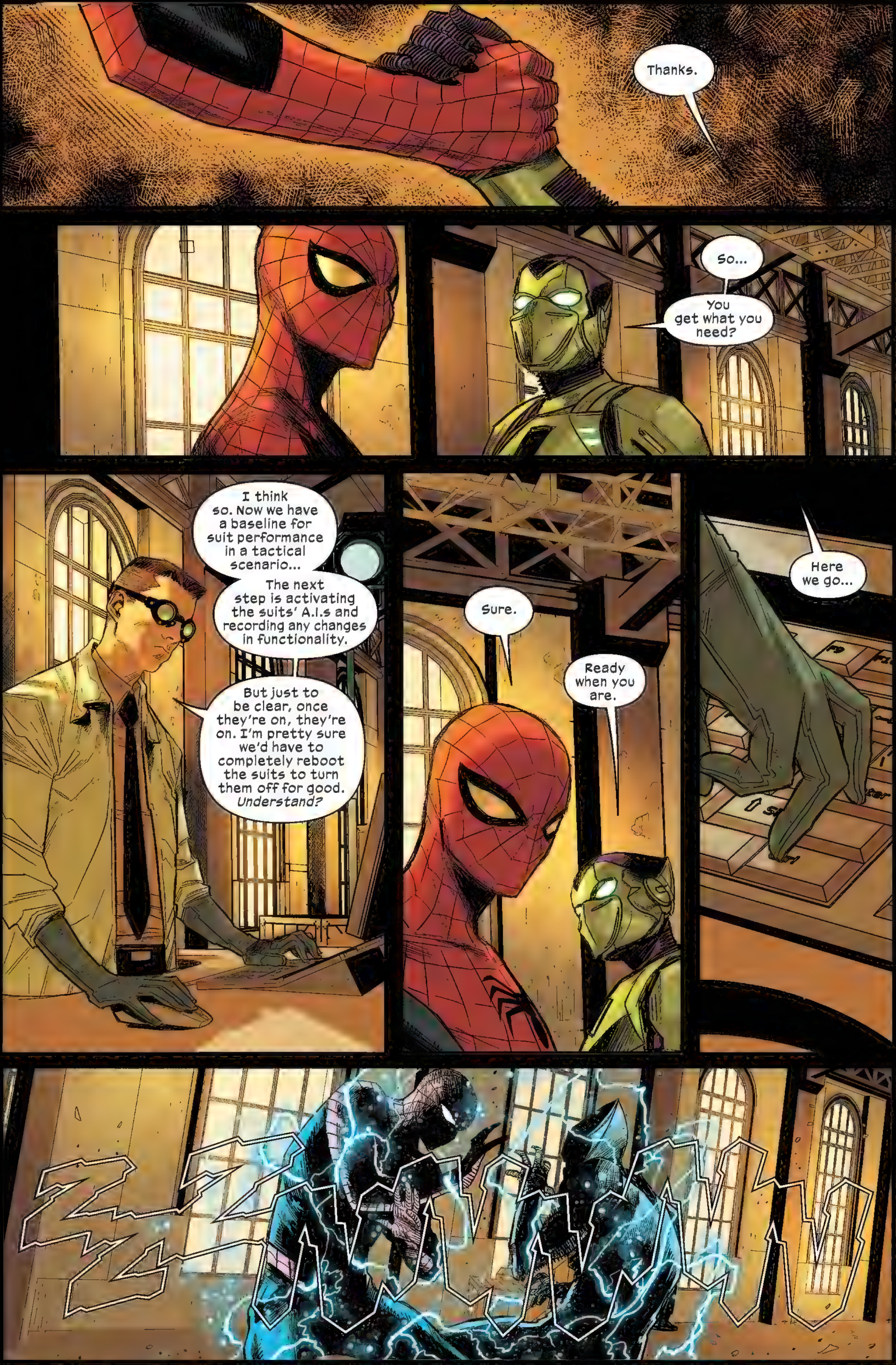

...*Robbie Robertson* is a man who comes through in a pinch.
I do have my moments.
Ben, this is... *this is*...
Yes, *it is.*
You can't just give this to us, Robbie. You should have it.
You deserve the credit.
Sure. But both of you know this isn't getting published at the *Bugle*.
It'll never happen, and it needs to. *So*...
You know... we just stole some money from a rich lady. You wanna join a losing cause?
Actually, I've been thinking about that...
And eventually, yeah, I want in, but for now it might serve us best--*it might serve everyone best*--if I stayed in the belly of the beast.
Your man inside.
Well, Mr. Robertson, I gotta say, I'm a little shocked at what a scoundrel you've become.
What Ben means is he's never been more proud.
And I have to say... *I agree.*

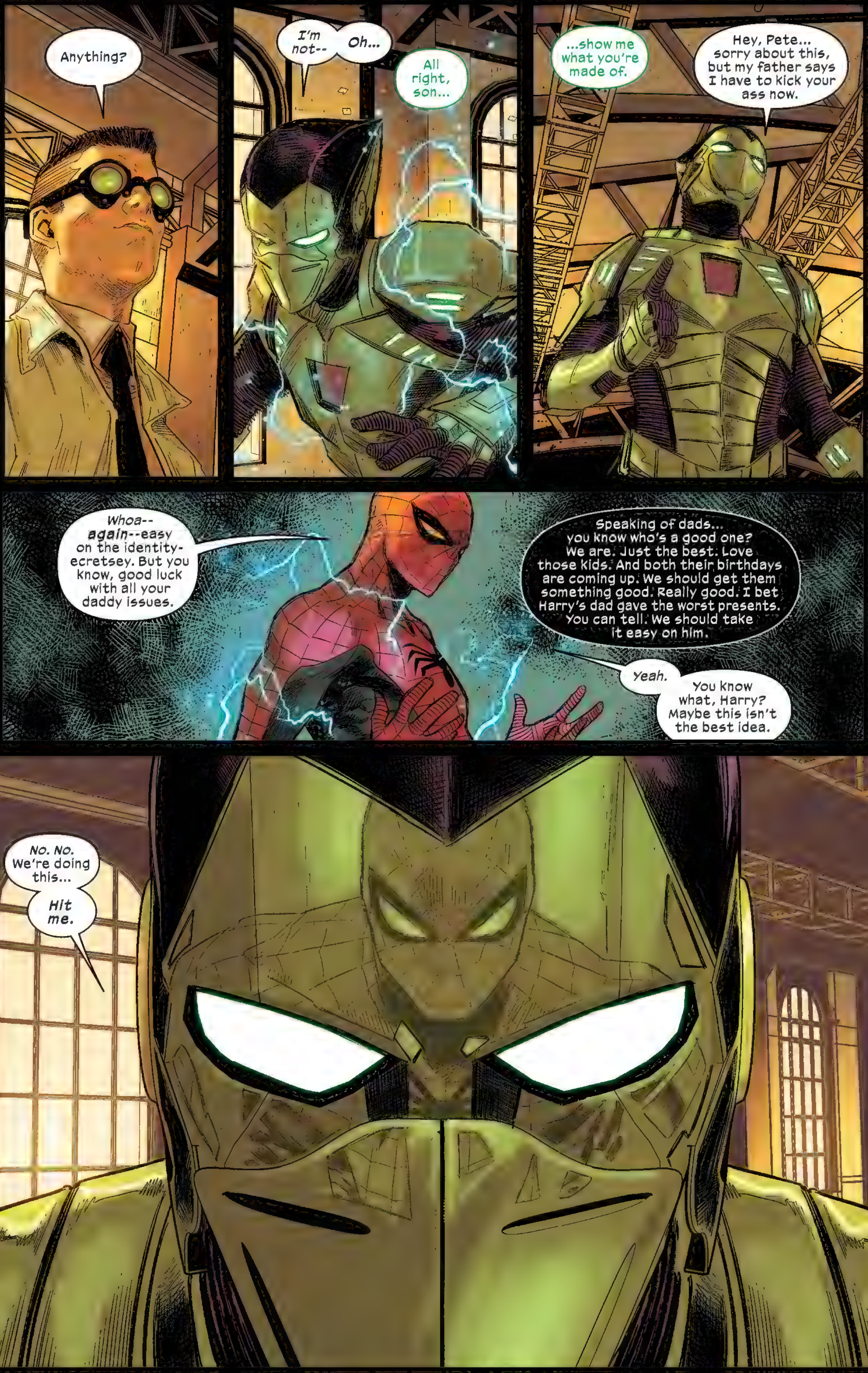

A black hole in Manhattan.
A building that doesn't exist.
The building's locked down and the surrounding area's secure...
You've got a twenty-minute window, sir.
Has our guest arrived?
Yes. We have him in the Agamemnon room.
C'est une chambre si grande pour un homme si petit.
Well, let's not keep him waiting, *non?*

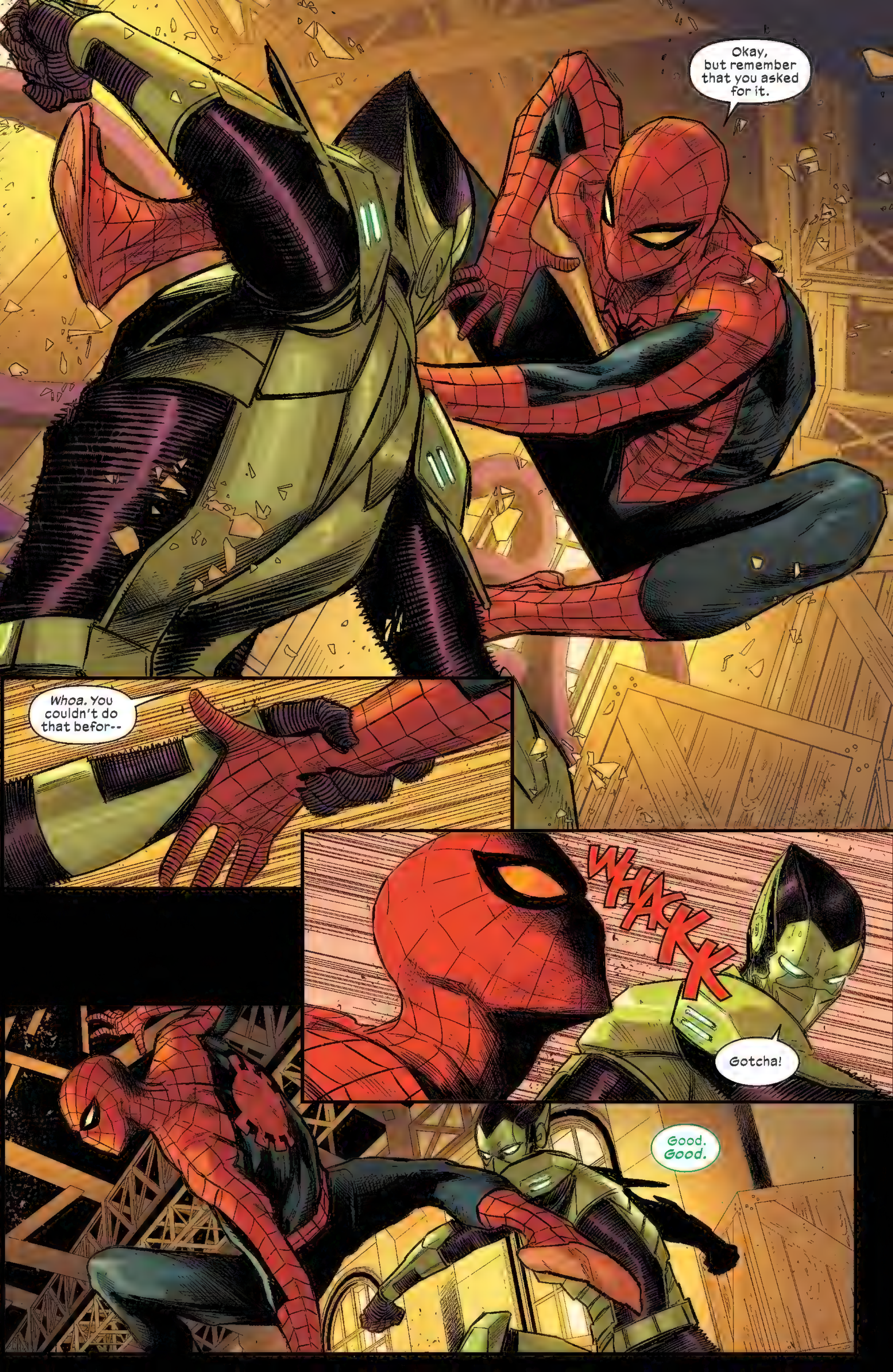

Monsieur Fisk.
...
I never met him.
It's not surprising. I always got the sense that he didn't care for people, meeting them or otherwise.
Still...
All hail the great Maker--he who remade the world.
A towering man of vision. And now what remains are *we*... the protectors of his dream.
No small burden, is it, *Monsieur* Britain?
Non, ce n'est pas.
I understand that you've lost one of my agents?
I didn't lose him--he just decided to up and disappear.
Or be disappeared. I've seen no body.
You don't know?
I can't confirm anything.
It happened at one of your properties. I'm surprised there's no footage of the encounter.
The assailant used some kind of close-proximity E.M.P. I've taken precautions against that happening again, but as for this, we have nothing.
A pity. So...

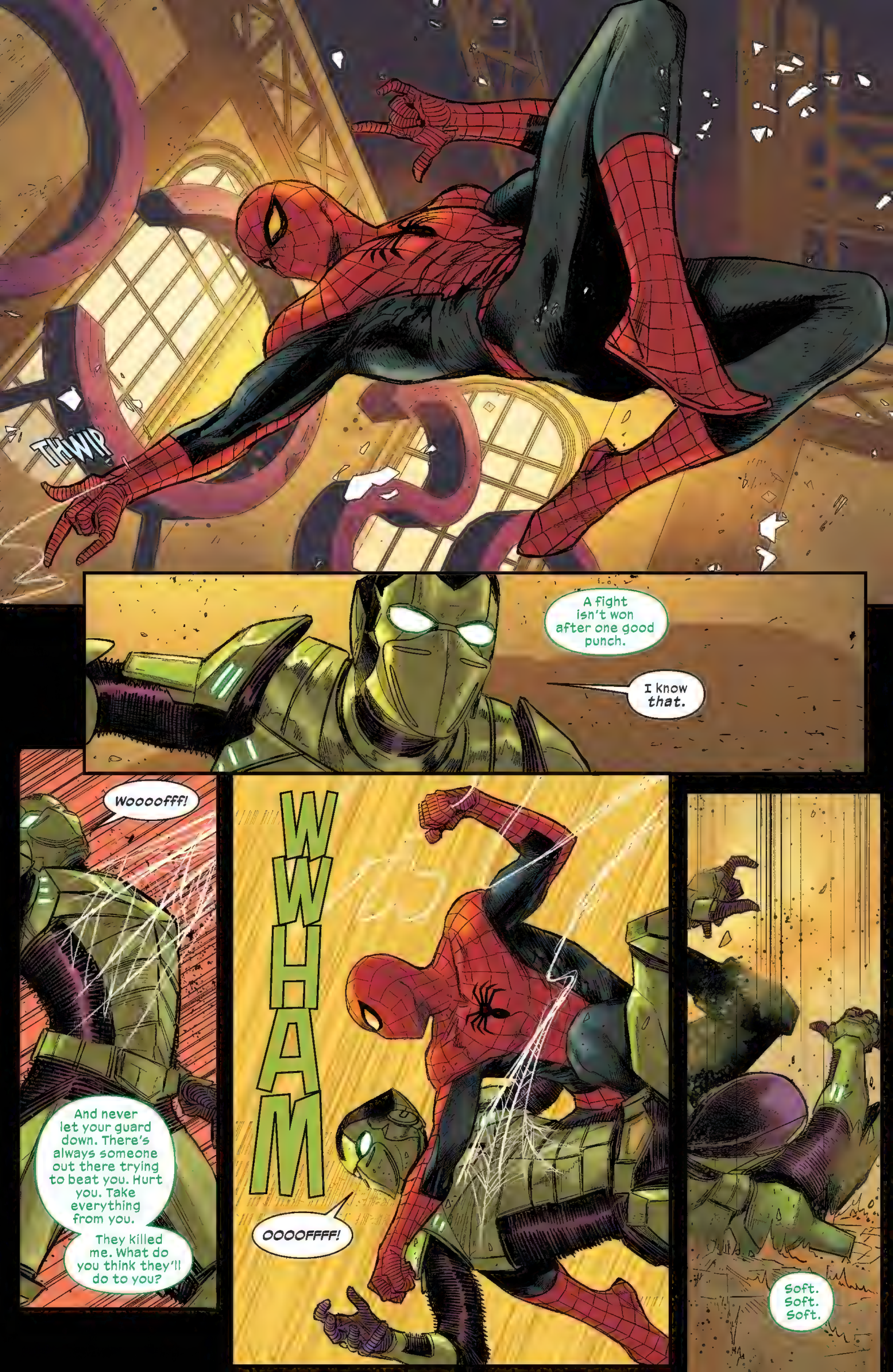

It seems you were right and I was wrong. This has grown into a much larger problem than I first believed.
A lesson I have learned myself recently.* But do not worry...I have a solution.
*See *Ultimates #1.* --Wil
Is that so?
It is. I come bearing gifts...
An entire **team** of my agents.
It embarrasses me that I lack a more subtle out...but I suppose there are worse ideas than throwing numbers at the problem...
What do you say, *Monsieur* Fisk?
I say... ***no thank you.***
What?
I do not need them.
I know my adversaries can be beaten. I know how to do it. And I will do so. On my terms.
Well, look at you...behaving like a king of his own kingdom.
And will you offer me some small hint of your plan?
Just know this: I do not have...*a plan.*
I have ***six*** of them.

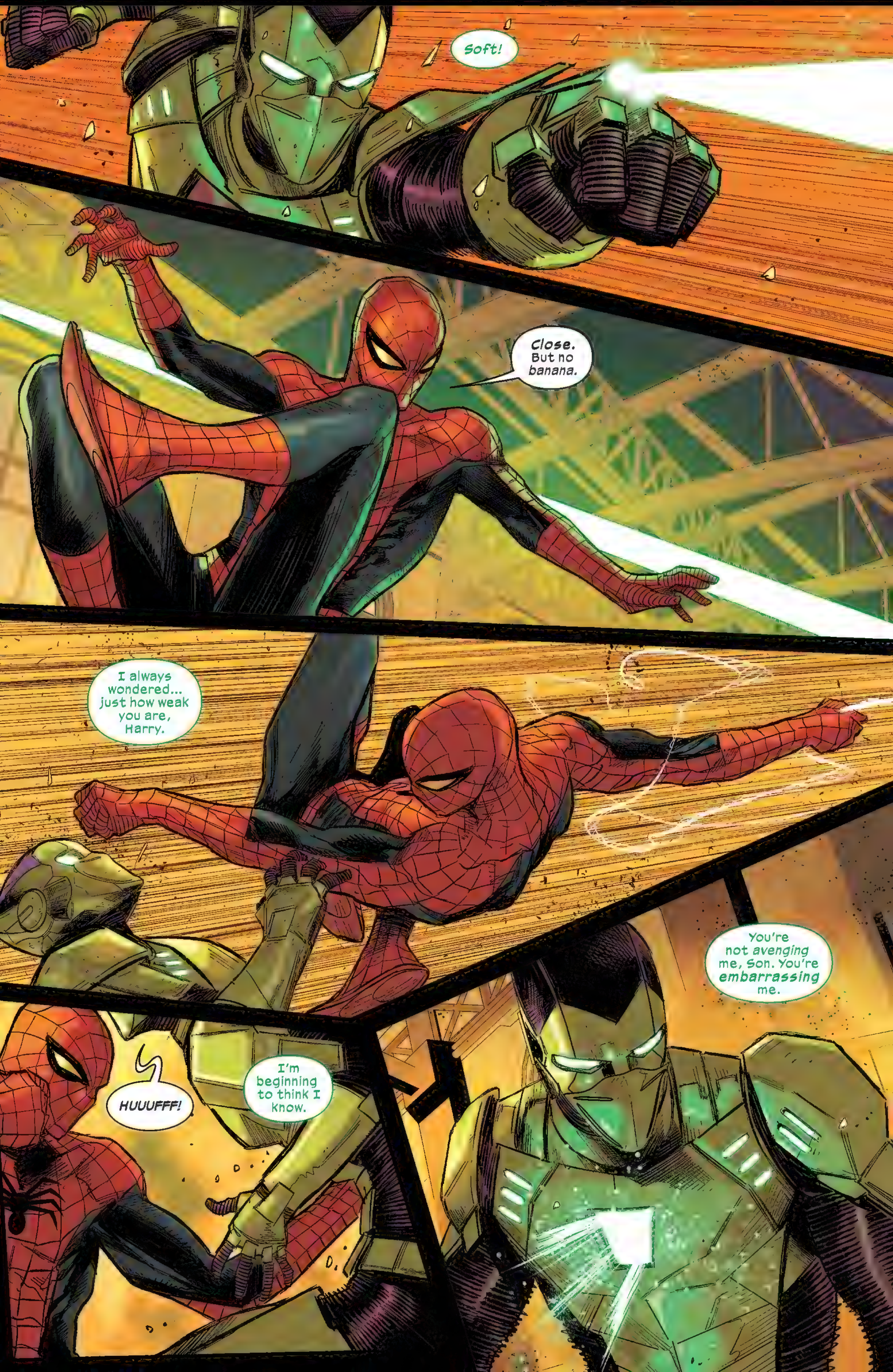

Later.
WHHAMM
Not gonna lie...
...I felt that.
Sorry.
Need a hand up?

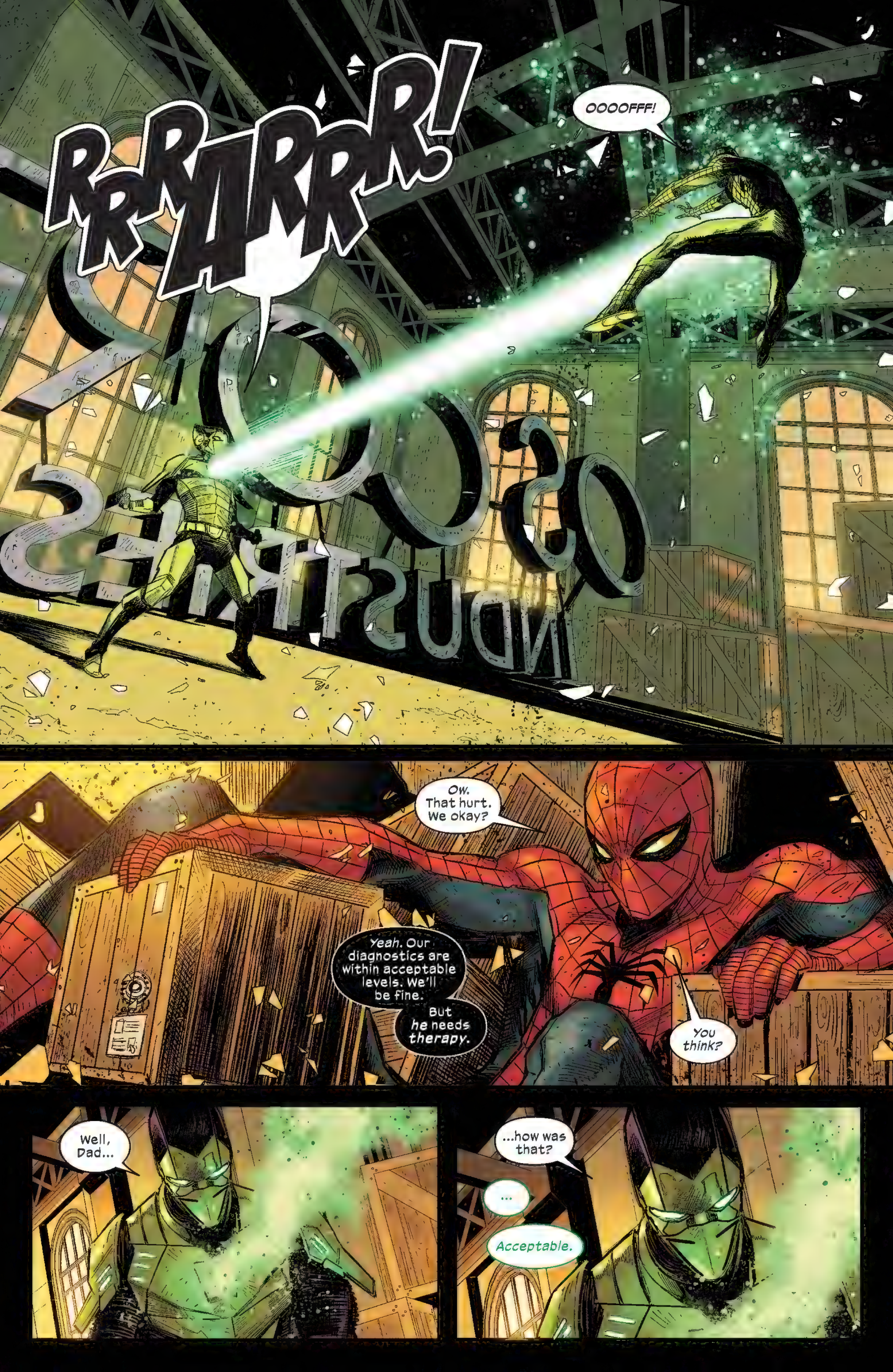

Thanks.
So...
You get what you need?
I think so. Now we have a baseline for suit performance in a tactical scenario...
The next step is activating the suits' A.I.s and recording any changes in functionality.
But just to be clear, once they're on, they're on. I'm pretty sure we'd have to completely reboot the suits to turn them off for good. *Understand?*
Sure.
Ready when you are.
Here we go...
ZZZNNNNNN

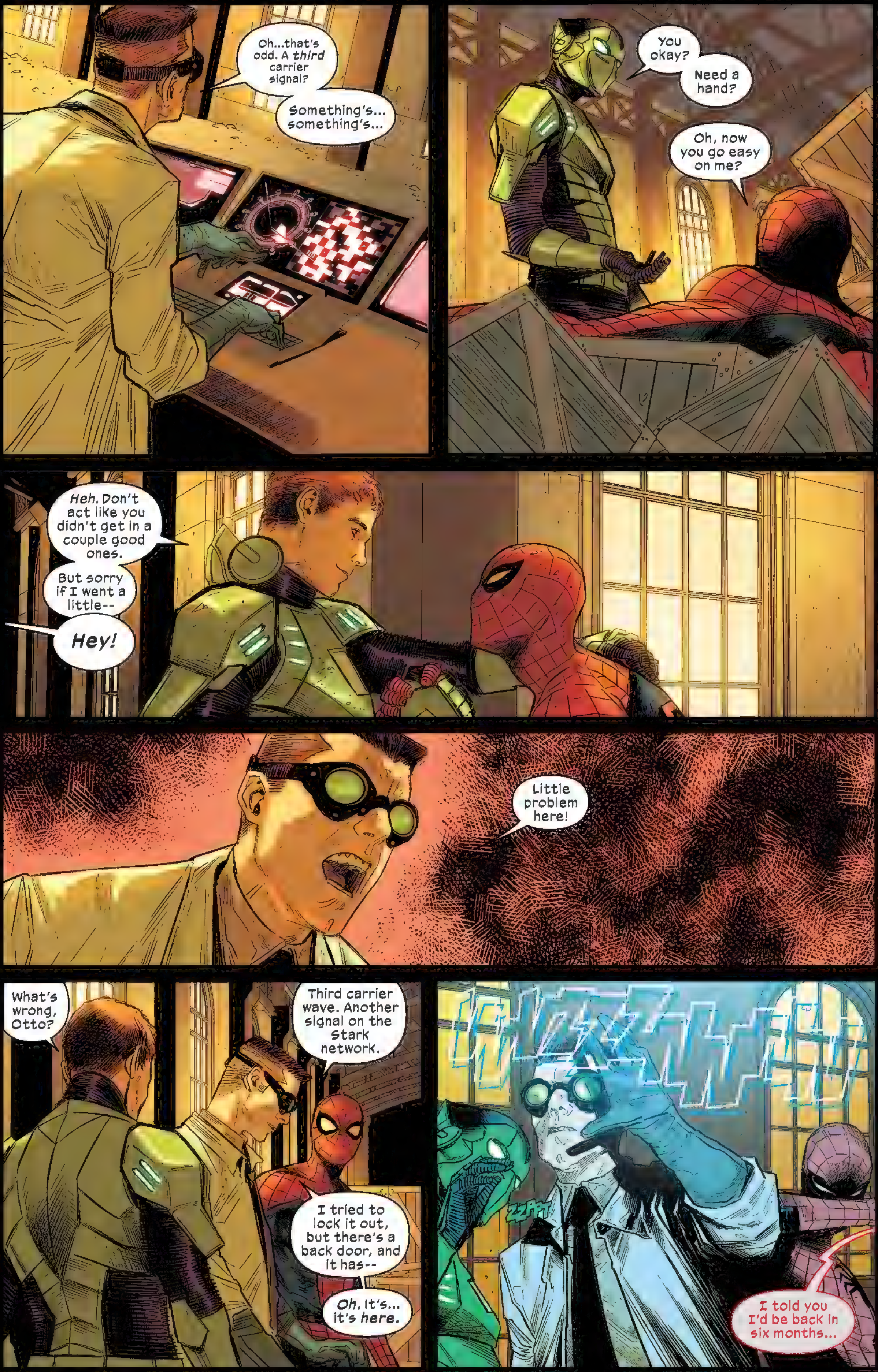

Anything?
I'm not--
Oh...
All right, son...
...show me what you're made of.
Hey, Pete... sorry about this, but my father says I have to kick your ass now.
Whoa-- *again*--easy on the identity-ecretsey. But you know, good luck with all your daddy issues.
Speaking of dads... you know who's a good one? We are. Just the best. Love those kids. And both their birthdays are coming up. We should get them something good. Really good. I bet Harry's dad gave the worst presents. You can tell. We should take it easy on him.
Yeah.
You know what, Harry? Maybe this isn't the best idea.
No. No. We're doing this...
Hit me.

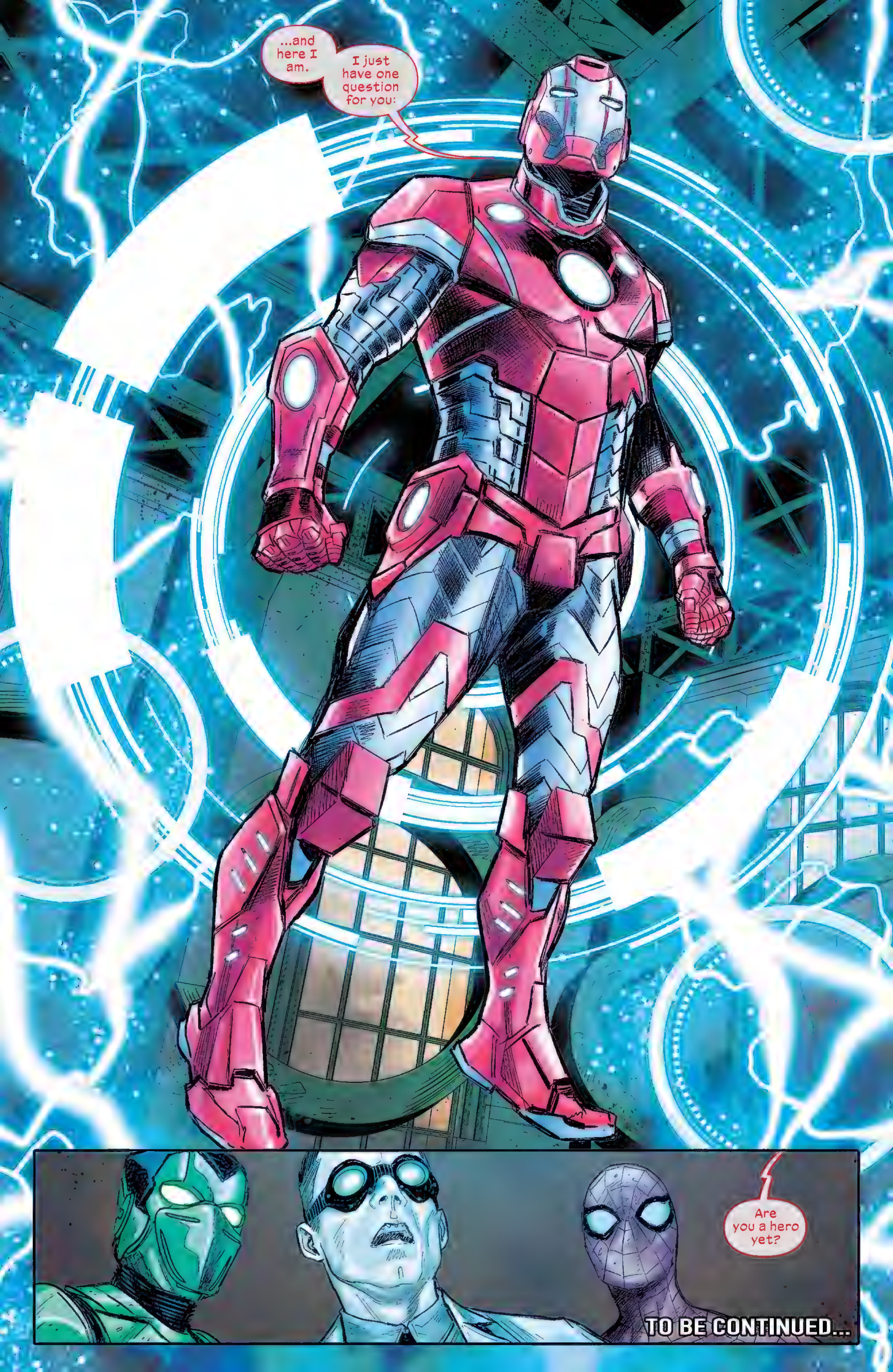

Okay, but remember that you asked for it.
Whoa. You couldn't do that befor--
WHAKK
Gotcha!
Good. Good.


THWIP
A fight isn't won after one good punch.
I know *that.*
Woooofff!
And never let your guard down. There's always someone out there trying to beat you. Hurt you. Take everything from you.
They killed me. What do you think they'll do to you?
WWHAM
OOOOFFFF!
Soft. Soft. Soft.


Soft!
Close. But no banana.
I always wondered... just how weak you are, Harry.
HUUUFFF!
I'm beginning to think I know.
You're not avenging me, Son. You're embarrassing me.


RRRARRR!
OOOOFFF!
Ow. That hurt. We okay?
Yeah. Our diagnostics are within acceptable levels. We'll be fine.
But he needs therapy.
You think?
Well, Dad...
...how was that?
...
Acceptable.


Oh...that's odd. A *third* carrier signal?
Something's... something's...
You okay?
Need a hand?
Oh, now you go easy on me?
Heh. Don't act like you didn't get in a couple good ones.
But sorry if I went a little--
Hey!
Little problem here!
What's wrong, Otto?
Third carrier wave. Another signal on the Stark network.
I tried to lock it out, but there's a back door, and it has--
Oh. It's... it's *here.*
ZZPPT
I told you I'd be back in six months...


...and here I am.
I just have one question for you:
Are you a hero yet?
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

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CHECCHETTO | WILSON
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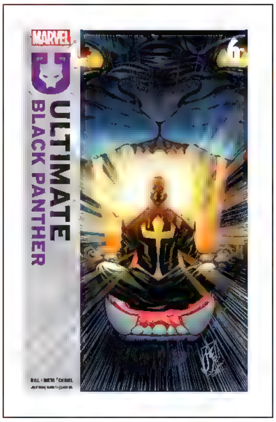
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
6

ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #6

BY **BRYAN HILL** &
CARLOS NIETO

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
X-MEN
5

ULTIMATE X-MEN #5

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

MARVEL
THE
ULTIMATES
2

ULTIMATES #2

BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
JUAN FRIGERI

6

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

STORM and **KILLMONGER**—trusted members of T'Challa's inner circle alongside his sister, **SHURI**, and his wife, **QUEEN OKOYE**—led **BLACK PANTHER** to a mysterious green ore that acts counter to vibranium, accelerating the growth of life uncontrollably. But Ra and Khonshu stole some of this unknown element to empower their own kingdom against Wakanda...

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LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **STEFANO CASELLI & DAVID CURIEL**
VARIANT
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FELIPE MASSAFERA

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BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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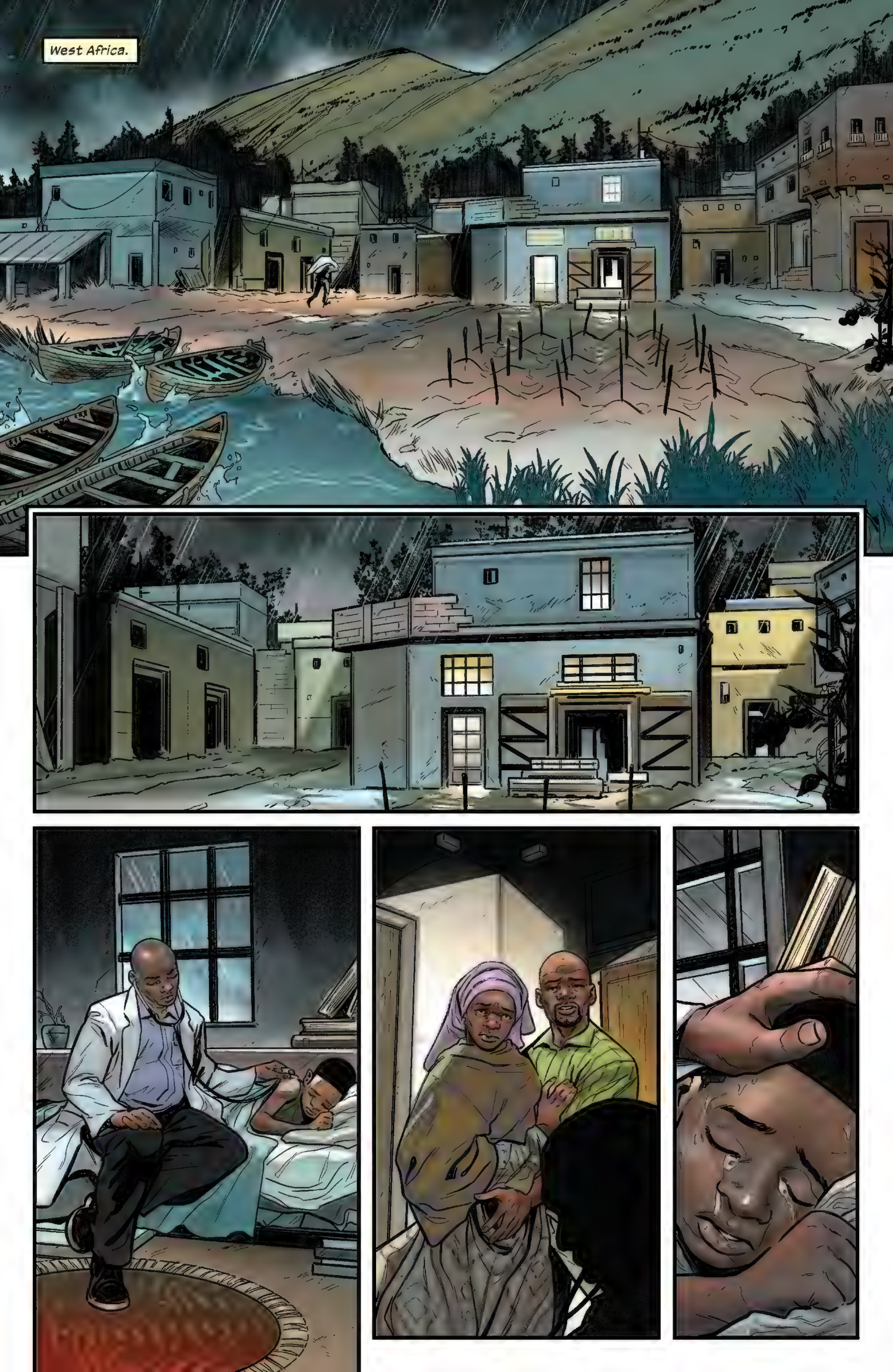
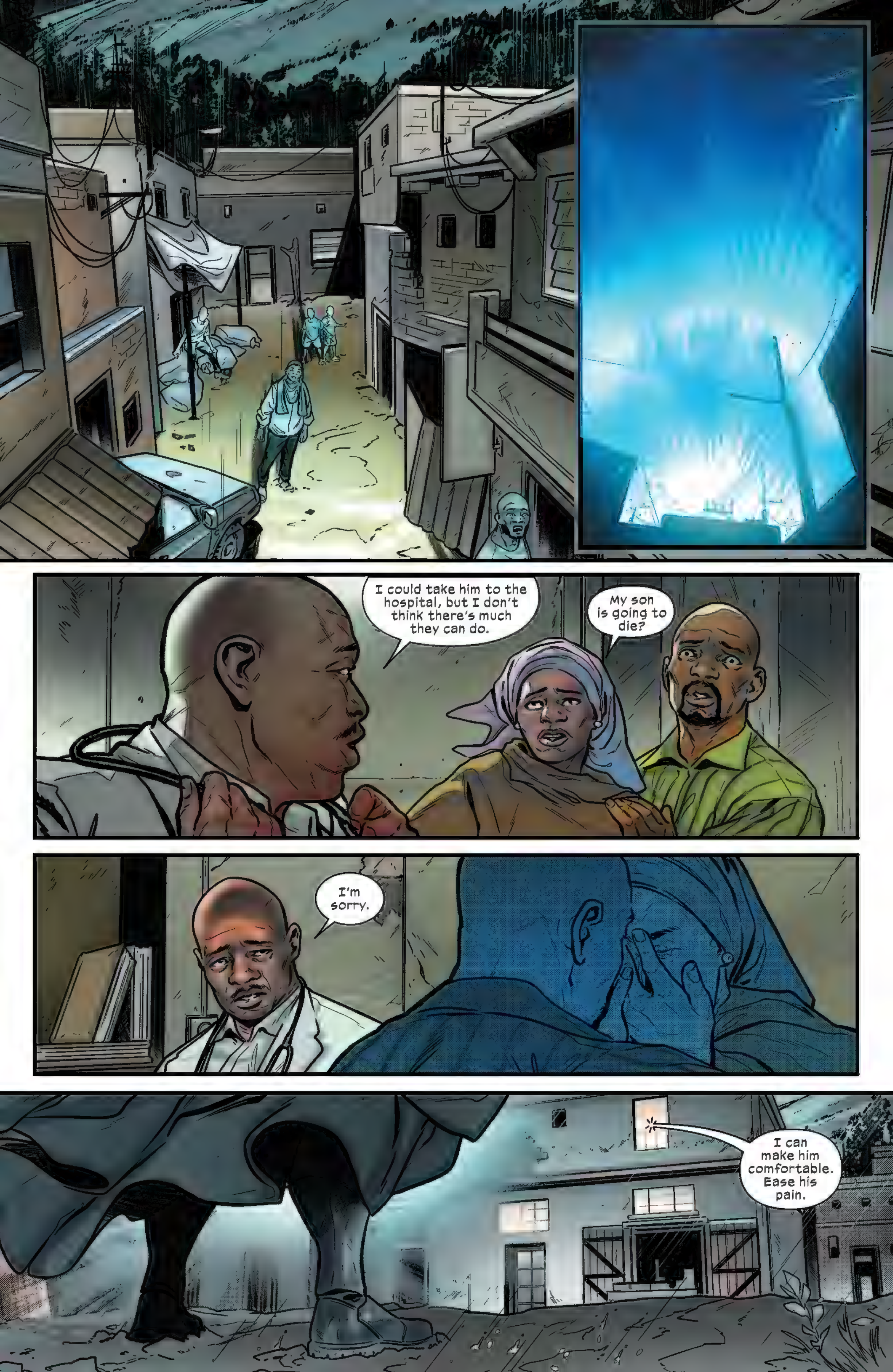
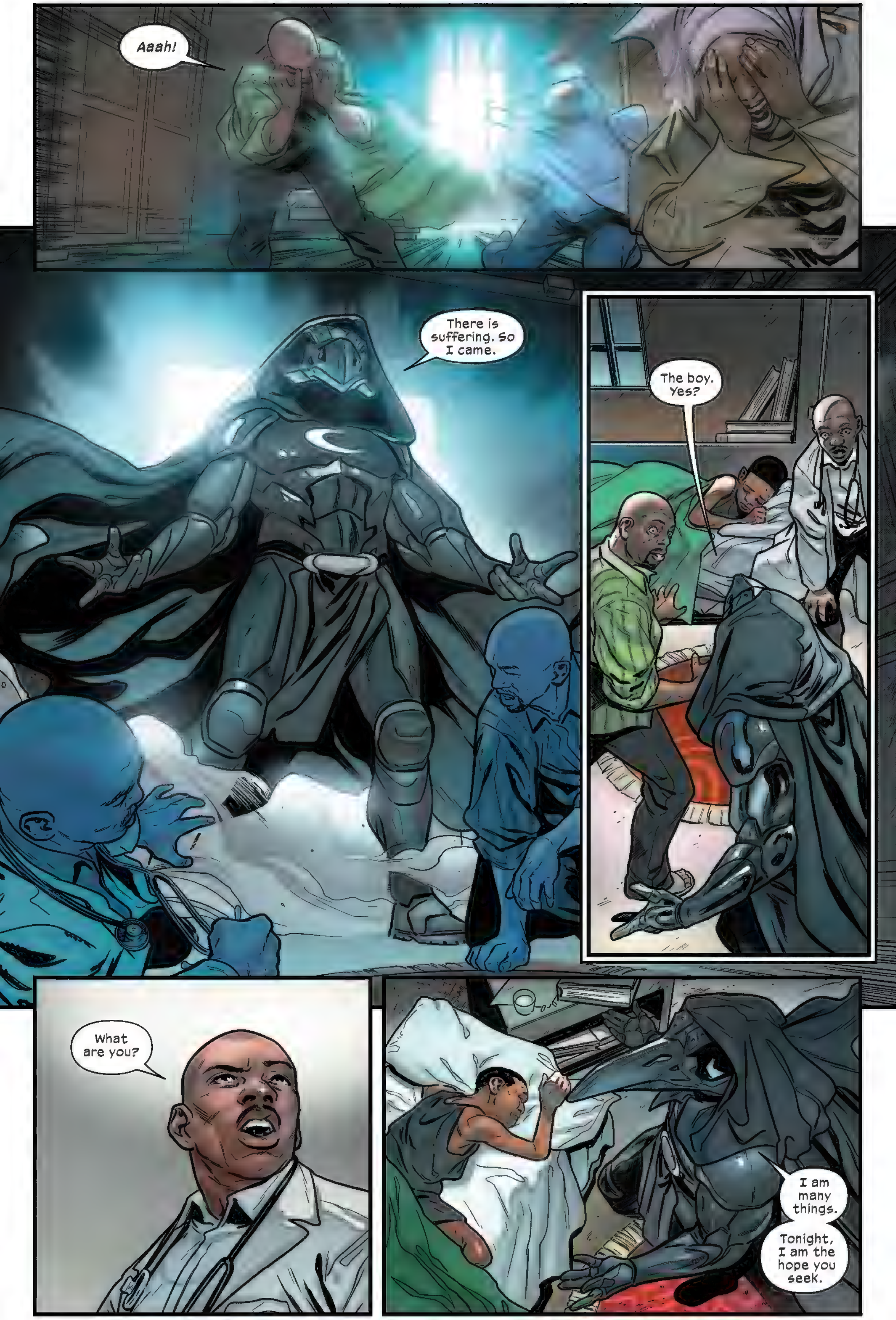
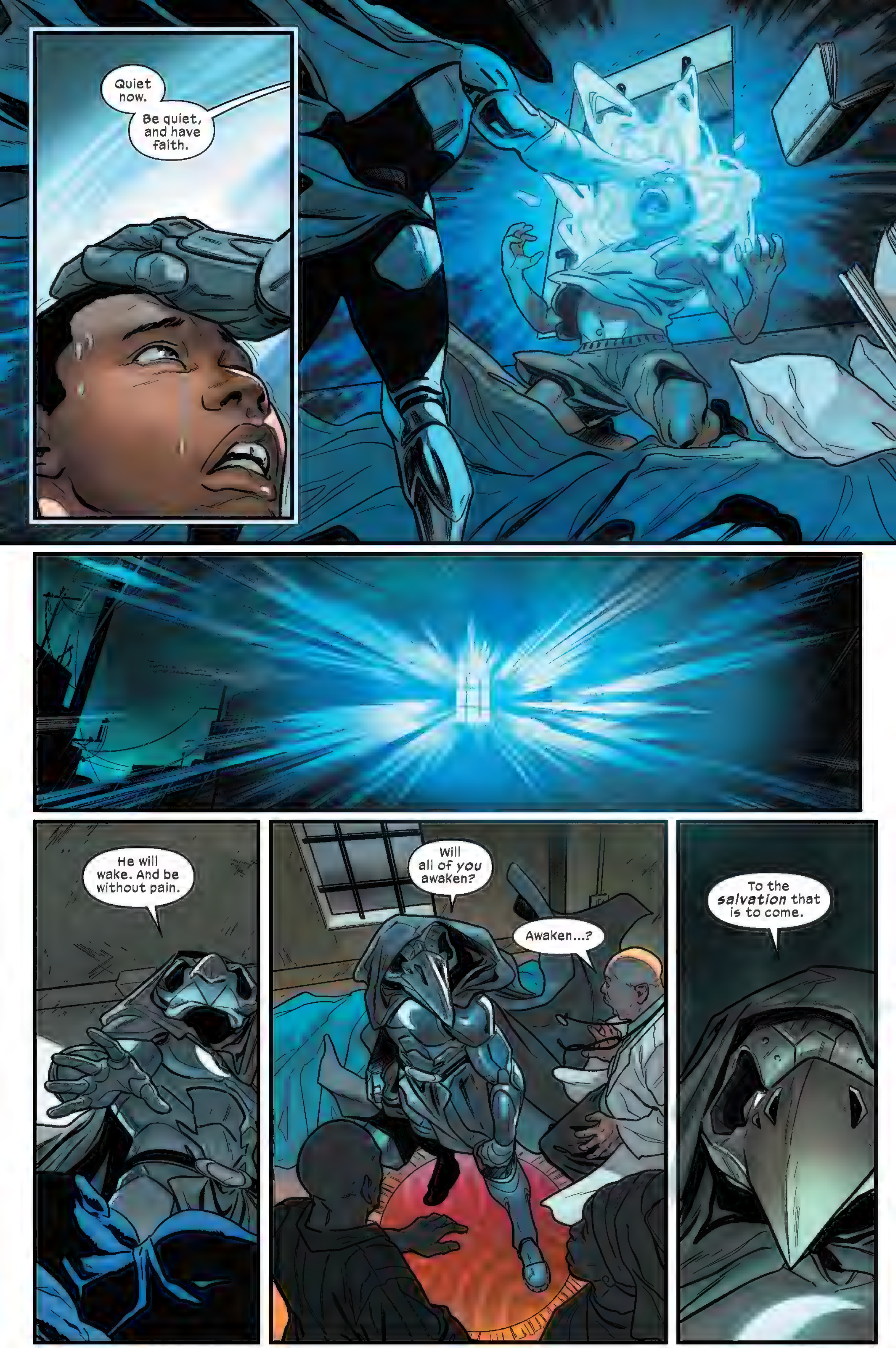
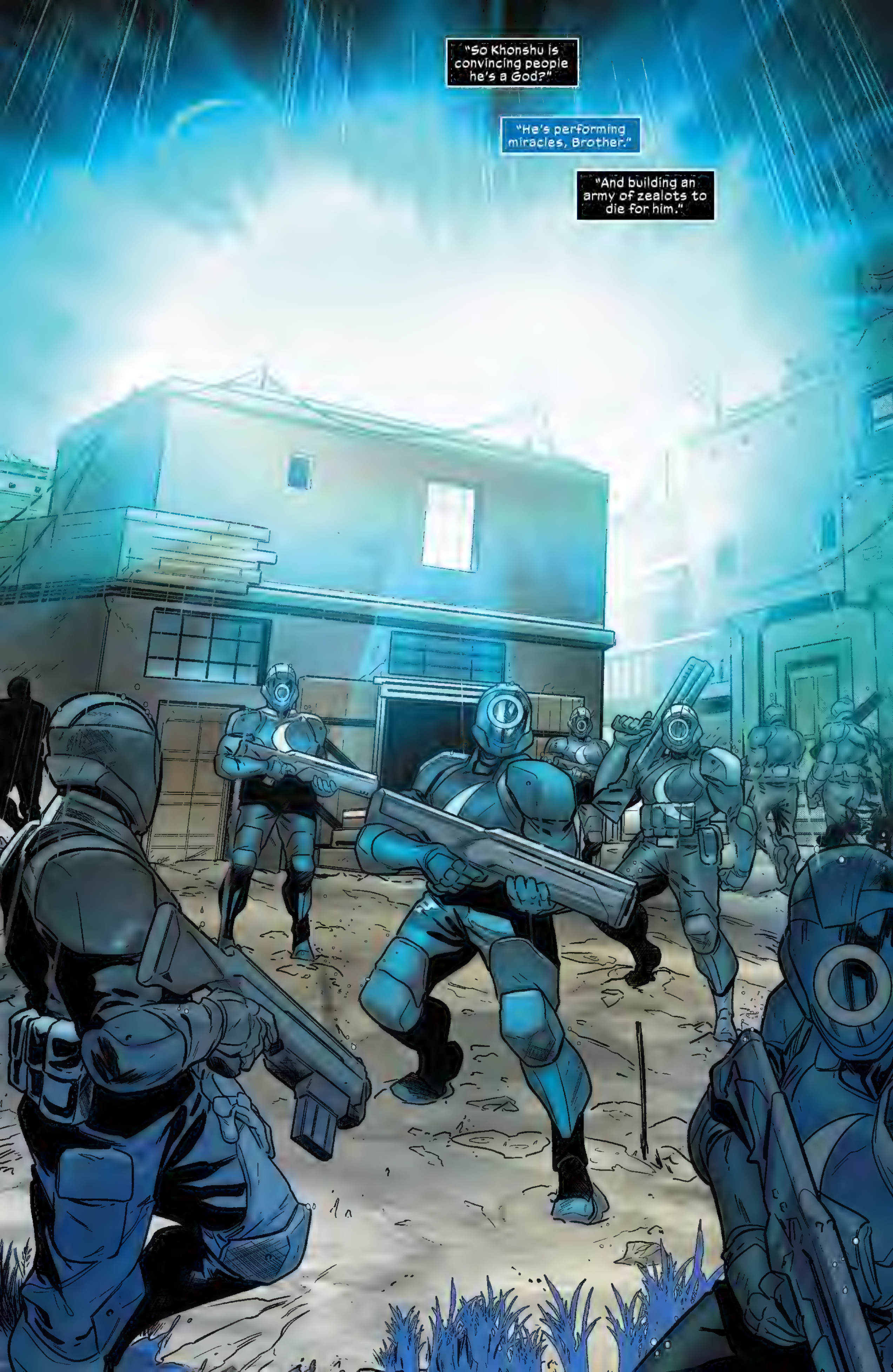
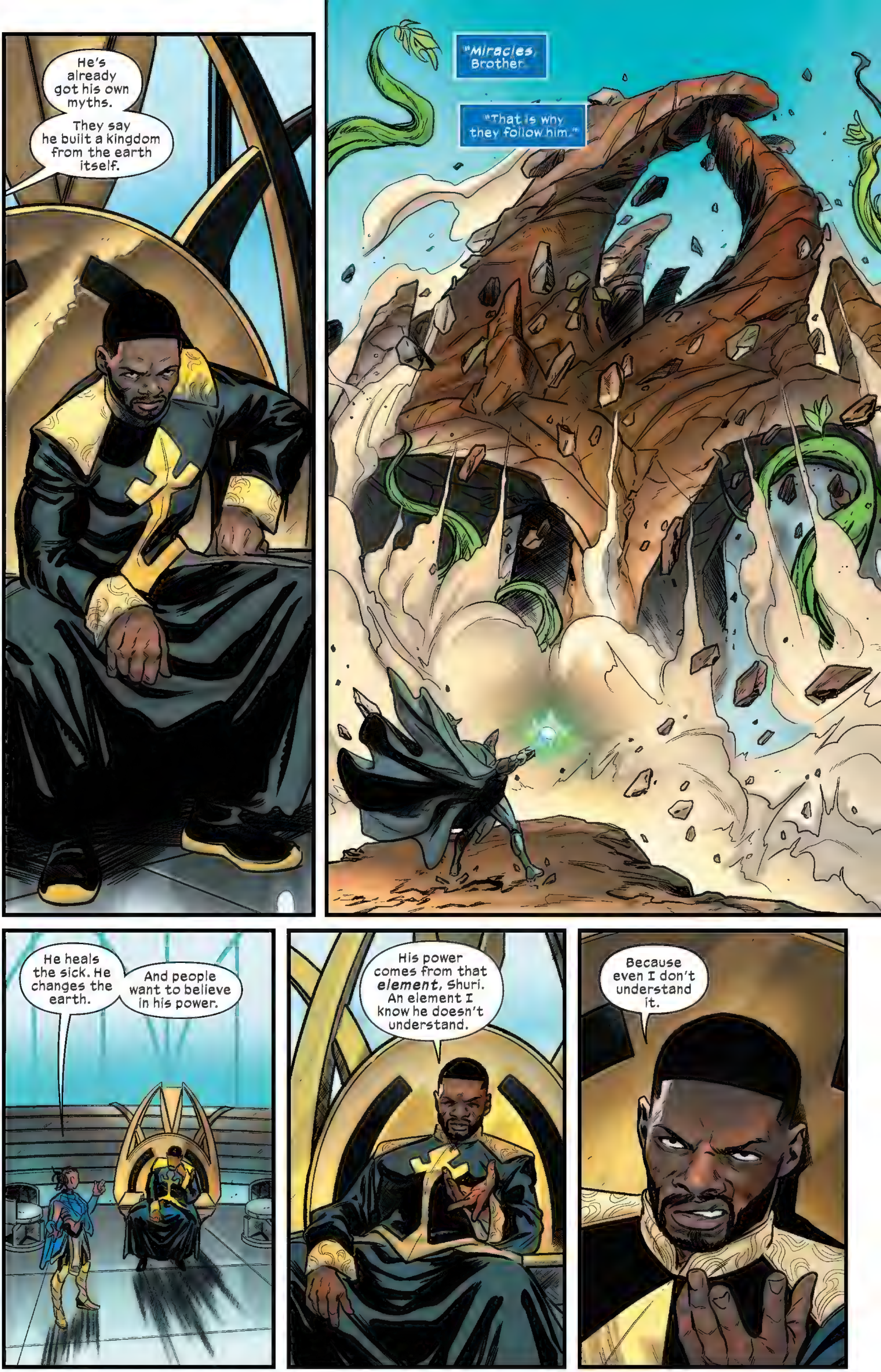

West Africa.

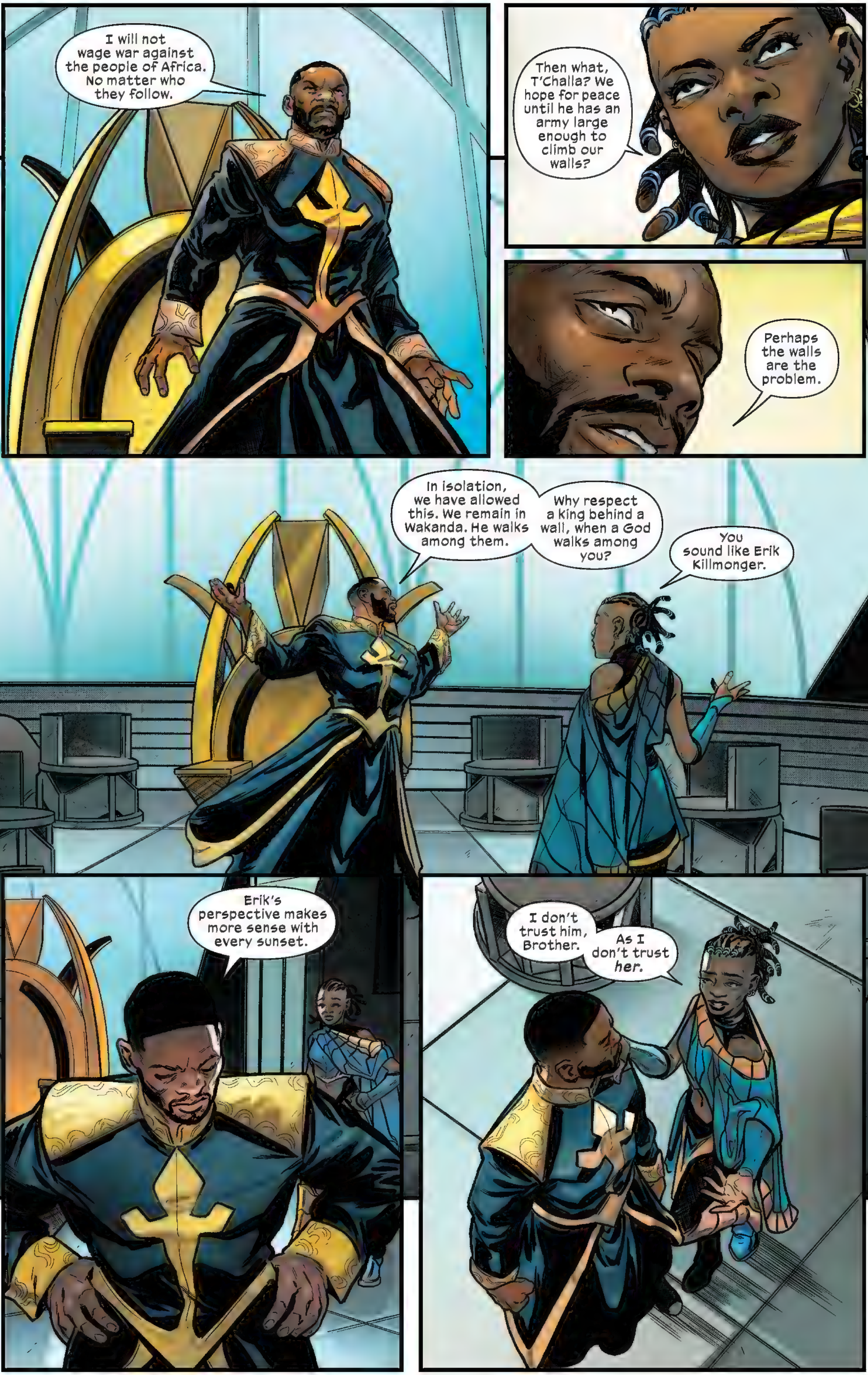

I could take him to the hospital, but I don't think there's much they can do.
My son is going to die?
I'm sorry.
I can make him comfortable. Ease his pain.

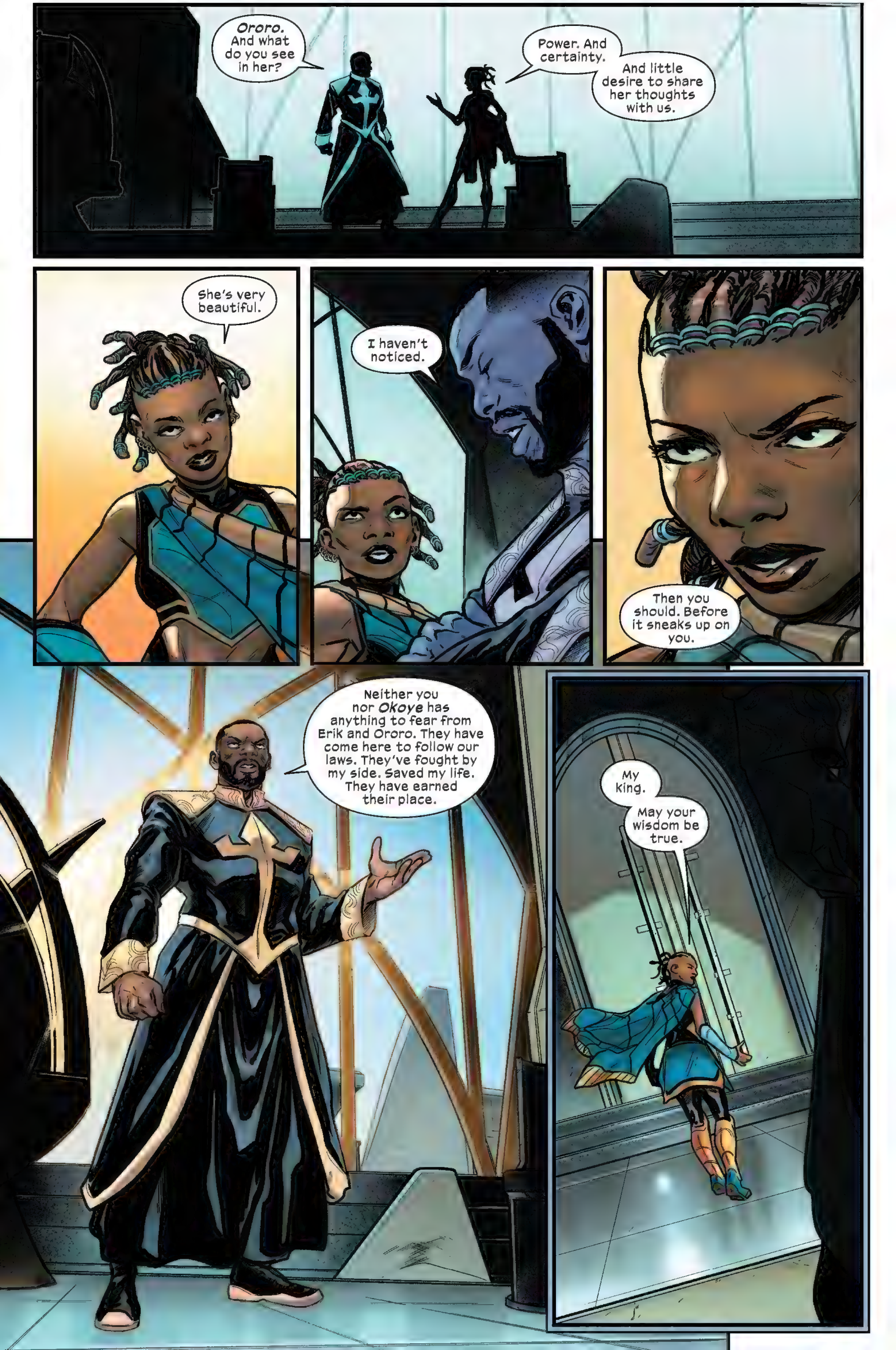

Aaah!
There is suffering. So I came.
The boy. Yes?
What are you?
I am many things.
Tonight, I am the hope you seek.

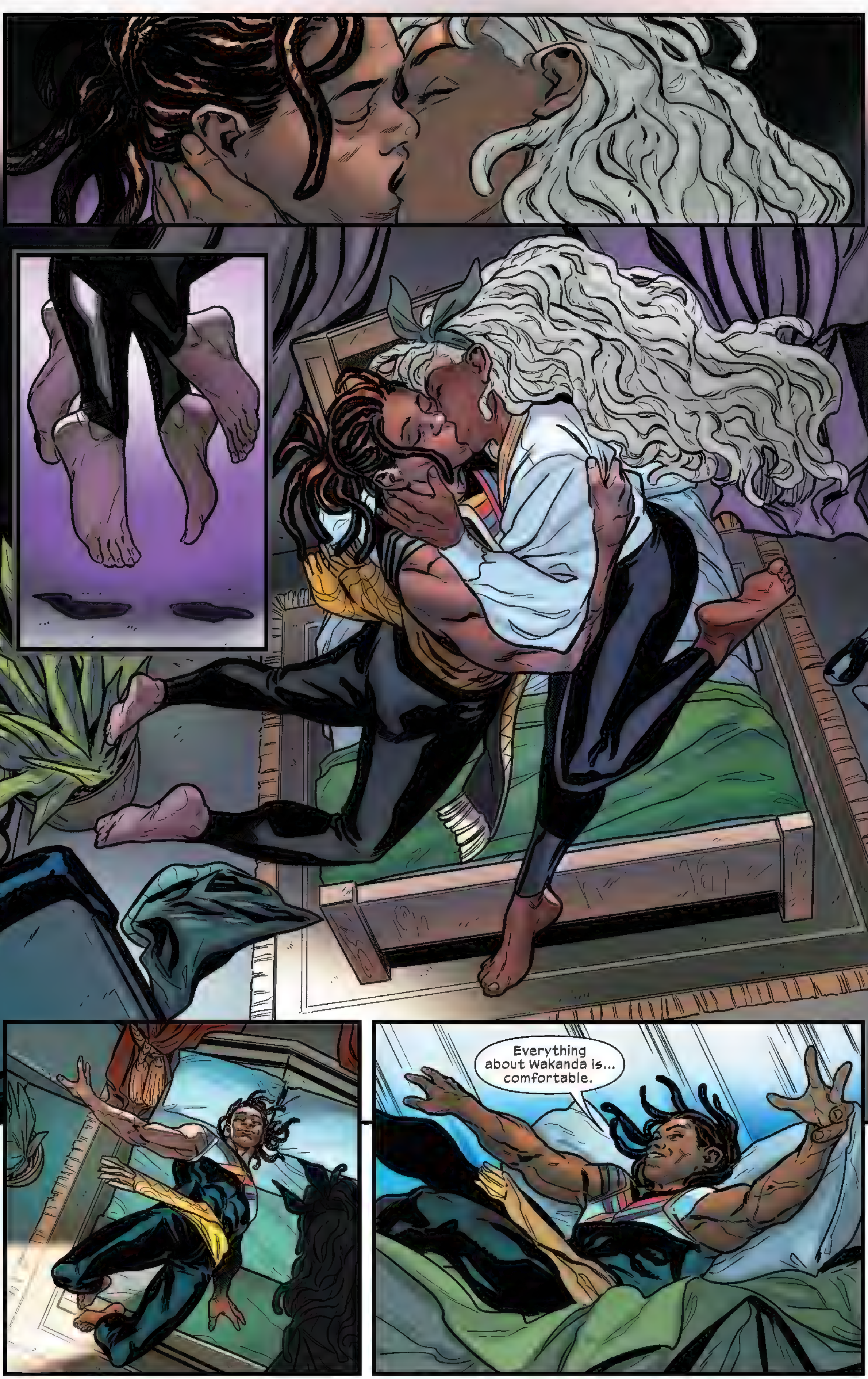

Quiet now.
Be quiet, and have faith.
He will wake. And be without pain.
Will all of *you* awaken?
Awaken...?
To the *salvation* that is to come.

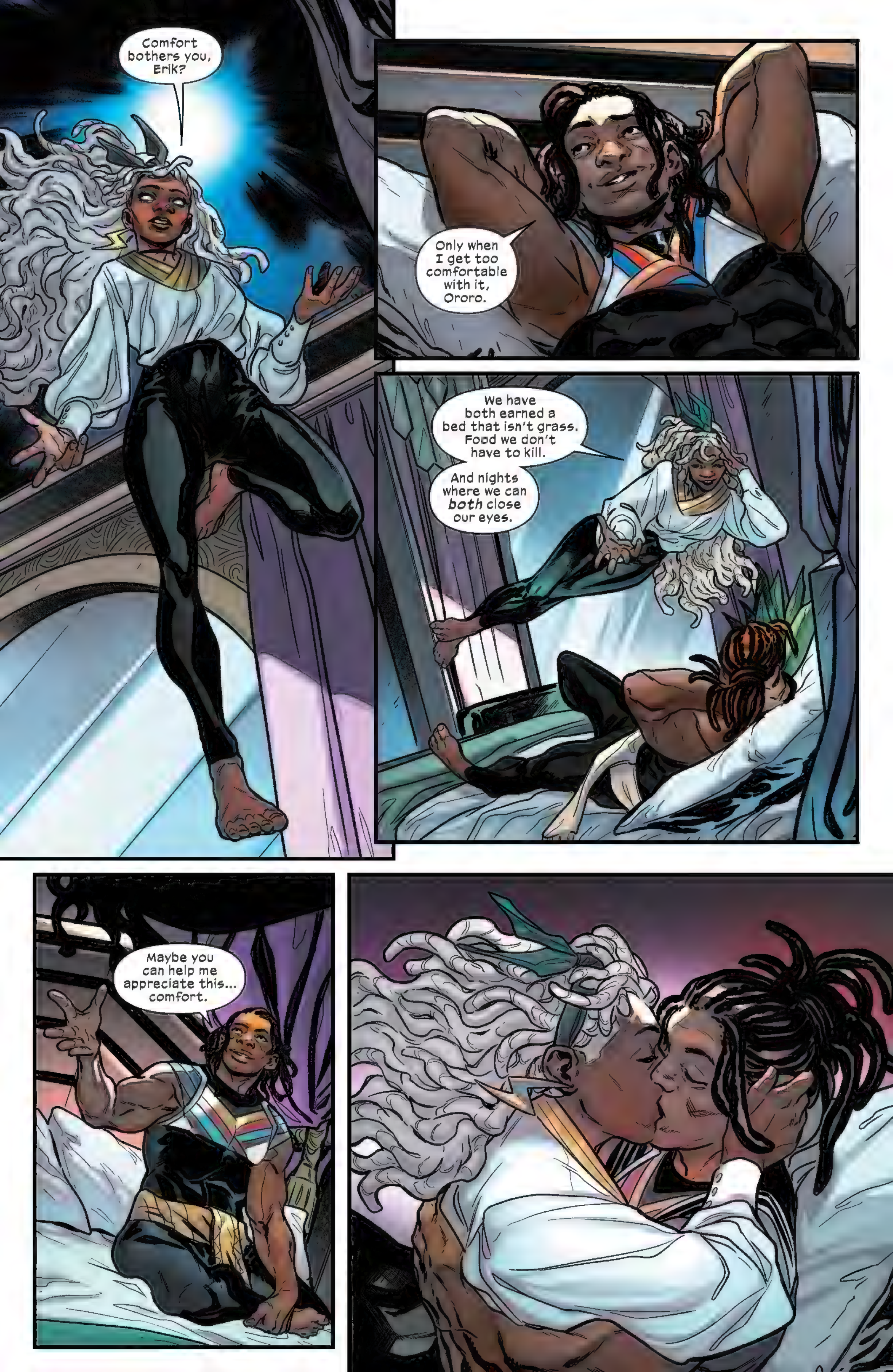

"So Khonshu is convincing people he's a God?"
"He's performing miracles, Brother."
"And building an army of zealots to die for him."

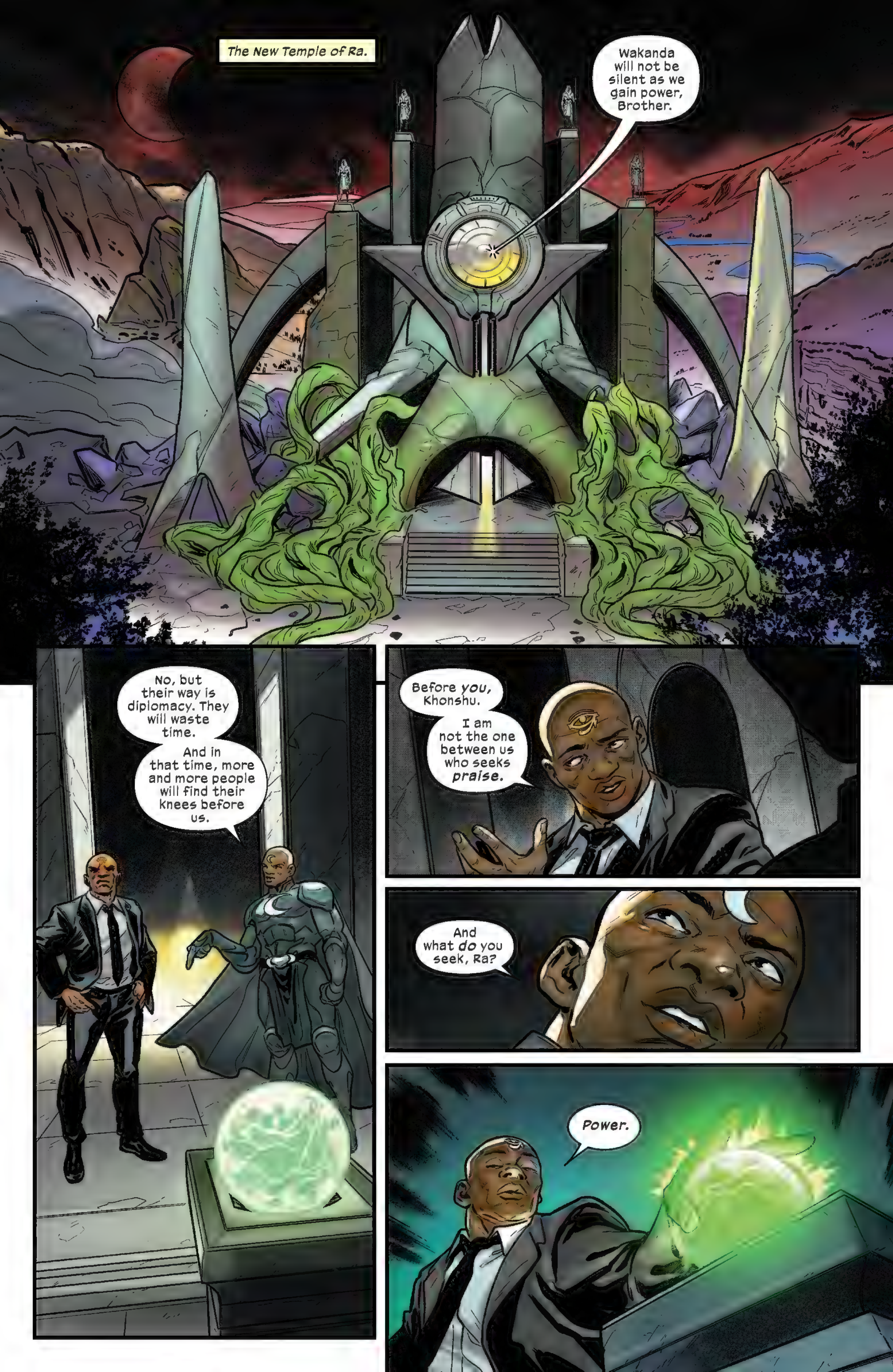

He's already got his own myths.
They say he built a kingdom from the earth itself.
"Miracles, Brother.
"That is why they follow him."
He heals the sick. He changes the earth.
And people want to believe in his power.
His power comes from that *element*, Shuri. An element I know he doesn't understand.
Because even I don't understand it.

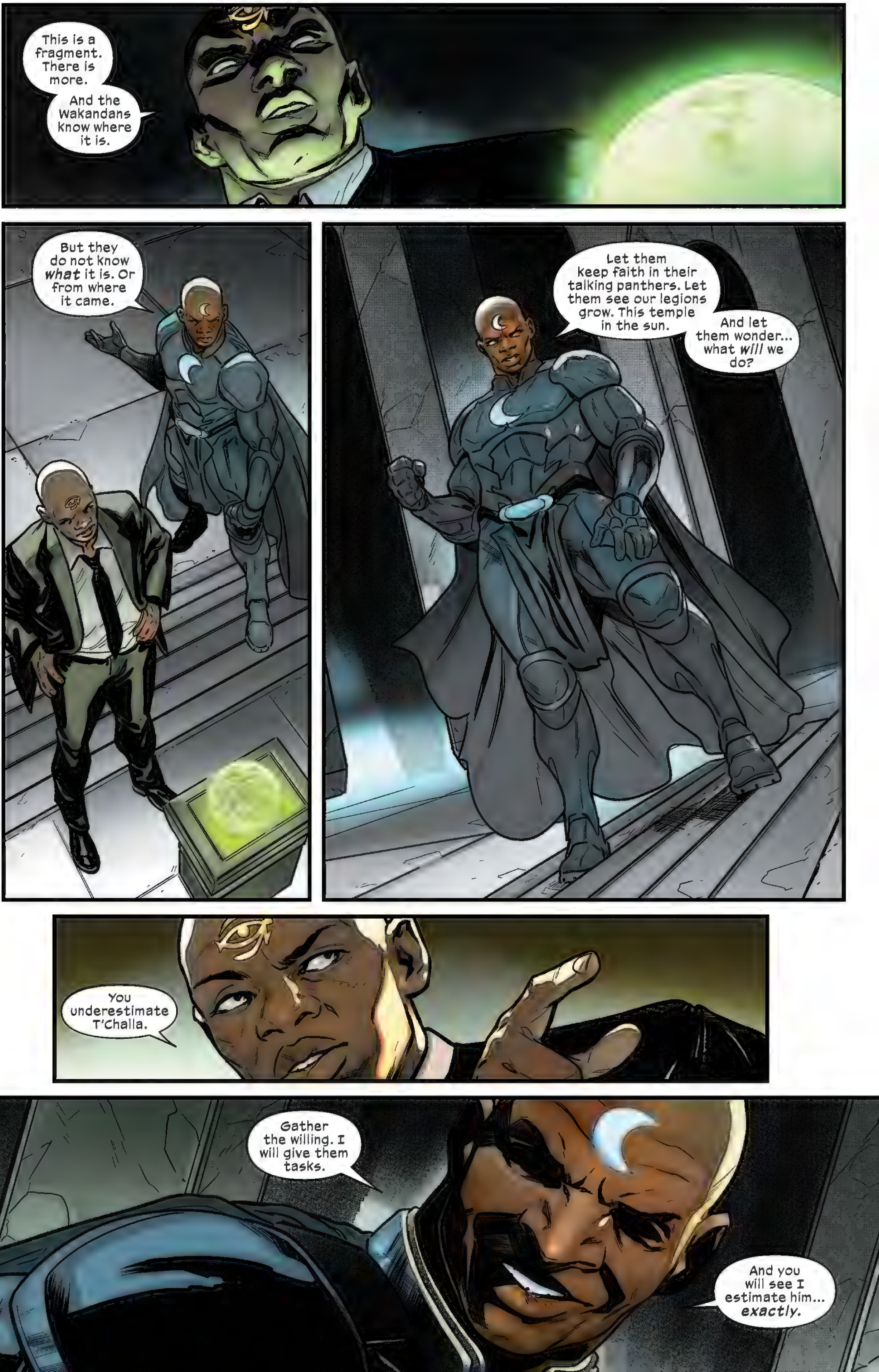

I will not wage war against the people of Africa. No matter who they follow.
Then what, T'Challa? We hope for peace until he has an army large enough to climb our walls?
Perhaps the walls are the problem.
In isolation, we have allowed this. We remain in Wakanda. He walks among them.
Why respect a king behind a wall, when a God walks among you?
You sound like Erik Killmonger.
Erik's perspective makes more sense with every sunset.
I don't trust him, Brother.
As I don't trust *her*.

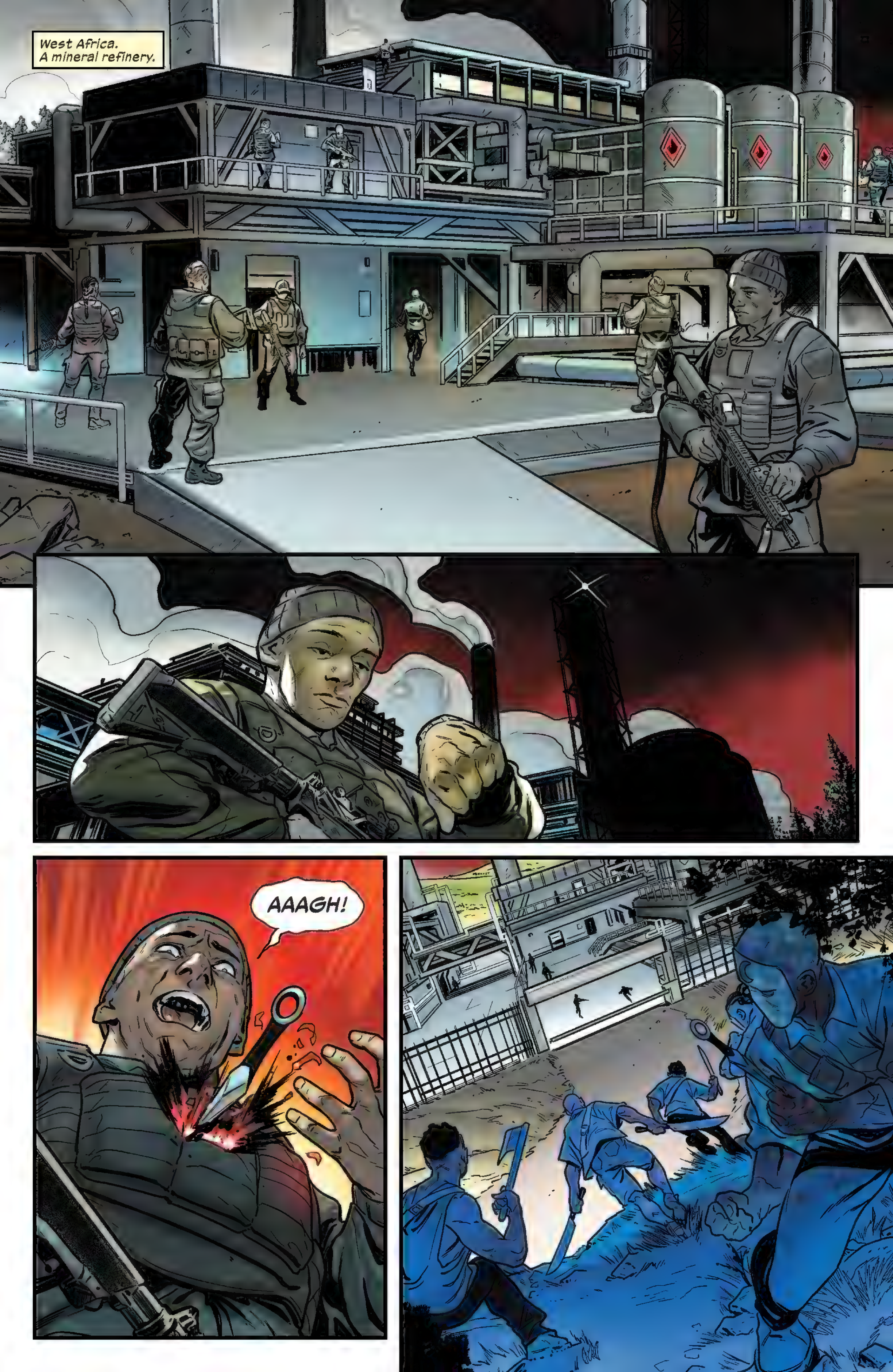

Ororo. And what do you see in her?
Power. And certainty.
And little desire to share her thoughts with us.
She's very beautiful.
I haven't noticed.
Then you should. Before it sneaks up on you.
Neither you nor *Okoye* has anything to fear from Erik and Ororo. They have come here to follow our laws. They've fought by my side. Saved my life. They have earned their place.
My king.
May your wisdom be true.

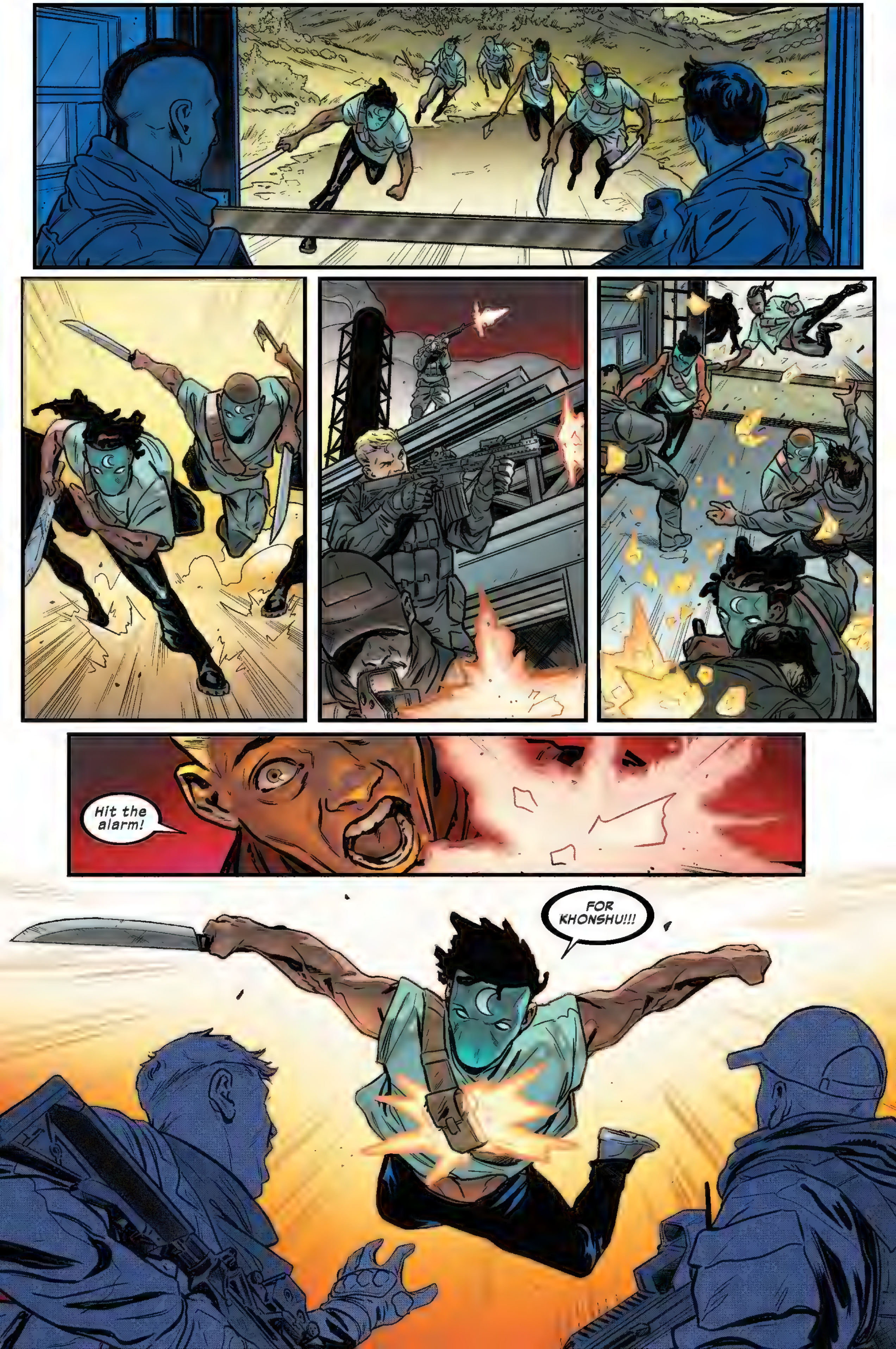

Everything about Wakanda is... comfortable.

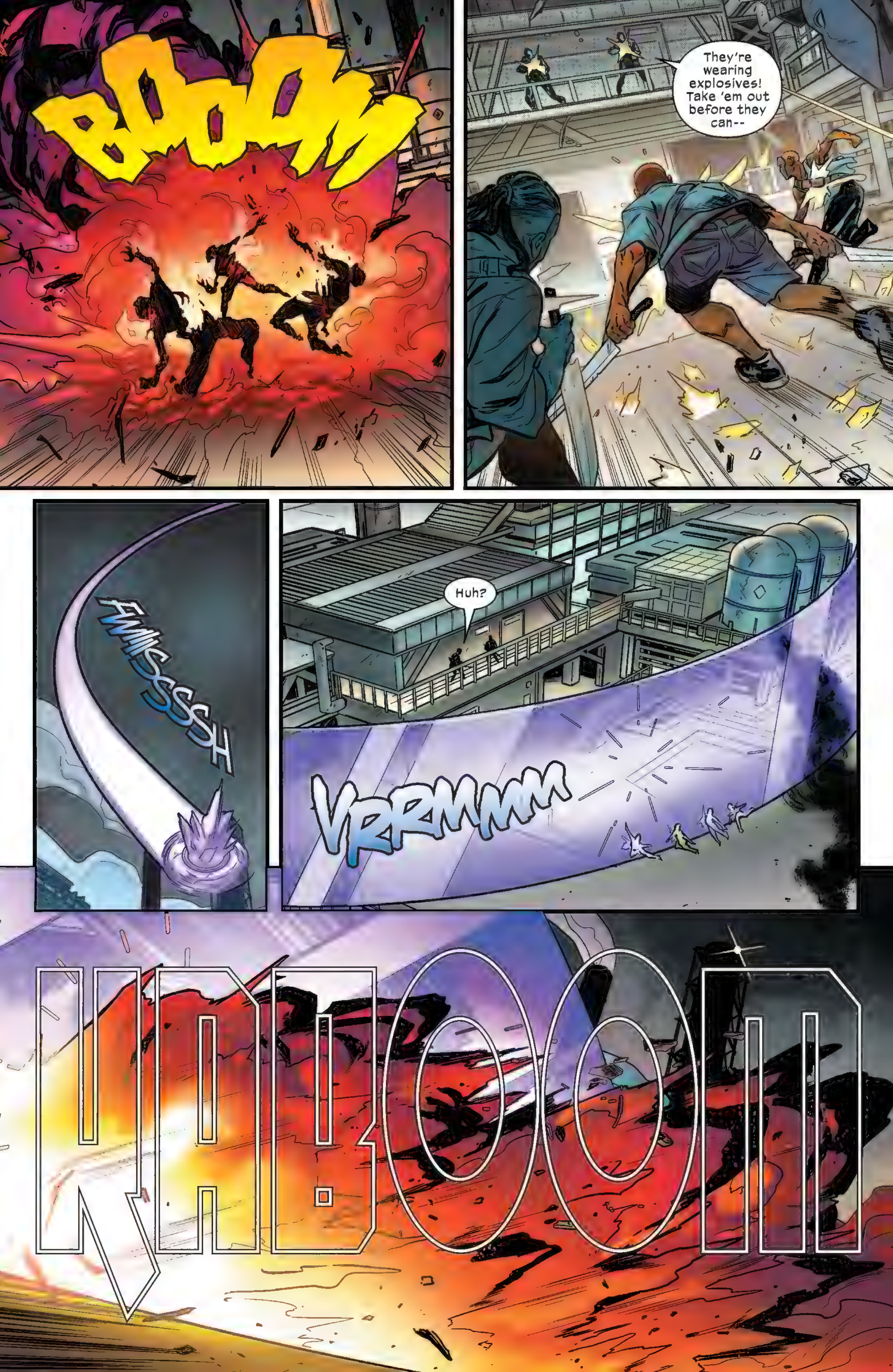

Comfort bothers you, Erik?
Only when I get too comfortable with it, Ororo.
We have both earned a bed that isn't grass. Food we don't have to kill.
And nights where we can *both* close our eyes.
Maybe you can help me appreciate this... comfort.

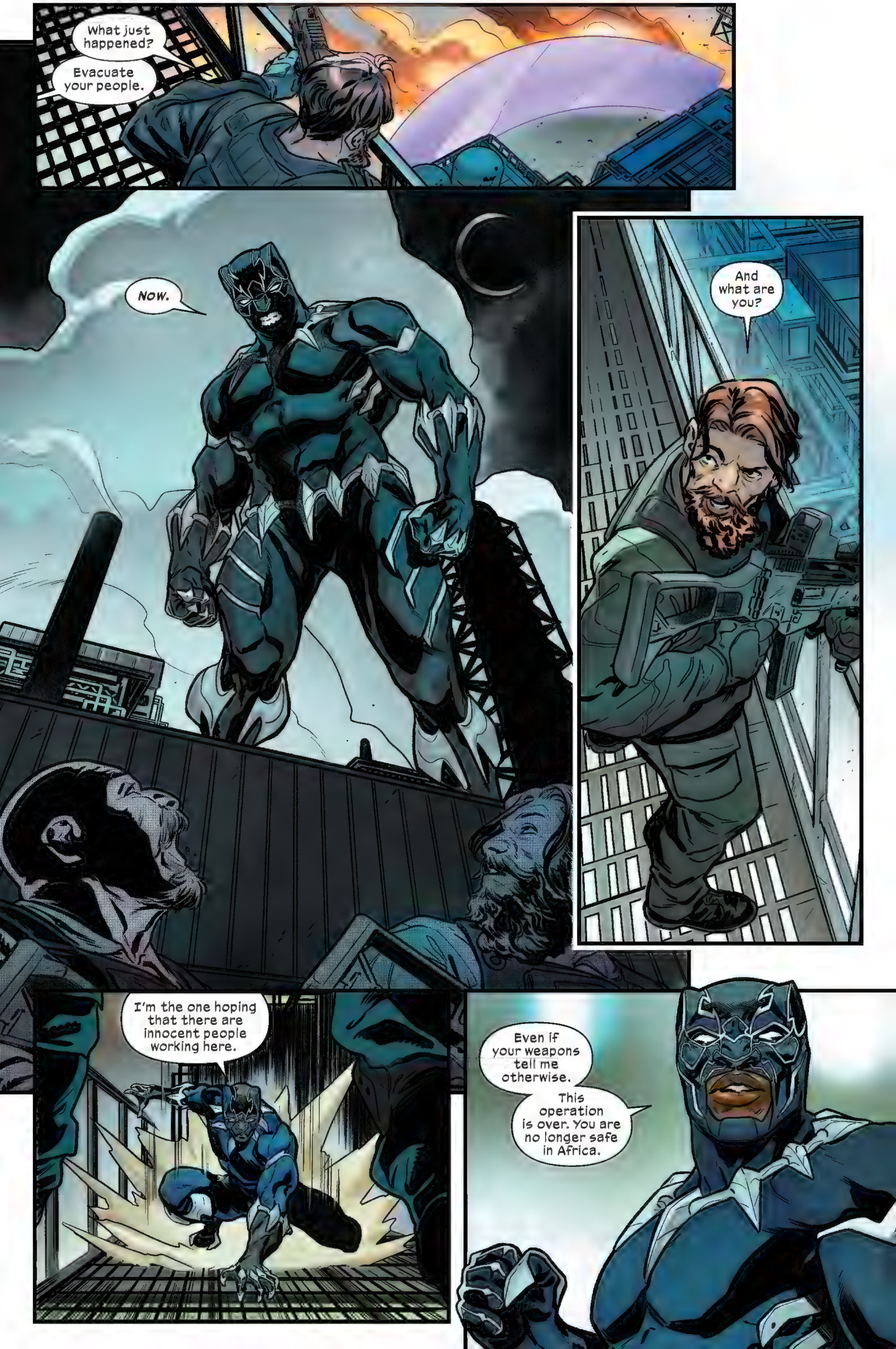

The New Temple of Ra.
Wakanda will not be silent as we gain power, Brother.
No, but their way is diplomacy. They will waste time.
And in that time, more and more people will find their knees before us.
Before *you*, Khonshu.
I am not the one between us who seeks *praise*.
And what *do* you seek, Ra?
Power.

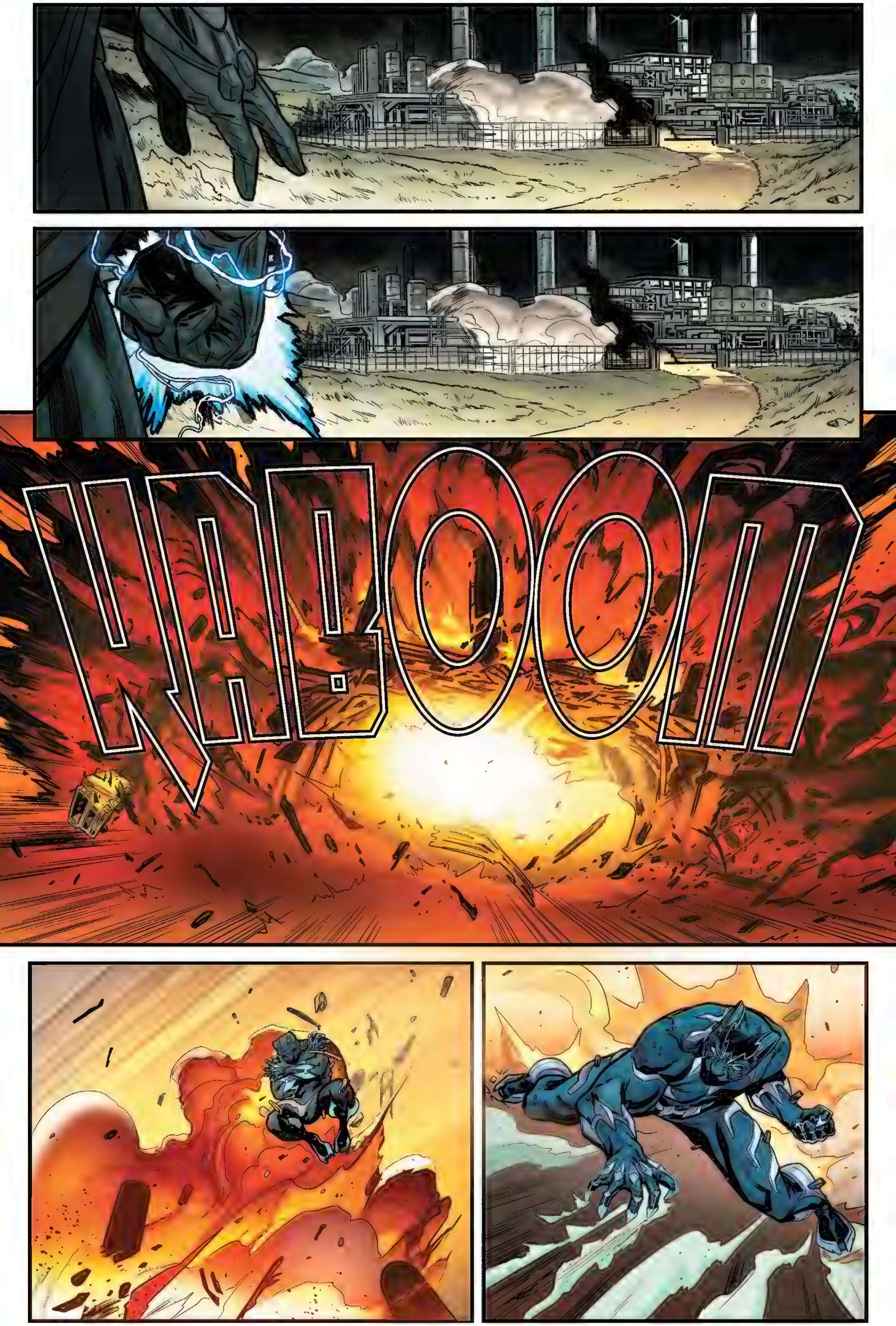

This is a fragment. There is more.
And the Wakandans know where it is.
But they do not know *what* it is. Or from where it came.
Let them keep faith in their talking panthers. Let them see our legions grow. This temple in the sun.
And let them wonder... what *will* we do?
You underestimate T'Challa.
Gather the willing. I will give them tasks.
And you will see I estimate him... *exactly.*

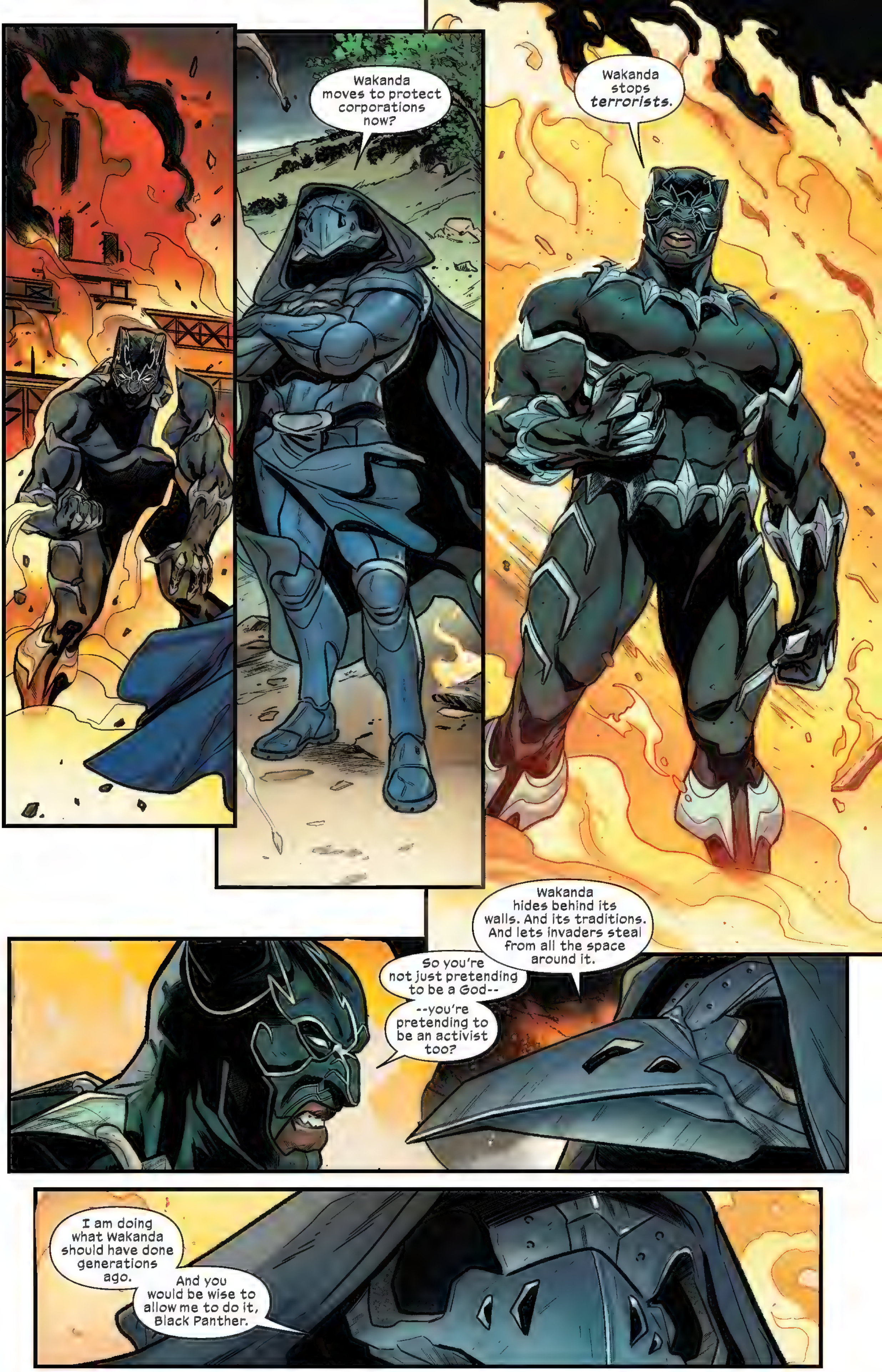

West Africa.
A mineral refinery.
AAAGH!

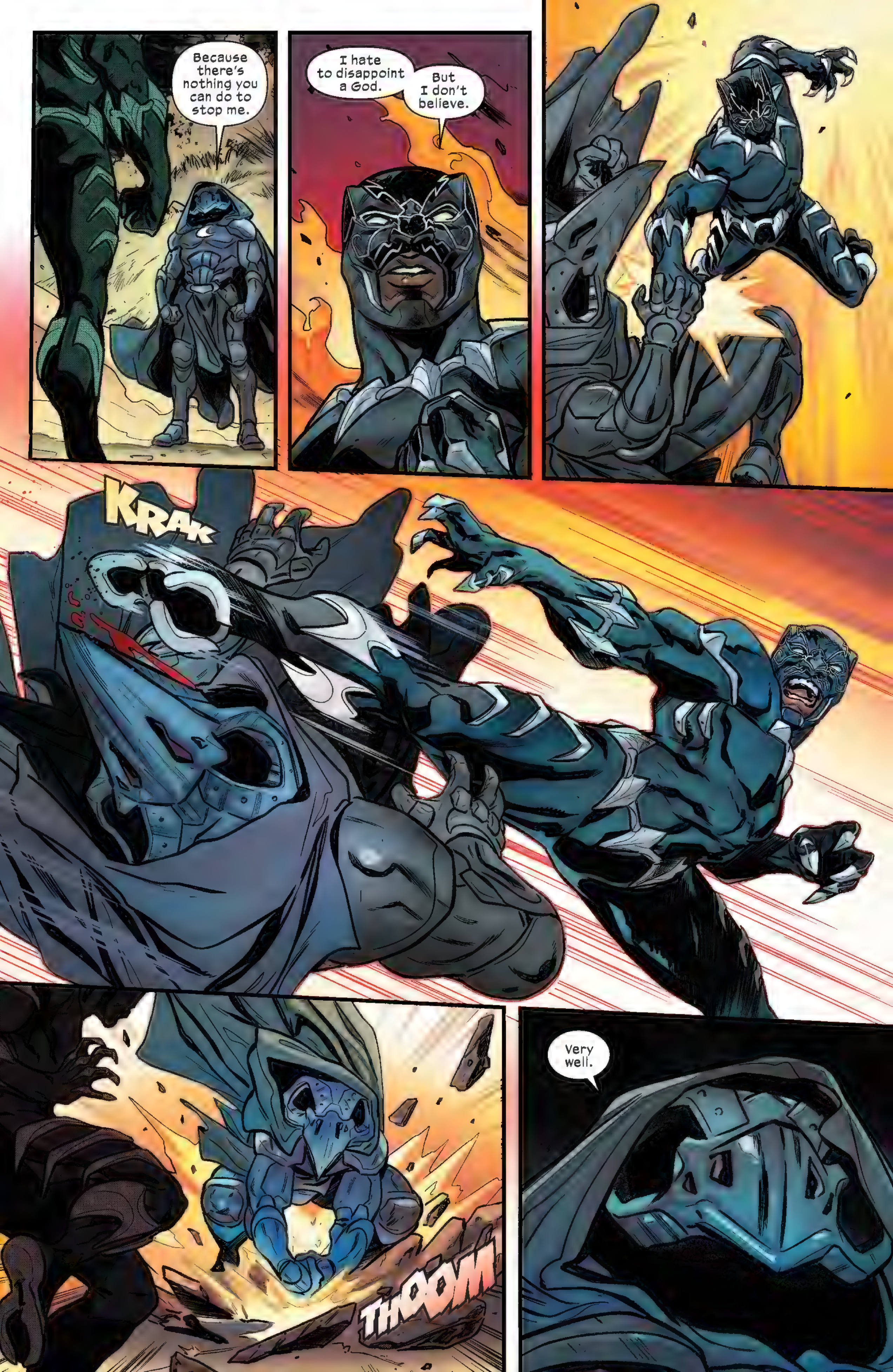

Hit the alarm!
FOR KHONSHU!!!

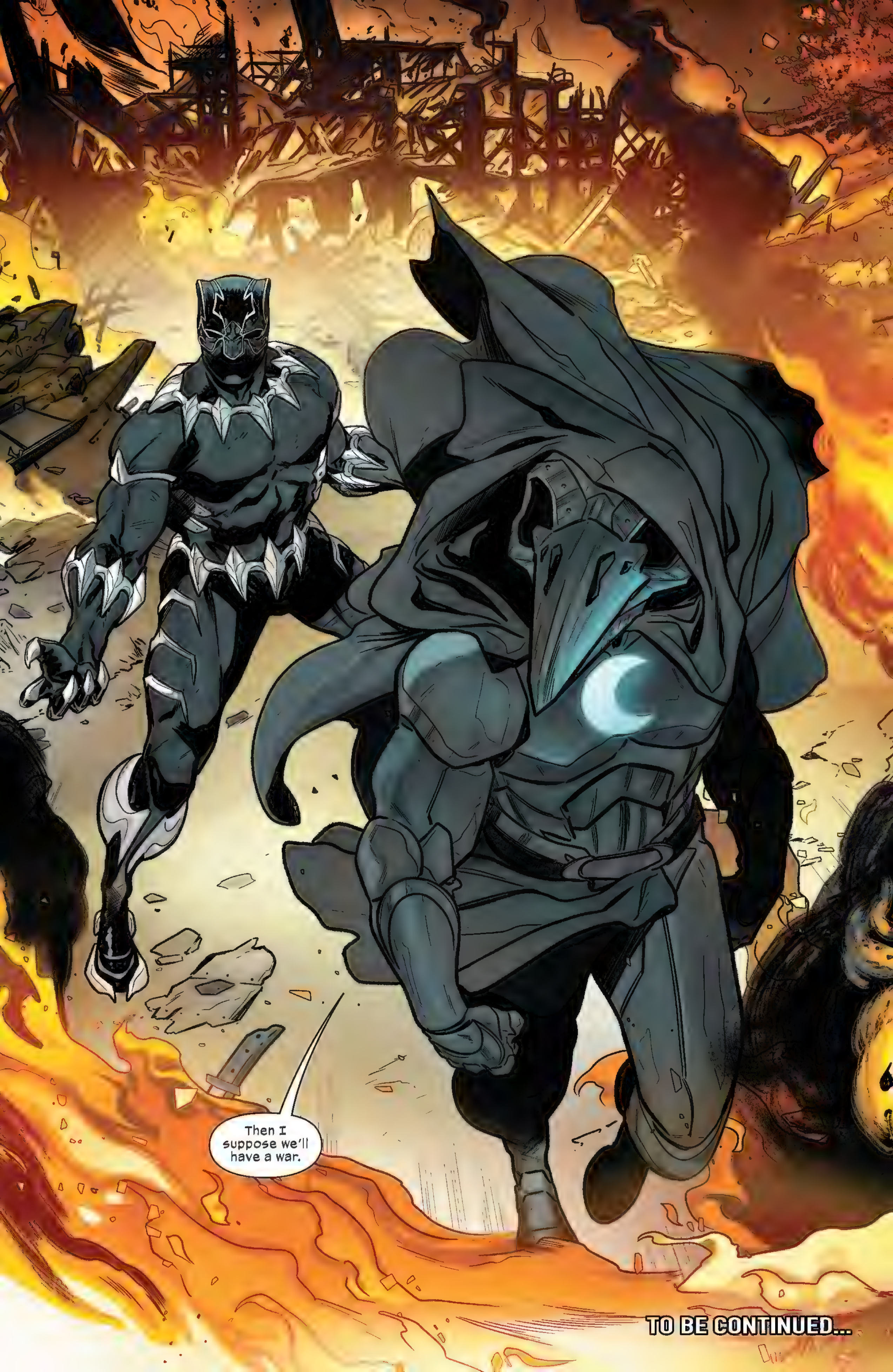

BOOM
They're wearing explosives! Take 'em out before they can--
FWISSSSH
Huh?
VRRMMM
KABOOM


What just happened?
Evacuate your people.
Now.
And what are you?
I'm the one hoping that there are innocent people working here.
Even if your weapons tell me otherwise.
This operation is over. You are no longer safe in Africa.


KABOOM


Wakanda moves to protect corporations now?
Wakanda stops *terrorists.*
Wakanda hides behind its walls. And its traditions. And lets invaders steal from all the space around it.
So you're not just pretending to be a God--
--you're pretending to be an activist too?
I am doing what Wakanda should have done generations ago.
And you would be wise to allow me to do it, Black Panther.


Because there's nothing you can do to stop me.
I hate to disappoint a God.
But I don't believe.
KRAK
THOOM
Very well.


Then I suppose we'll have a war.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

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BLACK PANTHER
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ULTIMATE X-MEN #5

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
2

ULTIMATES #2

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **JUAN FRIGERI**

5

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** , whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world, including the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI**.

There, a teenage girl named **HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)** had new powers awaken to protect her when a sinister **SHADOW** attacked. Ever since, the Shadow has followed her, bringing dark and unusual occurrences with it. During a recent confrontation, a group of onlookers caught Armor's powers on video. Though her friend **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** fried their phones with her lightning powers, the damage was already done—the next day, the video was trending on social media.

Armor and Maystorm don't understand the source of their powers, but another classmate—alleged psychic **NICO MINORU**—claims that they're **MUTANTS**…

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LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**

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X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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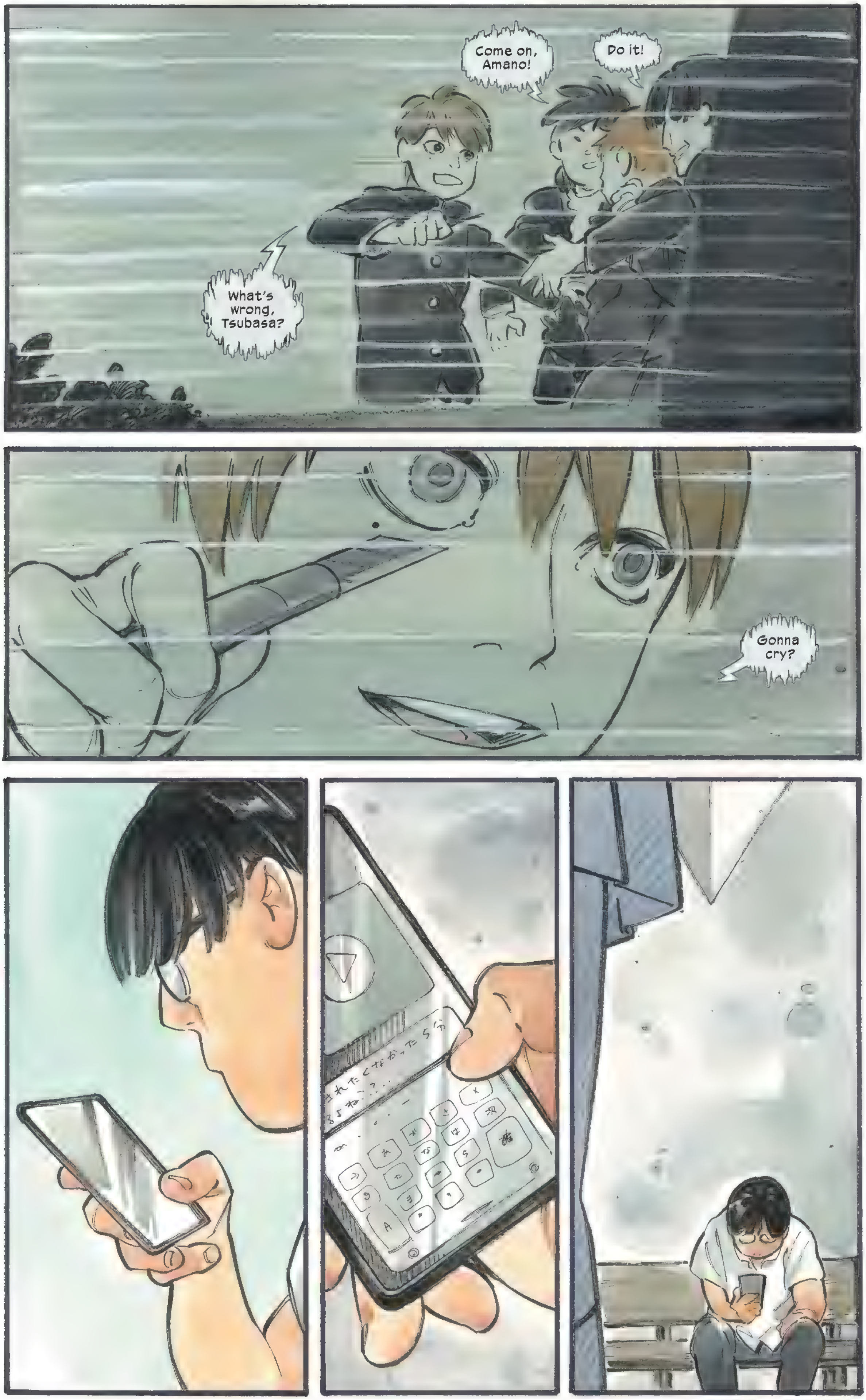
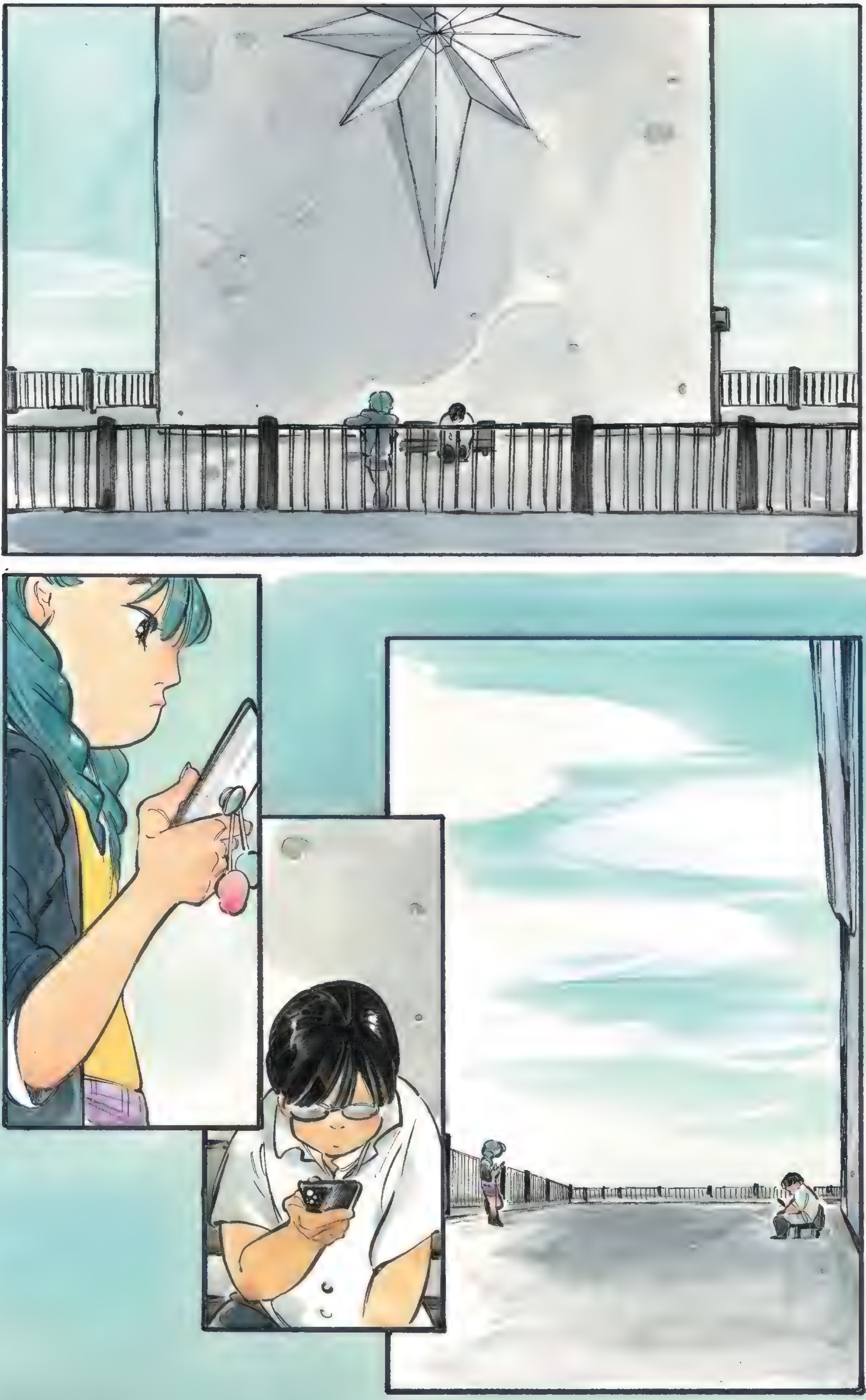
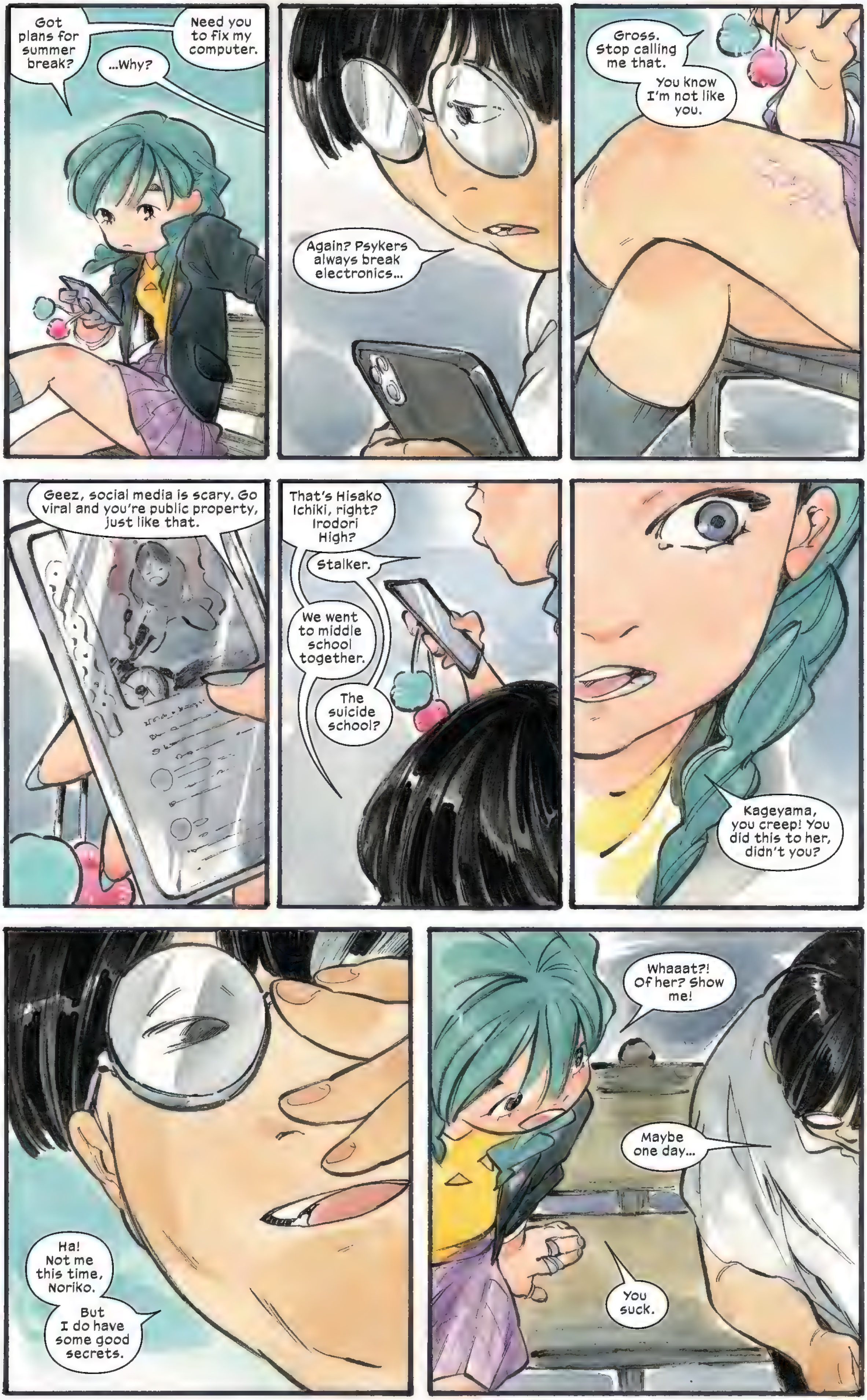
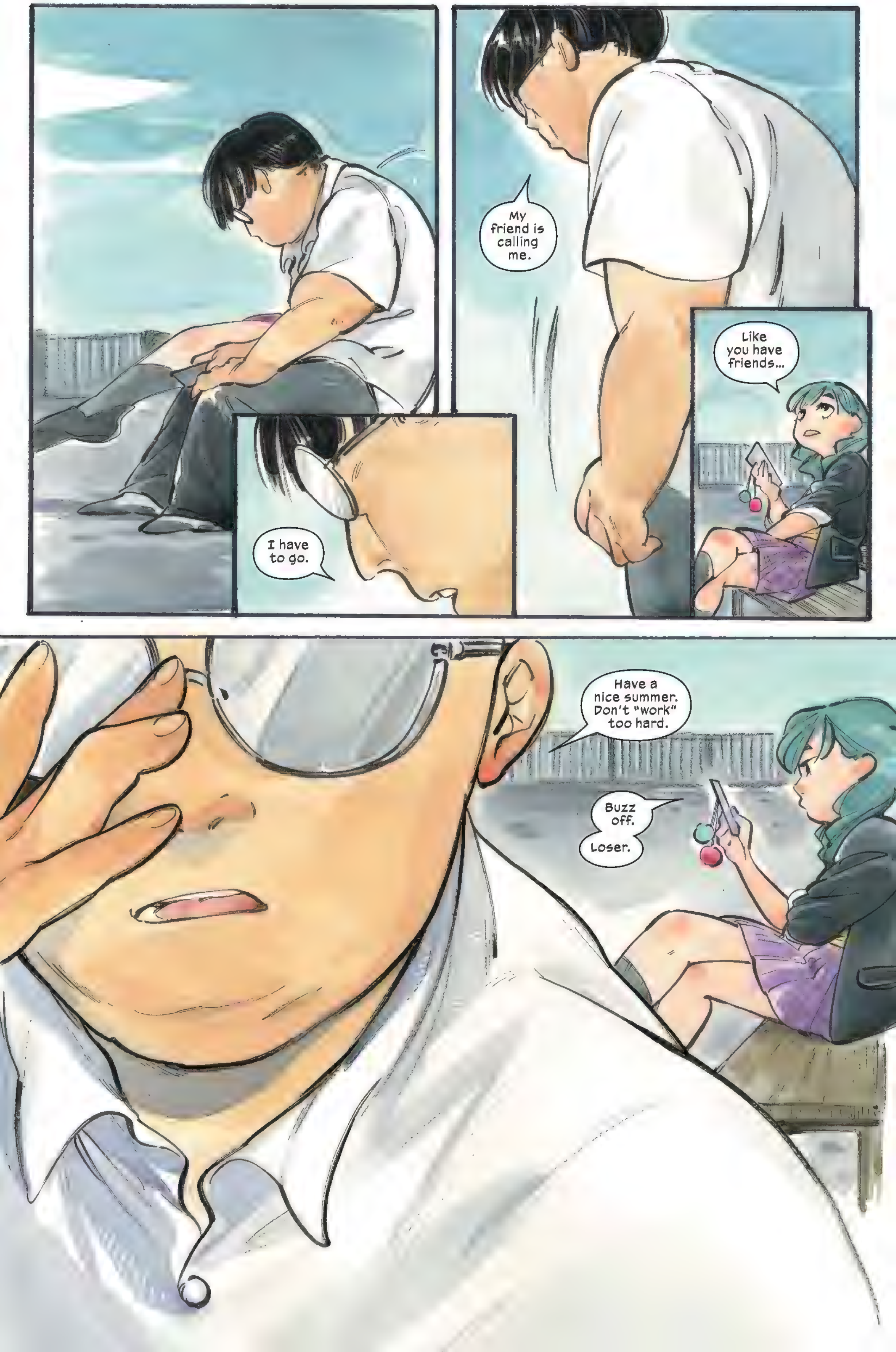
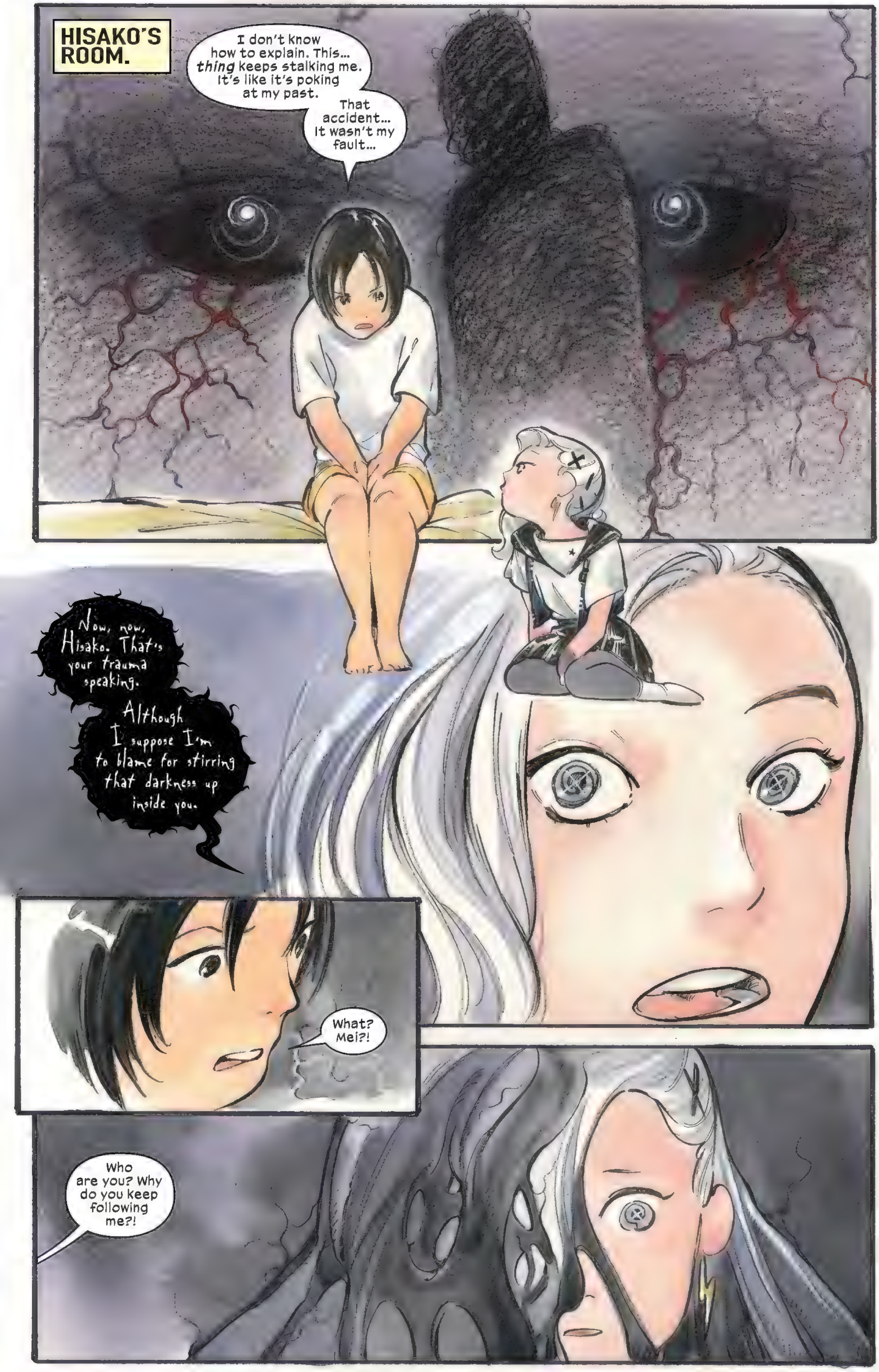
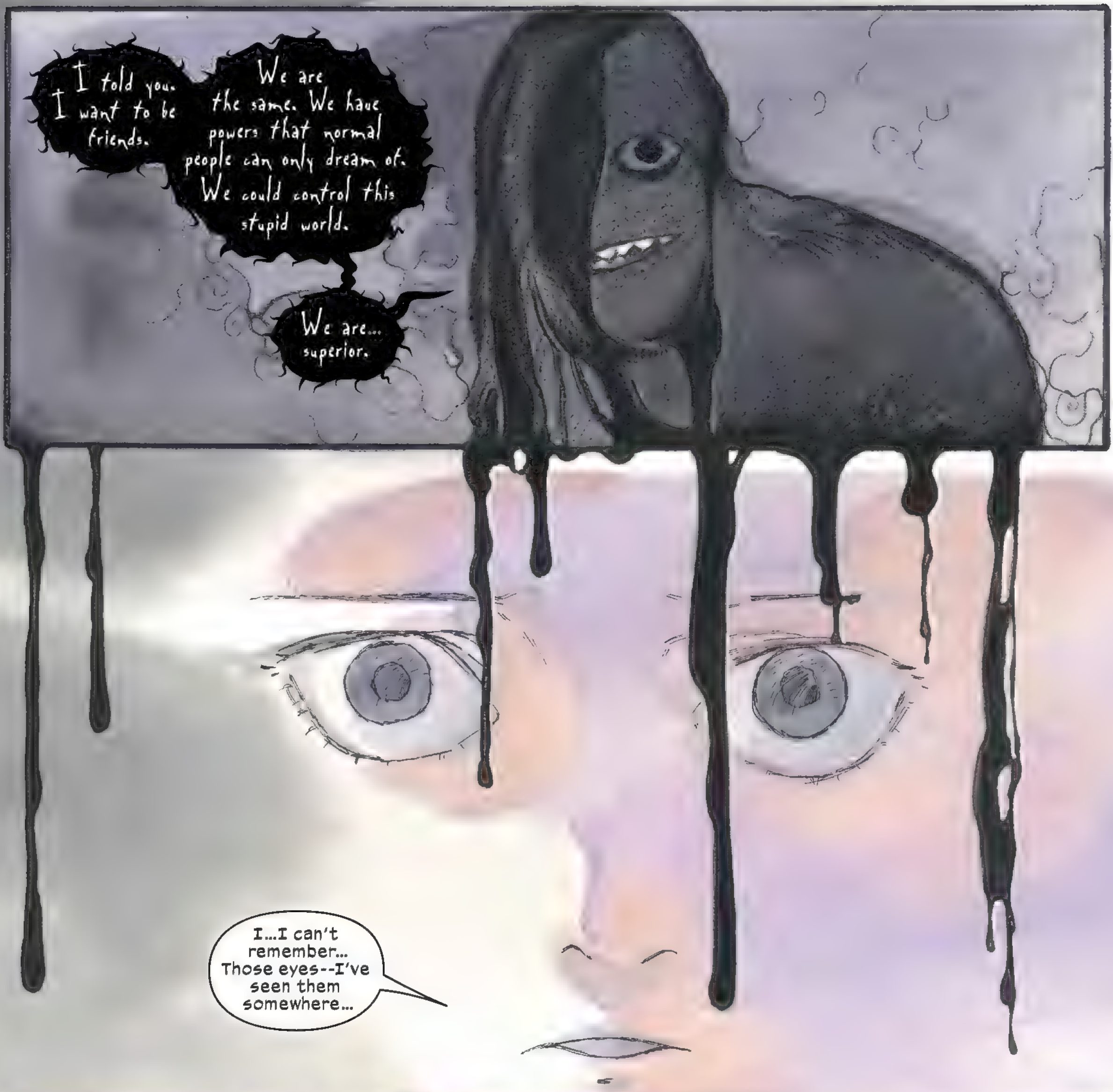

Do it!
Come on, Amano!
What's wrong, Tsubasa?
Gonna cry?
されたくなかったら分
るよね。？…

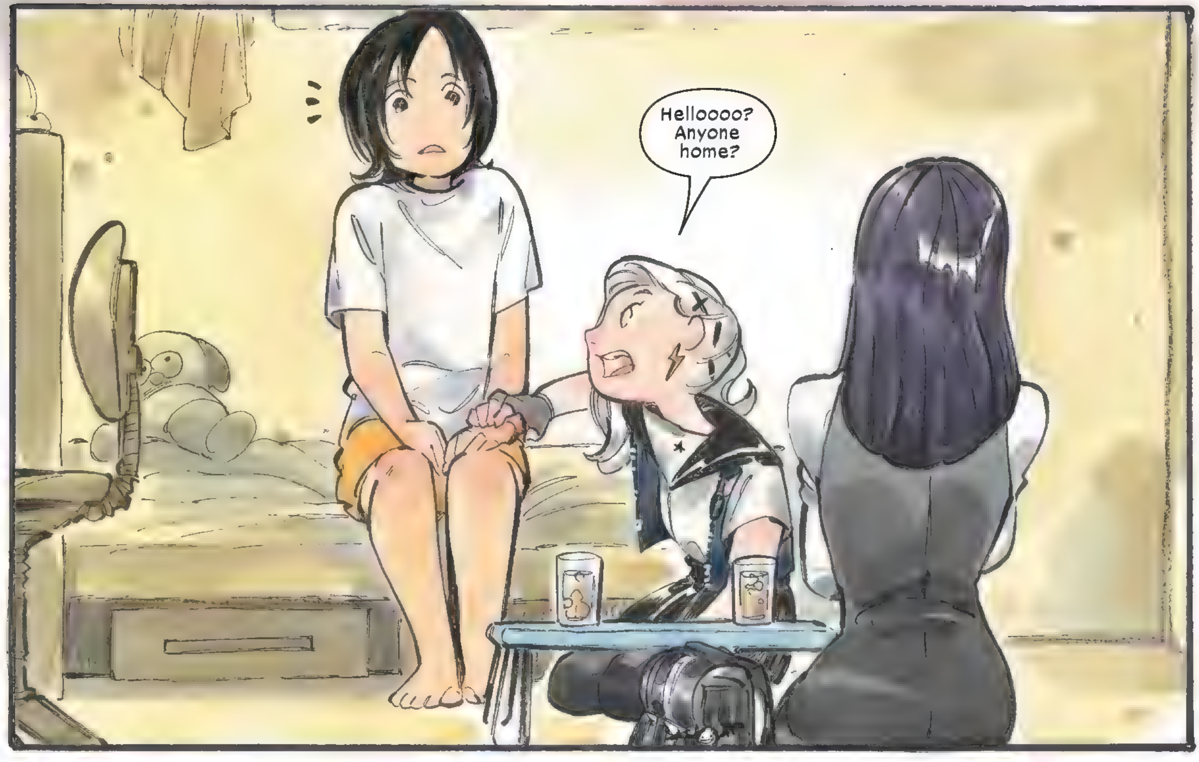


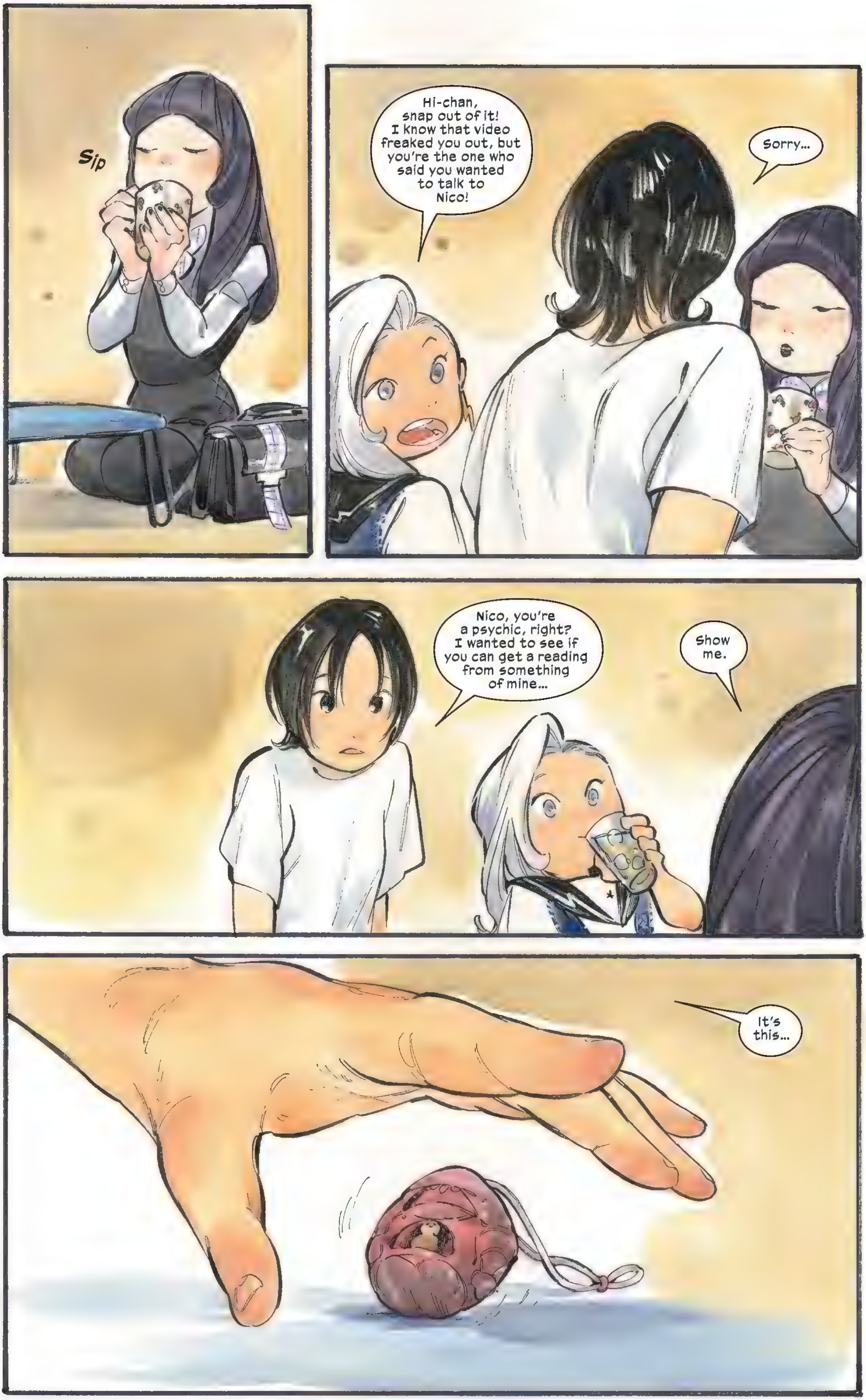

Got plans for summer break?
Need you to fix my computer.
...Why?
Again? Psykers always break electronics...
Gross. Stop calling me that.
You know I'm not like you.
Geez, social media is scary. Go viral and you're public property, just like that.
That's Hisako Ichiki, right? Irodori High?
Stalker.
We went to middle school together.
The suicide school?
Kageyama, you creep! You did this to her, didn't you?
Ha! Not me this time, Noriko.
But I do have some good secrets.
Whaaat?! Of her? Show me!
Maybe one day...
You suck.

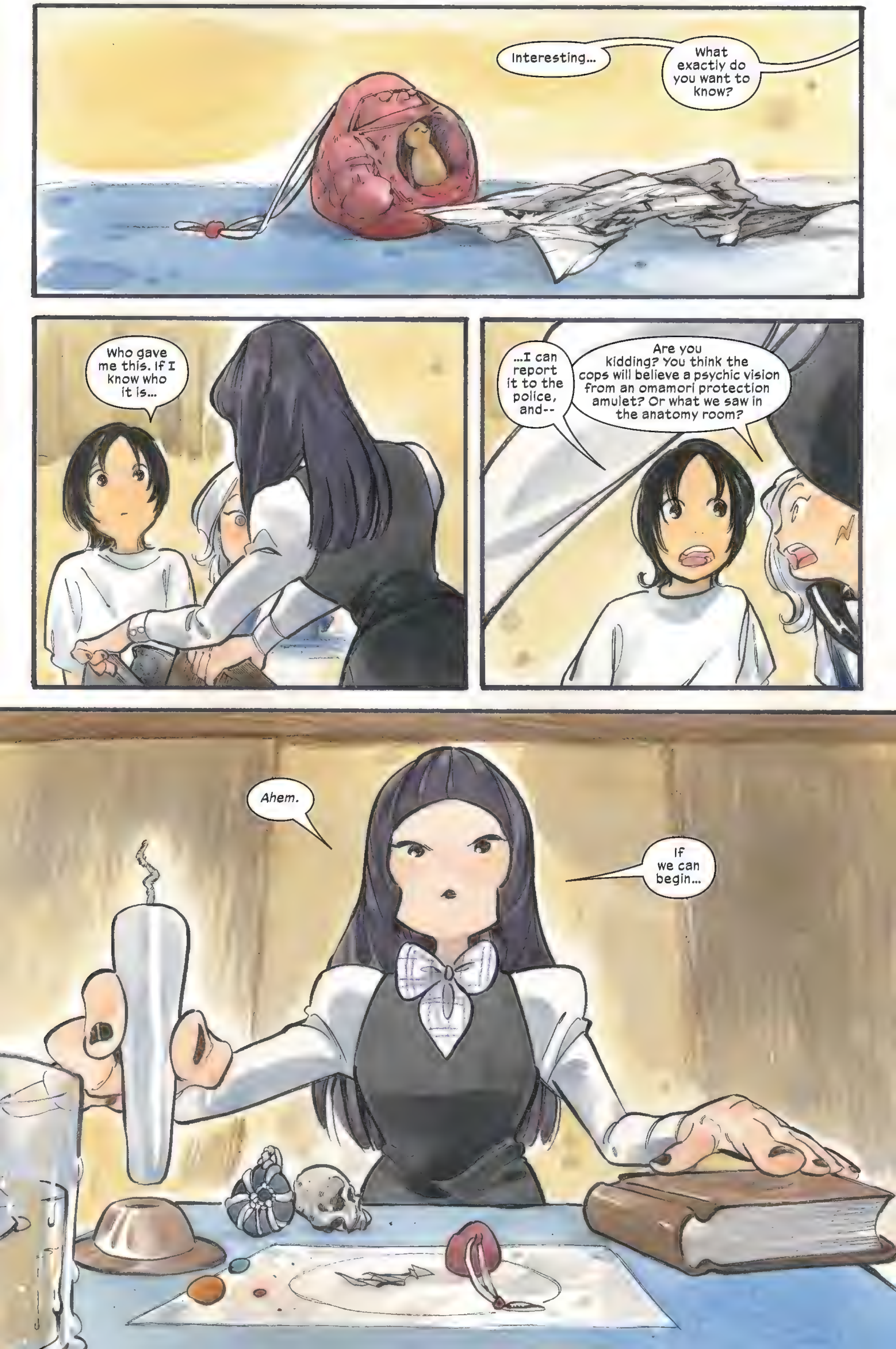

I have to go.
My friend is calling me.
Like you have friends...
Have a nice summer. Don't "work" too hard.
Buzz off.
Loser.

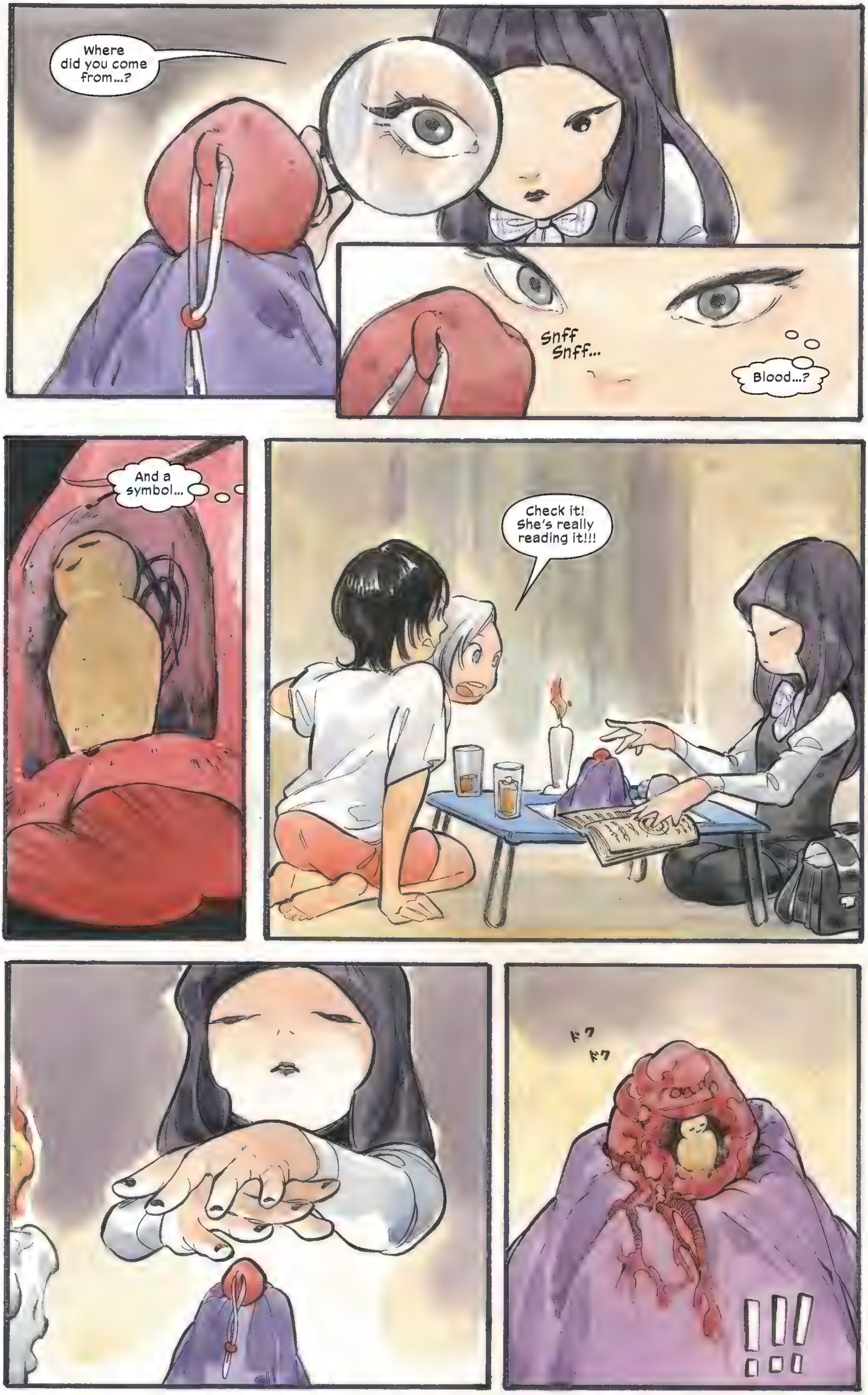

HISAKO'S ROOM.
I don't know how to explain. This... *thing* keeps stalking me. It's like it's poking at my past.
That accident... It wasn't my fault...
Now, now, Hisako. That's your trauma speaking.
Although I suppose I'm to blame for stirring that darkness up inside you.
What? Mei?!
Who are you? Why do you keep following me?!

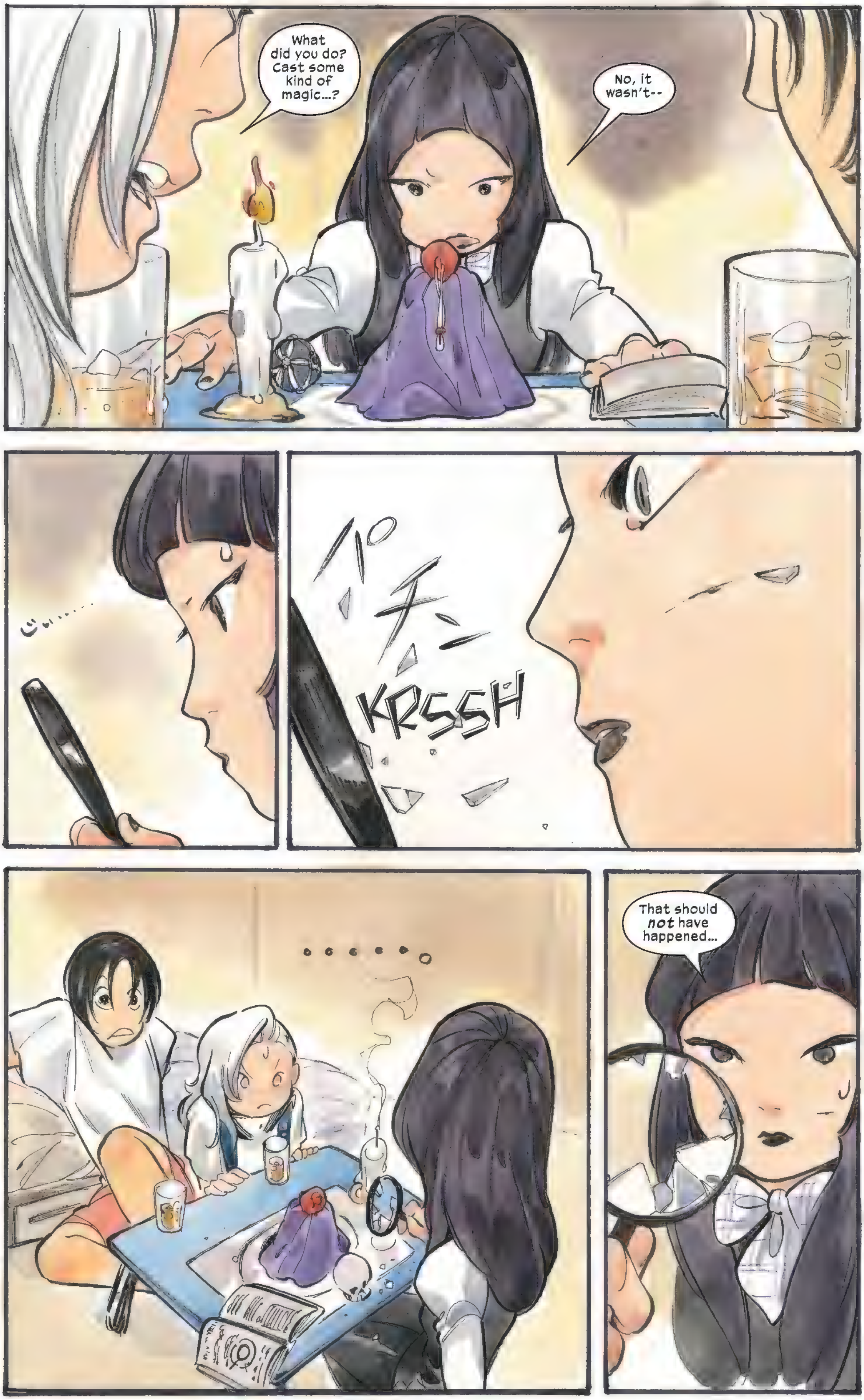

I told you. I want to be friends.
We are the same. We have powers that normal people can only dream of. We could control this stupid world.
We are... superior.
I...I can't remember... Those eyes--I've seen them somewhere...

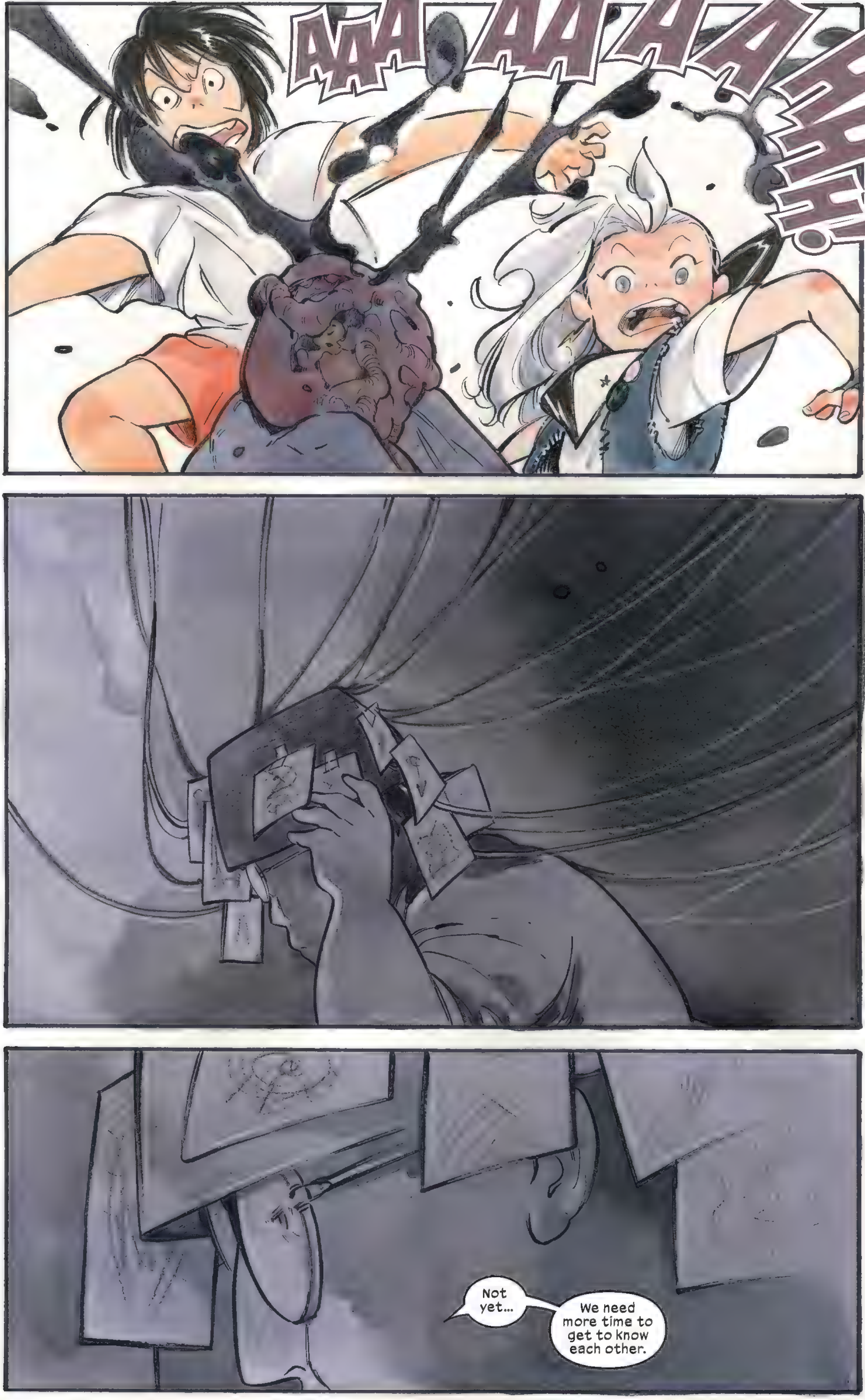

Helloooo? Anyone home?

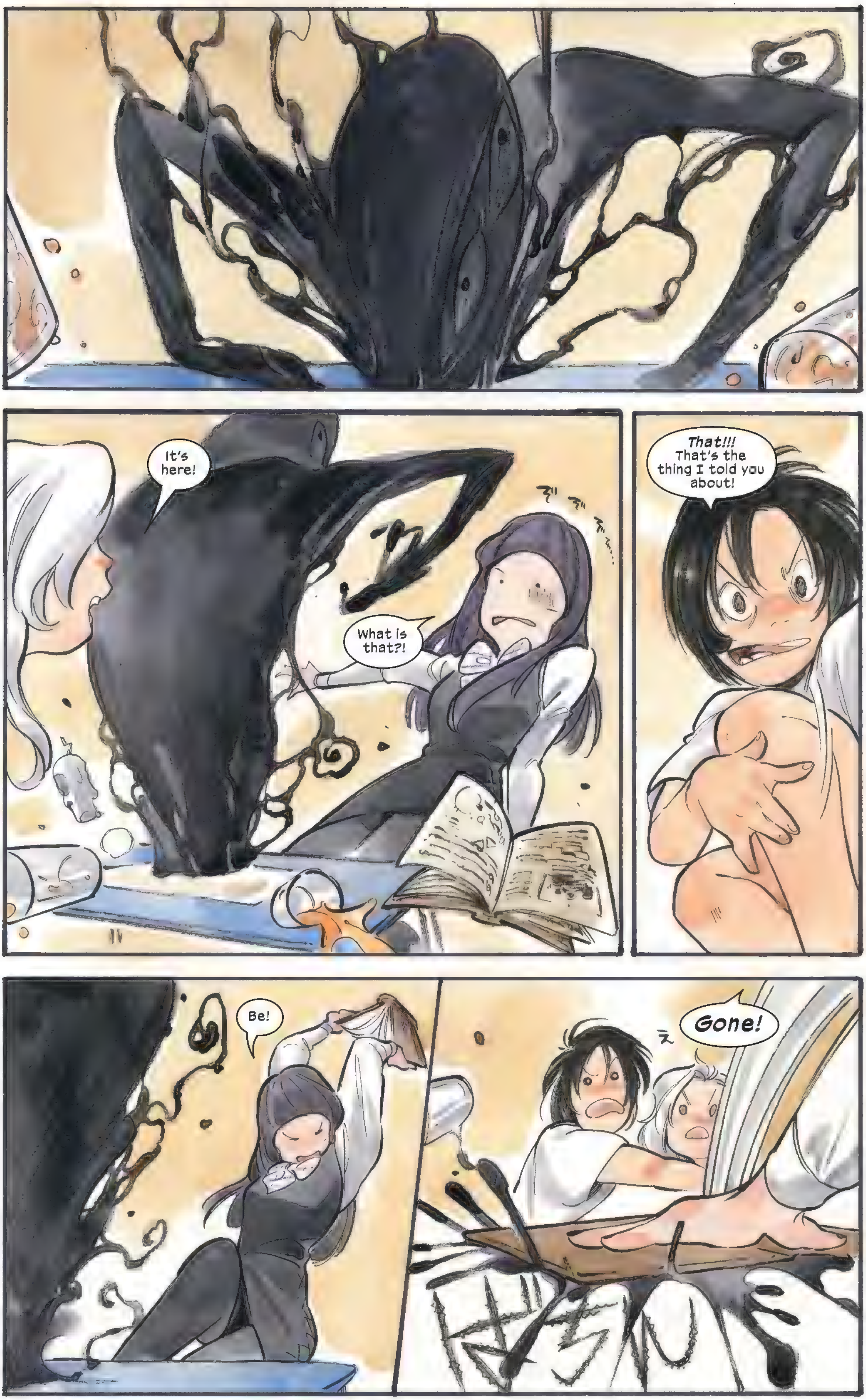

Sip
Hi-chan, snap out of it! I know that video freaked you out, but you're the one who said you wanted to talk to Nico!
Sorry...
Nico, you're a psychic, right? I wanted to see if you can get a reading from something of mine...
Show me.
It's this...

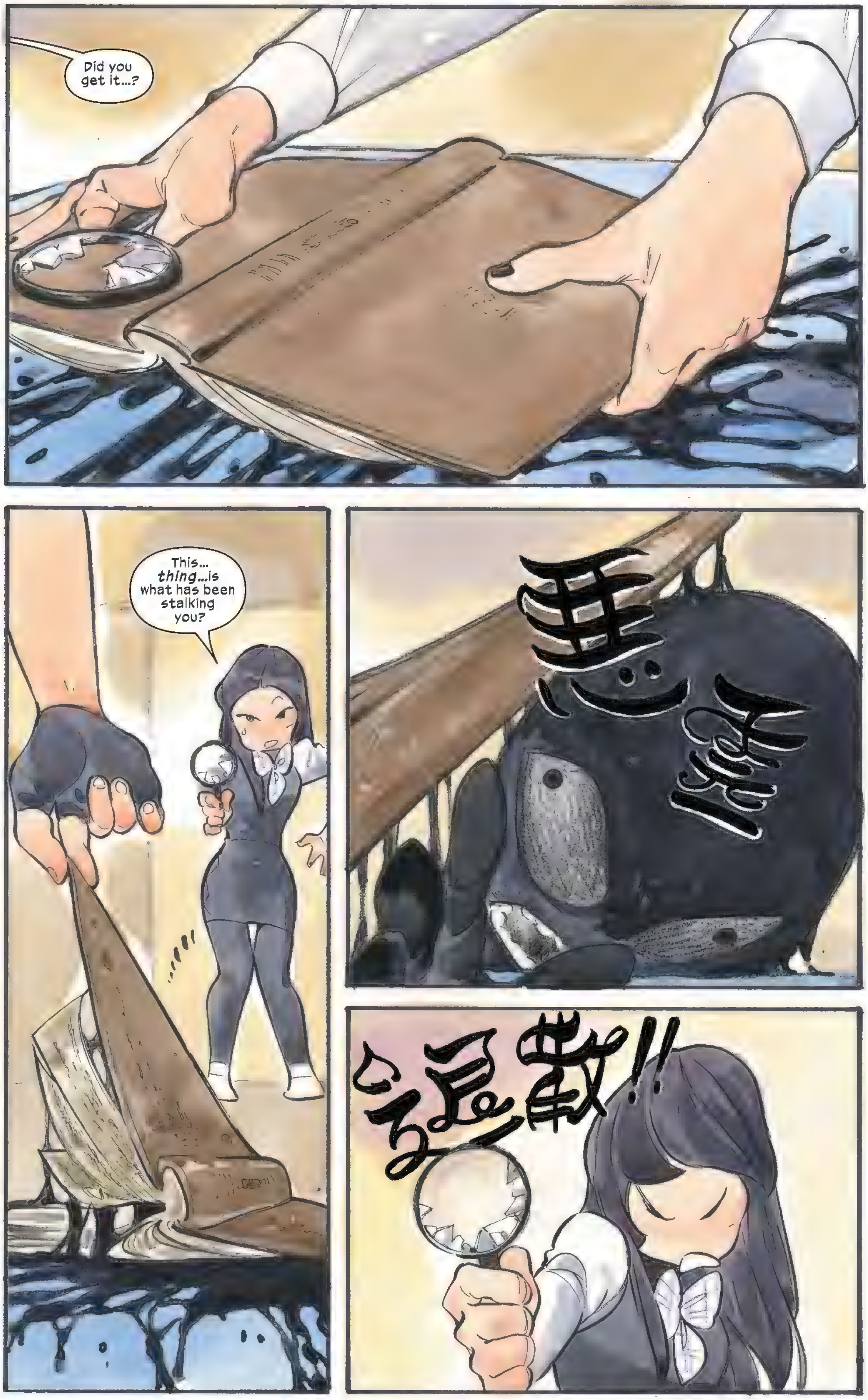

Interesting...
What exactly do you want to know?
Who gave me this. If I know who it is...
...I can report it to the police, and--
Are you kidding? You think the cops will believe a psychic vision from an omamori protection amulet? Or what we saw in the anatomy room?
Ahem.
If we can begin...

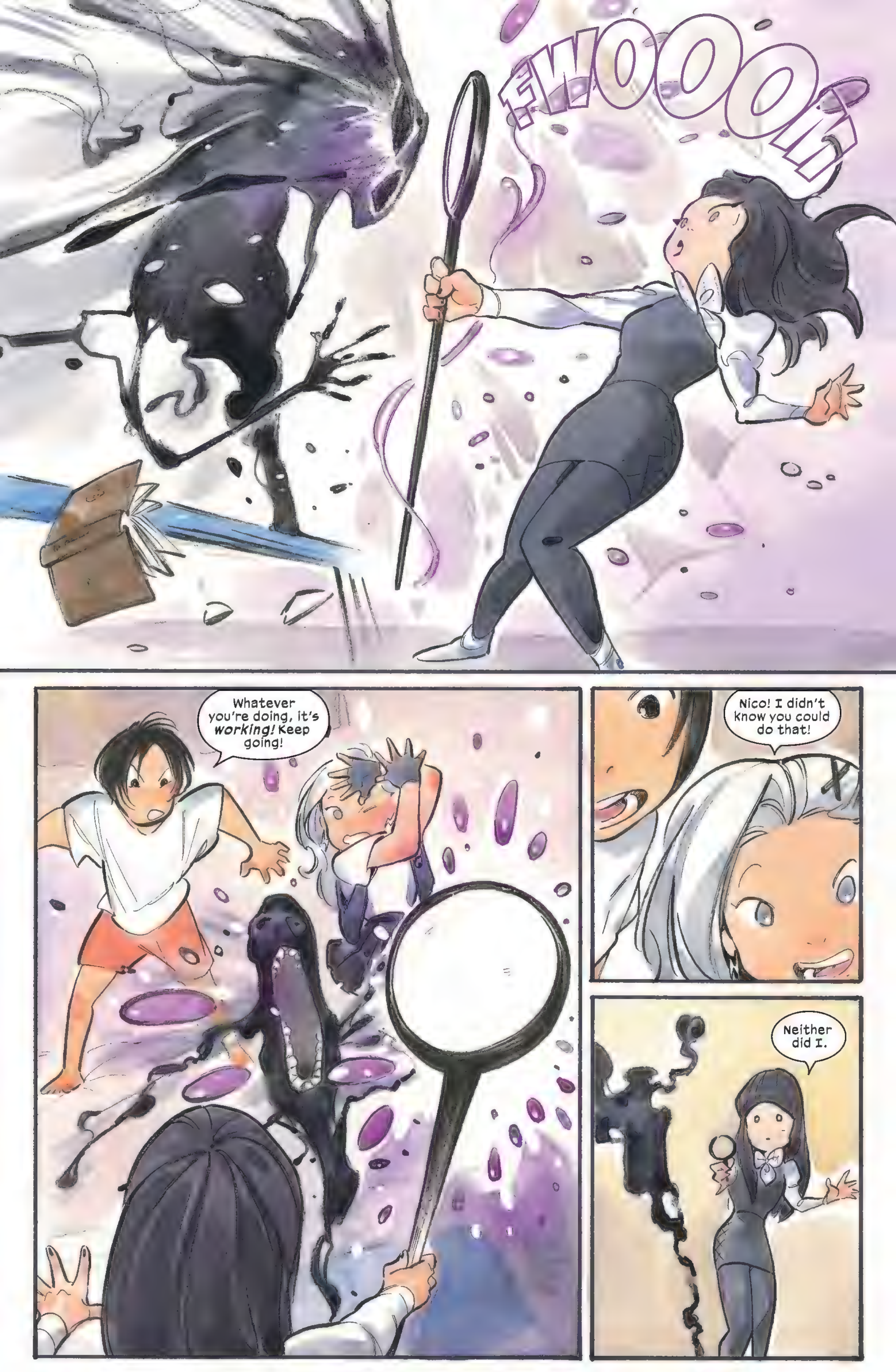

Where did you come from...?
Snff Snff...
Blood...?
And a symbol...
Check it! She's really reading it!!!
ドク ドク
!!!

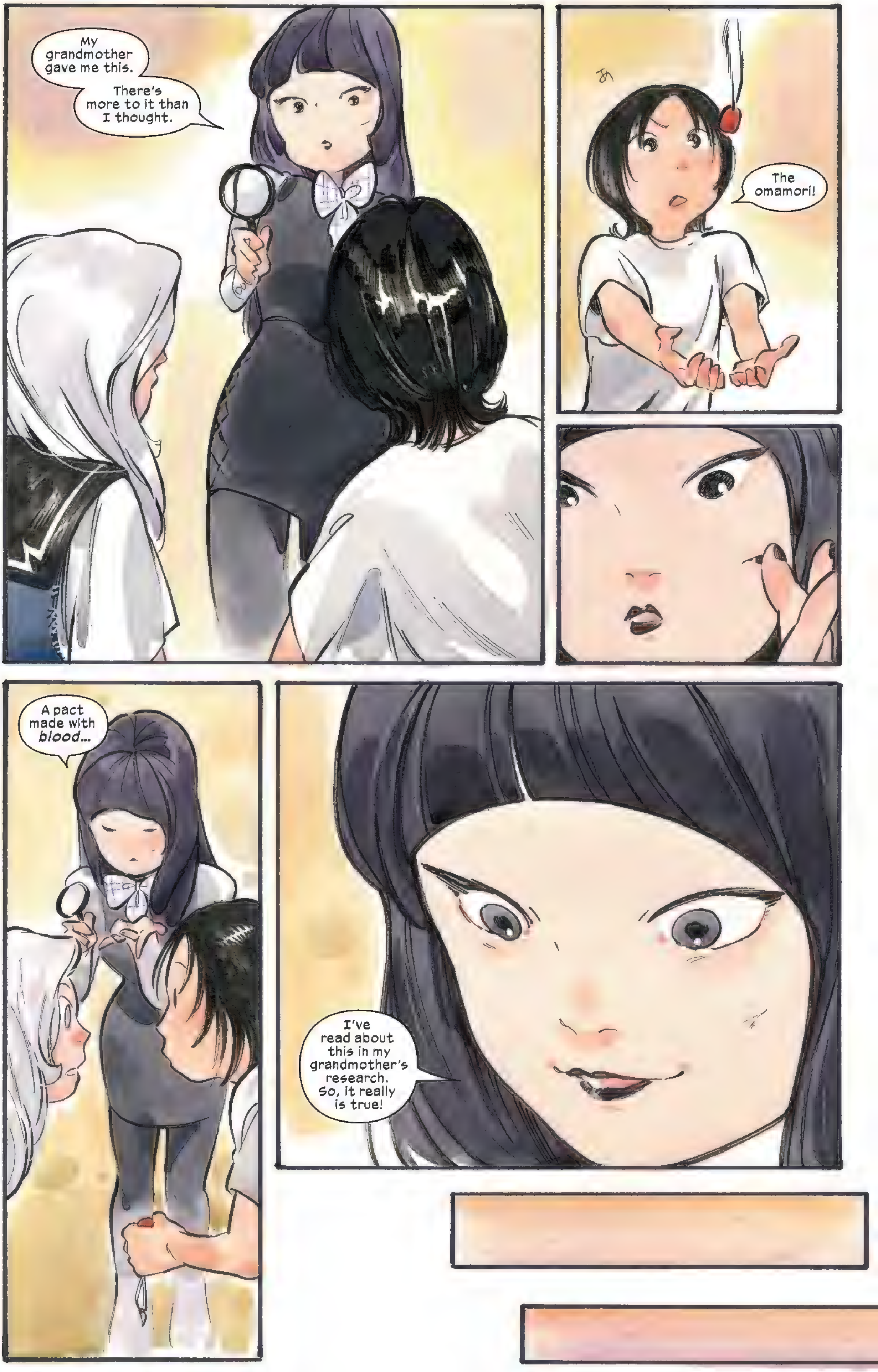

What did you do? Cast some kind of magic...?
No, it wasn't--
じ……
パチン
KRSSH
......
That should *not* have happened...

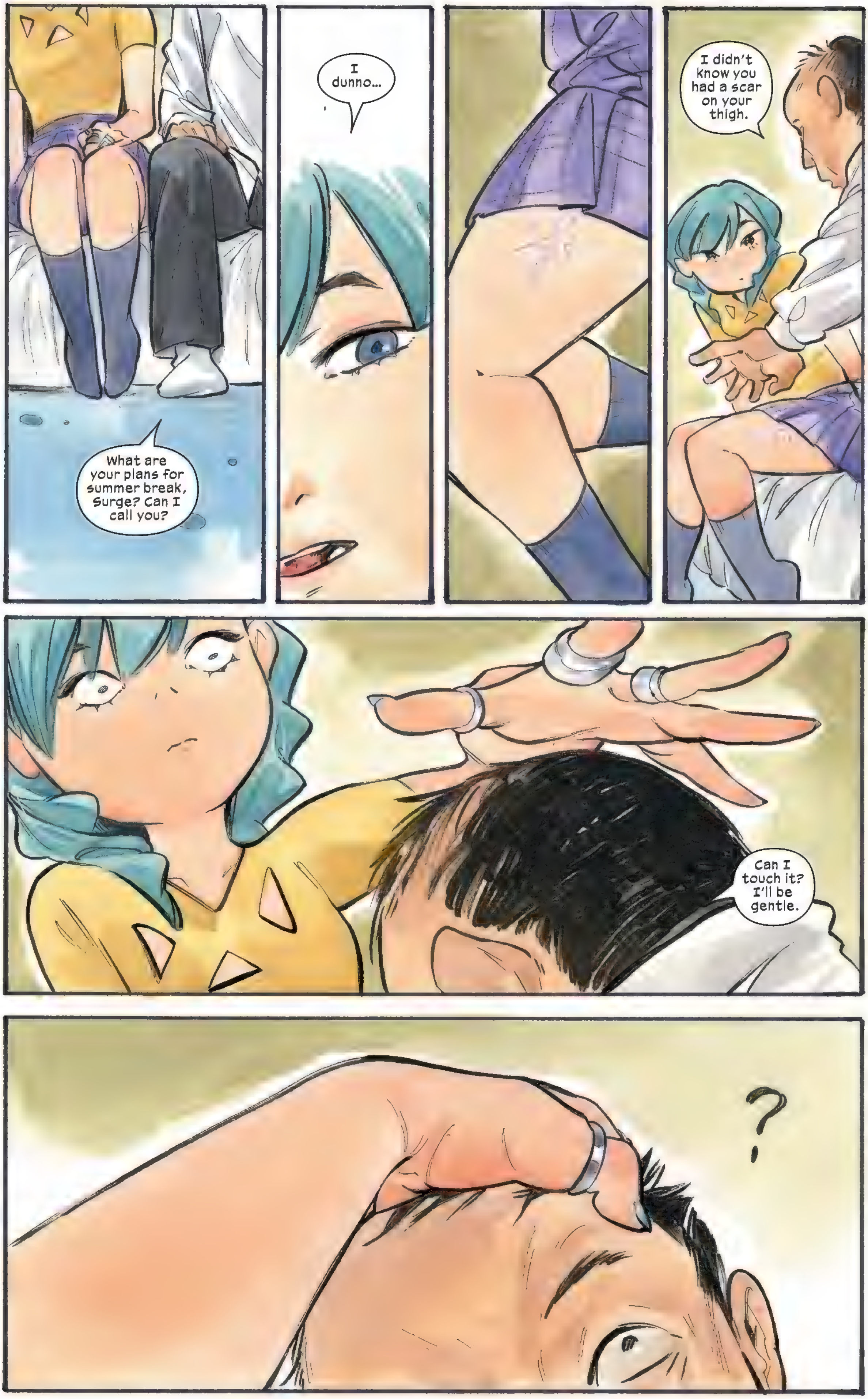

AAAAAAAHHHH!
Not yet...
We need more time to get to know each other.

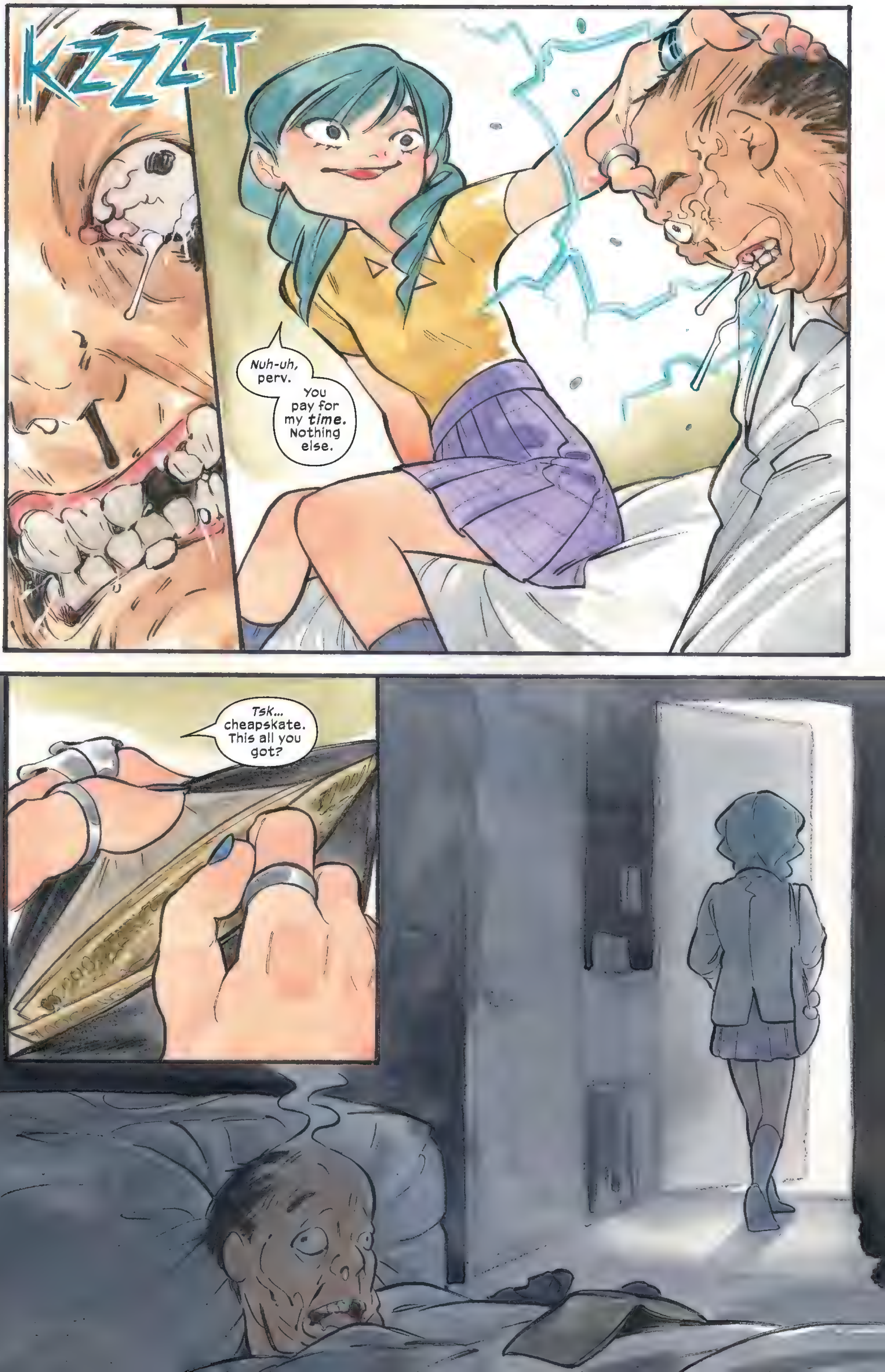

It's here!
What is that?!
That!!! That's the thing I told you about!
Be!
え
Gone!

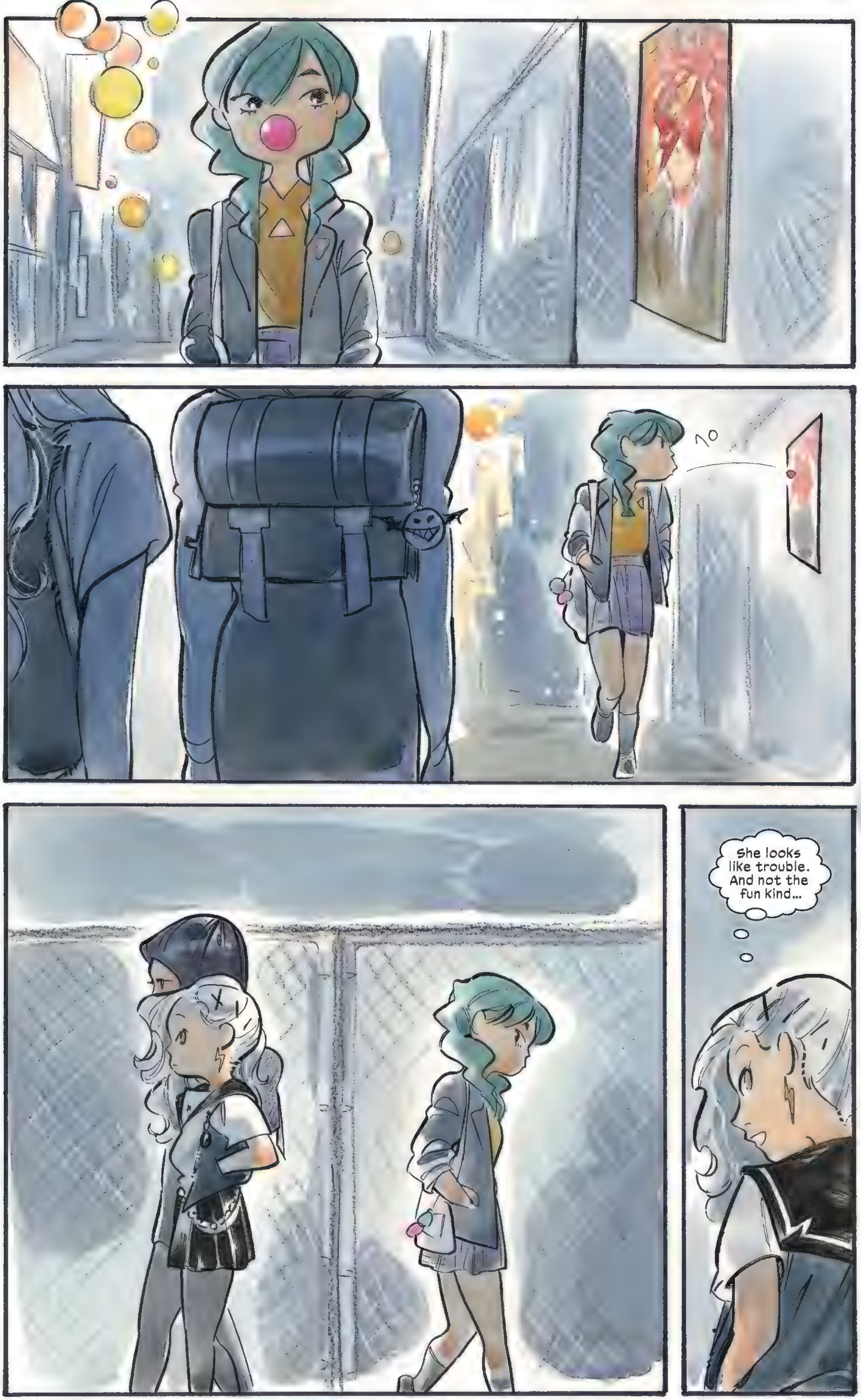

Did you get it...?
This... *thing*...is what has been stalking you?

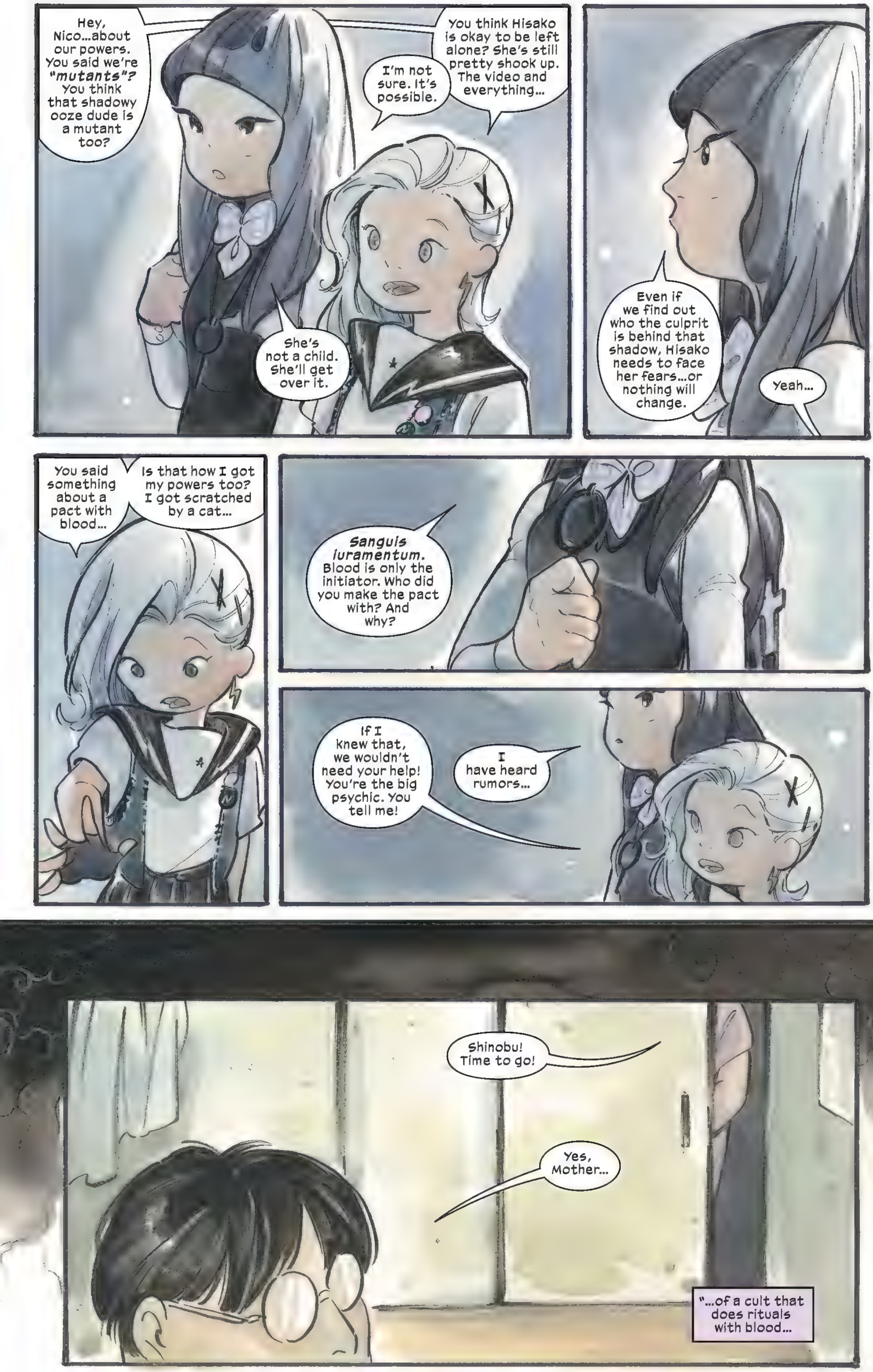

FWOOOM
Whatever you're doing, it's *working!* Keep going!
Nico! I didn't know you could do that!
Neither did I.

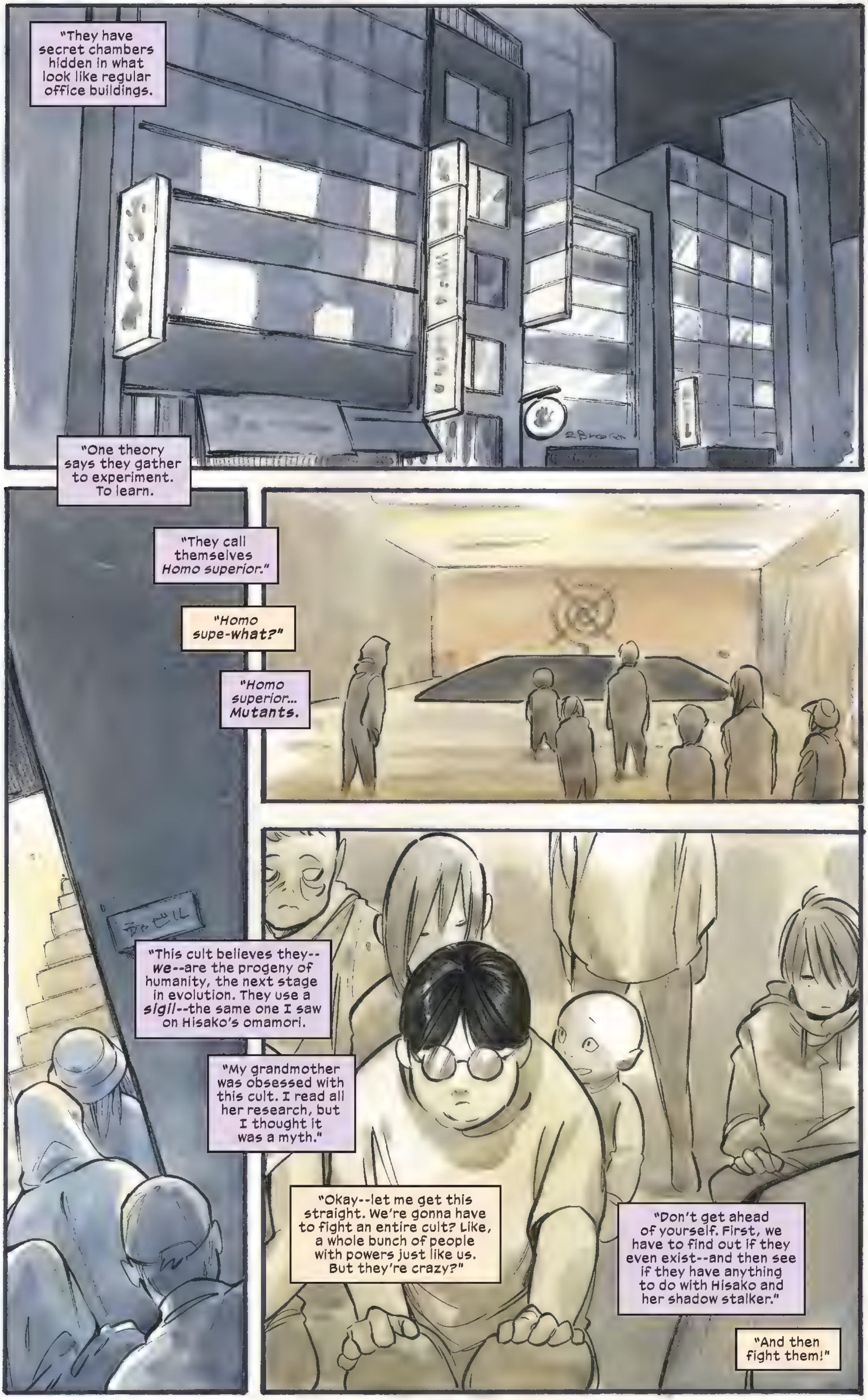

My grandmother gave me this.
There's more to it than I thought.
あ
The omamori!
A pact made with *blood...*
I've read about this in my grandmother's research. So, it really is true!

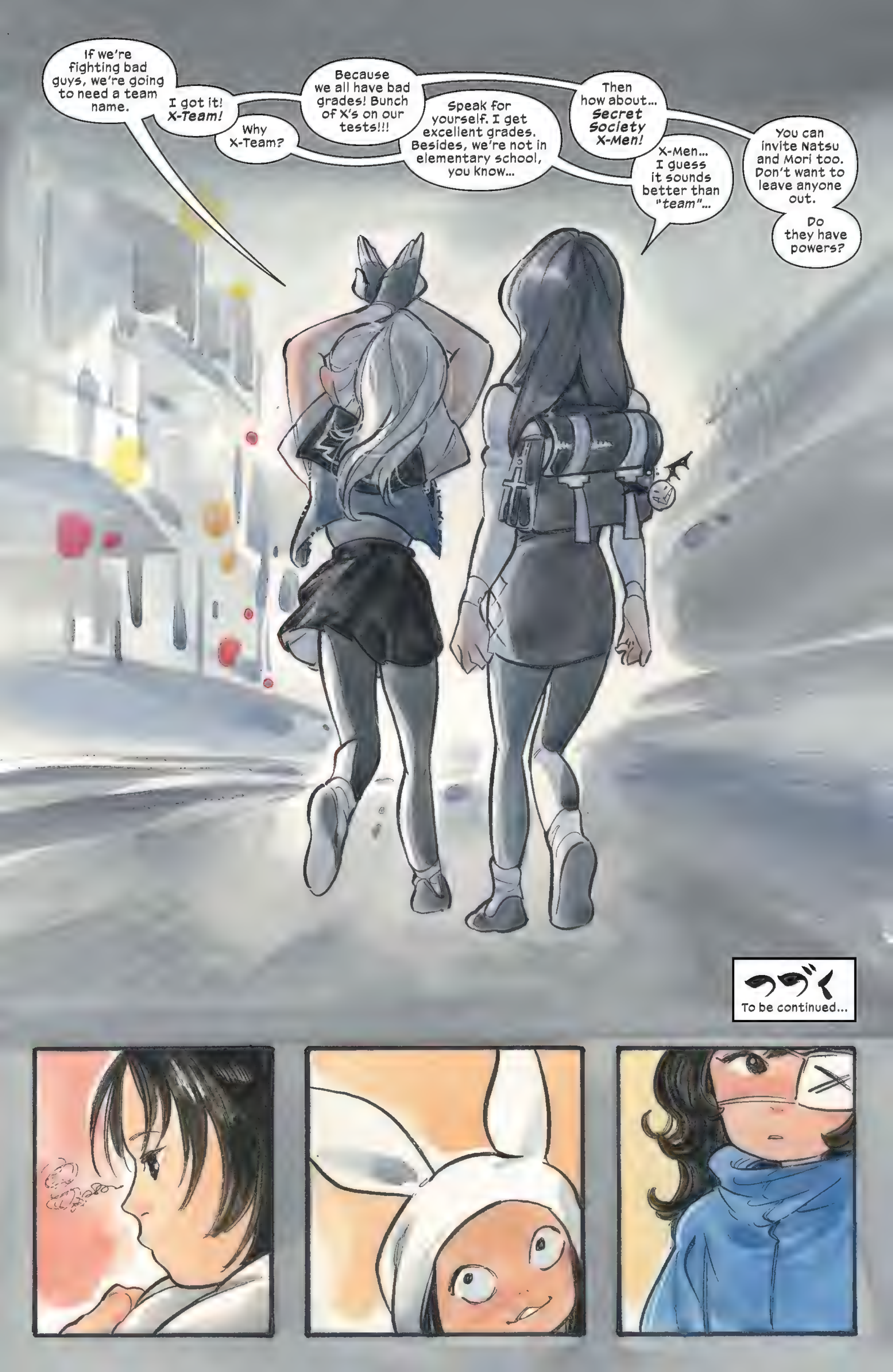

What are your plans for summer break, Surge? Can I call you?
I dunno...
I didn't know you had a scar on your thigh.
Can I touch it? I'll be gentle.
?


KZZZT
Nuh-uh, perv.
You pay for my *time.* Nothing else.
Tsk... cheapskate. This all you got?


She looks like trouble. And not the fun kind...


Hey, Nico...about our powers. You said we're *"mutants"?* You think that shadowy ooze dude is a mutant too?
You think Hisako is okay to be left alone? She's still pretty shook up. The video and everything...
I'm not sure. It's possible.
She's not a child. She'll get over it.
Even if we find out who the culprit is behind that shadow, Hisako needs to face her fears...or nothing will change.
Yeah...
You said something about a pact with blood...
Is that how I got my powers too? I got scratched by a cat...
Sanguis Iuramentum. Blood is only the initiator. Who did you make the pact with? And why?
If I knew that, we wouldn't need your help! You're the big psychic. You tell me!
I have heard rumors...
Shinobu! Time to go!
Yes, Mother...
"...of a cult that does rituals with blood...


"They have secret chambers hidden in what look like regular office buildings.
"One theory says they gather to experiment. To learn.
"They call themselves *Homo superior.*"
"*Homo supe-what?*"
"*Homo superior... **Mutants.***
"This cult believes they--*we*--are the progeny of humanity, the next stage in evolution. They use a *sigil*--the same one I saw on Hisako's omamori.
"My grandmother was obsessed with this cult. I read all her research, but I thought it was a myth."
"Okay--let me get this straight. We're gonna have to fight an entire cult? Like, a whole bunch of people with powers just like us. But they're crazy?"
"Don't get ahead of yourself. First, we have to find out if they even exist--and then see if they have anything to do with Hisako and her shadow stalker."
"And then fight them!"


If we're fighting bad guys, we're going to need a team name.
I got it! *X-Team!*
Why X-Team?
Because we all have bad grades! Bunch of X's on our tests!!!
Speak for yourself. I get excellent grades. Besides, we're not in elementary school, you know...
Then how about... ***Secret Society X-Men!***
X-Men... I guess it sounds better than "*team*"...
You can invite Natsu and Mori too. Don't want to leave anyone out.
Do they have powers?
つづく
To be continued...

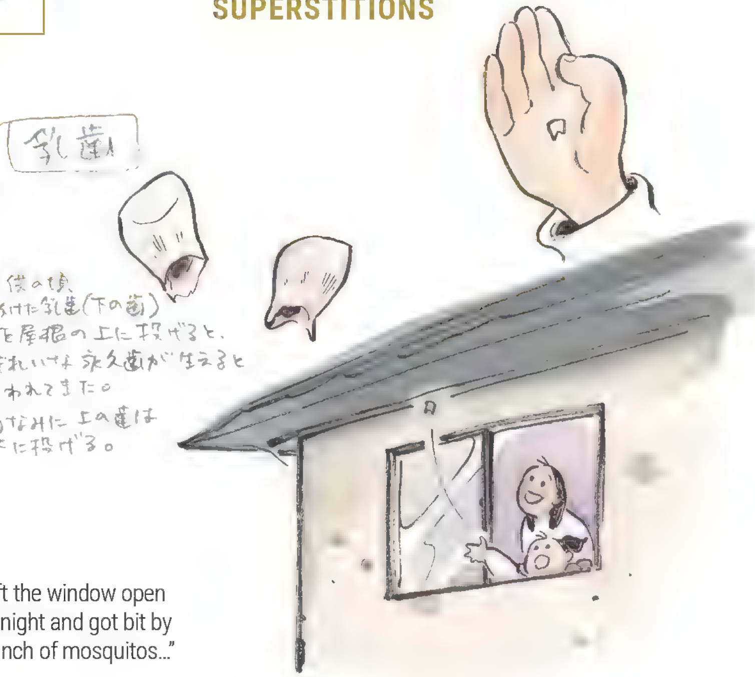
LEXICON

SUPERSTITIONS

色いな　おまじない、呪文。　#5

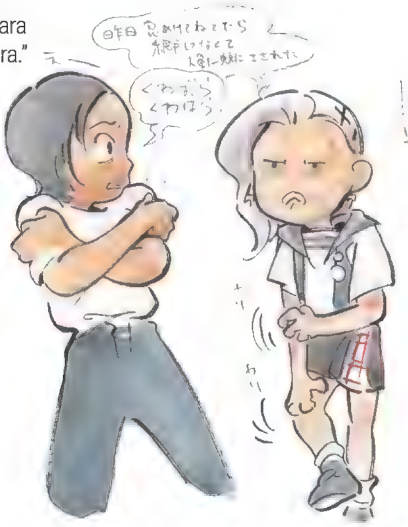
FALLEN BABY TEETH

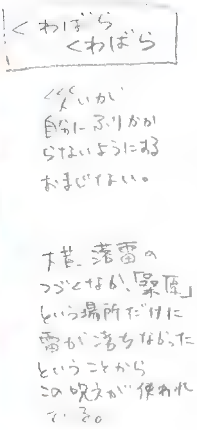
When the bottom row of your baby teeth fall out, throw them onto your rooftop to grow healthy, strong adult teeth. And when the top row of baby teeth fall out, throw them under your house or patio.


乳歯
子供の頃、
抜けた乳歯（下の歯）
を屋根の上に投げると、
きれいな永久歯が生えると
言われてました。
ちなみに上の歯は
下に投げる。

"I left the window open last night and got bit by a bunch of mosquitos..."

"Kuwabara kuwabara."


昨日窓あけてねてたら
網戸になくて
大量に蚊にさされた
くわばら
くわばら

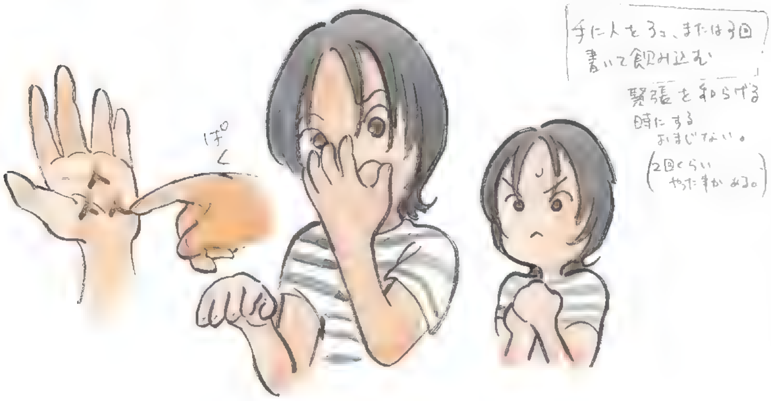

くわばら
くわばら
災いが
自分にふりかか
らないようにする
おまじない。
大昔、落雷の
つづくなか、「桑原」
という場所だけに
雷が落ちなかった
ということから
この呪文が使われ
ている。

"KUWABARA KUWABARA"

Say the phrase "kuwabara kuawabara" to avoid jinxes and bad luck.

Legend says that most of Japan had problems with thunderstorms, but a place called Kuwabara was the only area that didn't get hit by the storm.

So "Kuwabara" became a protection spell.


ぱく
手に人を3コ、または3回
書いて飲み込む
緊張を和らげる
時にする
おまじない。
（2回くらい
やったことがある。）

You write the kanji "person" (人) three times on your palm and swallow it.

They say this releases anxiety and helps you calm down.

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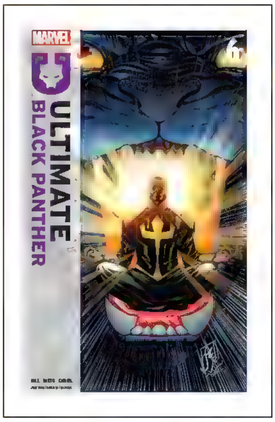
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ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #6

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MARVEL
THE
ULTIMATES
2

ULTIMATES #2

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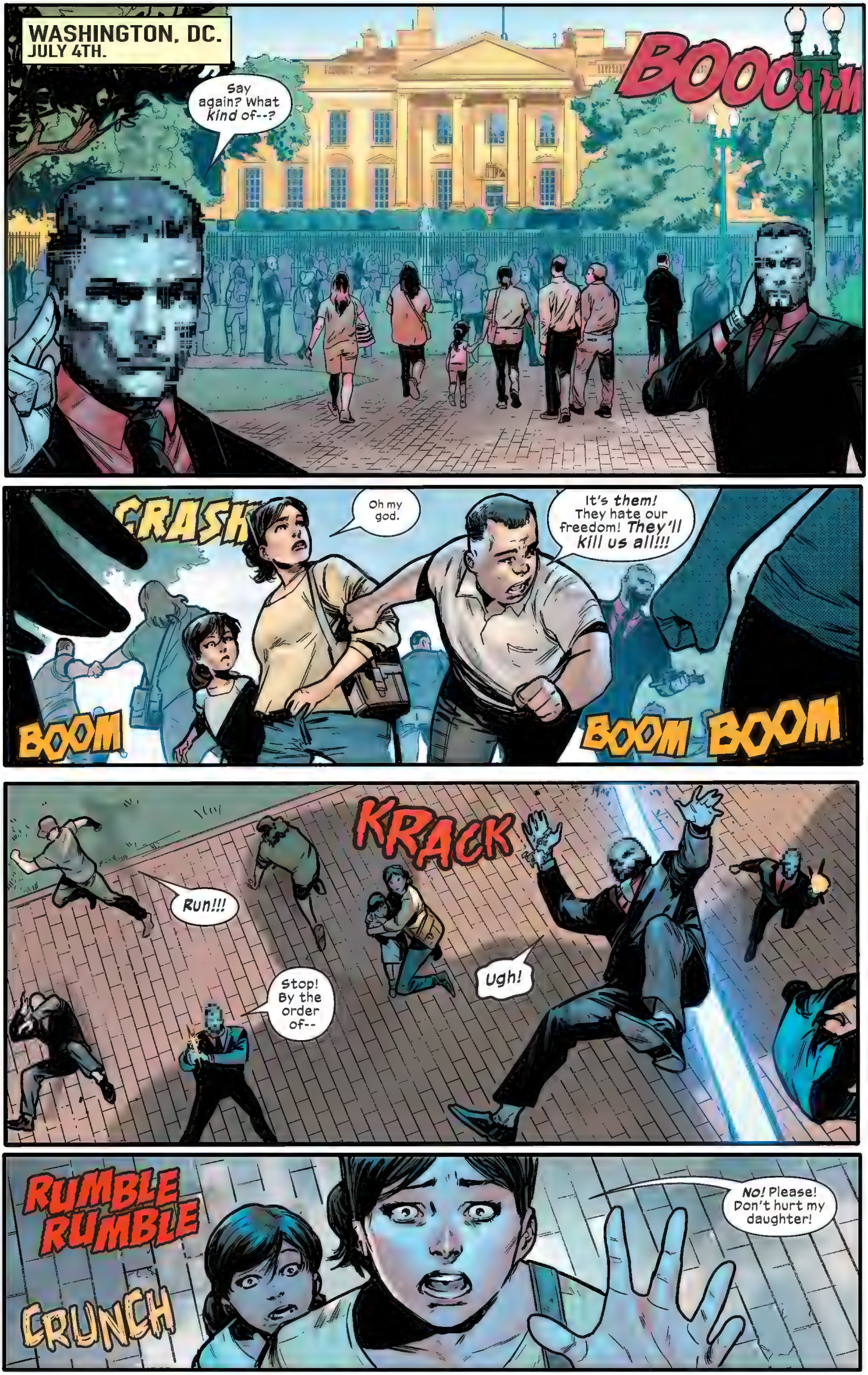
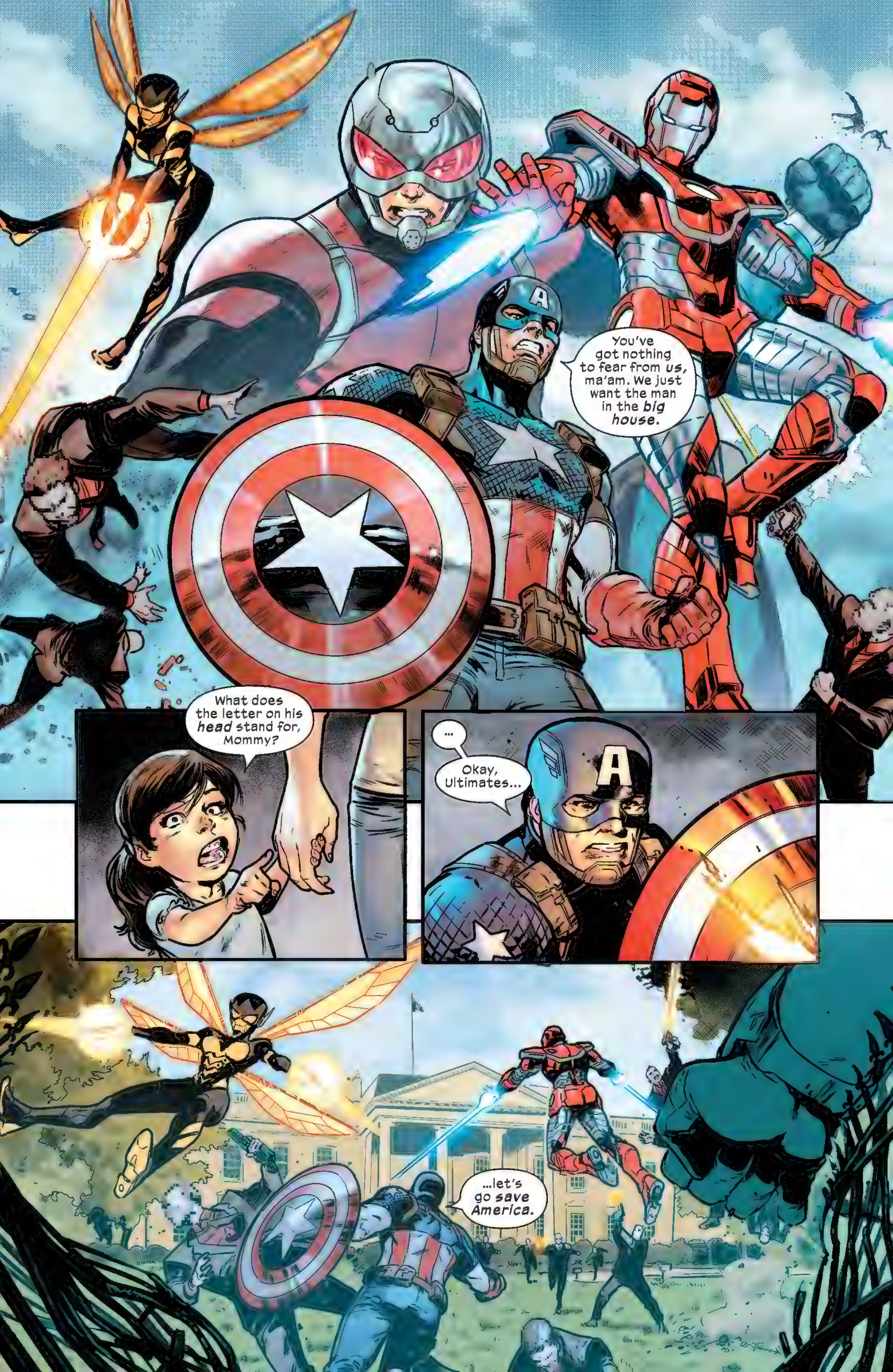

WASHINGTON, DC.
JULY 4TH.
Say again? What *kind* of--?
BOOOOOM
CRASH
Oh my god.
It's *them!* They hate our freedom! *They'll kill us all!!!*
BOOM
BOOM BOOM
KRACK
Run!!!
Stop! By the order of--
Ugh!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
CRUNCH
No! Please! Don't hurt my daughter!


You've got nothing to fear from *us*, ma'am. We just want the man in the *big house*.
What does the letter on his *head* stand for, Mommy?
...
Okay, Ultimates...
...let's go *save America*.

2

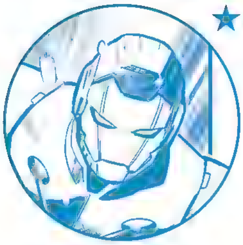
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next seventeen months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, has taken on the codename **IRON LAD** and teamed up with **CAPTAIN AMERICA**, **THOR**, **SIF** and **DOOM** to set things right.

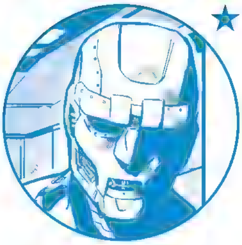
But the team quickly learned they can't just expect people to take up their fight against the darkness that rules the world. Heroes need to be inspired—and the **ULTIMATES** will need all the help they can get. Their first recruits were **HANK PYM** and his wife, **JANET VAN DYNE**, who aided them in a battle with **CAPTAIN BRITAIN**, a member of the Maker's Council.

THE ULTIMATES

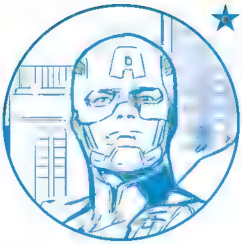
ROSTER:



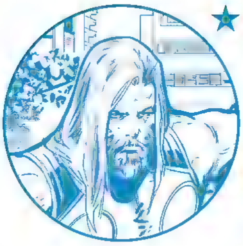
IRON LAD
TONY STARK



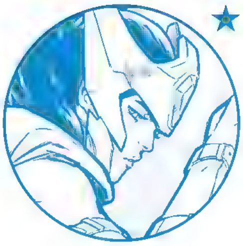
DOOM
REED RICHARDS



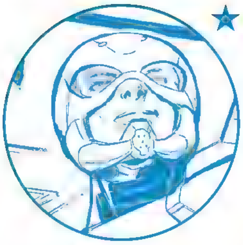
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS



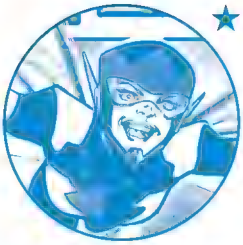
THOR
GOD OF THUNDER



SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS



GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM



WASP
JANET VAN DYNE

JULY 2024

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EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

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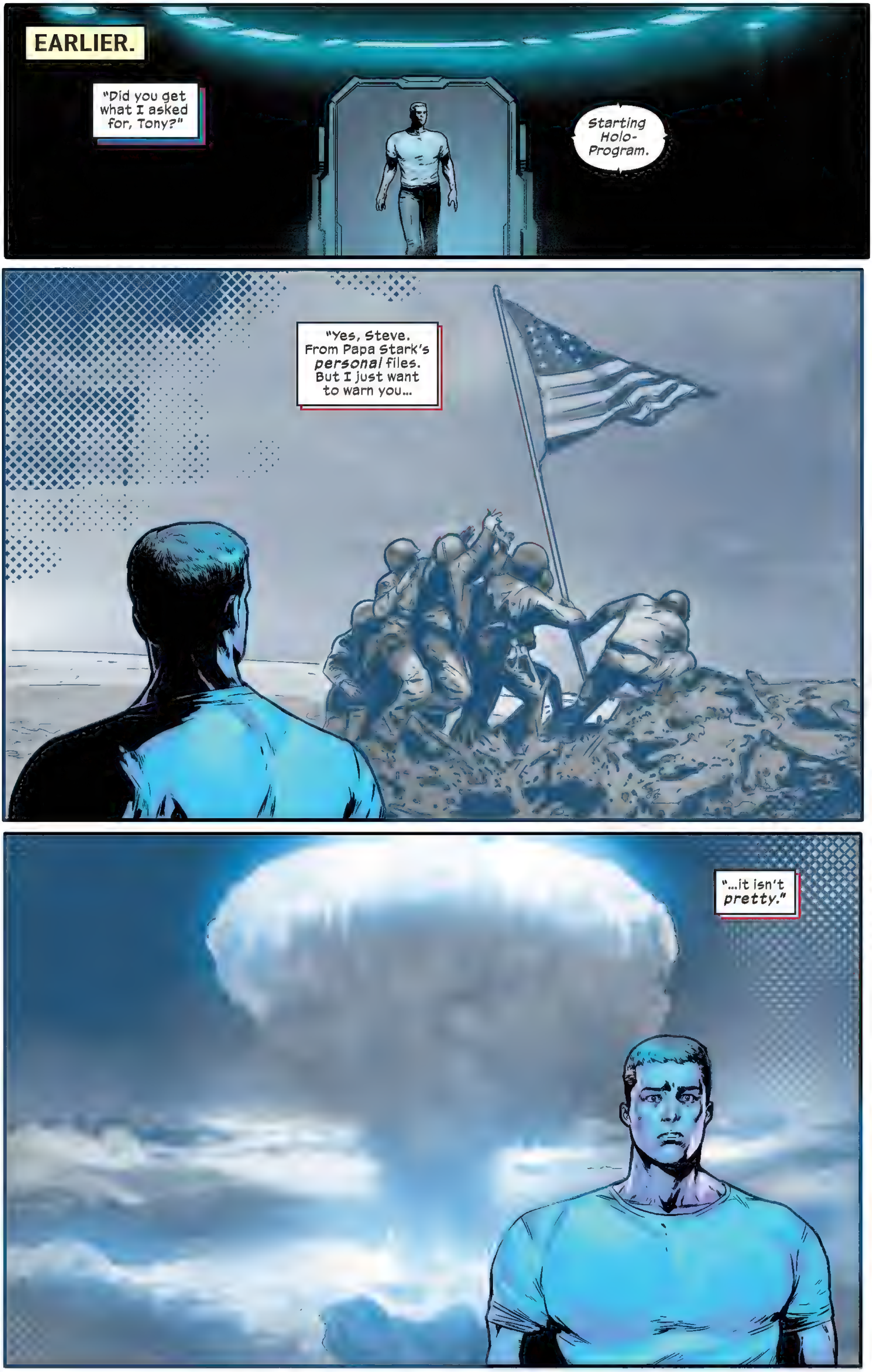
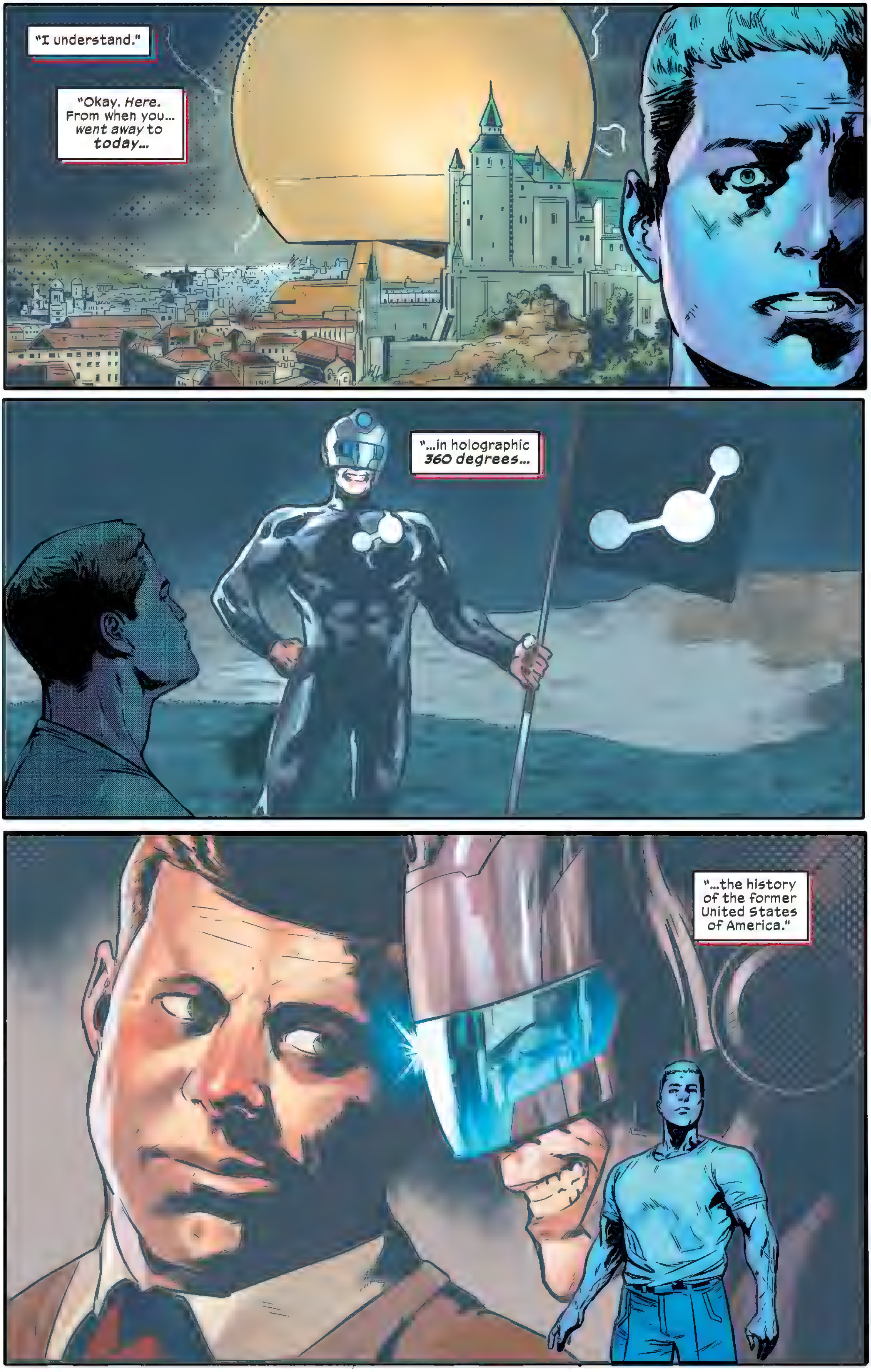
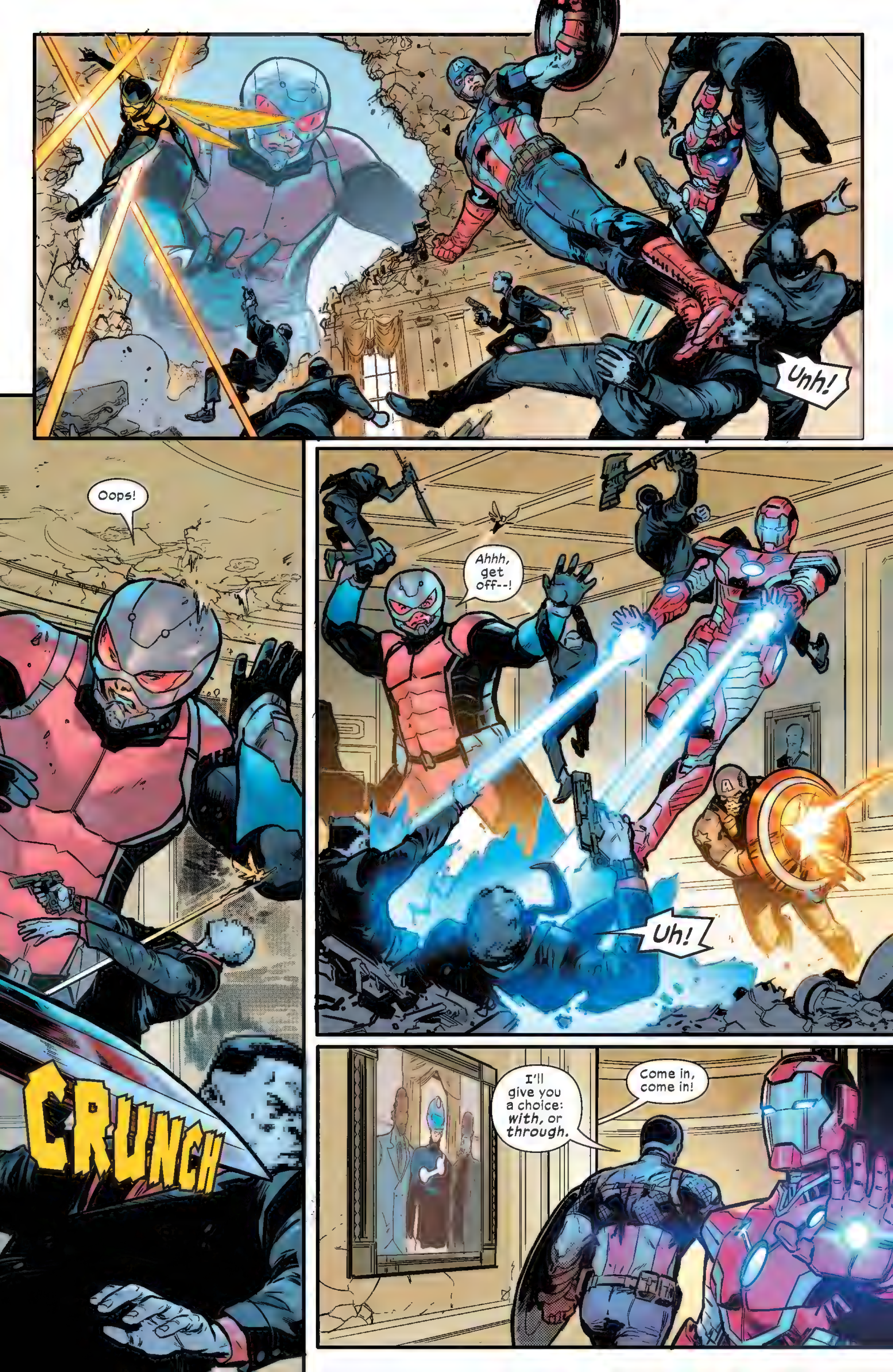
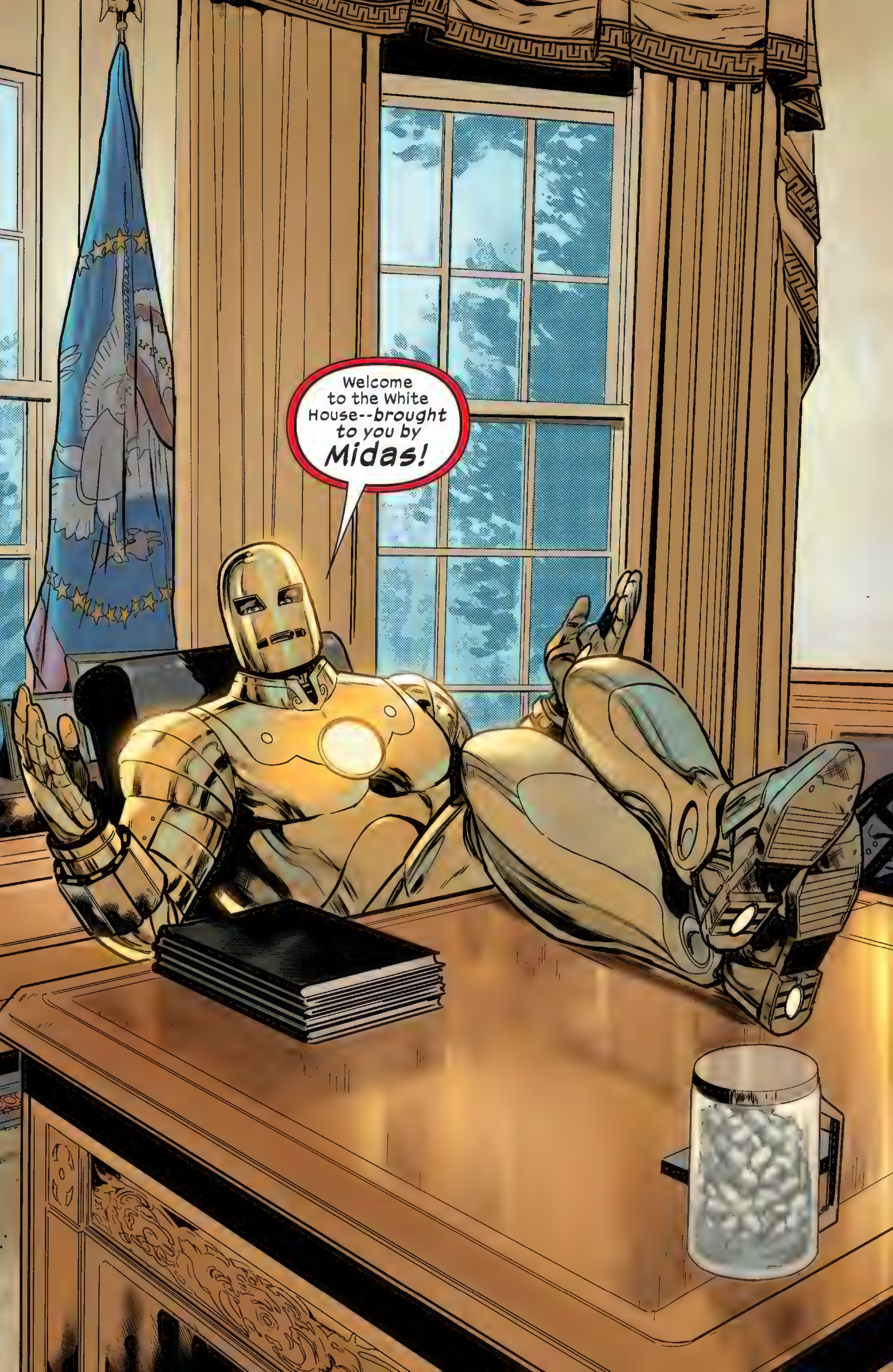
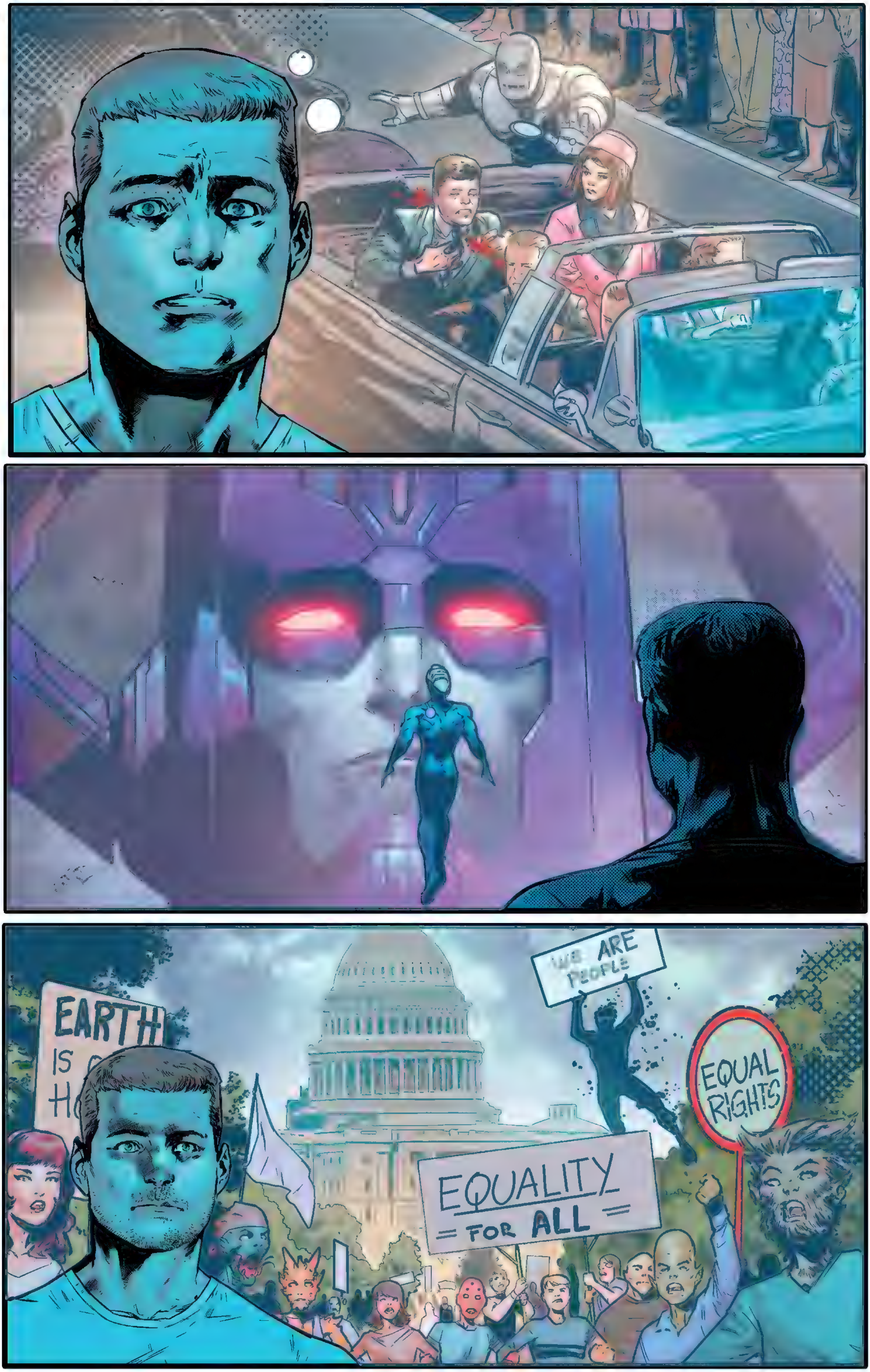
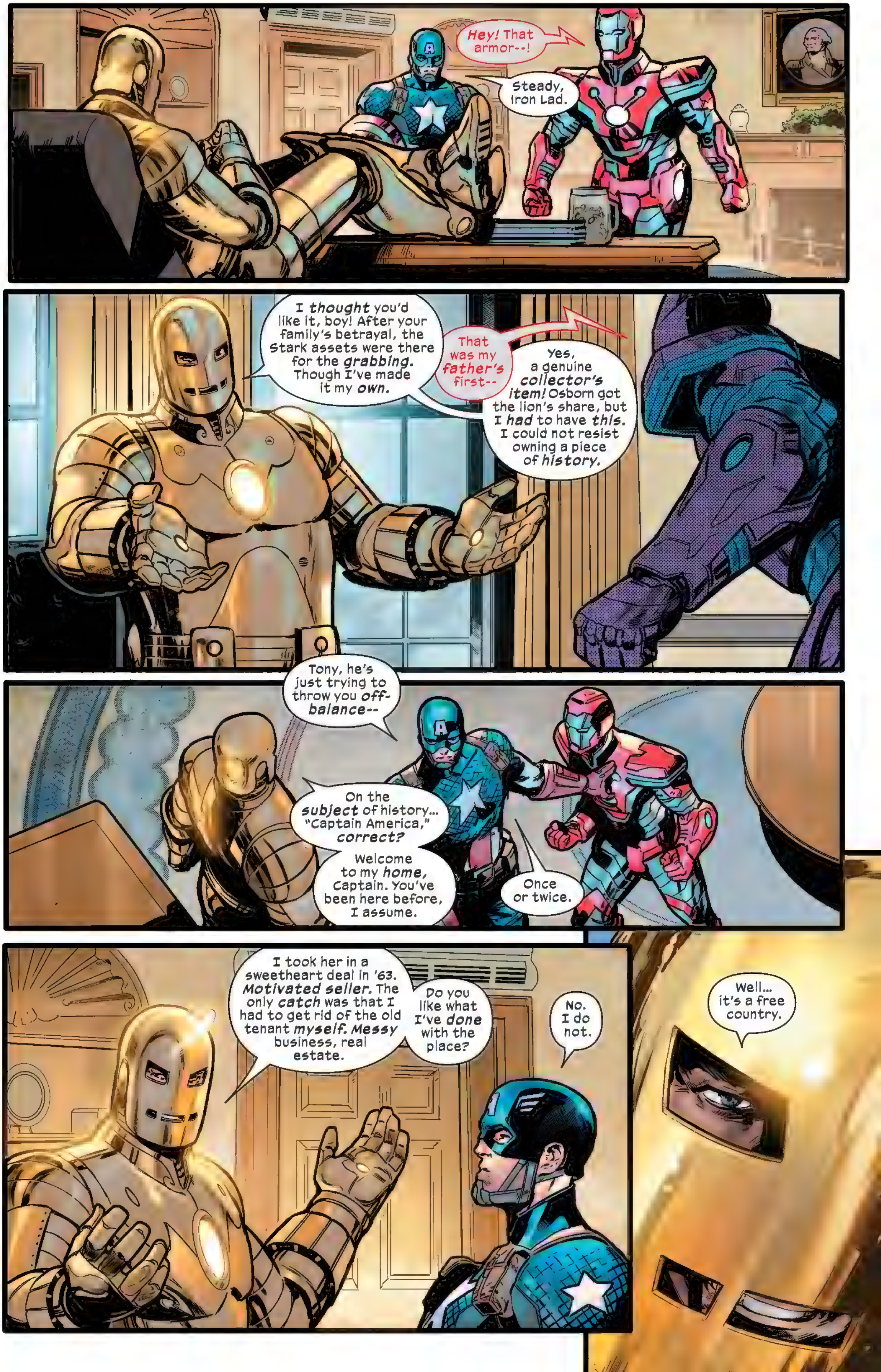

EARLIER.
"Did you get what I asked for, Tony?"
Starting Holo-Program.
"Yes, Steve. From Papa Stark's *personal* files. But I just want to warn you...
"...it isn't *pretty.*"

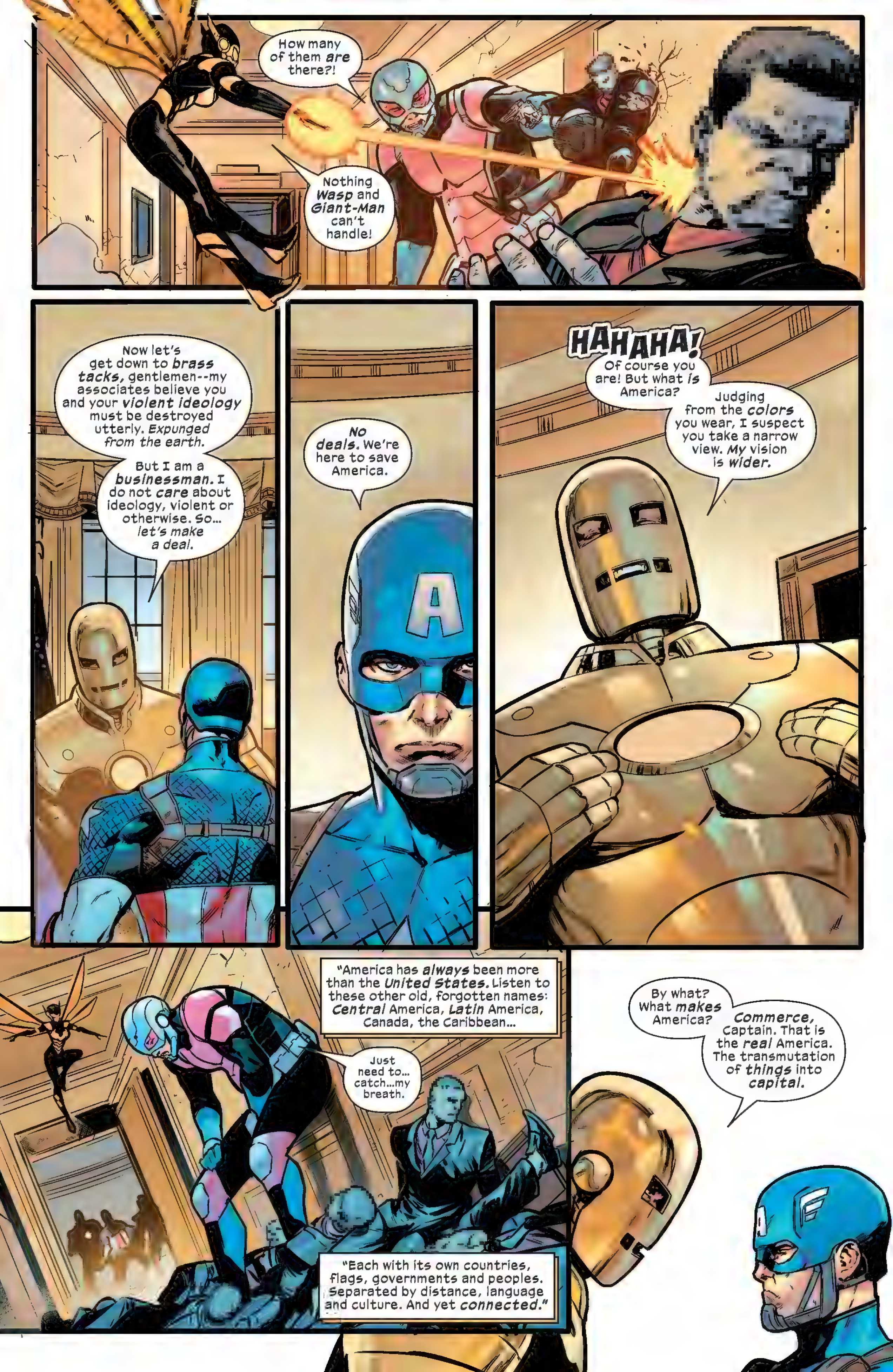

"I understand."
"Okay. *Here.* From when you... went away to *today...*
"...in holographic *360 degrees...*
"...the history of the former United States of America."

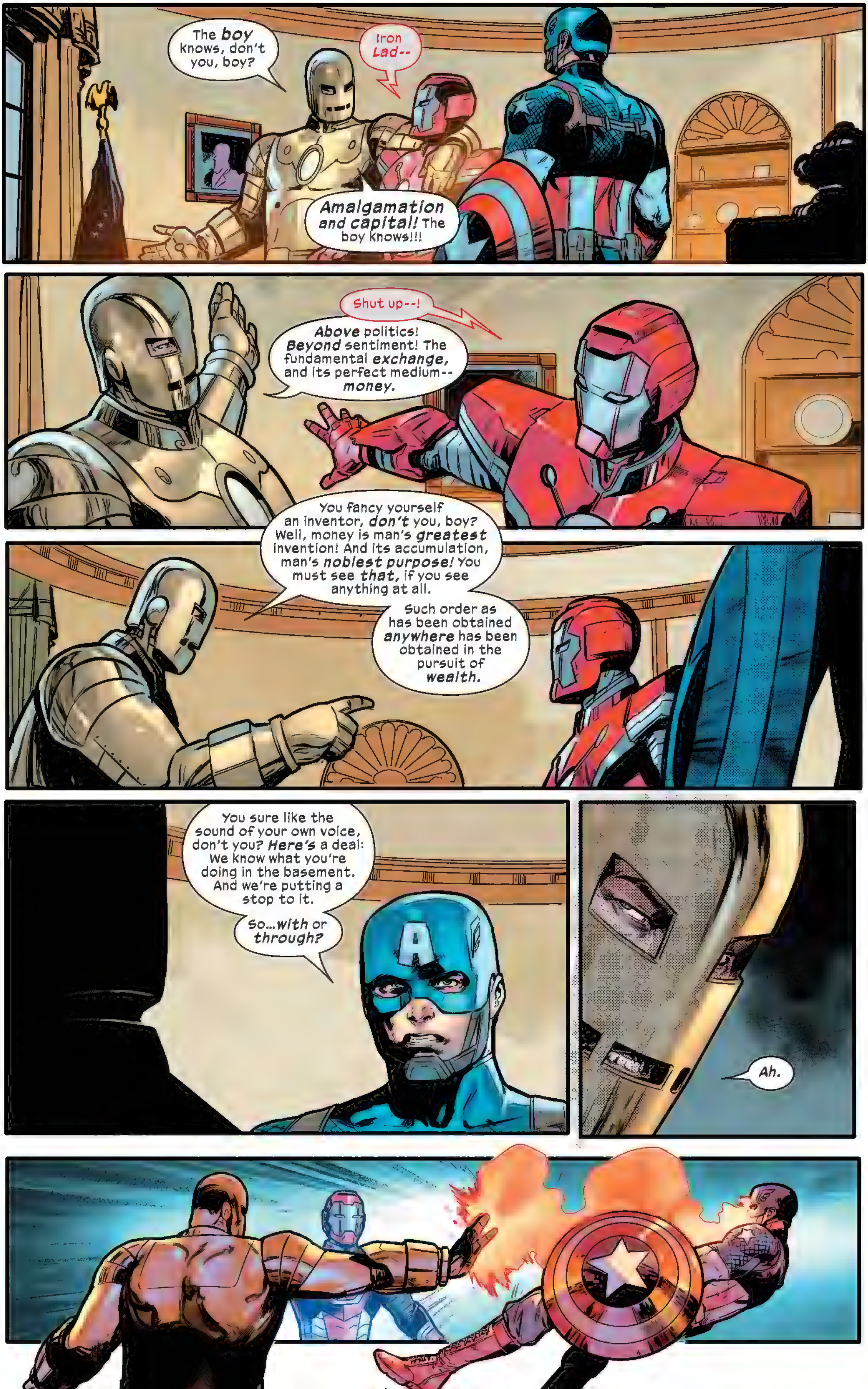

Unh!
Oops!
CRUNCH
Ahhh, get off--!
Uh!
I'll give you a choice: *with*, or *through*.
Come in, come in!

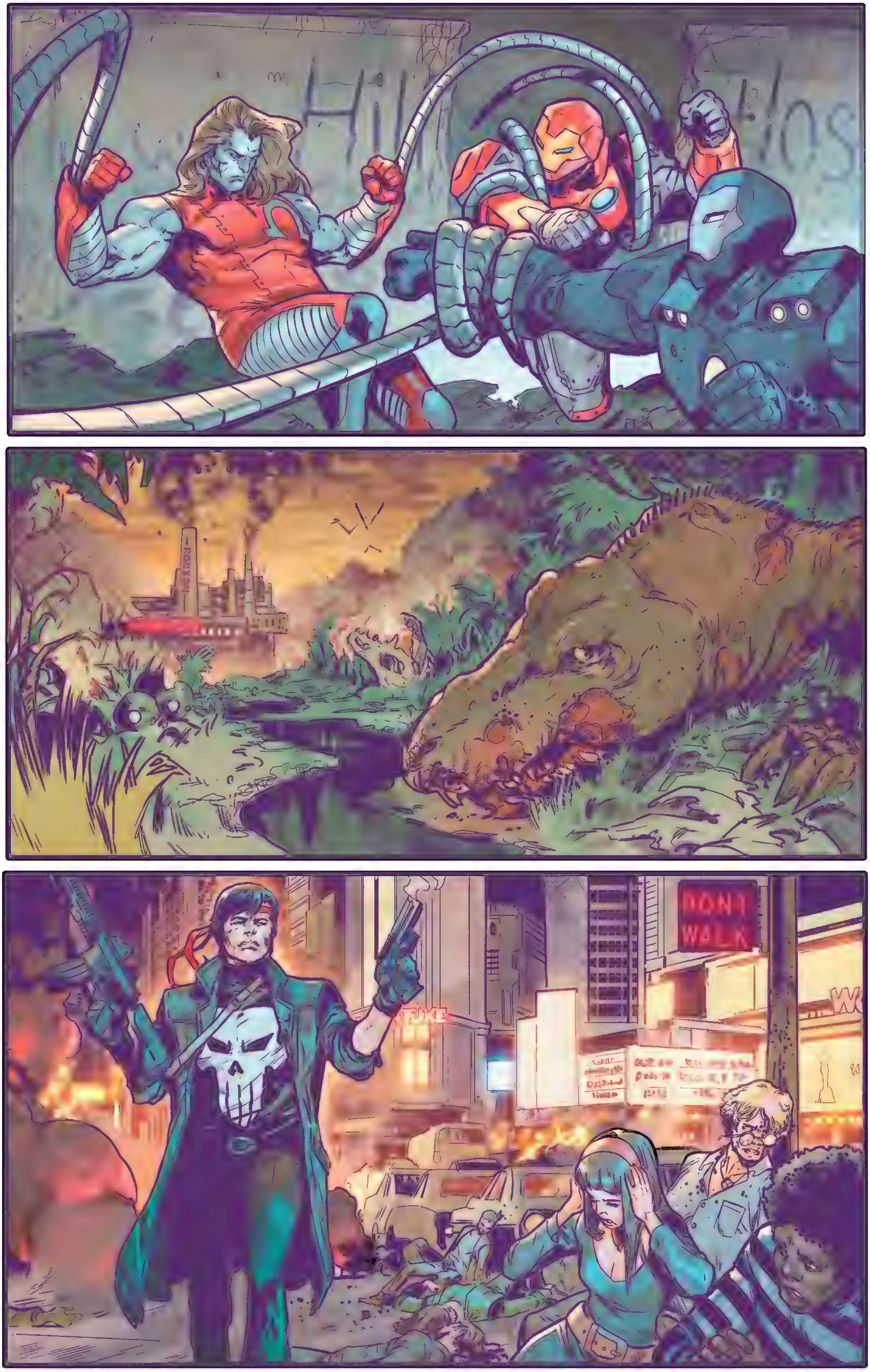

Welcome to the White House--*brought to you by* ***Midas!***

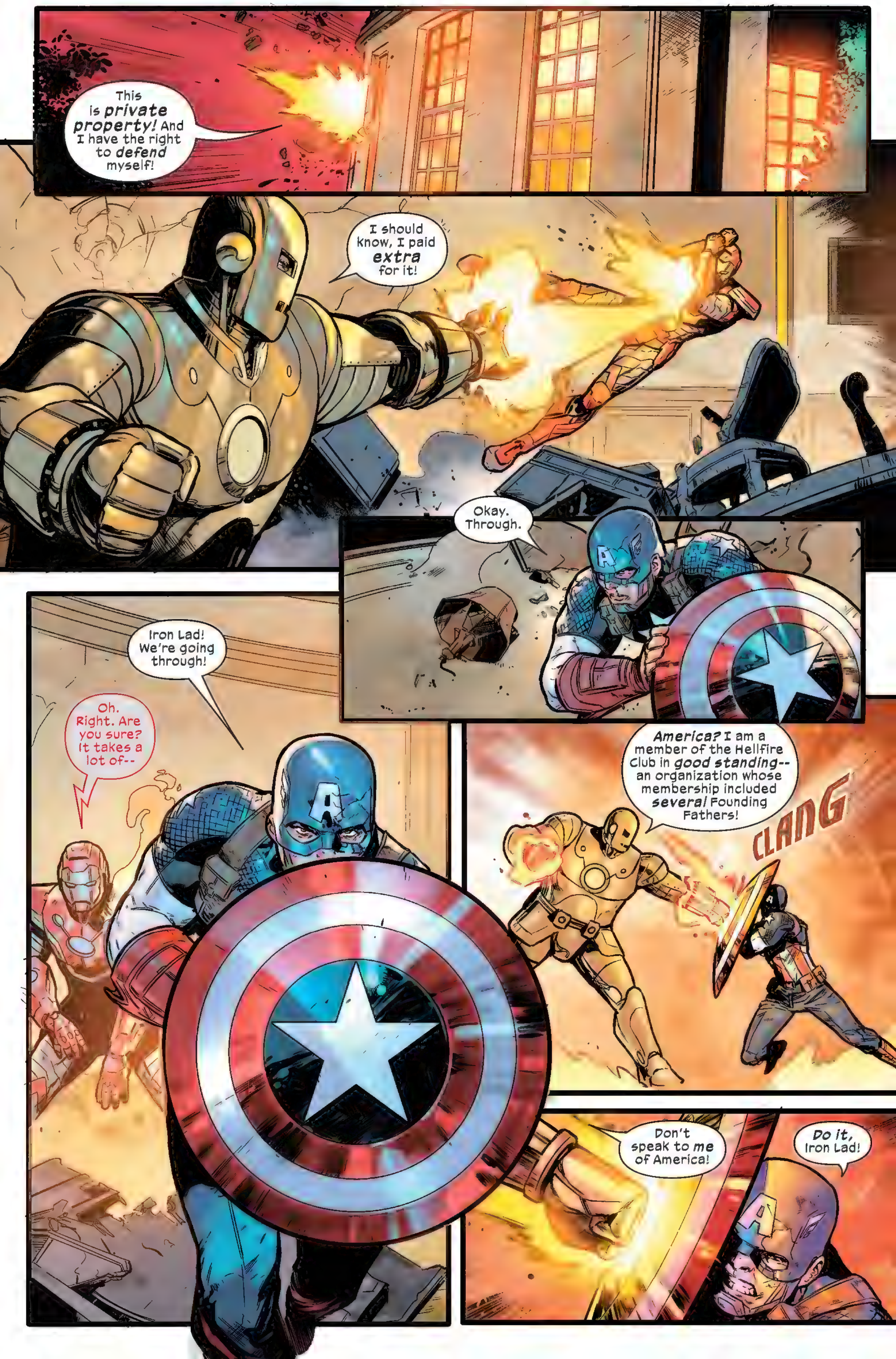

EARTH IS
WE ARE PEOPLE
EQUAL RIGHTS
EQUALITY = FOR ALL =

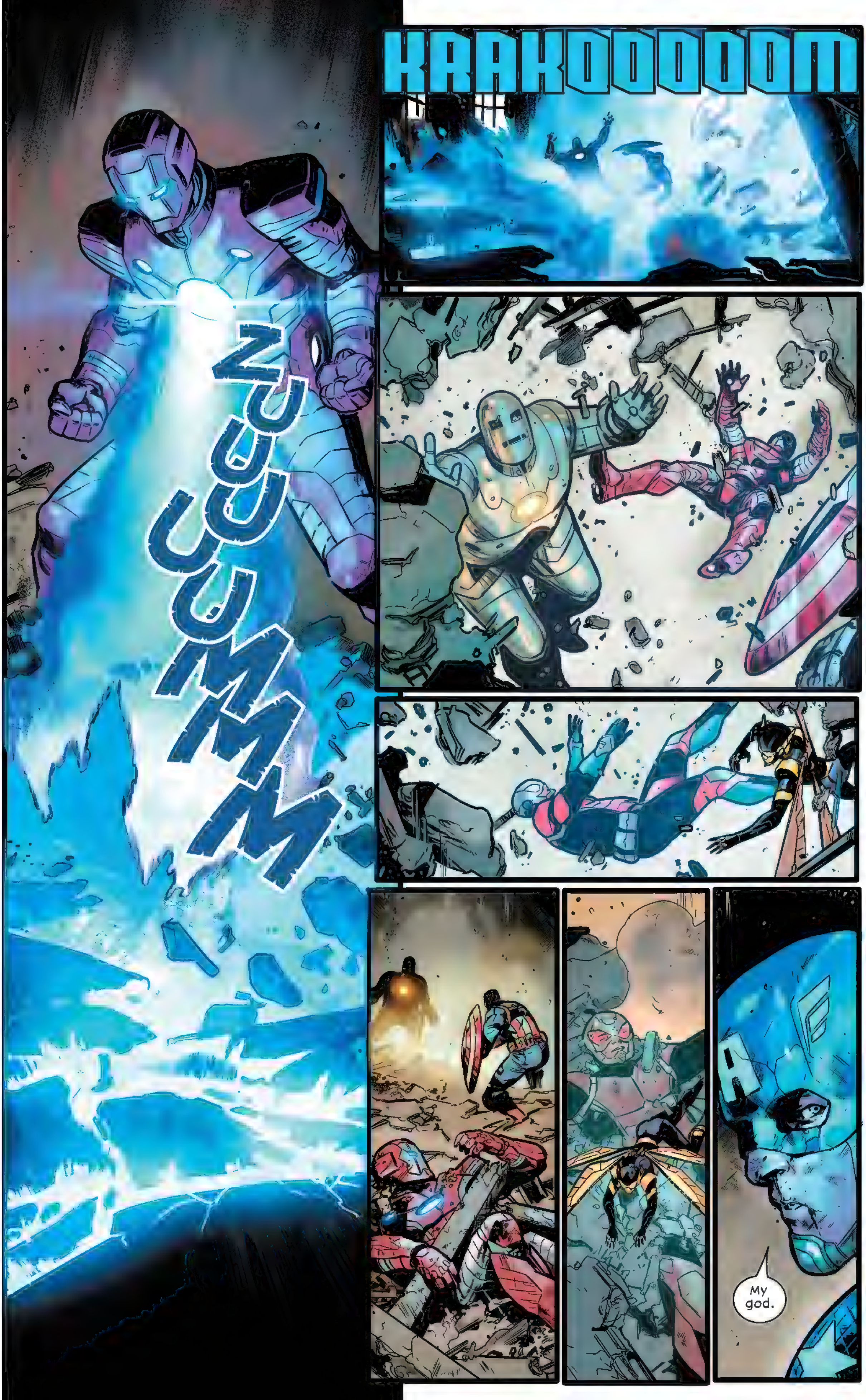

Hey! That armor--!
Steady, Iron Lad.
I thought you'd like it, boy! After your family's betrayal, the Stark assets were there for the grabbing. Though I've made it my own.
That was my father's first--
Yes, a genuine collector's item! Osborn got the lion's share, but I had to have this. I could not resist owning a piece of history.
Tony, he's just trying to throw you off-balance--
On the subject of history... "Captain America," correct?
Welcome to my home, Captain. You've been here before, I assume.
Once or twice.
I took her in a sweetheart deal in '63. Motivated seller. The only catch was that I had to get rid of the old tenant myself. Messy business, real estate.
Do you like what I've done with the place?
No. I do not.
Well... it's a free country.

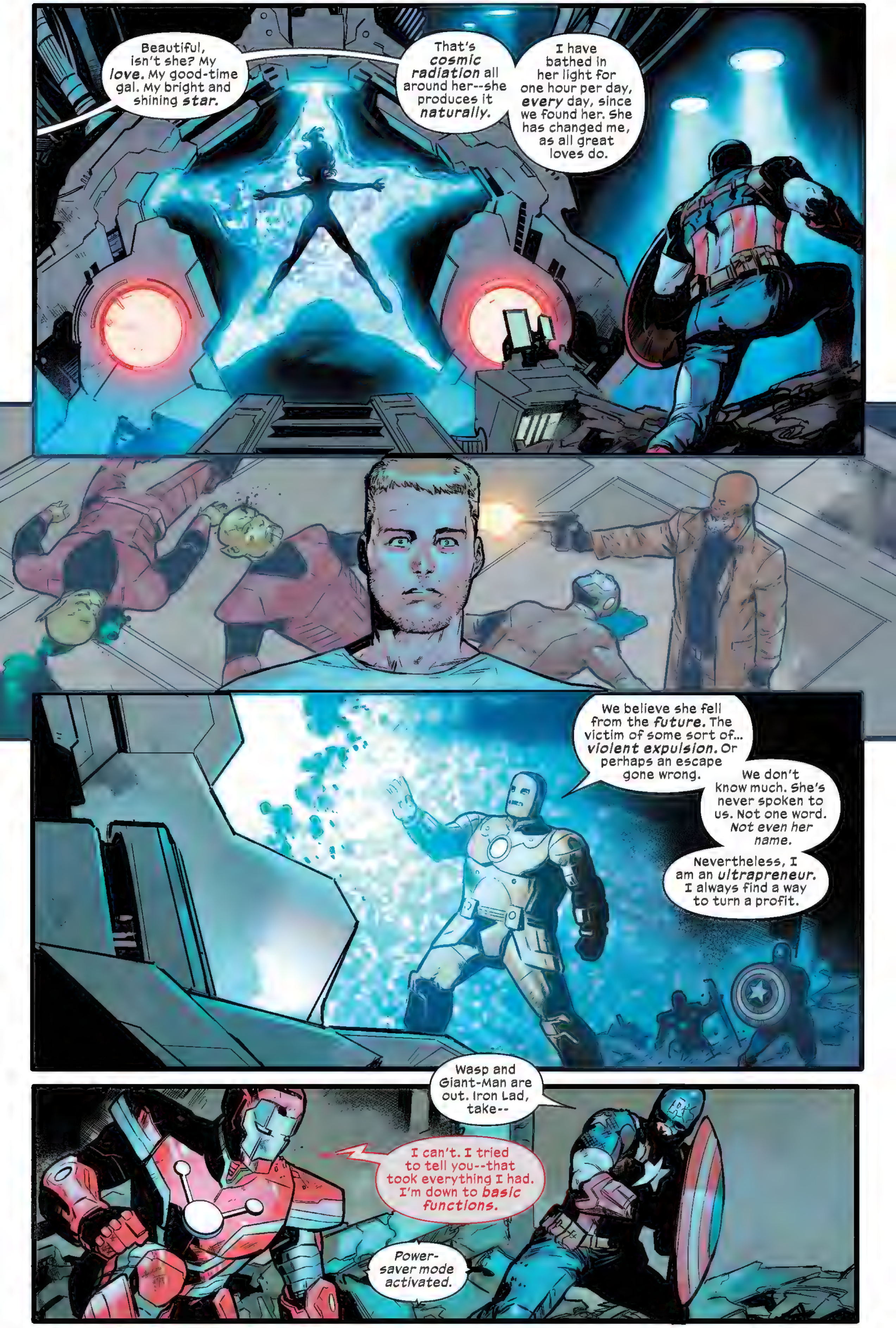

How many of them *are* there?!
Nothing *Wasp* and *Giant-Man* can't handle!
Now let's get down to *brass tacks*, gentlemen--my associates believe you and your *violent ideology* must be destroyed utterly. *Expunged from the earth.*
But I am a *businessman*. I do not *care* about ideology, violent or otherwise. So... *let's make a deal.*
No deals. We're here to save America.
HAHAHA!
Of course you are! But what *is* America?
Judging from the *colors* you wear, I suspect you take a narrow view. *My* vision is *wider.*
"America has *always* been more than the *United States*. Listen to these other old, forgotten names: *Central* America, *Latin* America, Canada, the Caribbean...
Just need to... catch...my breath.
"Each with its own countries, flags, governments and peoples. Separated by distance, language and culture. And yet *connected.*"
By what? What *makes* America?
Commerce, Captain. That is the *real* America. The transmutation of *things* into *capital.*

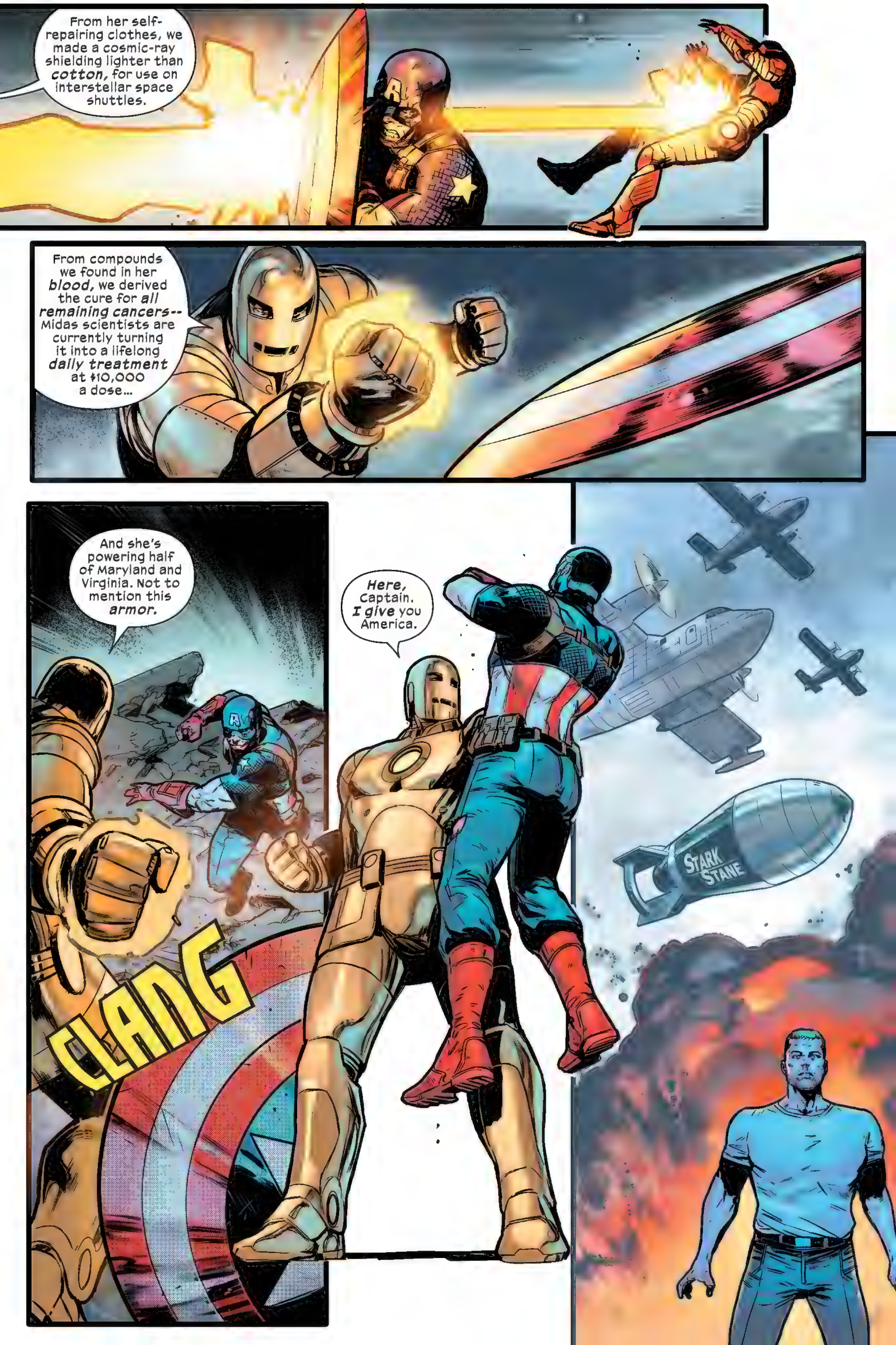

The **boy** knows, don't you, boy?
Iron Lad--
Amalgamation and capital! The boy knows!!!
Shut up--!
Above politics! **Beyond** sentiment! The fundamental **exchange,** and its perfect medium--**money.**
You fancy yourself an inventor, **don't** you, boy? Well, money is man's **greatest** invention! And its accumulation, man's **noblest purpose!** You must see **that,** if you see anything at all.
Such order as has been obtained **anywhere** has been obtained in the pursuit of **wealth.**
You sure like the sound of your own voice, don't you? **Here's** a deal: We know what you're doing in the basement. And we're putting a stop to it.
So...**with** or **through?**
Ah.

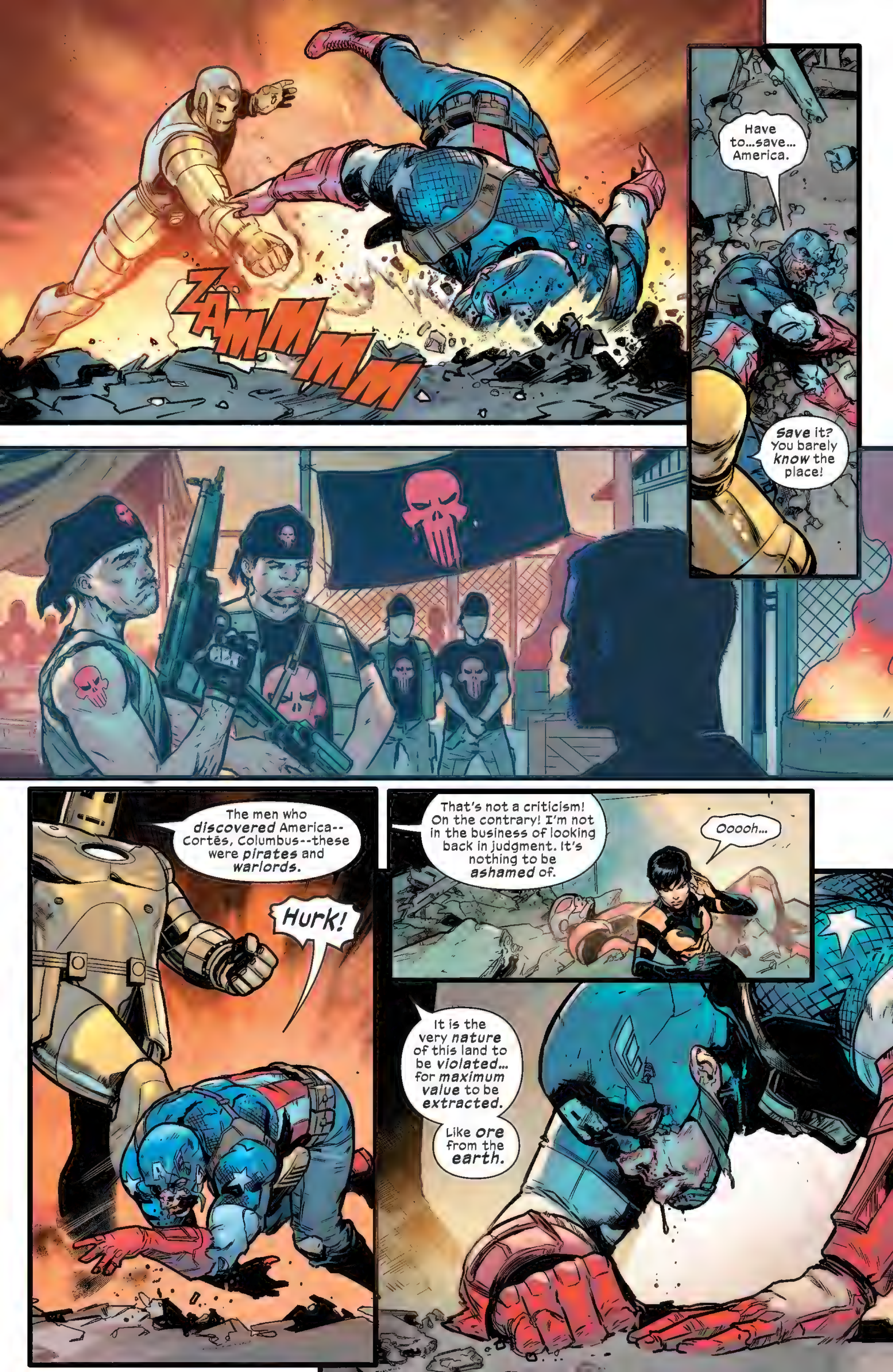

DON'T
WALK

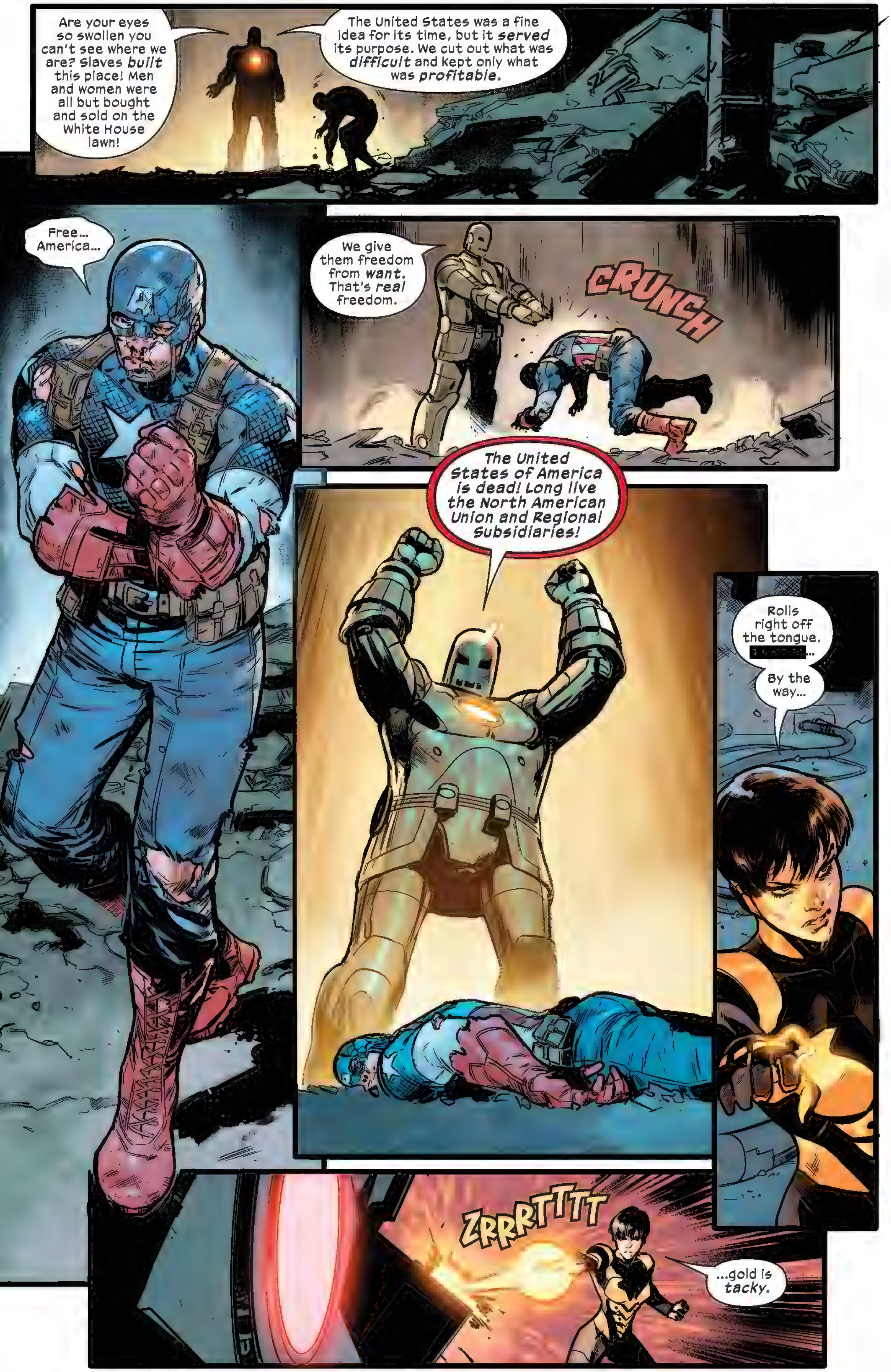

This is *private property!* And I have the right to *defend* myself!
I should know, I paid *extra* for it!
Okay. Through.
Iron Lad! We're going through!
Oh. Right. Are you sure? It takes a lot of--
America? I am a member of the Hellfire Club in *good standing*-- an organization whose membership included *several* Founding Fathers!
CLANG
Don't speak to *me* of America!
Do it, Iron Lad!

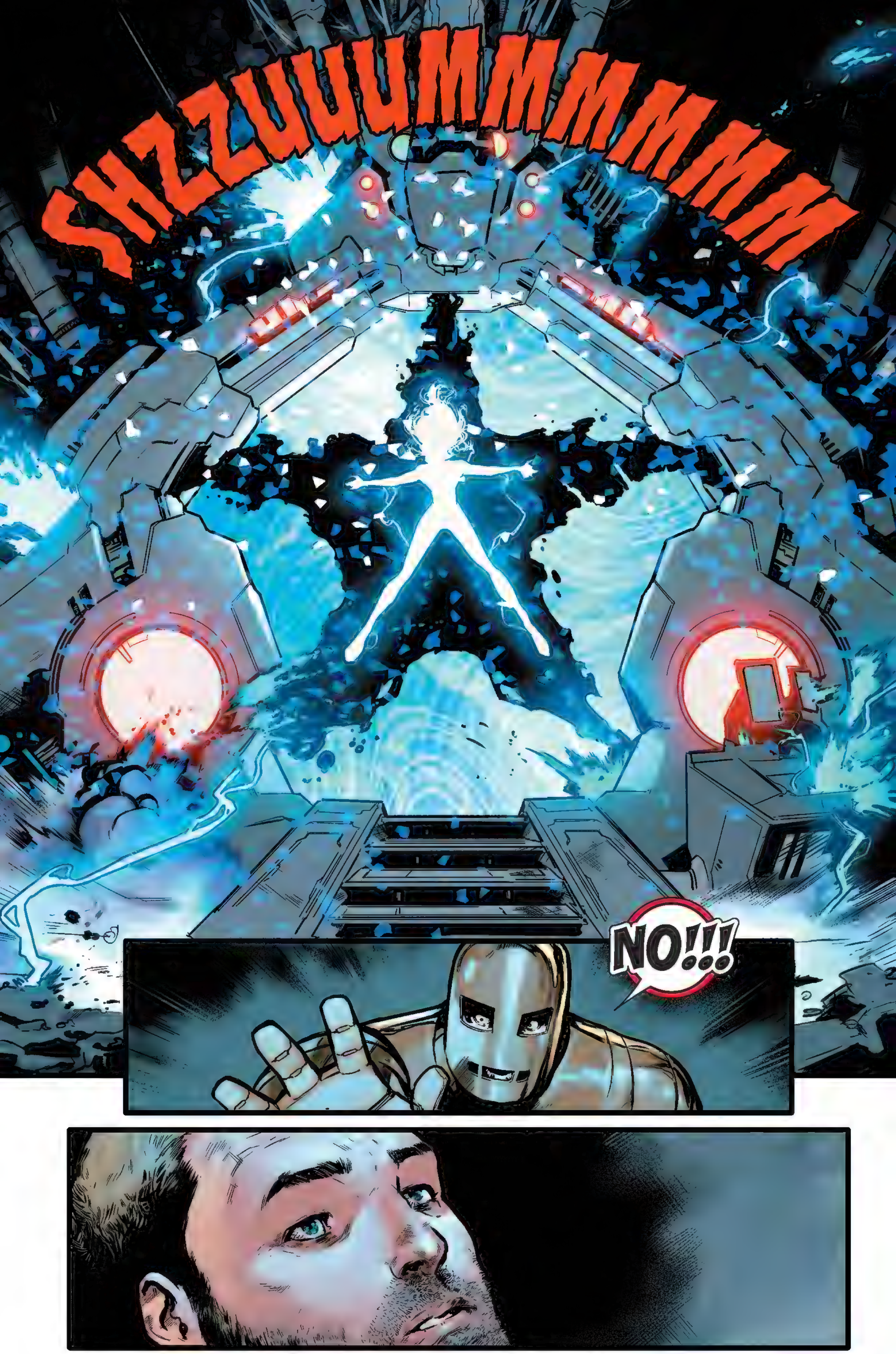

ZUUUUMMM
KRAKOOOOOM
My god.

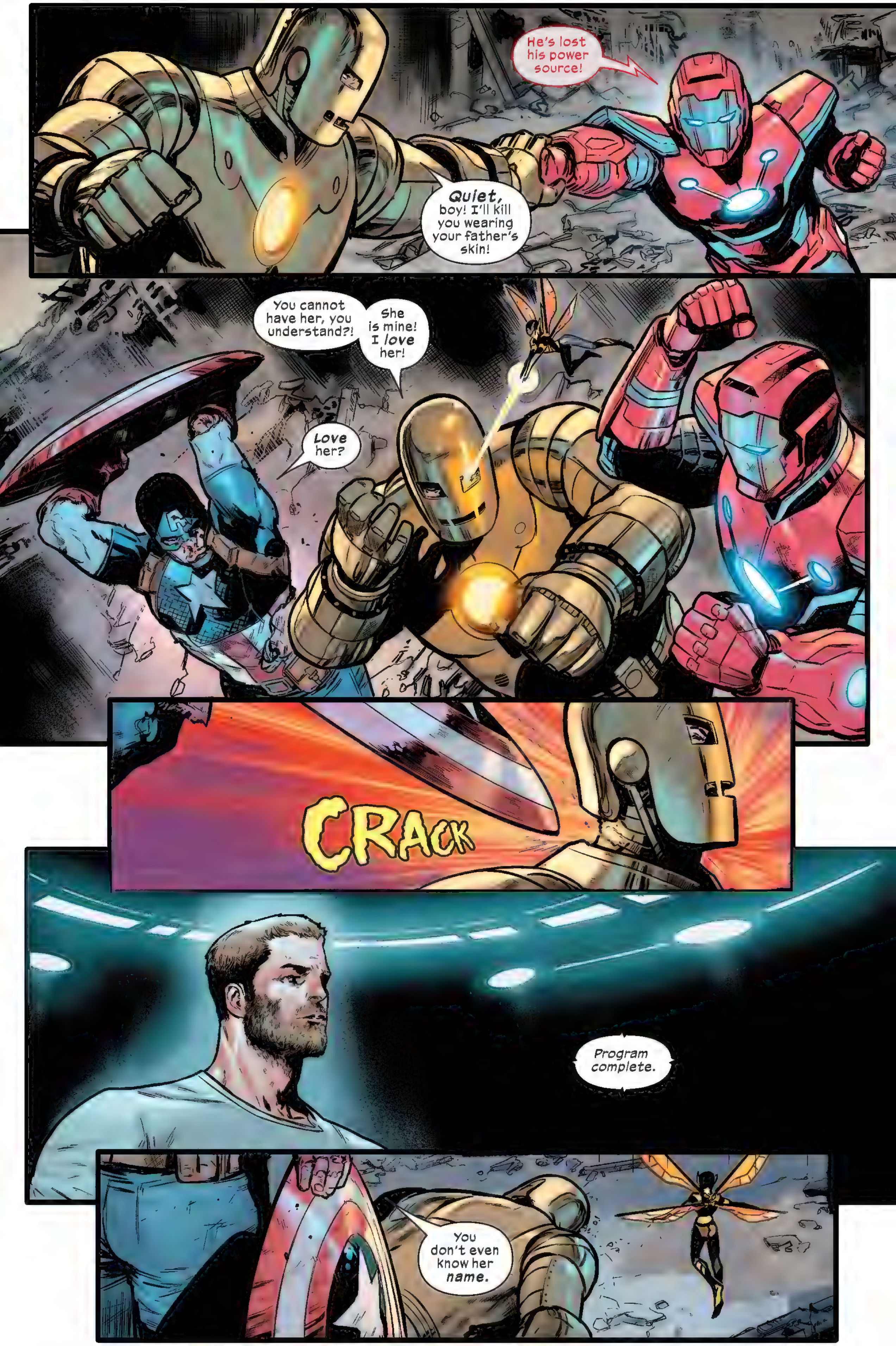

Beautiful, isn't she? My *love.* My good-time gal. My bright and shining *star.*
That's *cosmic radiation* all around her--she produces it *naturally.*
I have bathed in her light for one hour per day, *every* day, since we found her. She has changed me, as all great loves do.
We believe she fell from the *future.* The victim of some sort of... *violent expulsion.* Or perhaps an escape gone wrong.
We don't know much. She's never spoken to us. Not one word. *Not even her name.*
Nevertheless, I am an *ultrapreneur.* I always find a way to turn a profit.
Wasp and Giant-Man are out. Iron Lad, take--
I can't. I tried to tell you--that took everything I had. I'm down to *basic functions.*
Power-saver mode activated.

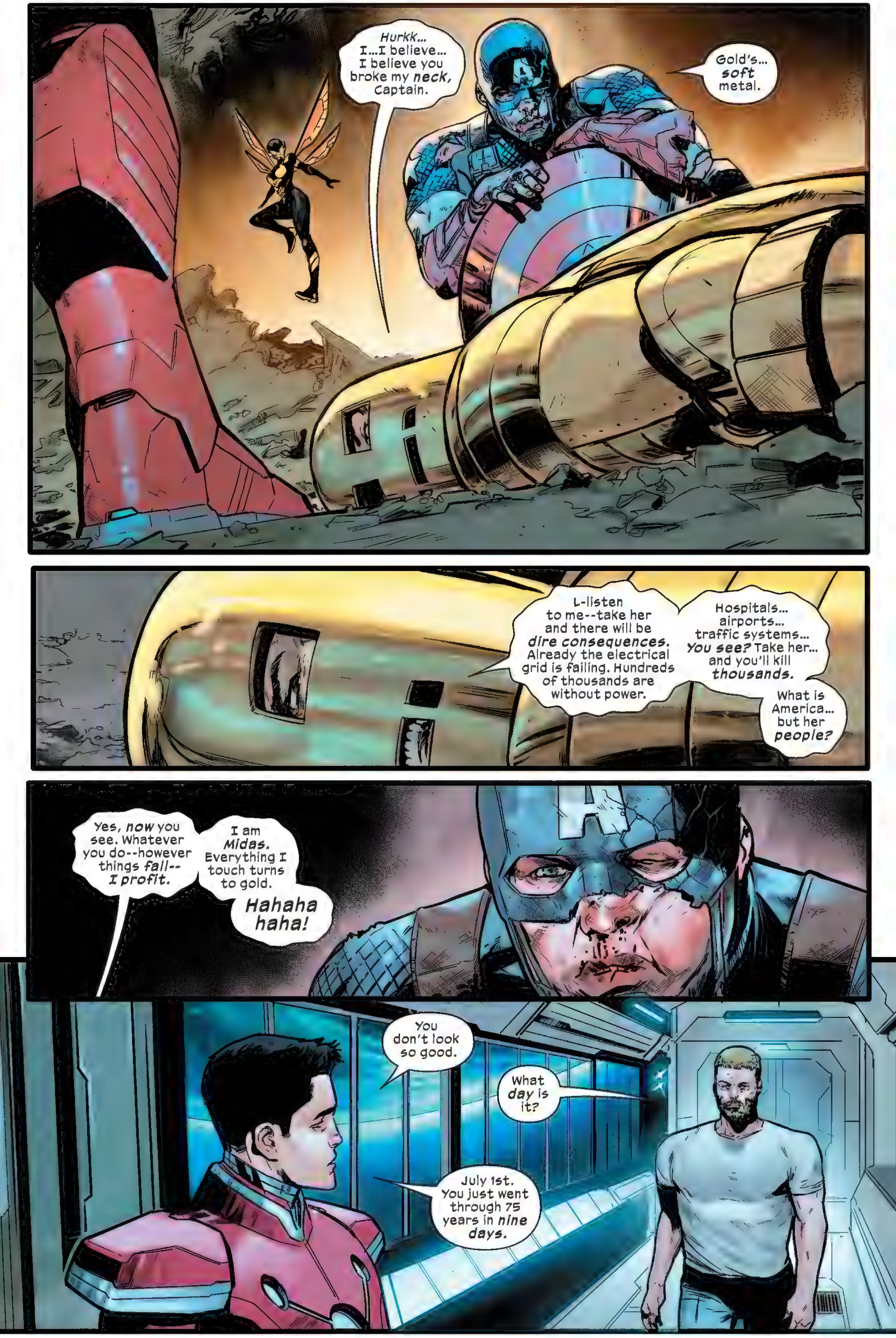

From her self-repairing clothes, we made a cosmic-ray shielding lighter than *cotton,* for use on interstellar space shuttles.
From compounds we found in her *blood,* we derived the cure for *all remaining cancers--* Midas scientists are currently turning it into a lifelong *daily treatment* at $10,000 a dose...
And she's powering half of Maryland and Virginia. Not to mention this *armor.*
CLANG
Here, Captain. *I give* you America.
STARK STANE

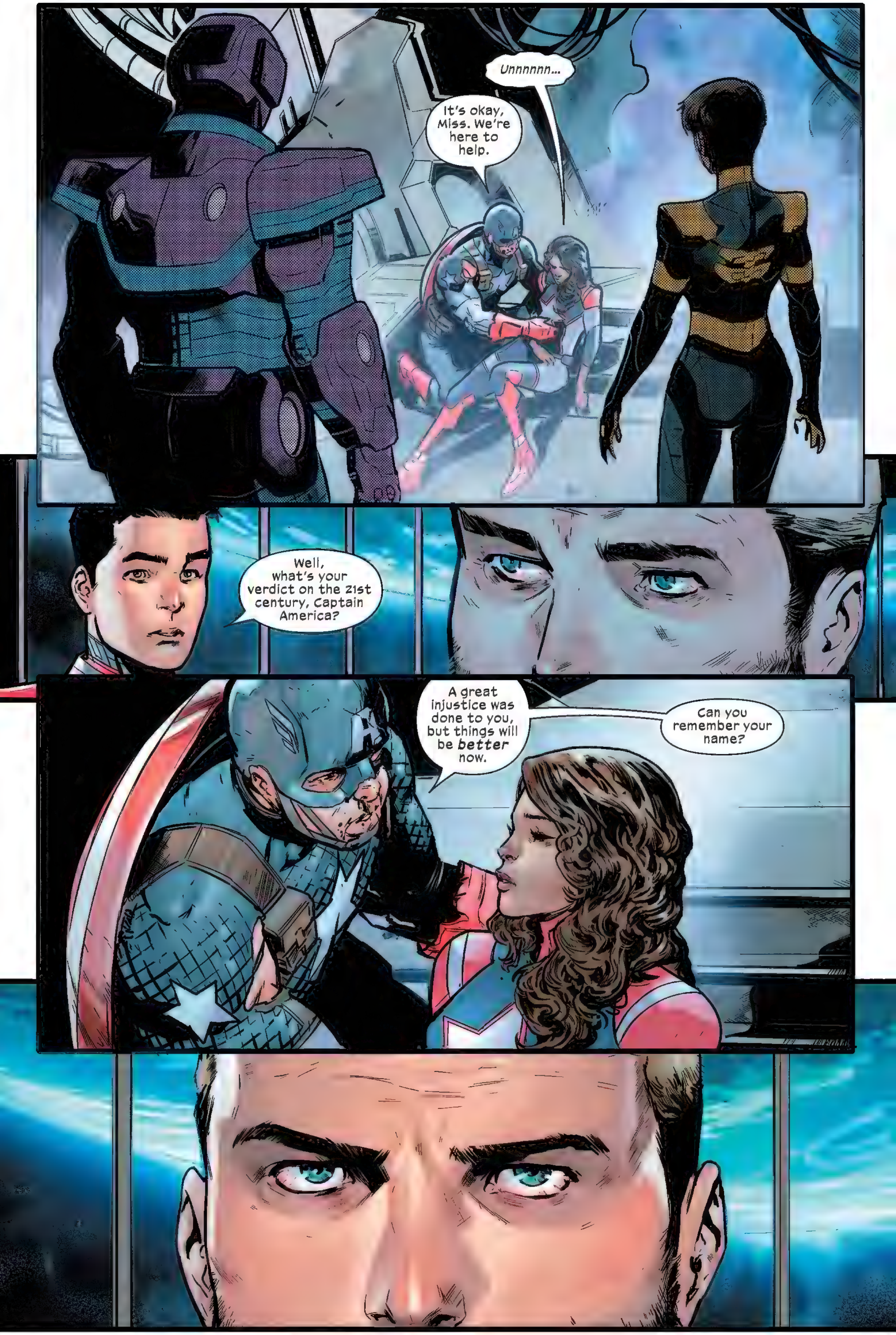

ZAMMMM
Have to...save... America.
Save it? You barely know the place!
The men who discovered America--Cortés, Columbus--these were pirates and warlords.
Hurk!
That's not a criticism! On the contrary! I'm not in the business of looking back in judgment. It's nothing to be ashamed of.
Ooooh...
It is the very nature of this land to be violated... for maximum value to be extracted.
Like ore from the earth.

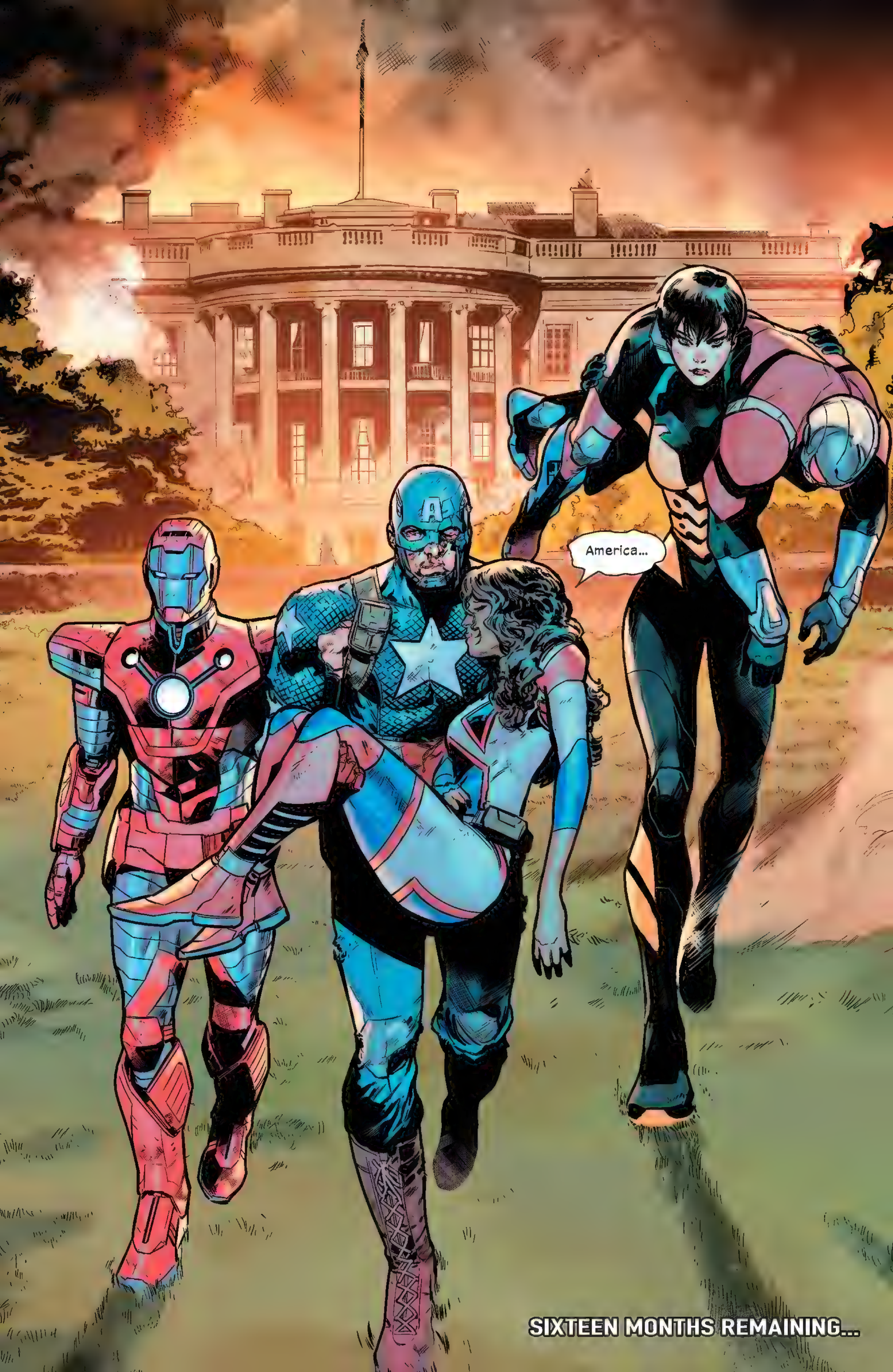

Are your eyes so swollen you can't see where we are? Slaves *built* this place! Men and women were all but bought and sold on the White House lawn!
The United States was a fine idea for its time, but it *served* its purpose. We cut out what was *difficult* and kept only what was *profitable.*
Free... America...
We give them freedom from *want.* That's *real* freedom.
CRUNCH
The United States of America is dead! Long live the North American Union and Regional Subsidiaries!
Rolls right off the tongue. [redacted]...
By the way...
ZRRRTTTT
...gold is *tacky.*


SHZZUUUMMMMMMM
NO!!!


He's lost his power source!
Quiet, boy! I'll kill you wearing your father's skin!
You cannot have her, you understand?!
She is mine! I *love* her!
Love her?
CRACK
Program complete.
You don't even know her *name.*


Hurkk... I...I believe... I believe you broke my *neck,* Captain.
Gold's... *soft* metal.
L-listen to me--take her and there will be *dire consequences.* Already the electrical grid is failing. Hundreds of thousands are without power.
Hospitals... airports... traffic systems... *You see?* Take her... and you'll kill *thousands.*
What is America... but her *people?*
Yes, *now* you see. Whatever you do--however things *fall--* *I profit.*
I am *Midas.* Everything I touch turns to gold.
Hahaha haha!
You don't look so good.
What *day* is it?
July 1st. You just went through 75 years in *nine days.*


Unnnnnn...
It's okay, Miss. We're here to help.
Well, what's your verdict on the 21st century, Captain America?
A great injustice was done to you, but things will be *better* now.
Can you remember your name?


America...
SIXTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

NEXT

MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
3
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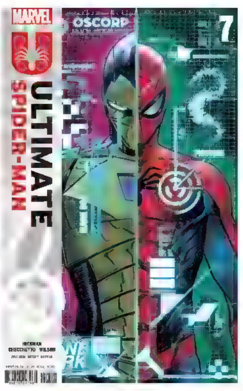
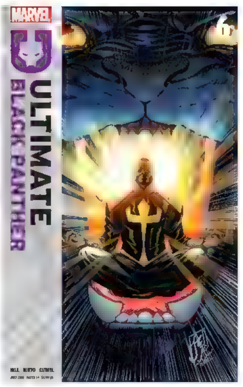

MARVEL
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN
OSCORP
7

ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN #7

BY **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
& **MARCO CHECCHETTO**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ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER
6

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BLACK PANTHER #6

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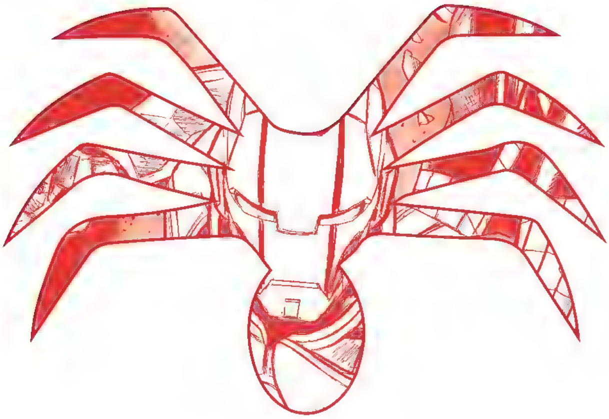
ULTIMATE X-MEN
5

ULTIMATE
X-MEN #5

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**



8

Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Seven months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**, A.K.A. **HARRY OSBORN**, the co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**.

When Peter and Harry were brutally defeated by **WILSON FISK**, the **KINGPIN** of Manhattan, Peter's entire family learned of his secret identity. But right now, Peter has a more pressing problem: Tony Stark has returned.

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ARTIST: **MARCO CHECCHETTO**

COLOR ARTIST: **MATTHEW WILSON**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **MARCO CHECCHETTO**
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VARIANT
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ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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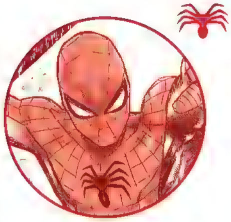
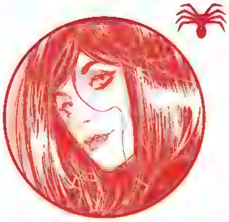
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

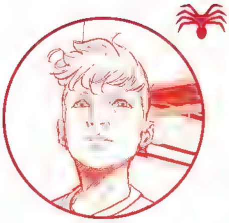
CAST:



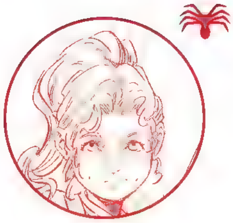
PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN



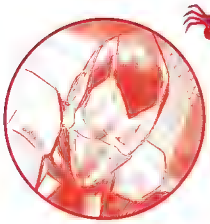
MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU



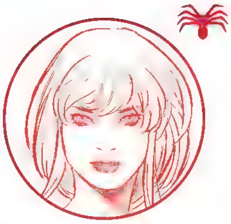
RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON



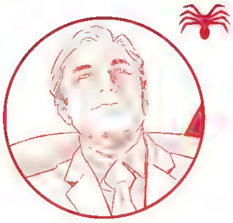
MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER



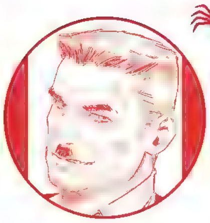
HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN



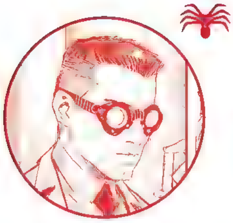
GWEN STACY
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER



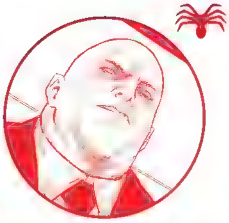
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE



J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

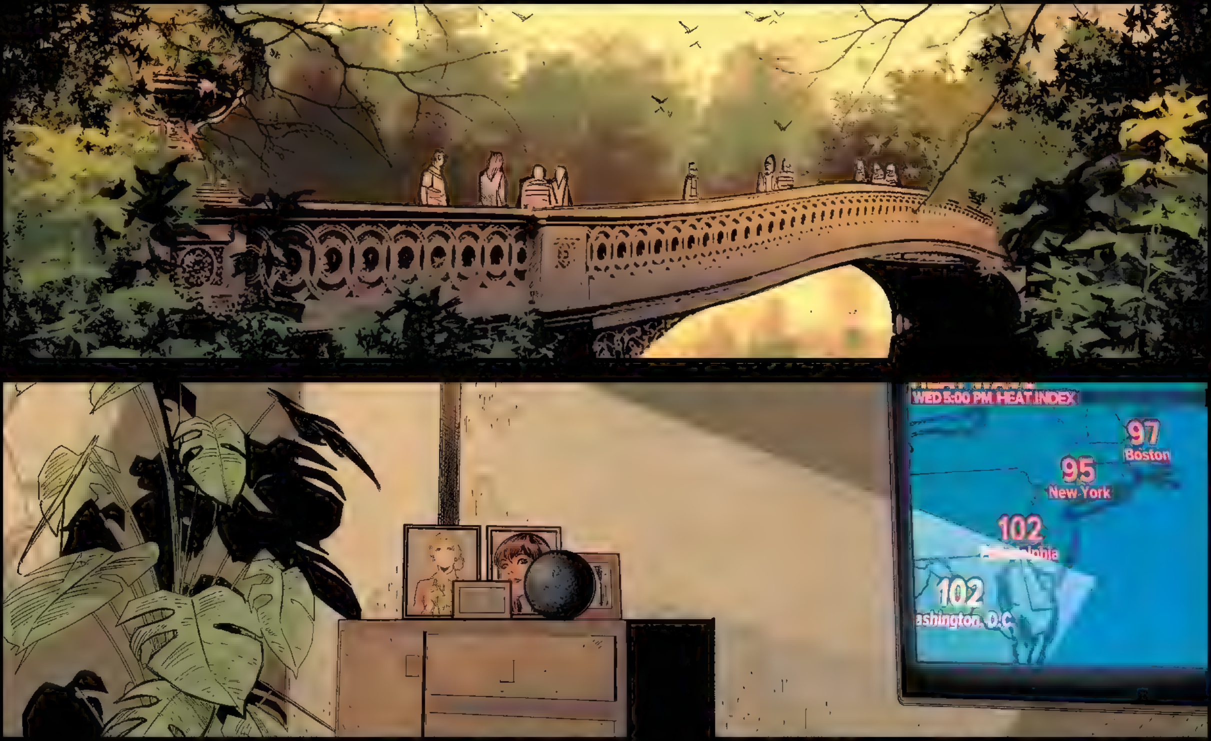


OTTO OCTAVIUS
OSCORP SCIENTIST

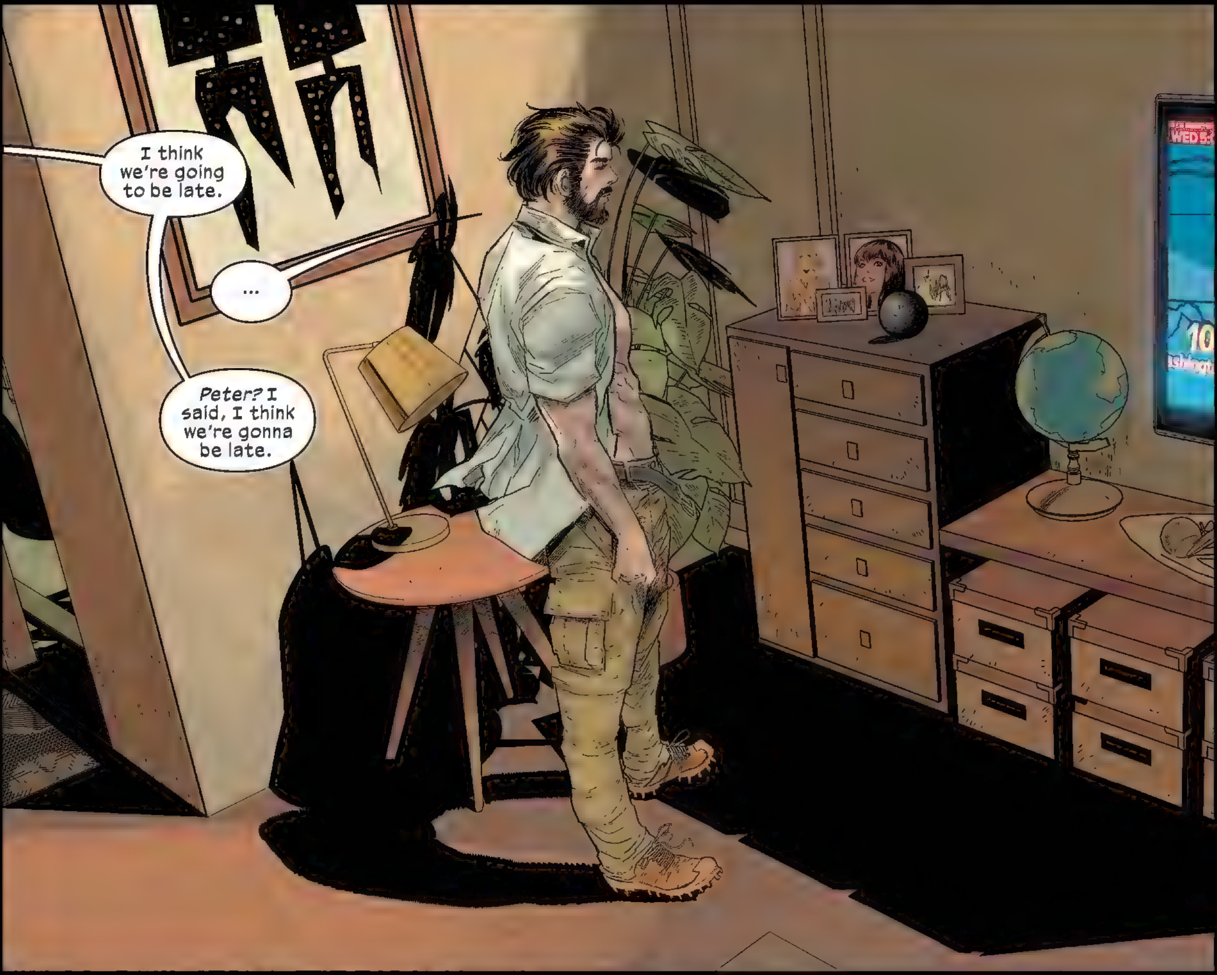


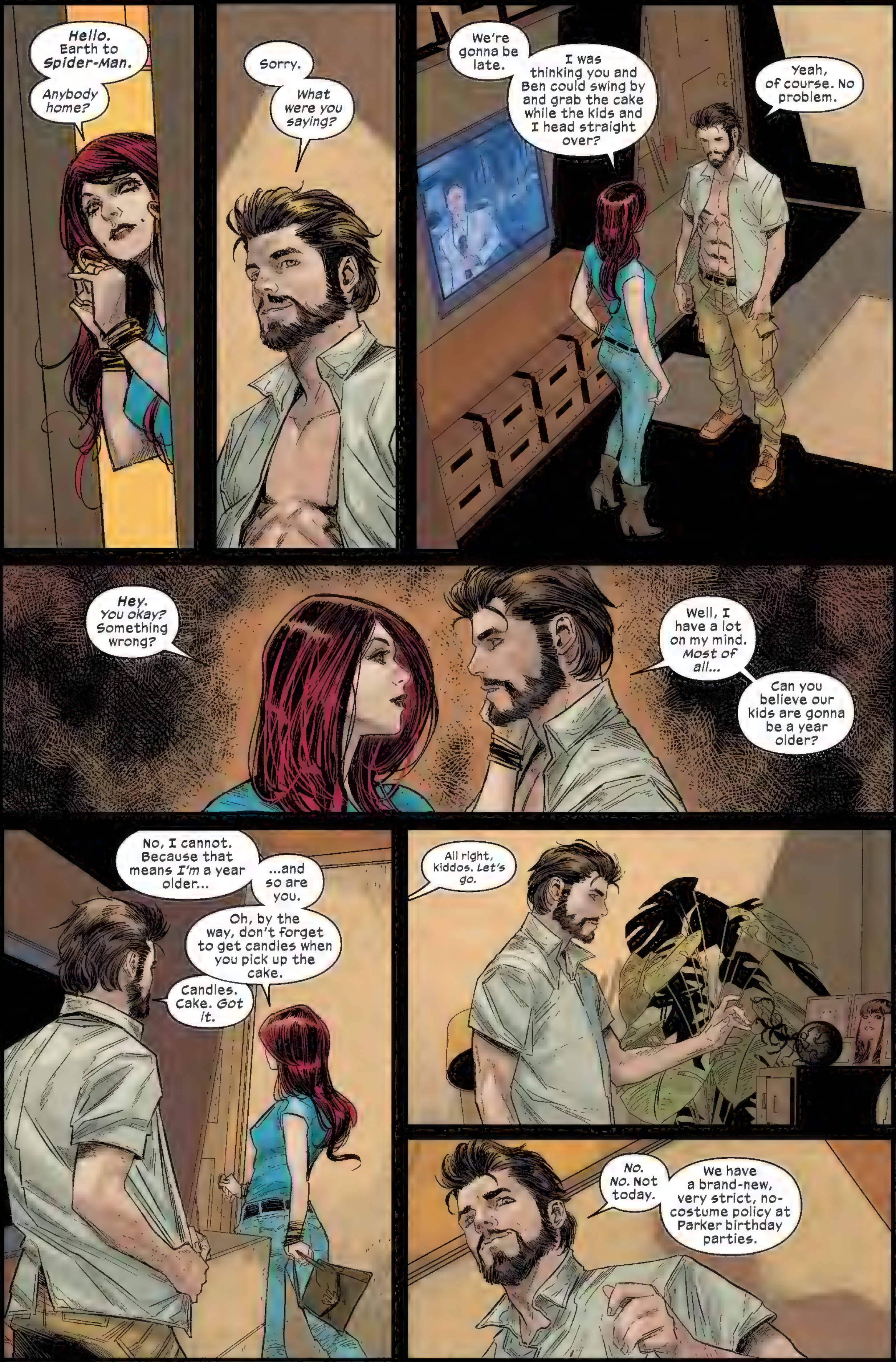
WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

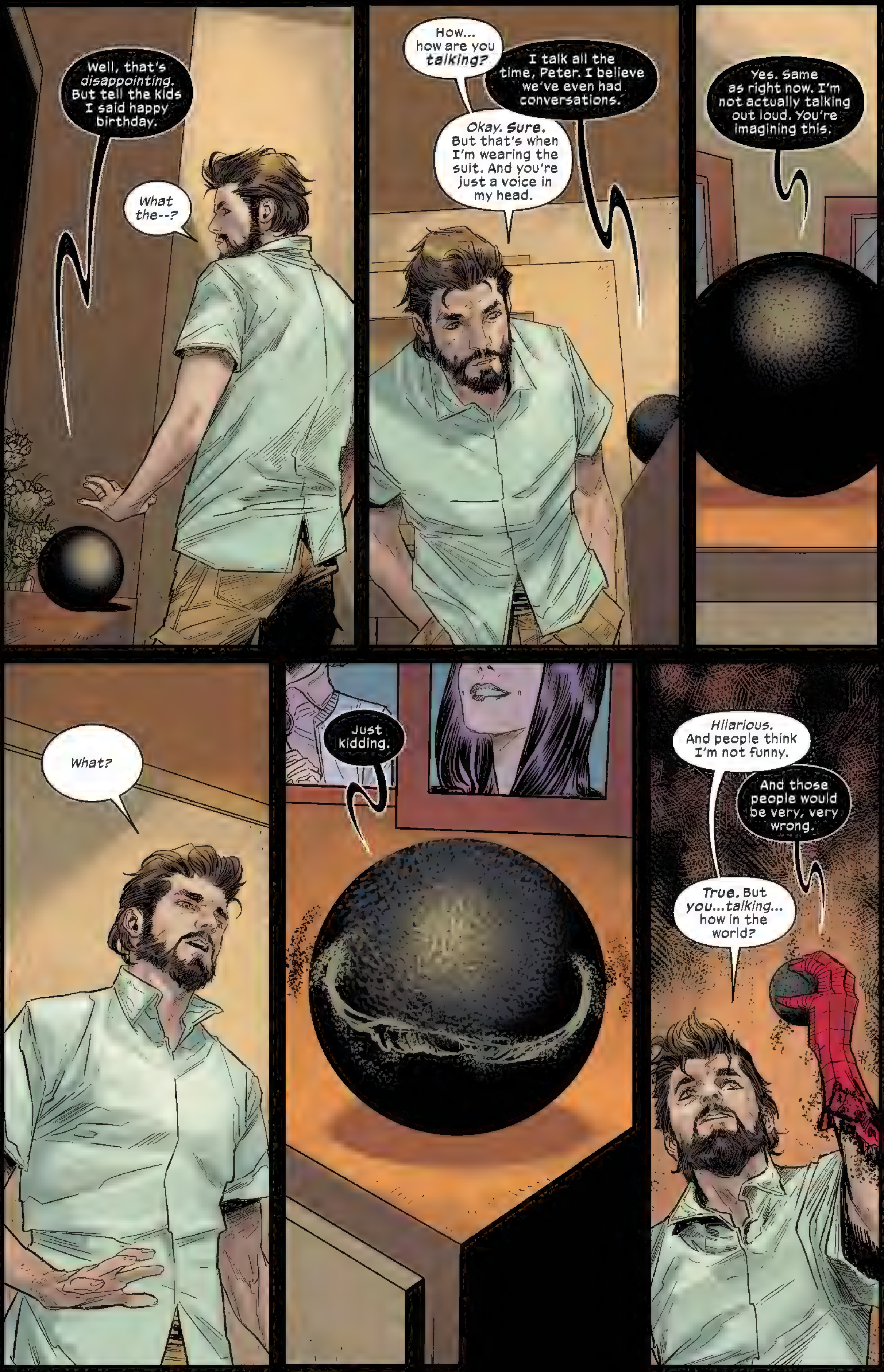
2024

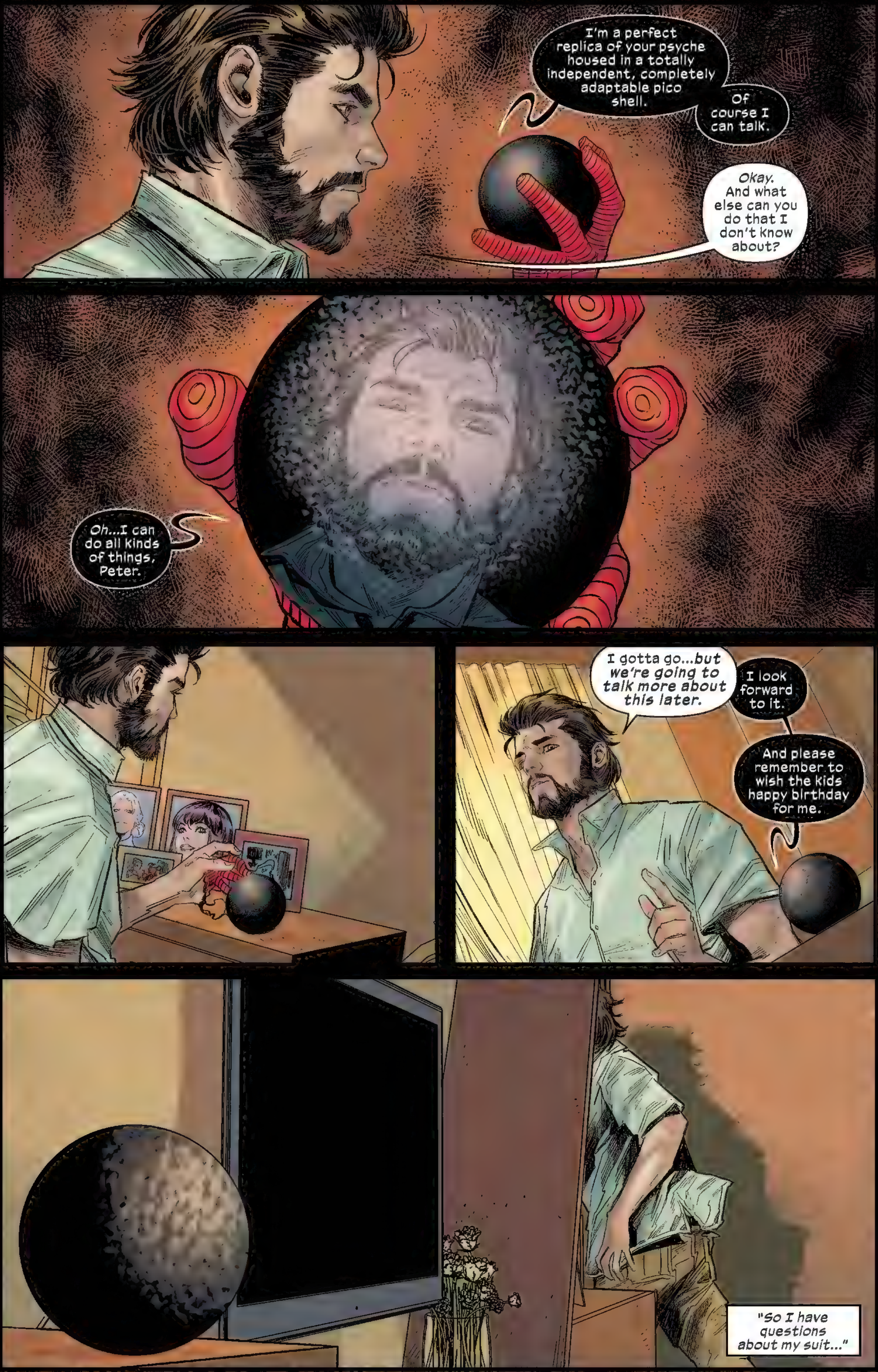

WED 5:00 PM HEAT INDEX
97
Boston
95
New York
102
102
ashington, D.C

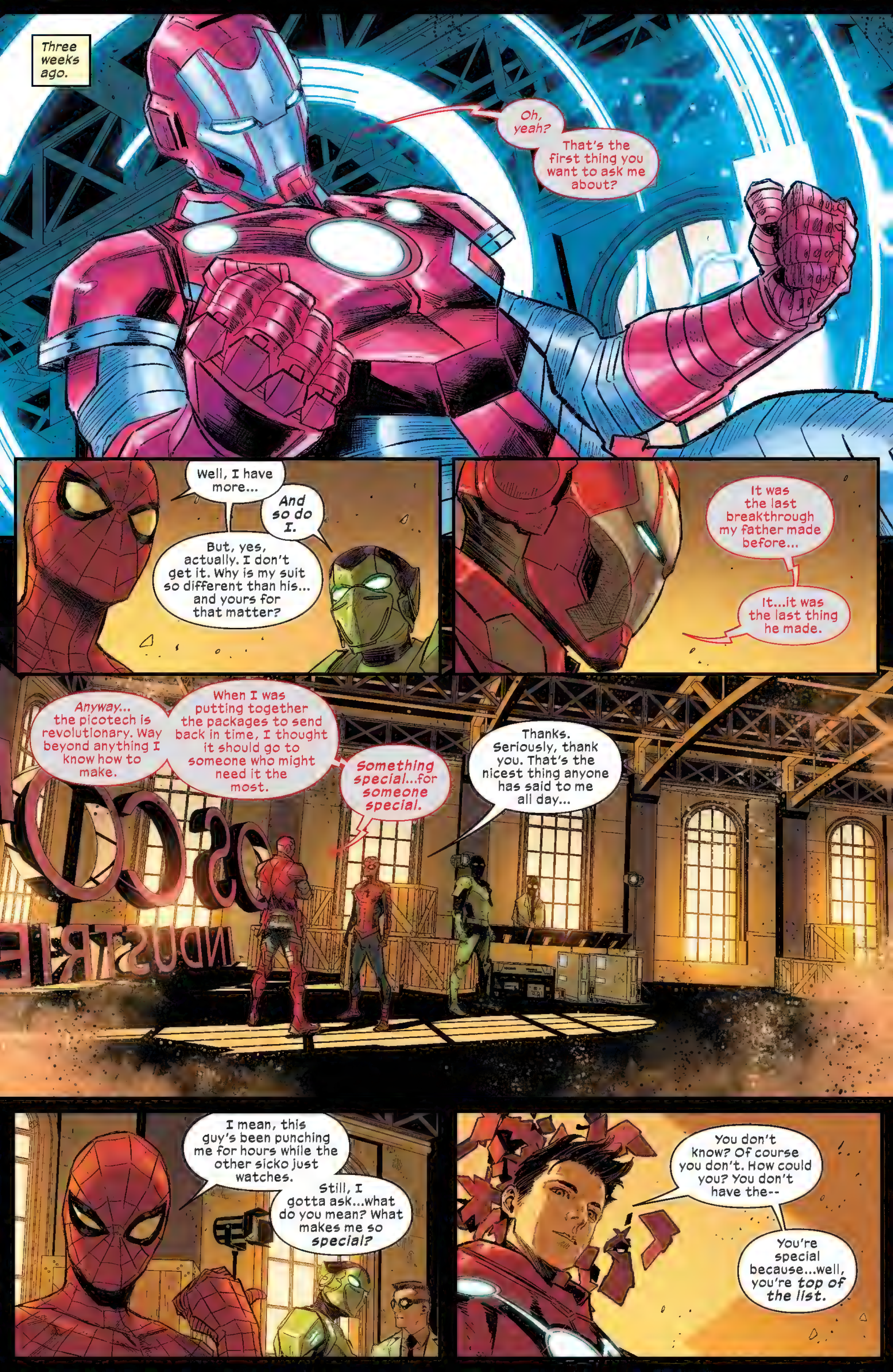
AUGUST

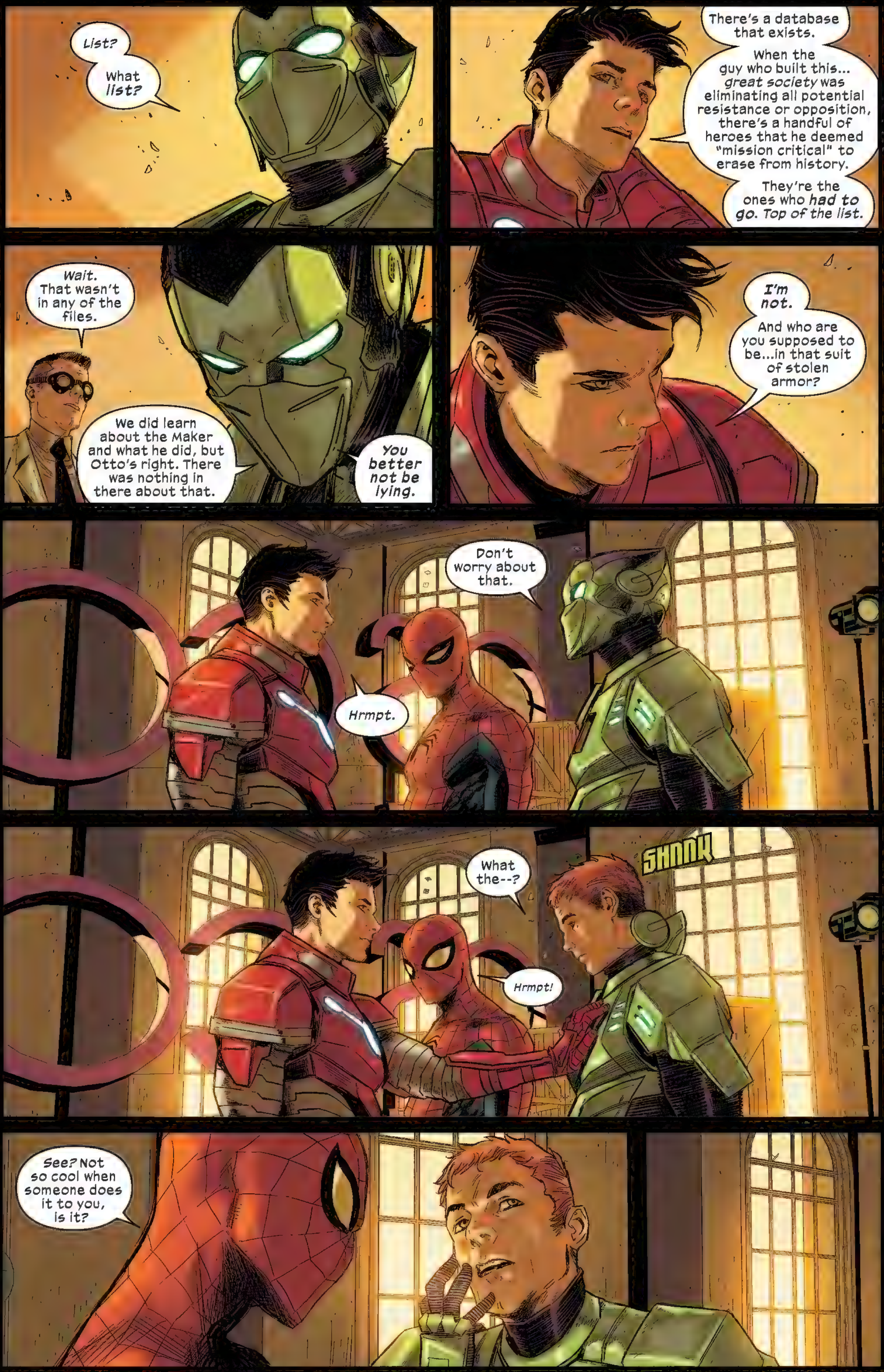

I think we're going to be late.
...
Peter? I said, I think we're gonna be late.

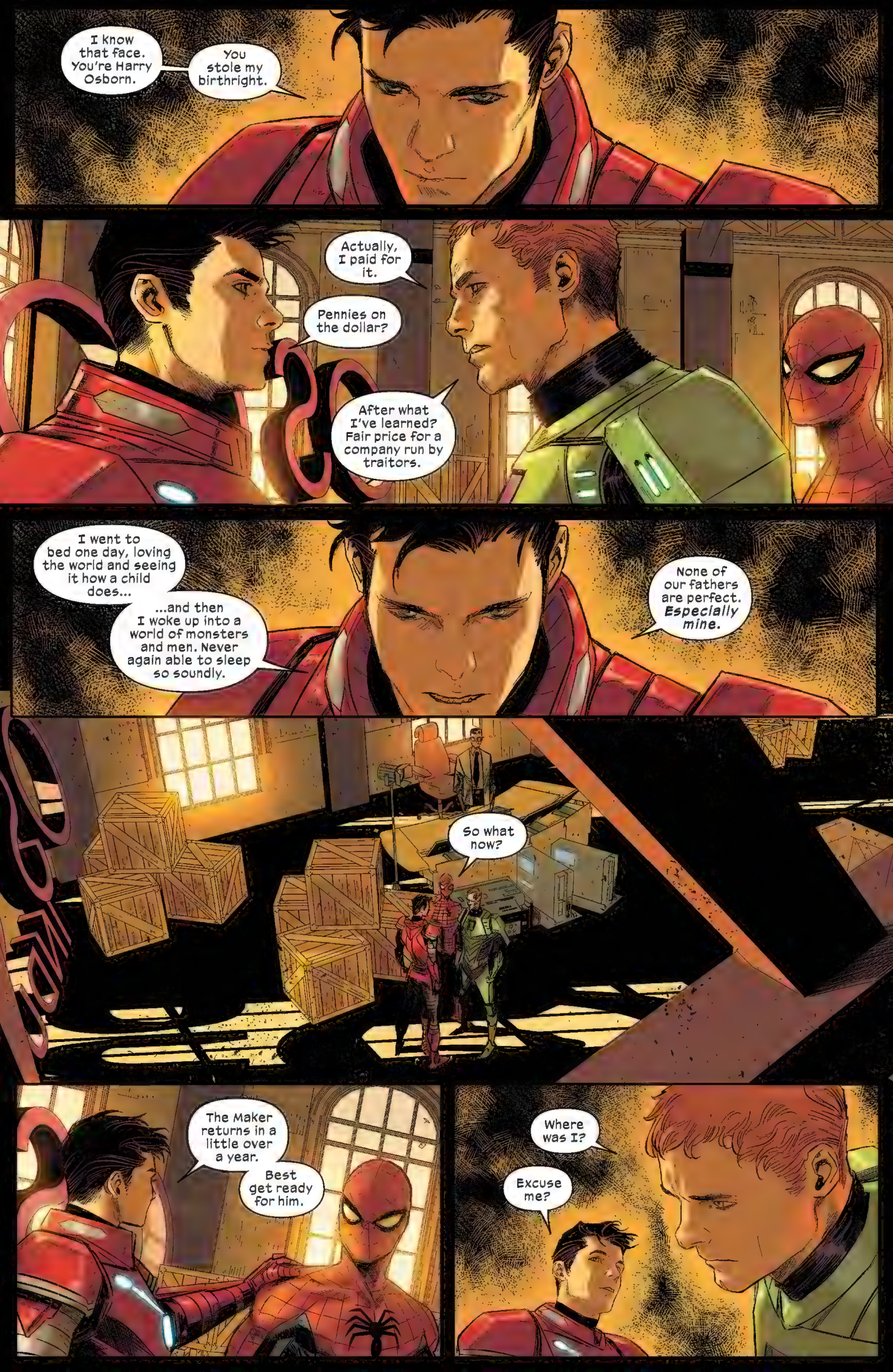

Hello. Earth to *Spider-Man.*
Anybody home?
Sorry.
What were you saying?
We're gonna be late.
I was thinking you and Ben could swing by and grab the cake while the kids and I head straight over?
Yeah, of course. No problem.
Hey. *You okay?* Something wrong?
Well, I have a lot on my mind. *Most of all...*
Can you believe our kids are gonna be a year older?
No, I cannot. Because that means *I'm* a year older...
...and so are you.
Oh, by the way, don't forget to get candles when you pick up the cake.
Candles. Cake. *Got it.*
All right, kiddos. *Let's go.*
No. *No.* Not today.
We have a brand-new, very strict, no-costume policy at Parker birthday parties.

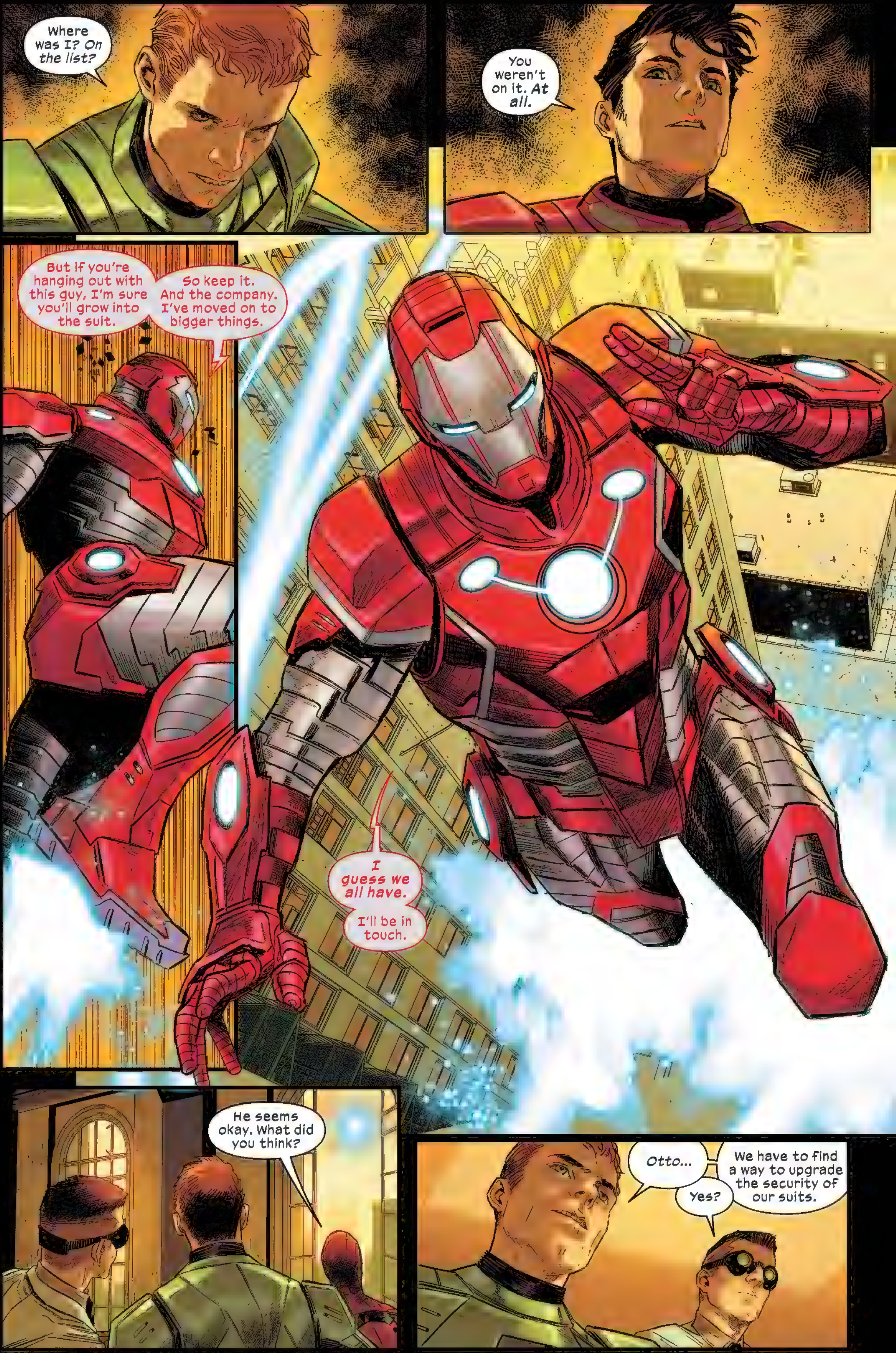

Well, that's *disappointing.* But tell the kids I said happy birthday.
What the--?
How... how are you *talking?*
I talk all the time, Peter. I believe we've even had conversations.
Okay. Sure. But that's when I'm wearing the suit. And you're just a voice in my head.
Yes. Same as right now. I'm not actually talking out loud. You're imagining this.
What?
Just kidding.
Hilarious. And people think I'm not funny.
And those people would be very, very wrong.
True. But *you...talking...* how in the world?

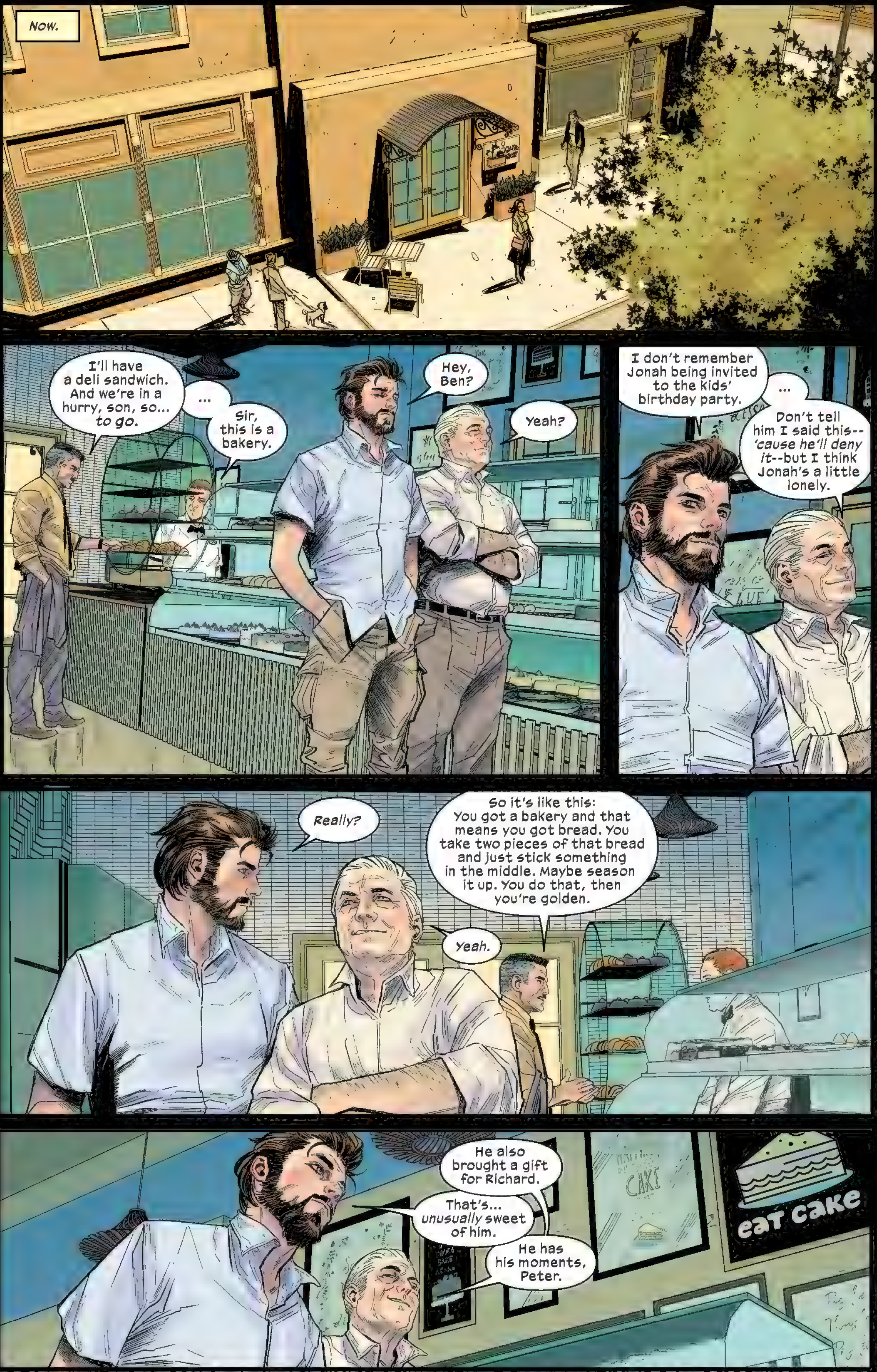

I'm a perfect replica of your psyche housed in a totally independent, completely adaptable pico shell.
Of course I can talk.
Okay. And what else can you do that I don't know about?
*Oh...*I can do all kinds of things, Peter.
I gotta go...*but we're going to talk more about this later.*
I look forward to it.
And please remember to wish the kids happy birthday for me.
"So I have questions about my suit..."

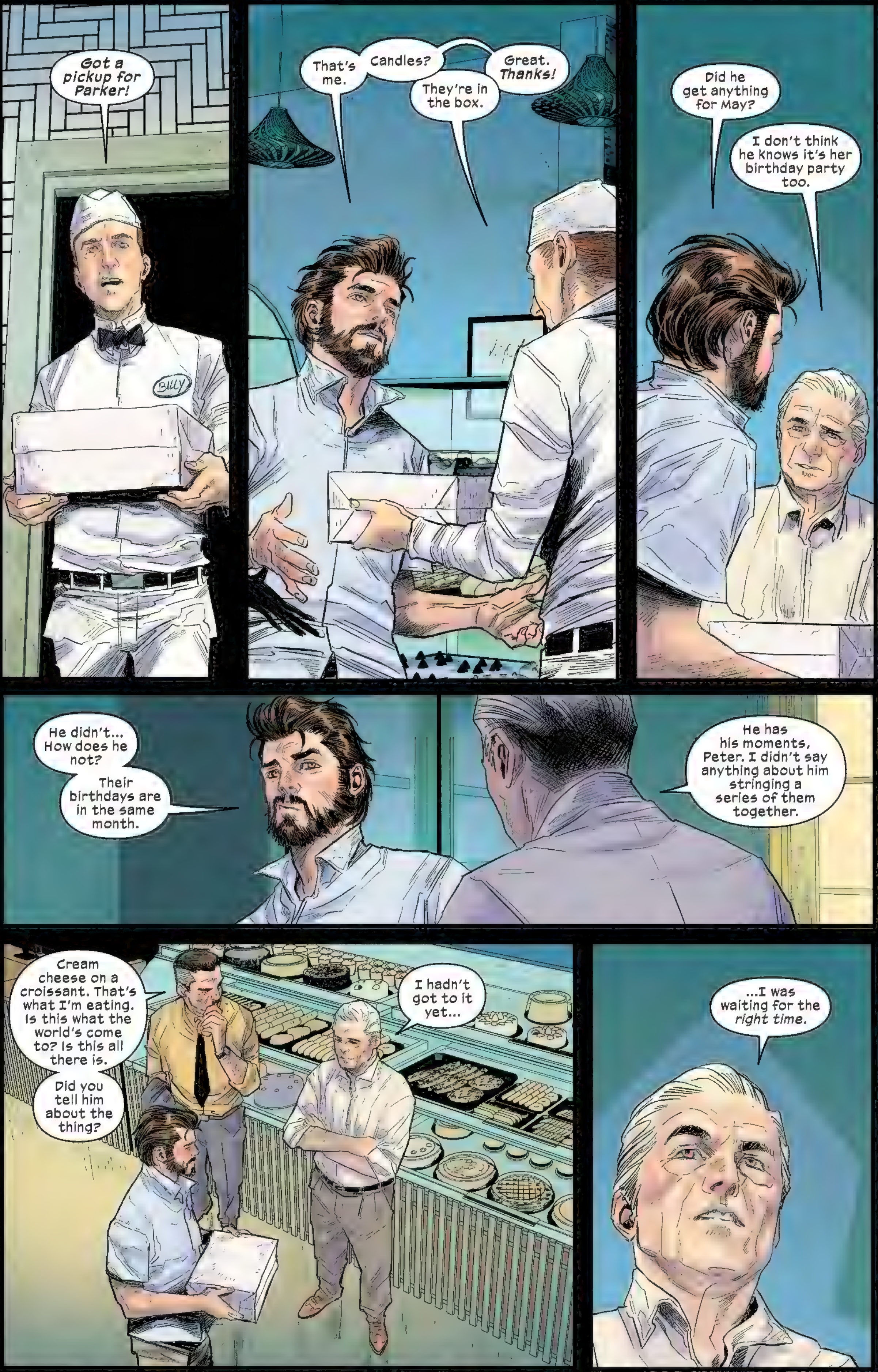

Three weeks ago.
Oh, yeah?
That's the first thing you want to ask me about?
Well, I have more...
And so do I.
But, yes, actually. I don't get it. Why is my suit so different than his... and yours for that matter?
It was the last breakthrough my father made before...
It...it was the last thing he made.
Anyway... the picotech is revolutionary. Way beyond anything I know how to make.
When I was putting together the packages to send back in time, I thought it should go to someone who might need it the most.
Something special...for someone special.
Thanks. Seriously, thank you. That's the nicest thing anyone has said to me all day...
OSCO
INDUSTRIE
I mean, this guy's been punching me for hours while the other sicko just watches.
Still, I gotta ask...what do you mean? What makes me so special?
You don't know? Of course you don't. How could you? You don't have the--
You're special because...well, you're top of the list.

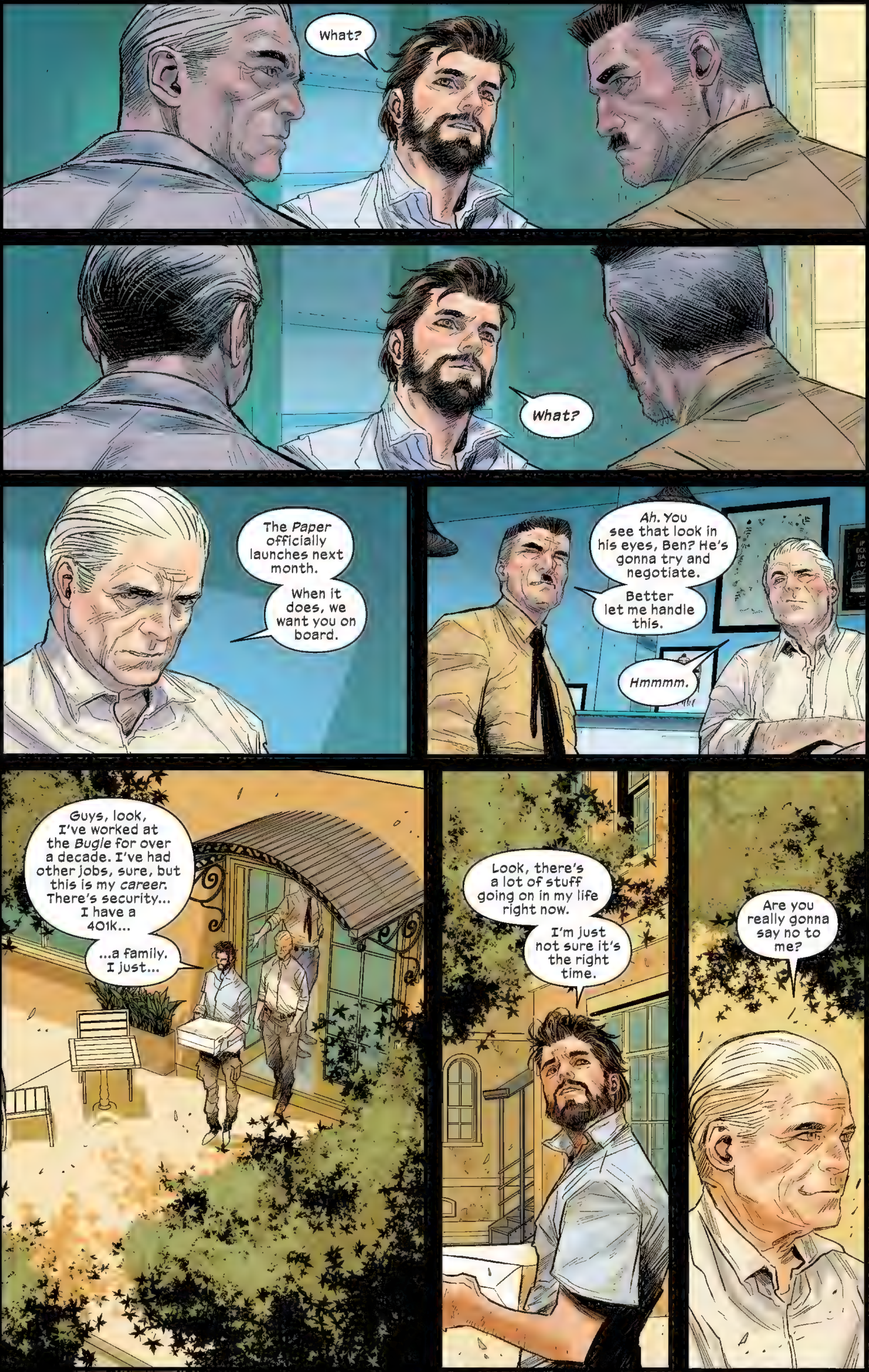

List? What list?
There's a database that exists. When the guy who built this... great society was eliminating all potential resistance or opposition, there's a handful of heroes that he deemed "mission critical" to erase from history. They're the ones who had to go. Top of the list.
Wait. That wasn't in any of the files.
We did learn about the Maker and what he did, but Otto's right. There was nothing in there about that.
You better not be lying.
I'm not. And who are you supposed to be...in that suit of stolen armor?
Don't worry about that.
Hrmpt.
SHNNK
What the--?
Hrmpt!
See? Not so cool when someone does it to you, is it?

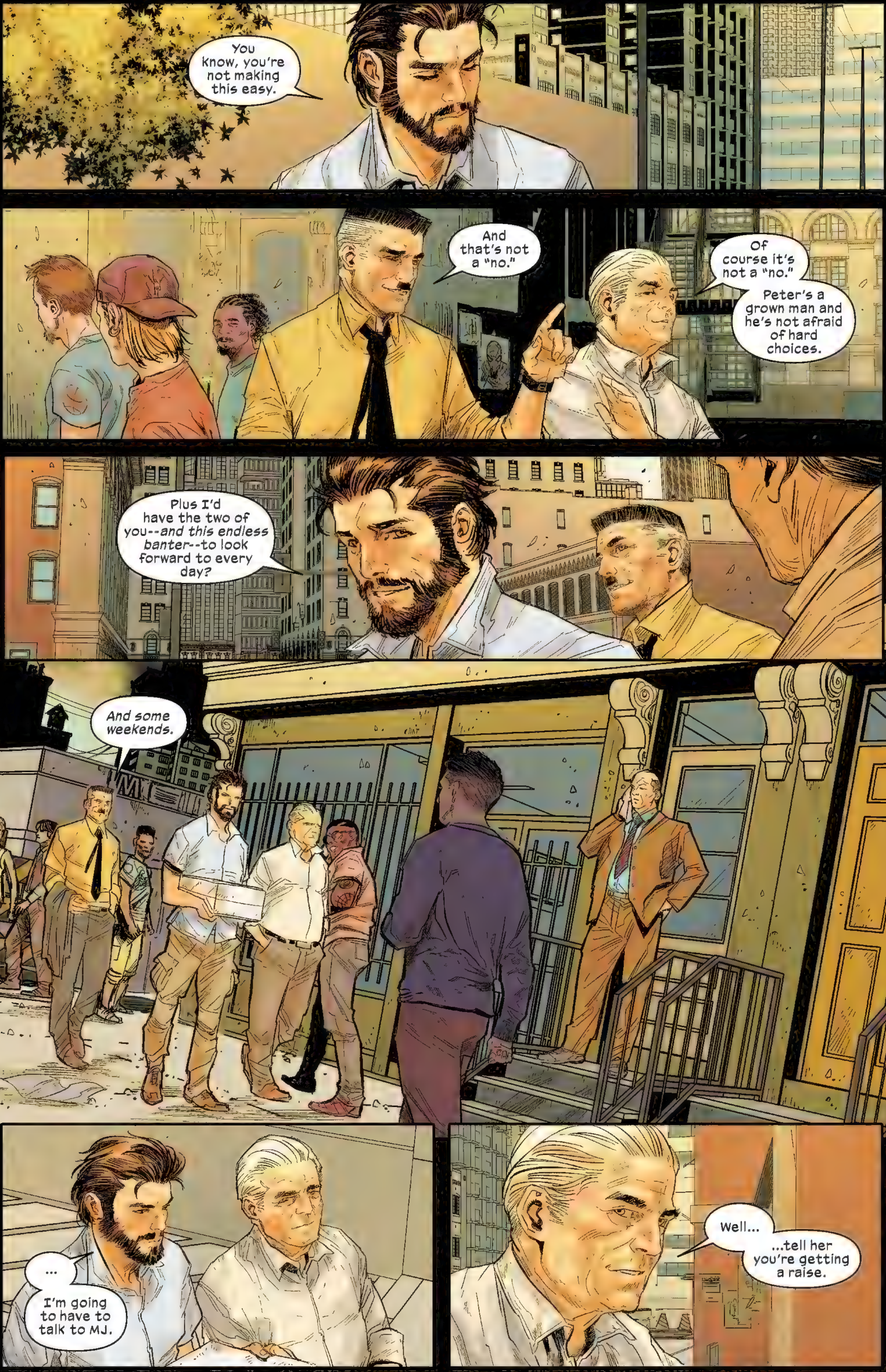

I know that face. You're Harry Osborn.
You stole my birthright.
Actually, I paid for it.
Pennies on the dollar?
After what I've learned? Fair price for a company run by traitors.
I went to bed one day, loving the world and seeing it how a child does...
...and then I woke up into a world of monsters and men. Never again able to sleep so soundly.
None of our fathers are perfect. *Especially* mine.
So what now?
The Maker returns in a little over a year.
Best get ready for him.
Where was I?
Excuse me?

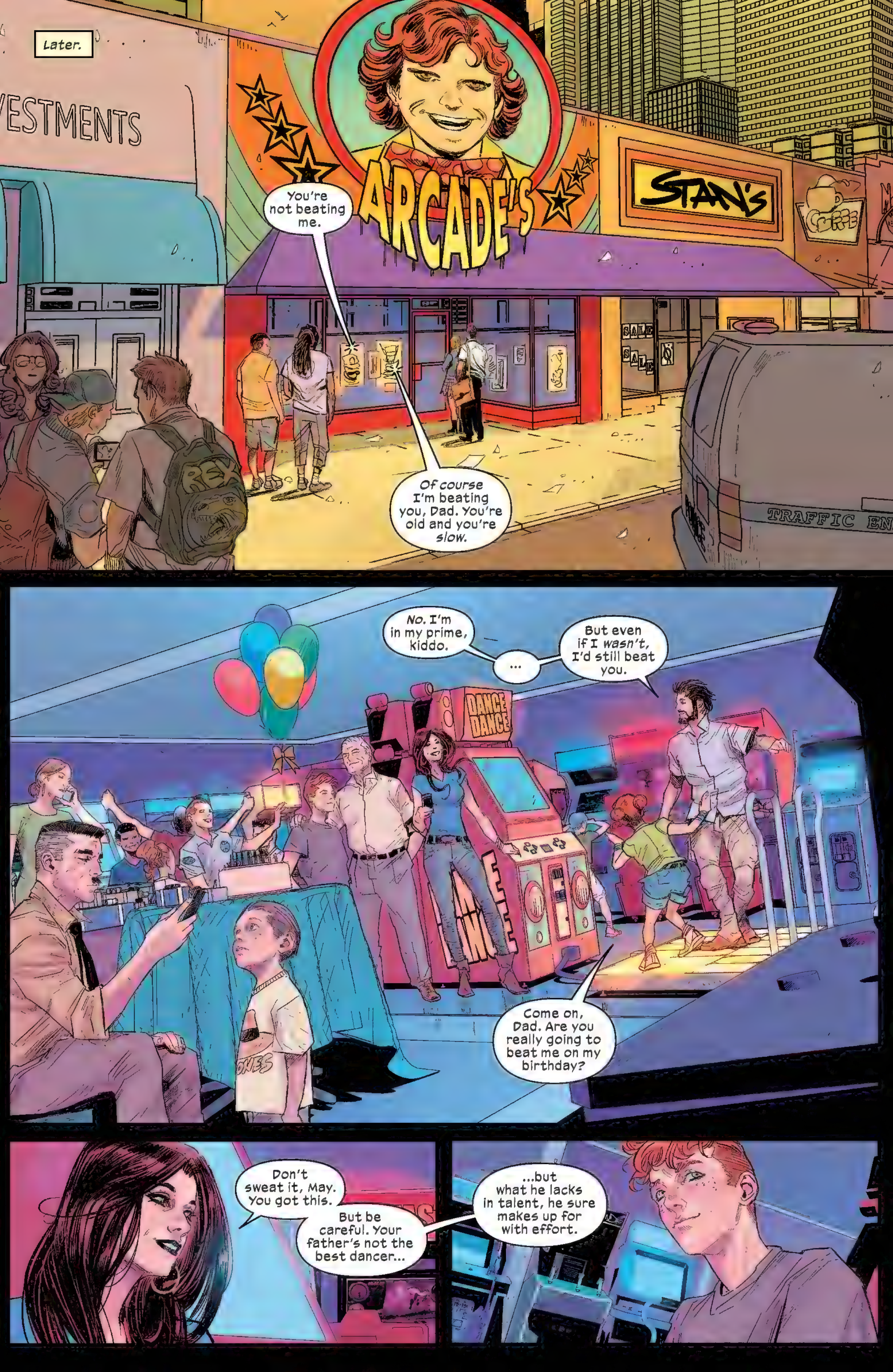

Where was I? On the list?
You weren't on it. *At all.*
But if you're hanging out with this guy, I'm sure you'll grow into the suit.
So keep it. And the company. I've moved on to bigger things.
I guess we all have.
I'll be in touch.
He seems okay. What did you think?
Otto...
Yes?
We have to find a way to upgrade the security of our suits.

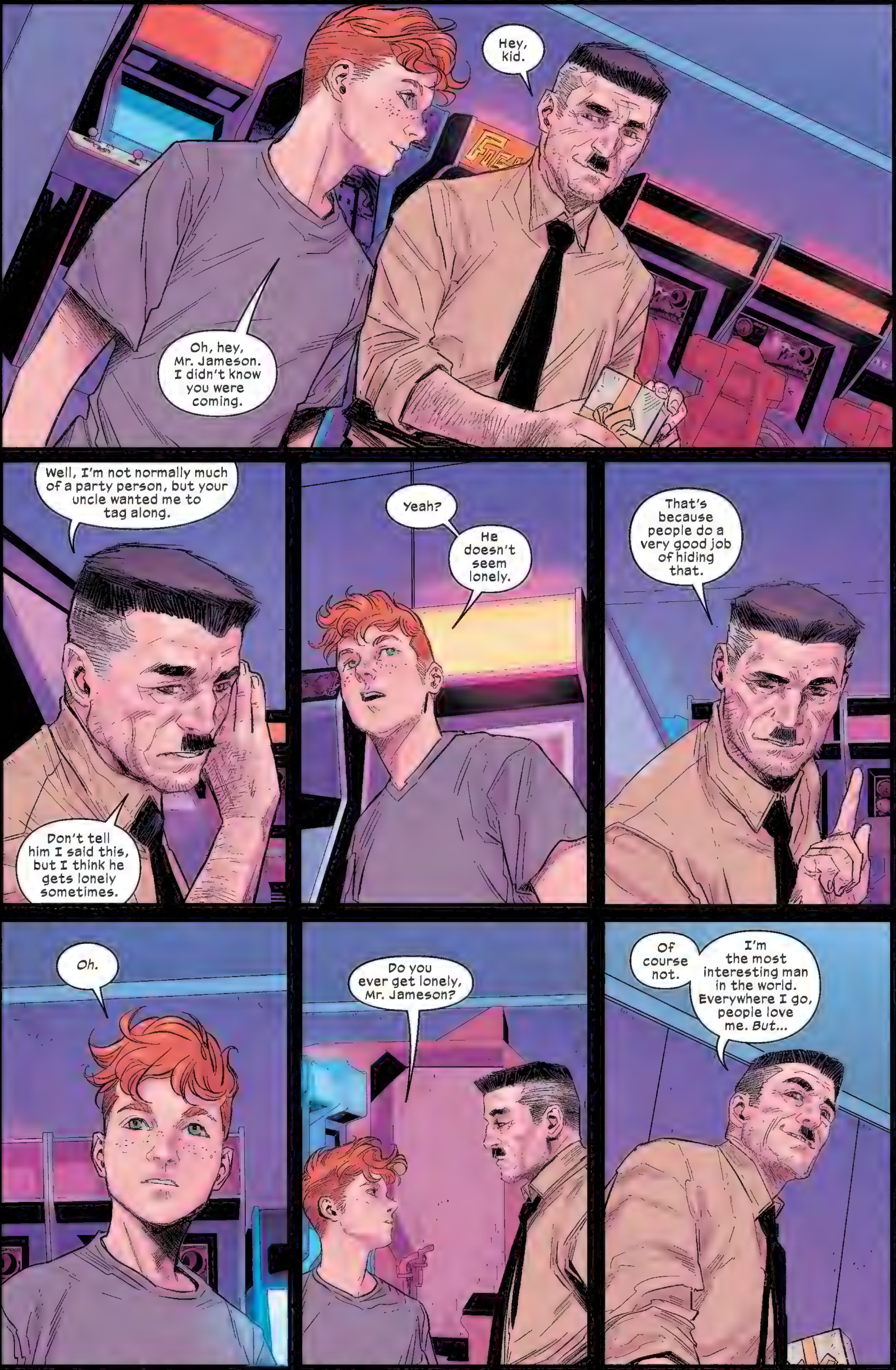

Now.
I'll have a deli sandwich. And we're in a hurry, son, so... *to go.*
...
Sir, this is a bakery.
Hey, Ben?
Yeah?
I don't remember Jonah being invited to the kids' birthday party.
...
Don't tell him I said this-- *'cause he'll deny it*--but I think Jonah's a little lonely.
Really?
So it's like this: You got a bakery and that means you got bread. You take two pieces of that bread and just stick something in the middle. Maybe season it up. You do that, then you're golden.
Yeah.
He also brought a gift for Richard.
That's... *unusually* sweet of him.
He has his moments, Peter.
CAKE
eat cake

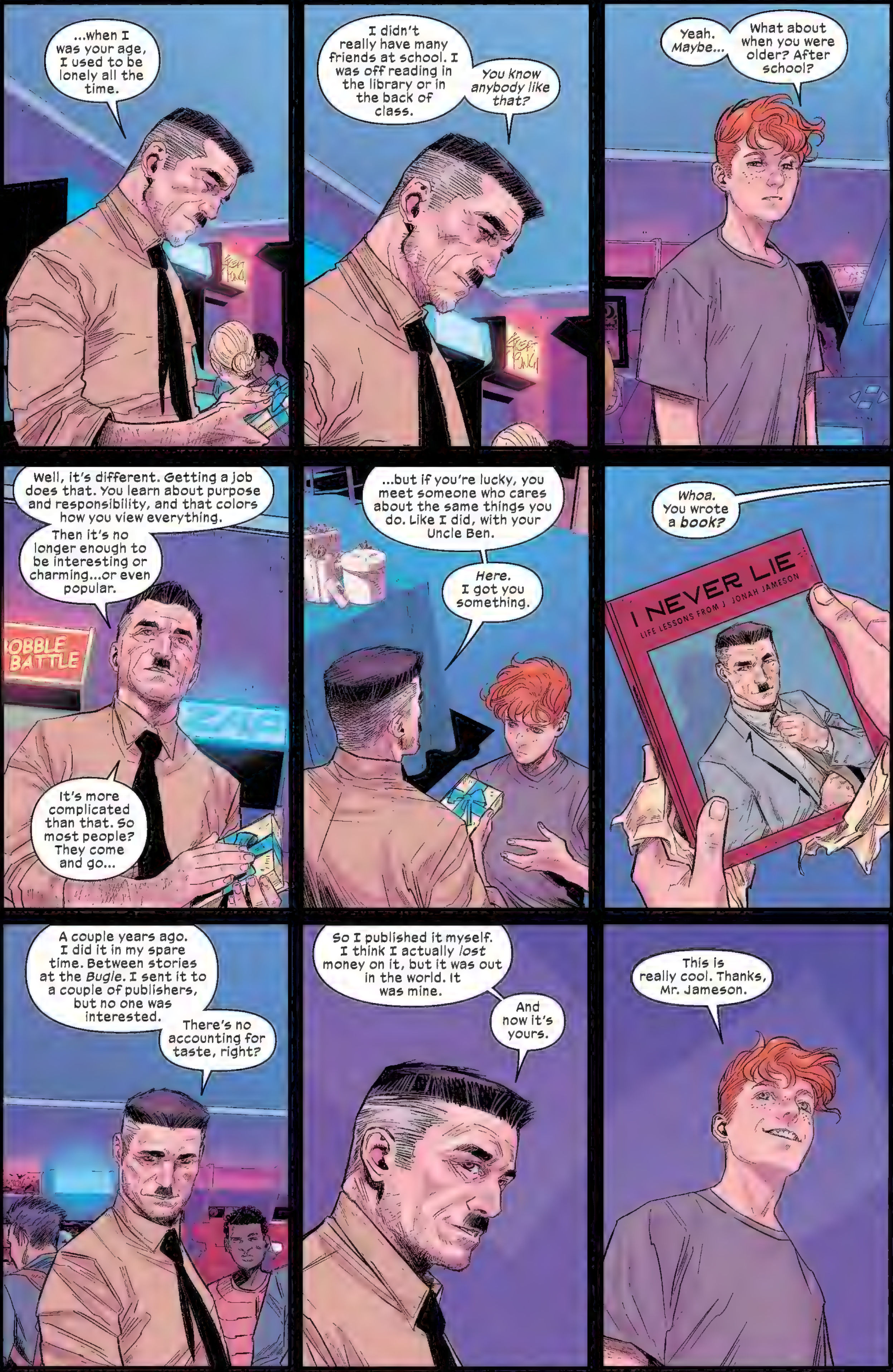

Got a pickup for Parker!
BILLY
That's me.
Candles?
They're in the box.
Great. *Thanks!*
Did he get anything for May?
I don't think he knows it's her birthday party too.
He didn't... How does he not?
Their birthdays are in the same month.
He has his moments, Peter. I didn't say anything about him stringing a series of them together.
Cream cheese on a croissant. That's what I'm eating. Is this what the world's come to? Is this all there is.
Did you tell him about the thing?
I hadn't got to it yet...
...I was waiting for the *right time.*

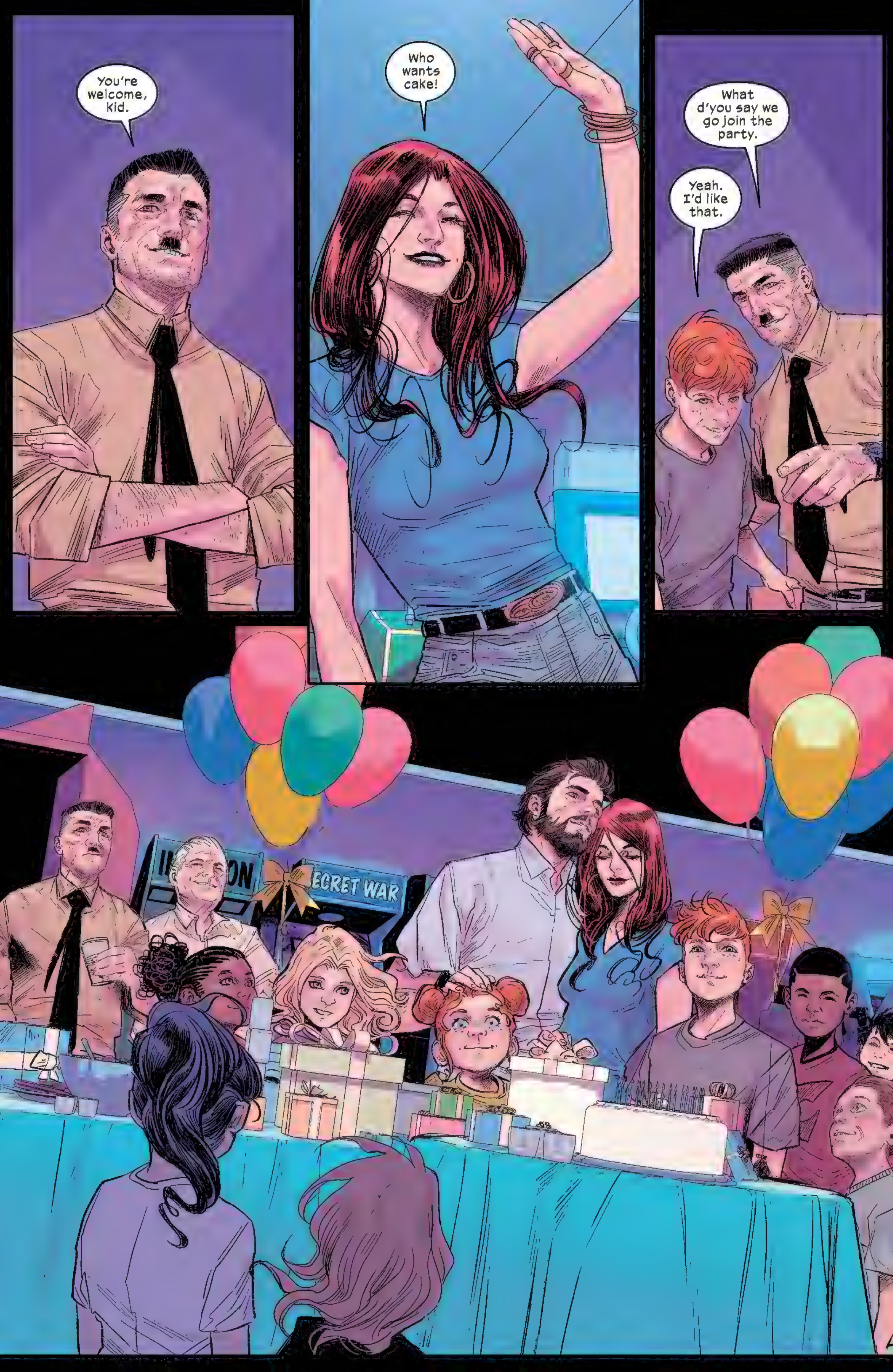

What?
What?
The *Paper* officially launches next month.
When it does, we want you on board.
Ah. You see that look in his eyes, Ben? He's gonna try and negotiate.
Better let me handle this.
Hmmmm.
Guys, look, I've worked at the *Bugle* for over a decade. I've had other jobs, sure, but this is my *career.* There's security... I have a 401k...
...a family. I just...
Look, there's a lot of stuff going on in my life right now.
I'm just not sure it's the right time.
Are you really gonna say no to me?

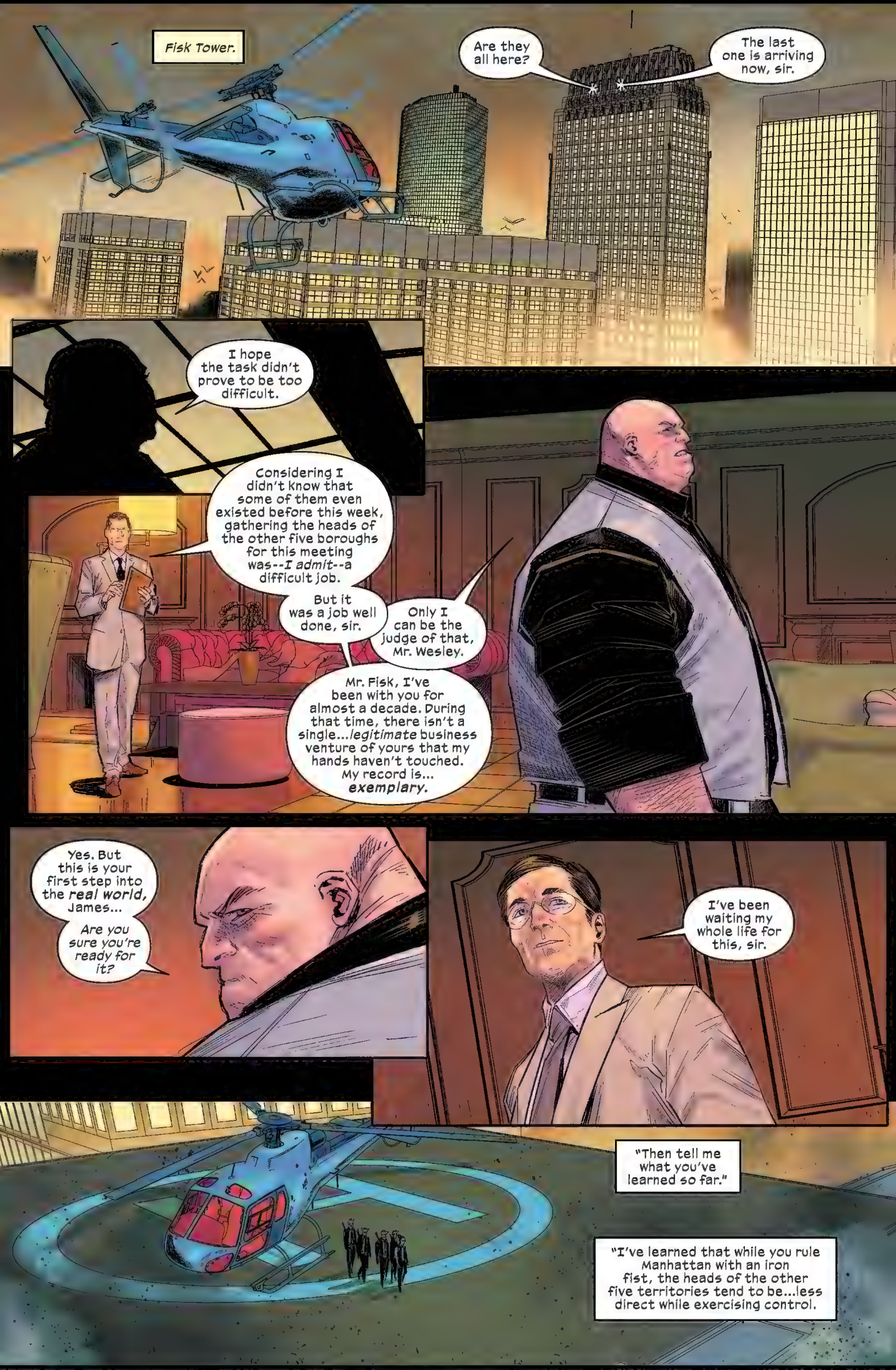

You know, you're not making this easy.
And that's not a "no."
Of course it's not a "no."
Peter's a grown man and he's not afraid of hard choices.
Plus I'd have the two of you--*and this endless banter*--to look forward to every day?
And some weekends.
...
I'm going to have to talk to MJ.
Well...
...tell her you're getting a raise.

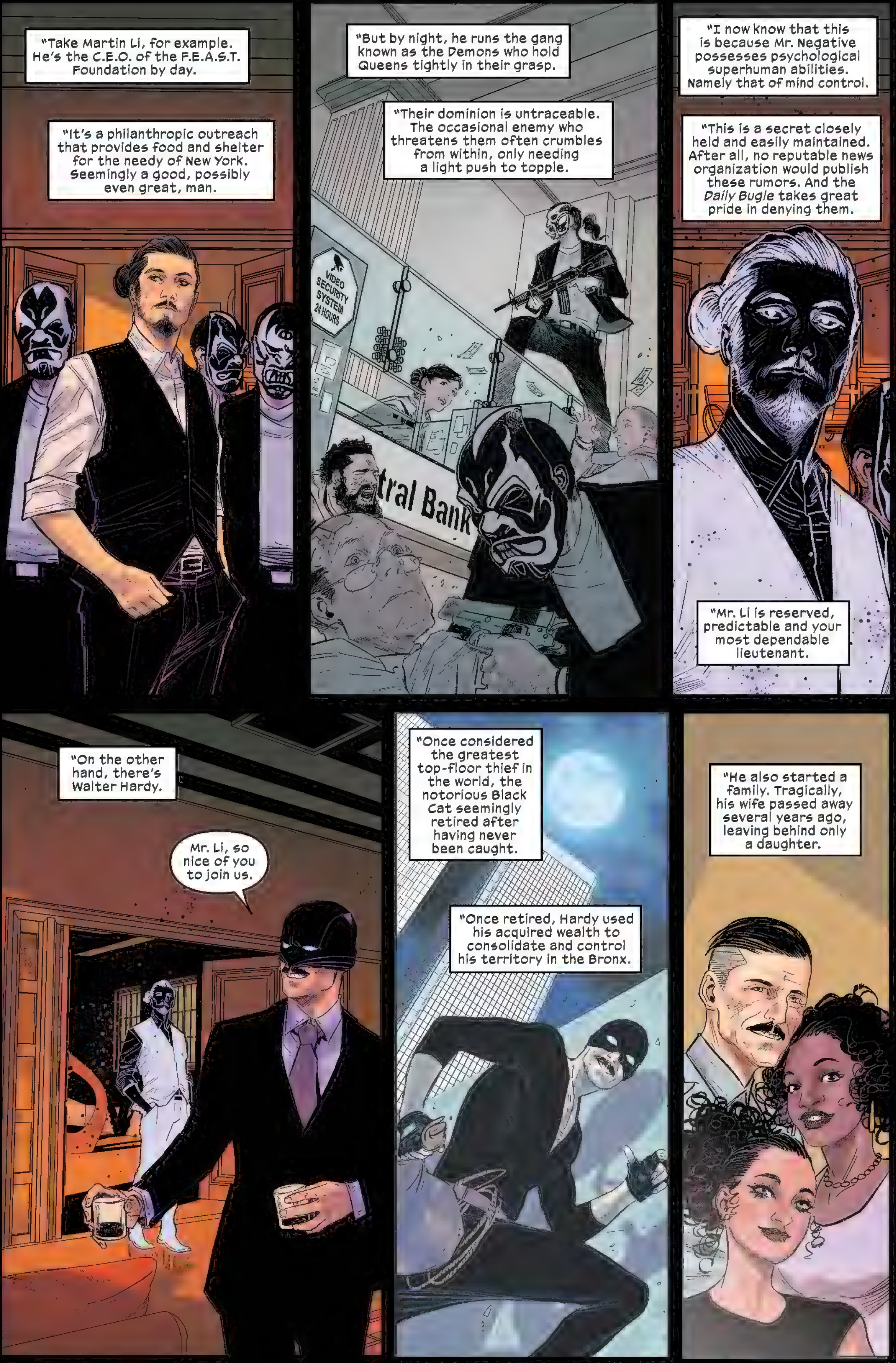

Later.
ESTMENTS
ARCADE'S
STAN's
COFFEE
SALE
SALE
REX
TRAFFIC EN
You're not beating me.
Of course I'm beating you, Dad. You're old and you're slow.
DANCE DANCE
No. I'm in my prime, kiddo.
...
But even if I wasn't, I'd still beat you.
Come on, Dad. Are you really going to beat me on my birthday?
Don't sweat it, May. You got this.
But be careful. Your father's not the best dancer...
...but what he lacks in talent, he sure makes up for with effort.

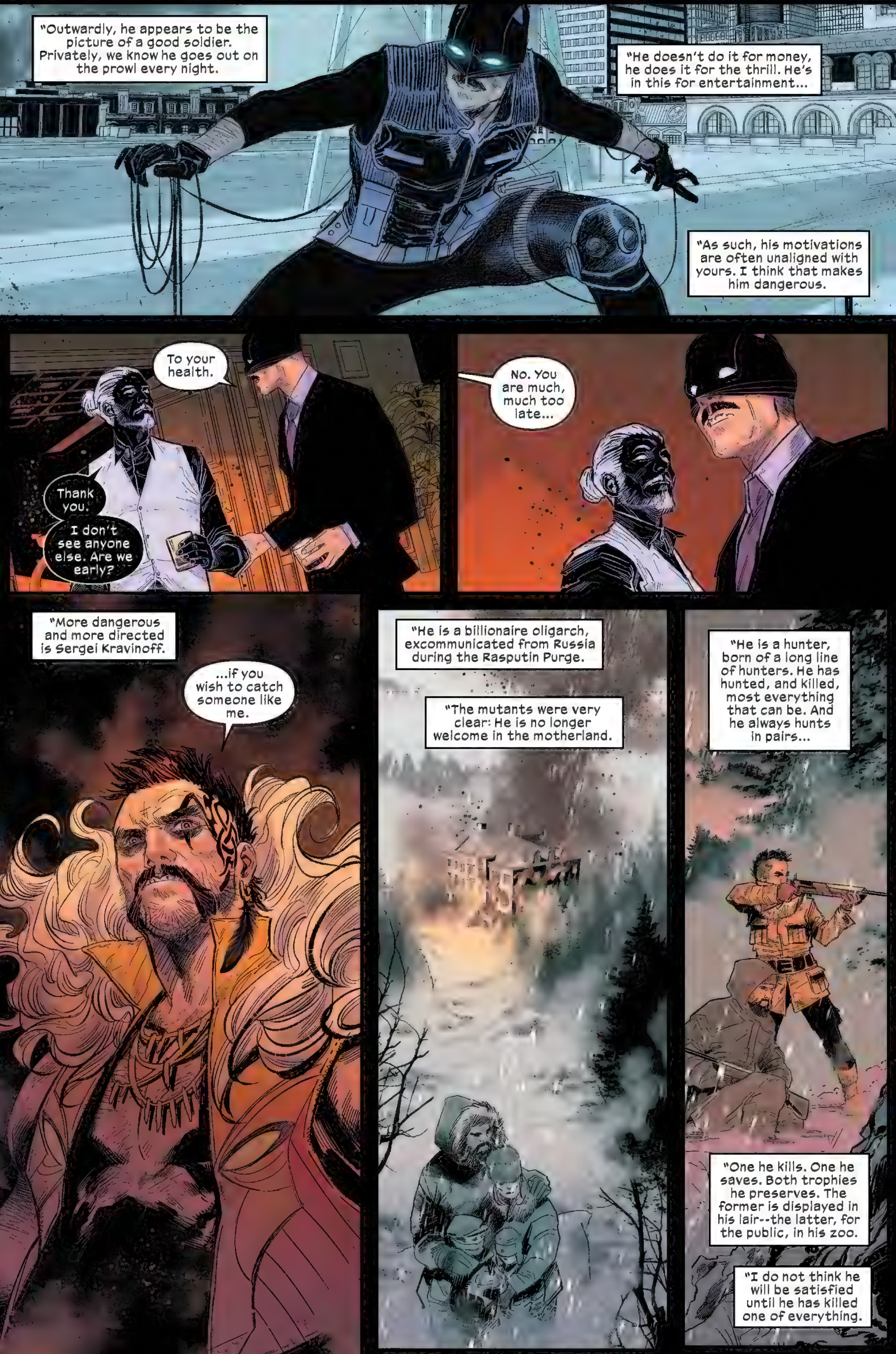

Hey, kid.
Oh, hey, Mr. Jameson. I didn't know you were coming.
Well, I'm not normally much of a party person, but your uncle wanted me to tag along.
Don't tell him I said this, but I think he gets lonely sometimes.
Yeah?
He doesn't seem lonely.
That's because people do a very good job of hiding that.
Oh.
Do you ever get lonely, Mr. Jameson?
Of course not.
I'm the most interesting man in the world. Everywhere I go, people love me. *But...*

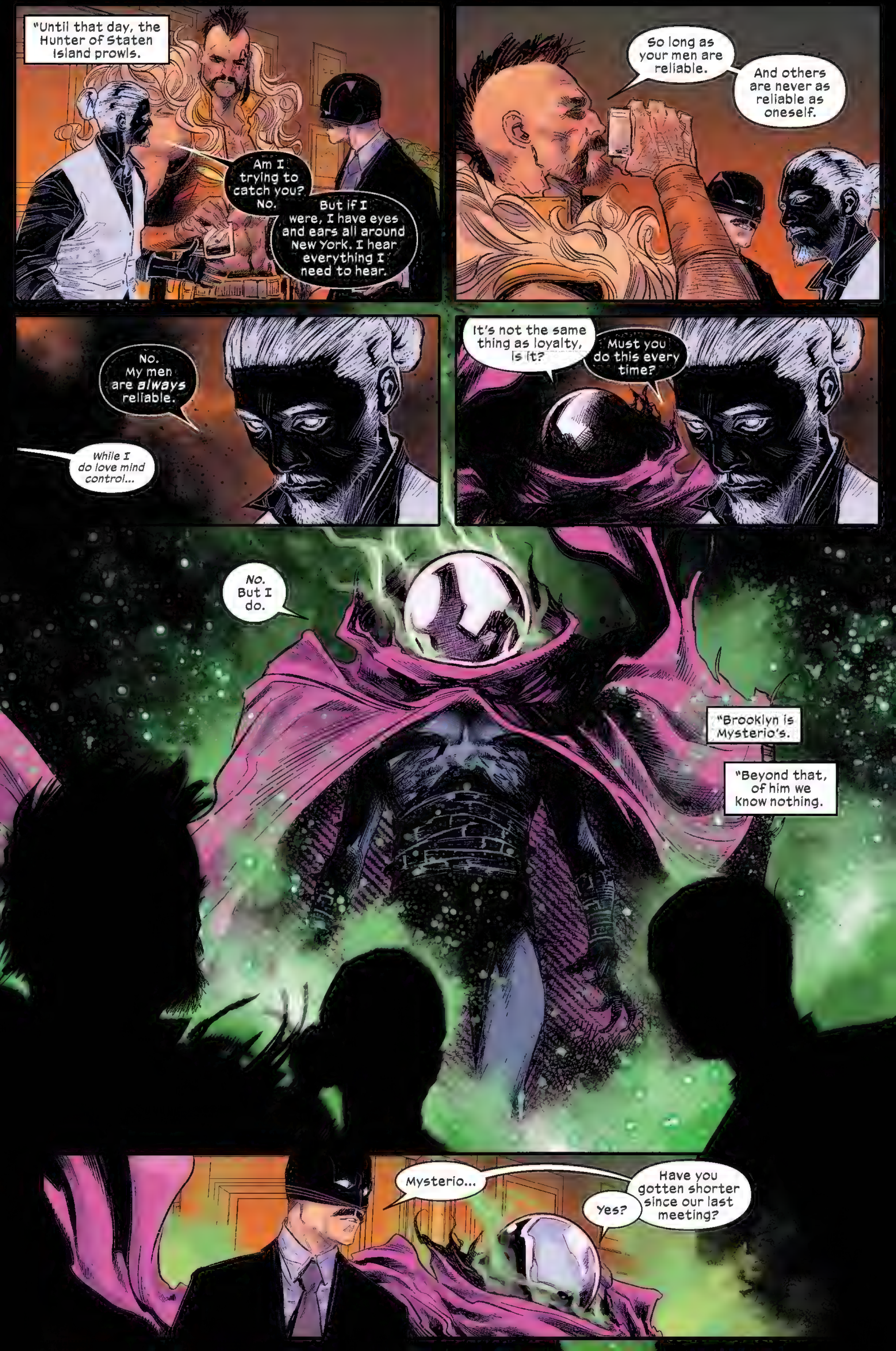

...when I was your age, I used to be lonely all the time.
I didn't really have many friends at school. I was off reading in the library or in the back of class.
You know anybody like that?
Yeah. Maybe...
What about when you were older? After school?
Well, it's different. Getting a job does that. You learn about purpose and responsibility, and that colors how you view everything.
Then it's no longer enough to be interesting or charming...or even popular.
OBBLE BATTLE
It's more complicated than that. So most people? They come and go...
...but if you're lucky, you meet someone who cares about the same things you do. Like I did, with your Uncle Ben.
Here. I got you something.
Whoa. You wrote a book?
I NEVER LIE
LIFE LESSONS FROM J. JONAH JAMESON
A couple years ago. I did it in my spare time. Between stories at the Bugle. I sent it to a couple of publishers, but no one was interested.
There's no accounting for taste, right?
So I published it myself. I think I actually lost money on it, but it was out in the world. It was mine.
And now it's yours.
This is really cool. Thanks, Mr. Jameson.

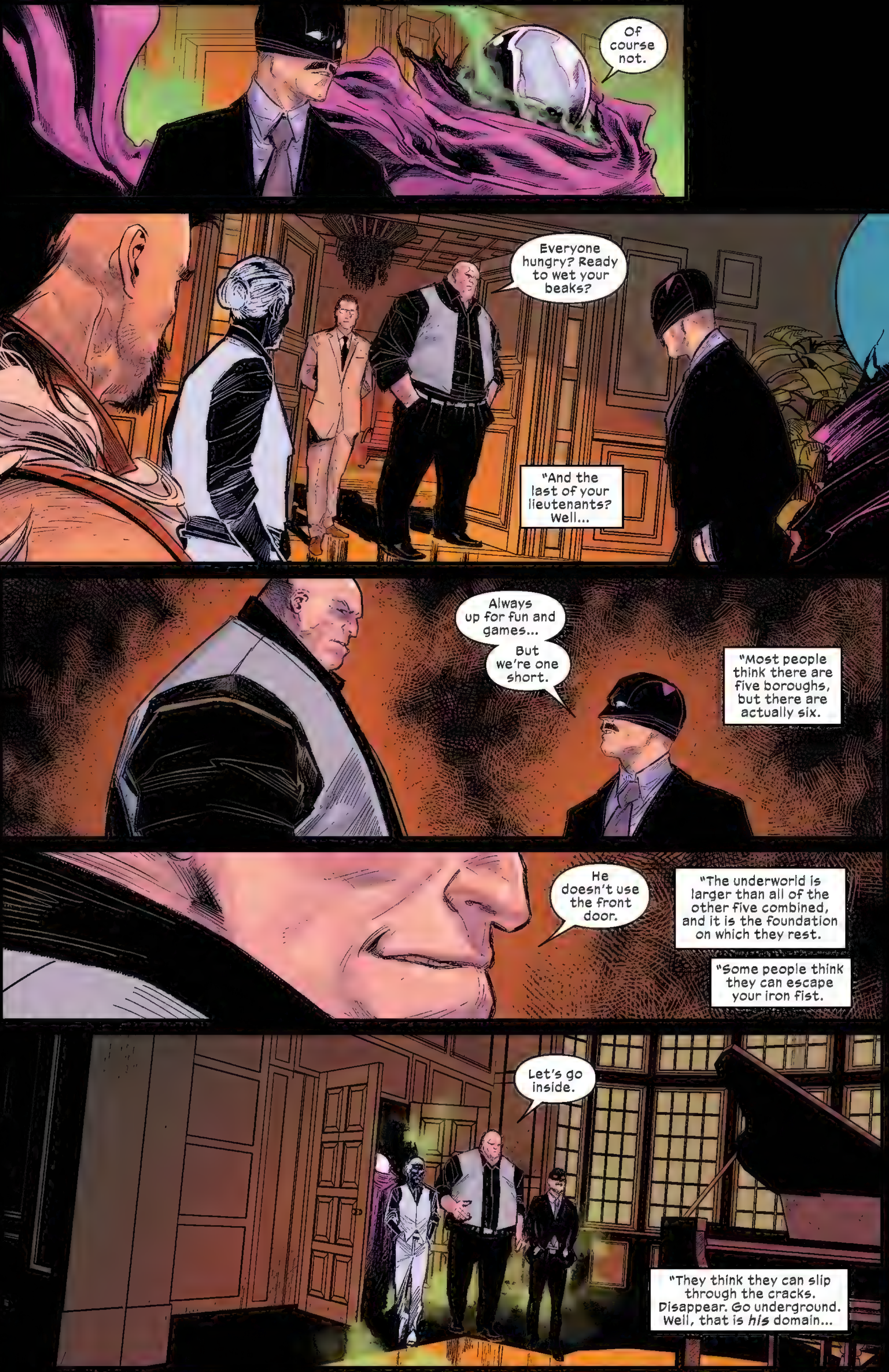

You're welcome, kid.
Who wants cake!
What d'you say we go join the party.
Yeah. I'd like that.
ECRET WAR

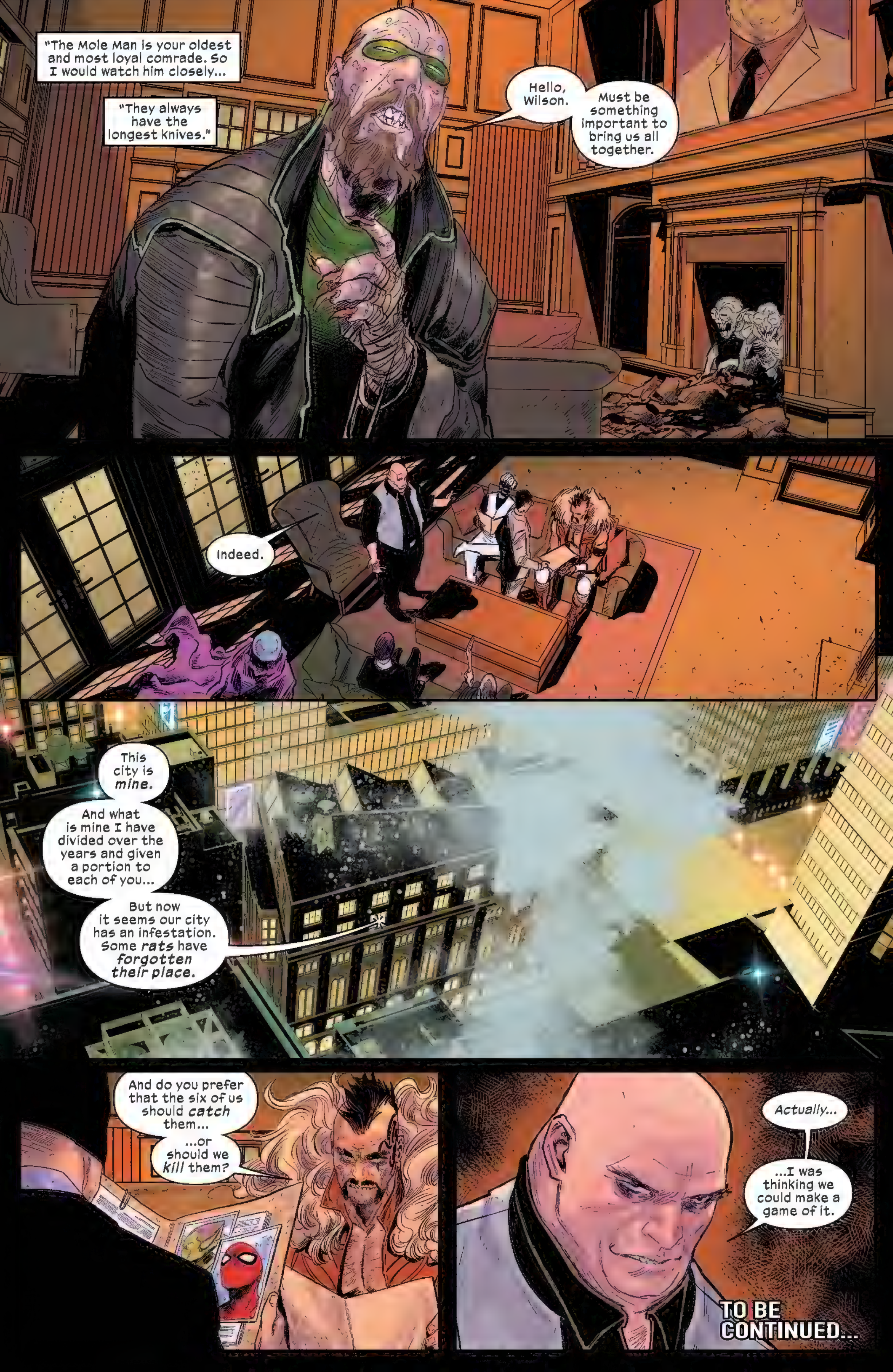

Fisk Tower.
Are they all here?
The last one is arriving now, sir.
I hope the task didn't prove to be too difficult.
Considering I didn't know that some of them even existed before this week, gathering the heads of the other five boroughs for this meeting was--*I admit*--a difficult job.
But it was a job well done, sir.
Only I can be the judge of that, Mr. Wesley.
Mr. Fisk, I've been with you for almost a decade. During that time, there isn't a single...*legitimate* business venture of yours that my hands haven't touched. My record is... ***exemplary.***
Yes. But this is your first step into the ***real world,*** James...
Are you sure you're ready for it?
I've been waiting my whole life for this, sir.
"Then tell me what you've learned so far."
"I've learned that while you rule Manhattan with an iron fist, the heads of the other five territories tend to be...less direct while exercising control.


"Take Martin Li, for example. He's the C.E.O. of the F.E.A.S.T. Foundation by day.
"It's a philanthropic outreach that provides food and shelter for the needy of New York. Seemingly a good, possibly even great, man.
"But by night, he runs the gang known as the Demons who hold Queens tightly in their grasp.
"Their dominion is untraceable. The occasional enemy who threatens them often crumbles from within, only needing a light push to topple.
VIDEO SECURITY SYSTEM 24 HOURS
tral Bank
"I now know that this is because Mr. Negative possesses psychological superhuman abilities. Namely that of mind control.
"This is a secret closely held and easily maintained. After all, no reputable news organization would publish these rumors. And the *Daily Bugle* takes great pride in denying them.
"Mr. Li is reserved, predictable and your most dependable lieutenant.
"On the other hand, there's Walter Hardy.
Mr. Li, so nice of you to join us.
"Once considered the greatest top-floor thief in the world, the notorious Black Cat seemingly retired after having never been caught.
"Once retired, Hardy used his acquired wealth to consolidate and control his territory in the Bronx.
"He also started a family. Tragically, his wife passed away several years ago, leaving behind only a daughter.


"Outwardly, he appears to be the picture of a good soldier. Privately, we know he goes out on the prowl every night.
"He doesn't do it for money, he does it for the thrill. He's in this for entertainment...
"As such, his motivations are often unaligned with yours. I think that makes him dangerous.
To your health.
Thank you.
I don't see anyone else. Are we early?
No. You are much, much too late...
"More dangerous and more directed is Sergei Kravinoff.
...if you wish to catch someone like me.
"He is a billionaire oligarch, excommunicated from Russia during the Rasputin Purge.
"The mutants were very clear: He is no longer welcome in the motherland.
"He is a hunter, born of a long line of hunters. He has hunted, and killed, most everything that can be. And he always hunts in pairs...
"One he kills. One he saves. Both trophies he preserves. The former is displayed in his lair--the latter, for the public, in his zoo.
"I do not think he will be satisfied until he has killed one of everything.


"Until that day, the Hunter of Staten Island prowls.
Am I trying to catch you? No.
But if I were, I have eyes and ears all around New York. I hear everything I need to hear.
So long as your men are reliable.
And others are never as reliable as oneself.
No. My men are *always* reliable.
While I do love mind control...
It's not the same thing as loyalty, is it?
Must you do this every time?
No. But I do.
"Brooklyn is Mysterio's.
"Beyond that, of him we know nothing.
Mysterio...
Yes?
Have you gotten shorter since our last meeting?


Of course not.
Everyone hungry? Ready to wet your beaks?
"And the last of your lieutenants? Well...
Always up for fun and games...
But we're one short.
"Most people think there are five boroughs, but there are actually six.
He doesn't use the front door.
"The underworld is larger than all of the other five combined, and it is the foundation on which they rest.
"Some people think they can escape your iron fist.
Let's go inside.
"They think they can slip through the cracks. Disappear. Go underground. Well, that is *his* domain...


"The Mole Man is your oldest and most loyal comrade. So I would watch him closely...
"They always have the longest knives."
Hello, Wilson.
Must be something important to bring us all together.
Indeed.
This city is *mine.*
And what is mine I have divided over the years and given a portion to each of you...
But now it seems our city has an infestation. Some *rats* have *forgotten their place.*
And do you prefer that the six of us should *catch* them...
...or should we *kill* them?
Actually...
...I was thinking we could make a game of it.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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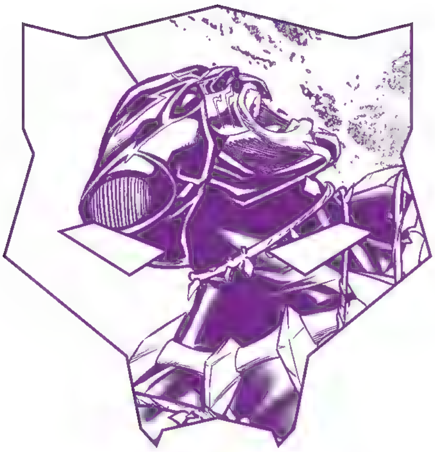


7

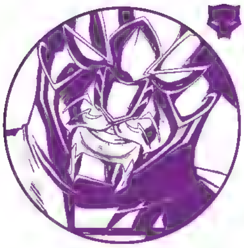
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

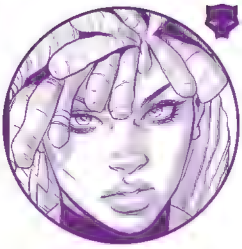
The war has raged for months now. Worse still, Ra and Khonshu have empowered their armies with a mysterious green element that can accelerate the growth of life uncontrollably. **BLACK PANTHER** and his confidants must find a way to control this unstable element...and to slow the spread of Ra and Khonshu's dangerous influence across the continent.

ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER

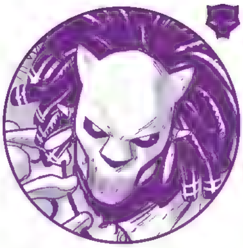
CAST:



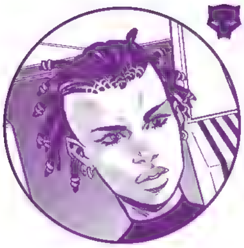
BLACK PANTHER
KING T'CHALLA



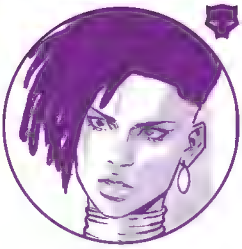
STORM
ORORO MUNROE



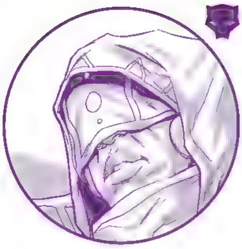
KILLMONGER
ERIK KILLMONGER



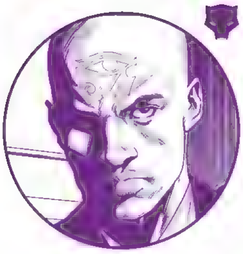
SHURI
WOMAN-AT-ARMS,
T'CHALLA'S SISTER



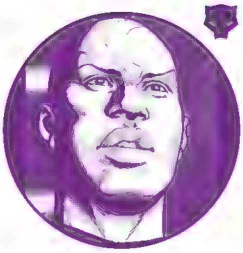
QUEEN OKOYE
HIGH MENTOR OF
THE DORA MILAJE



MATRON IMALA
SACRED MOTHER OF
THE VODU-KHAN



RA
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL



KHONSHU
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

AUGUST 2024

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BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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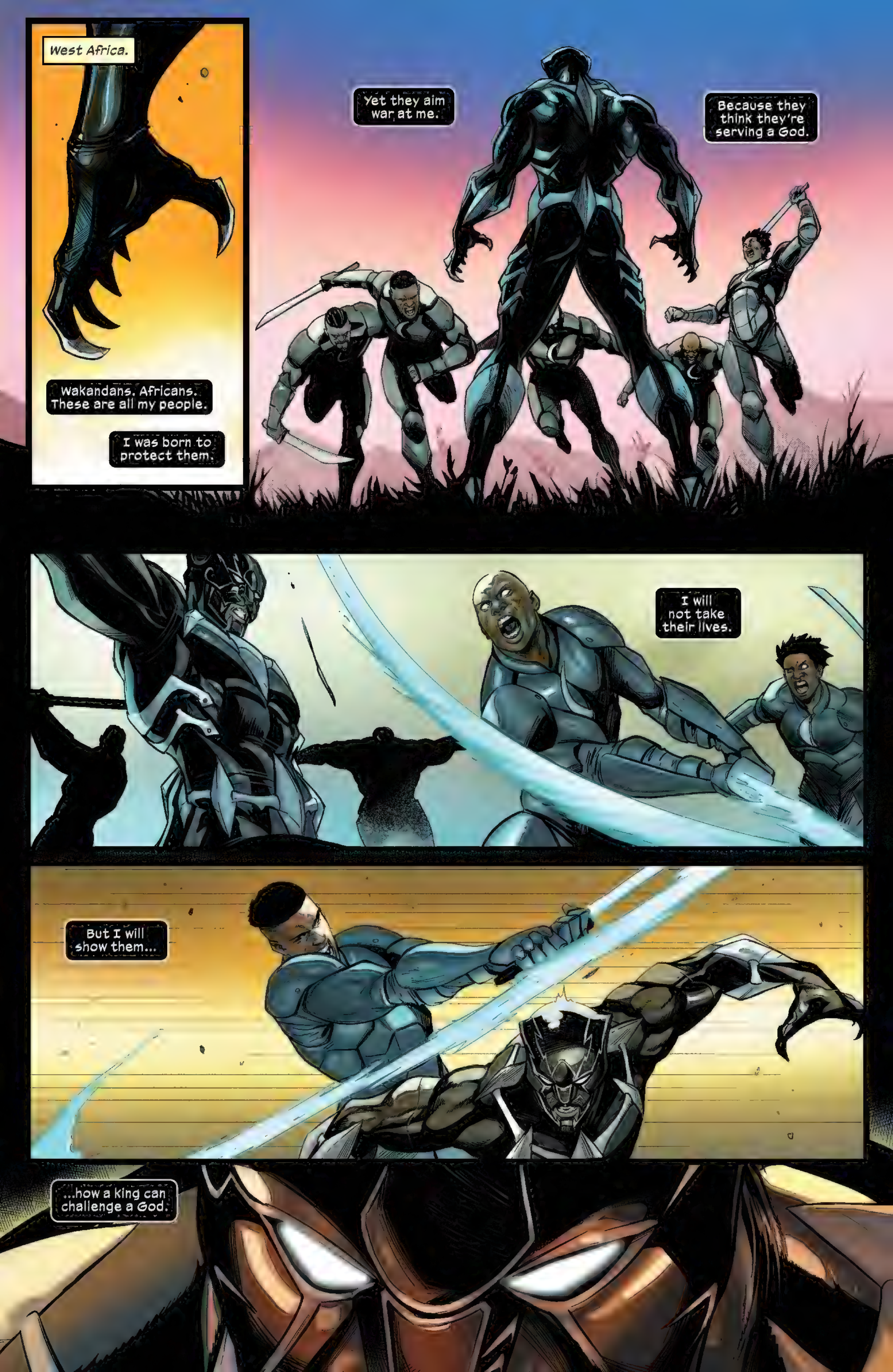
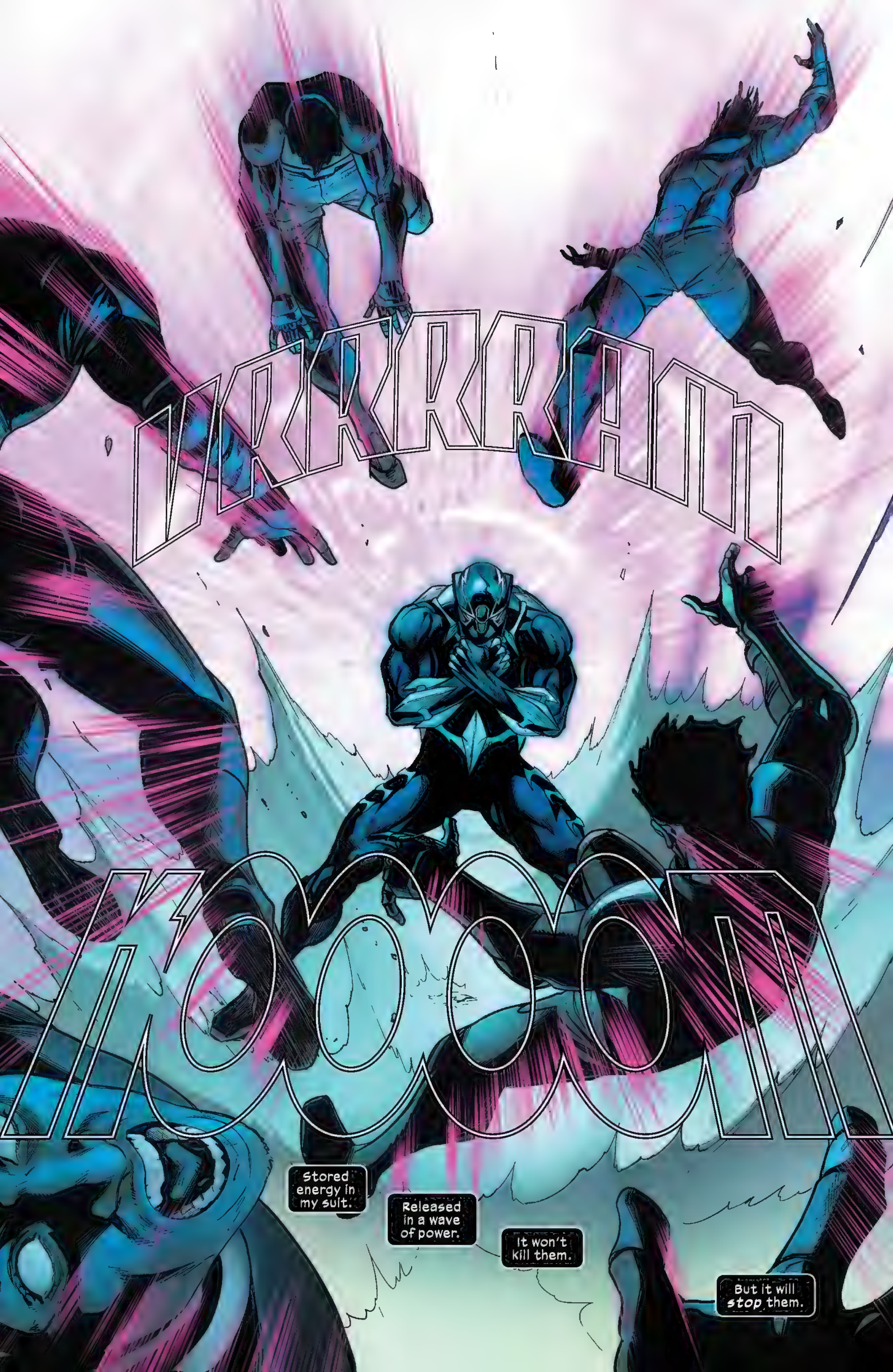
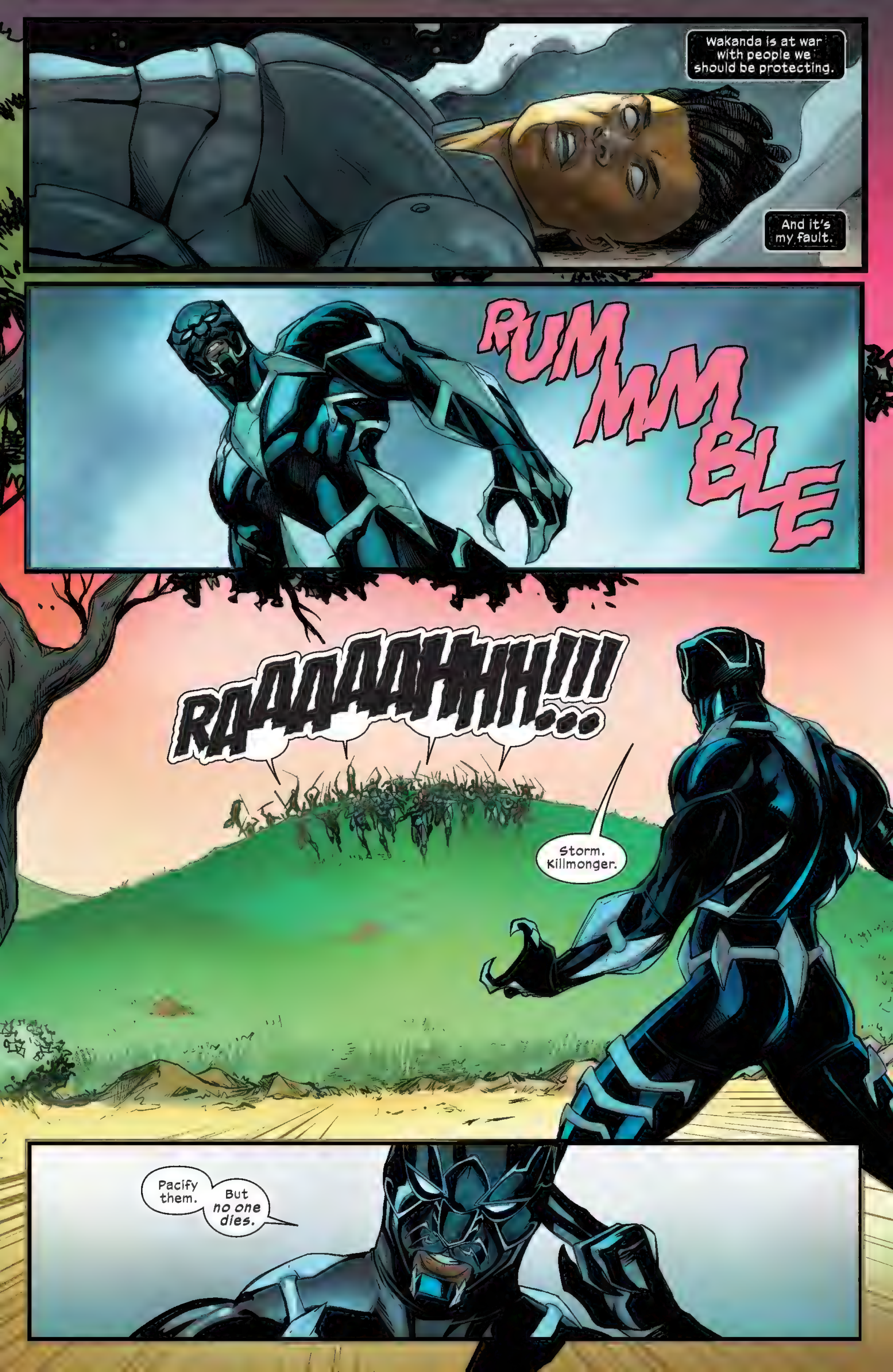
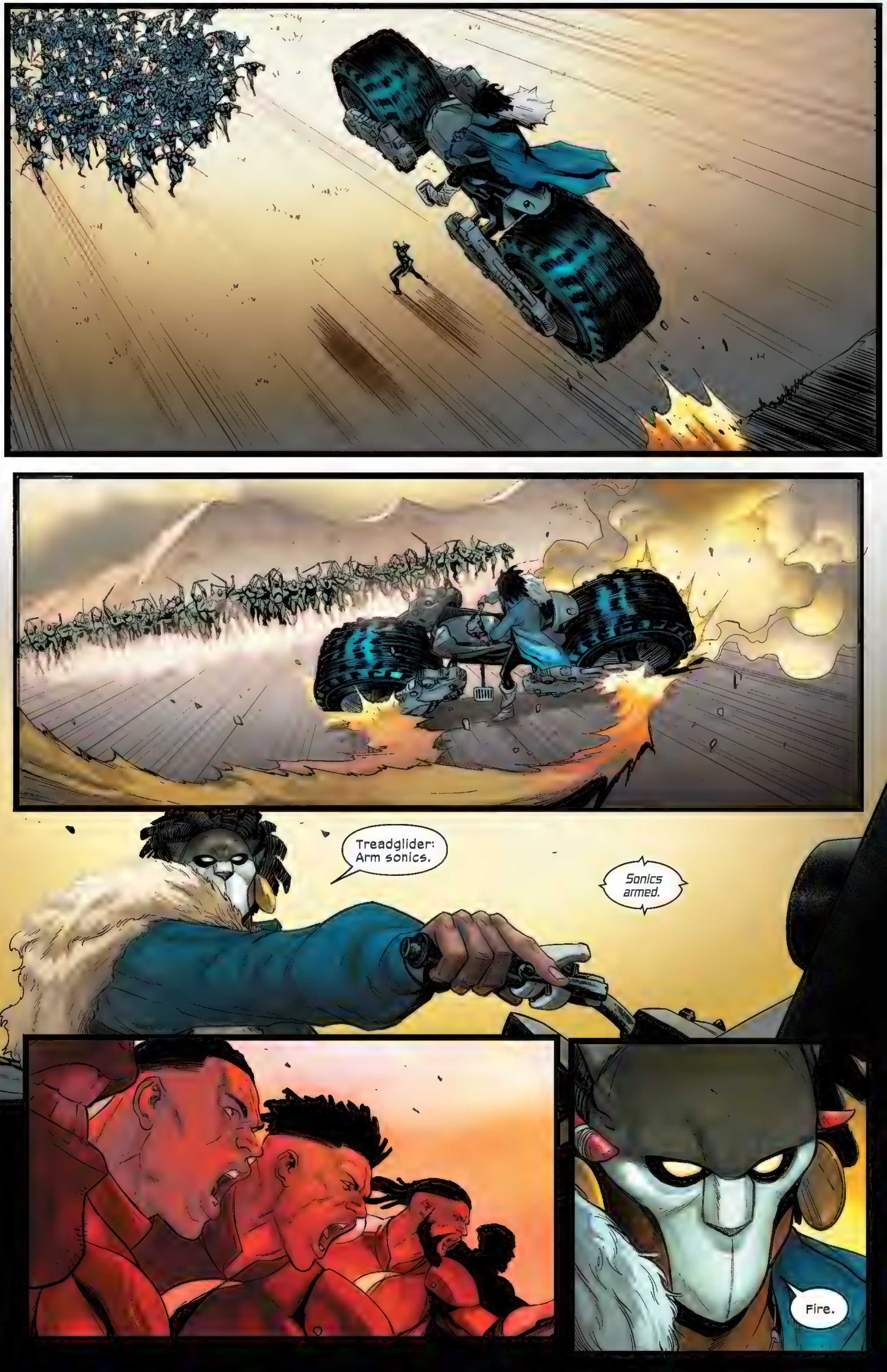
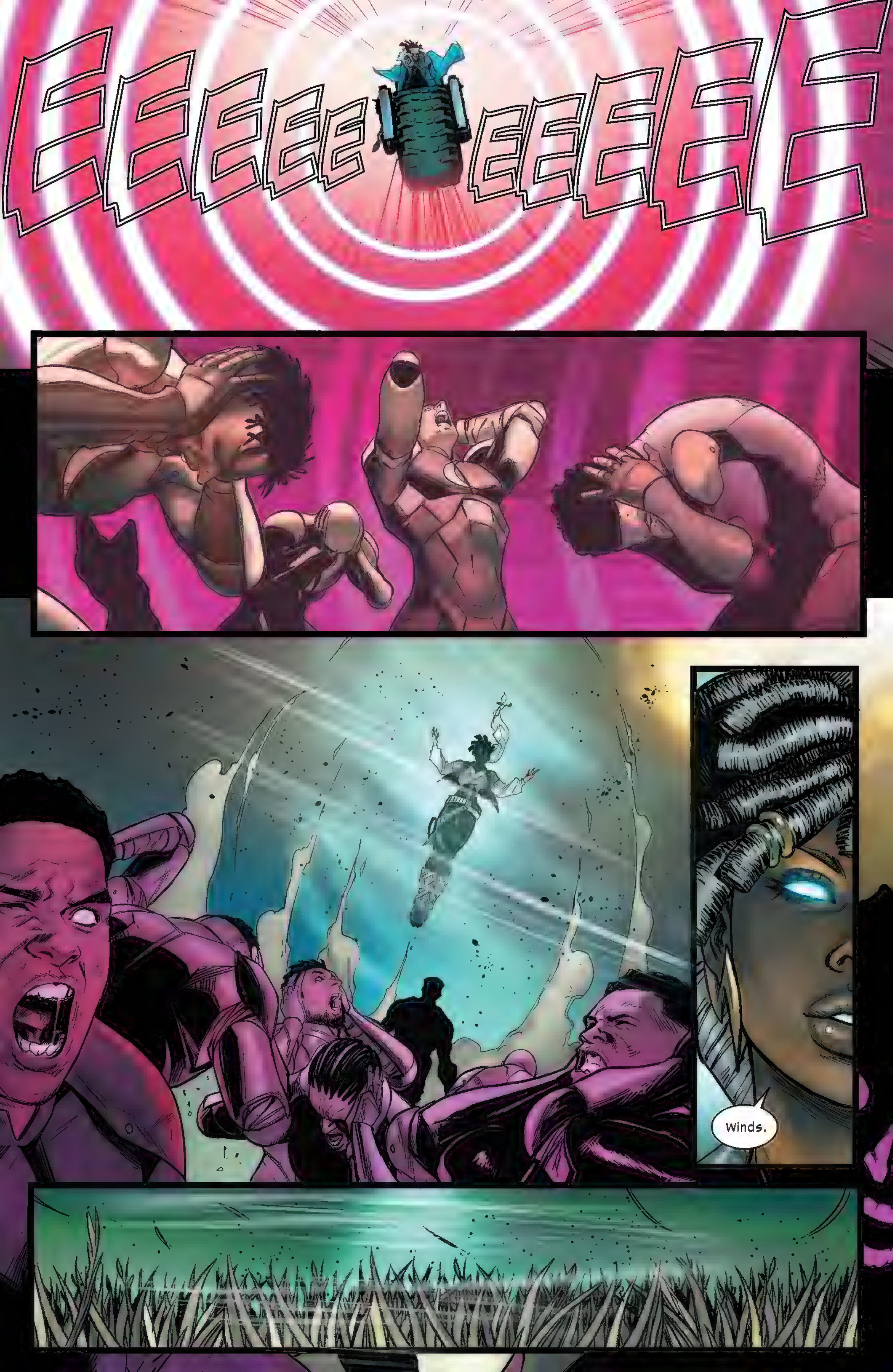
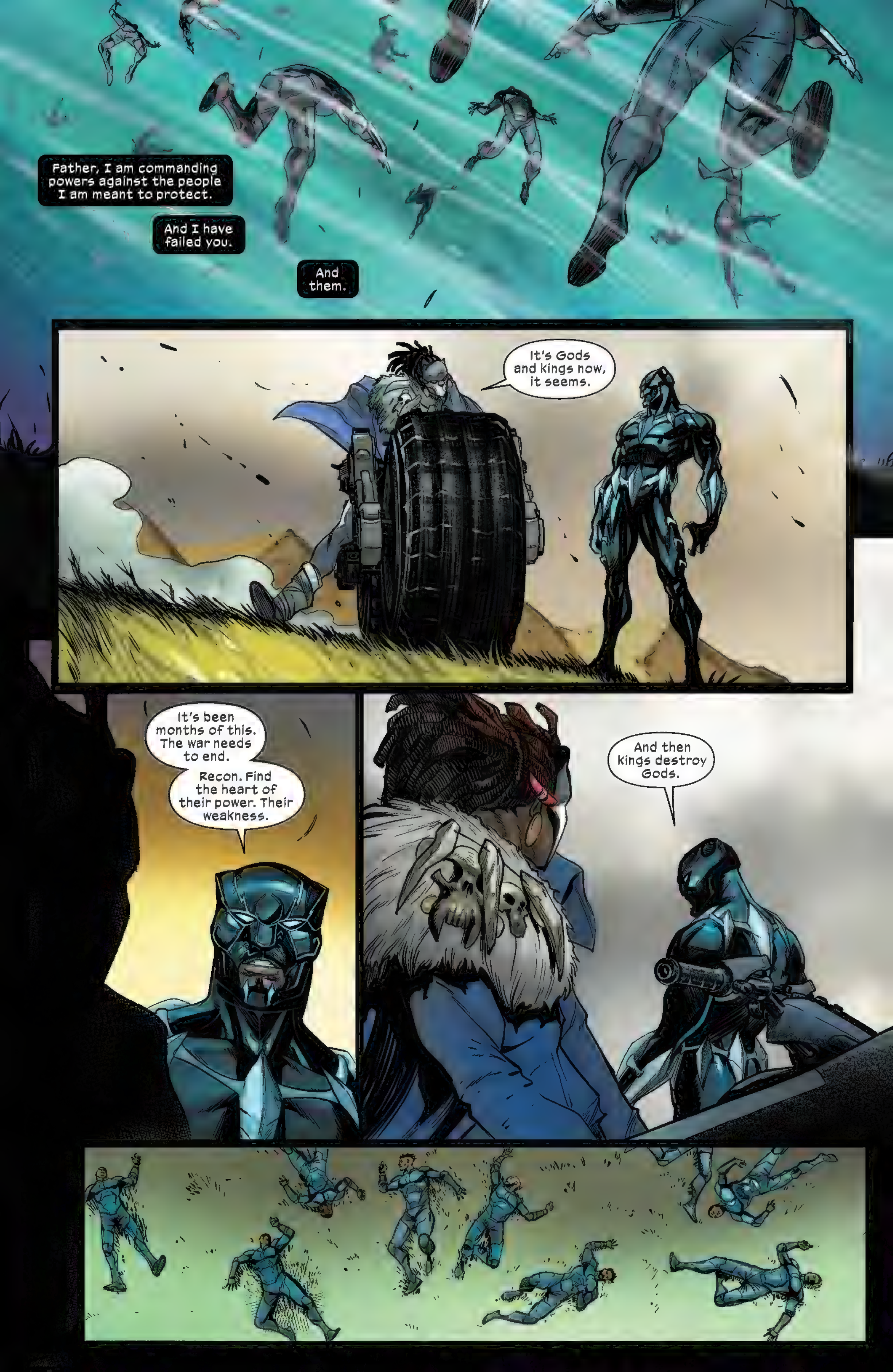

West Africa.
Wakandans. Africans. These are all my people.
I was born to protect them.
Yet they aim war at me.
Because they think they're serving a God.
I will not take their lives.
But I will show them...
...how a king can challenge a God.

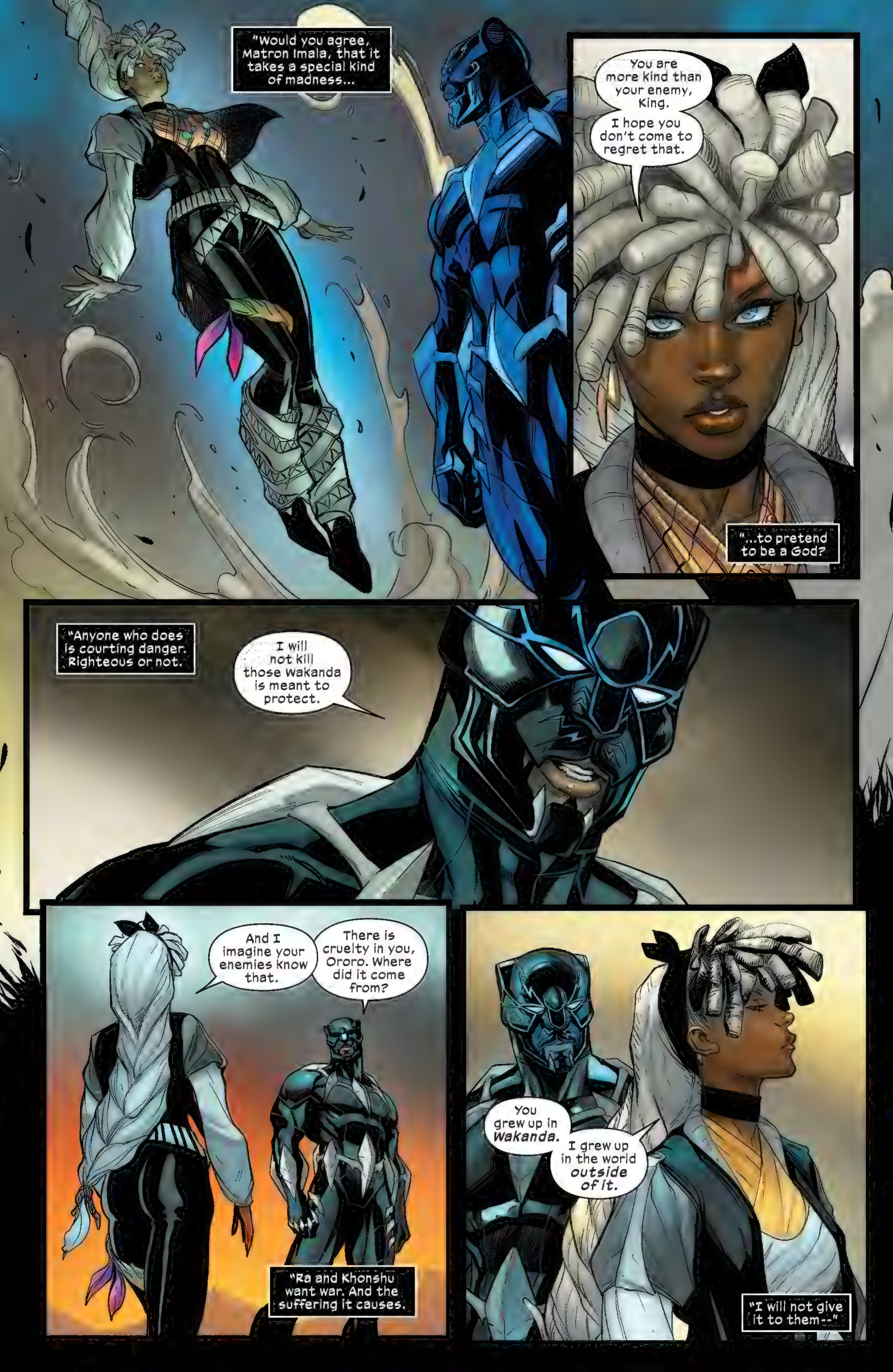

VRRRAM
KOOOOM
Stored energy in my suit.
Released in a wave of power.
It won't kill them.
But it will *stop* them.

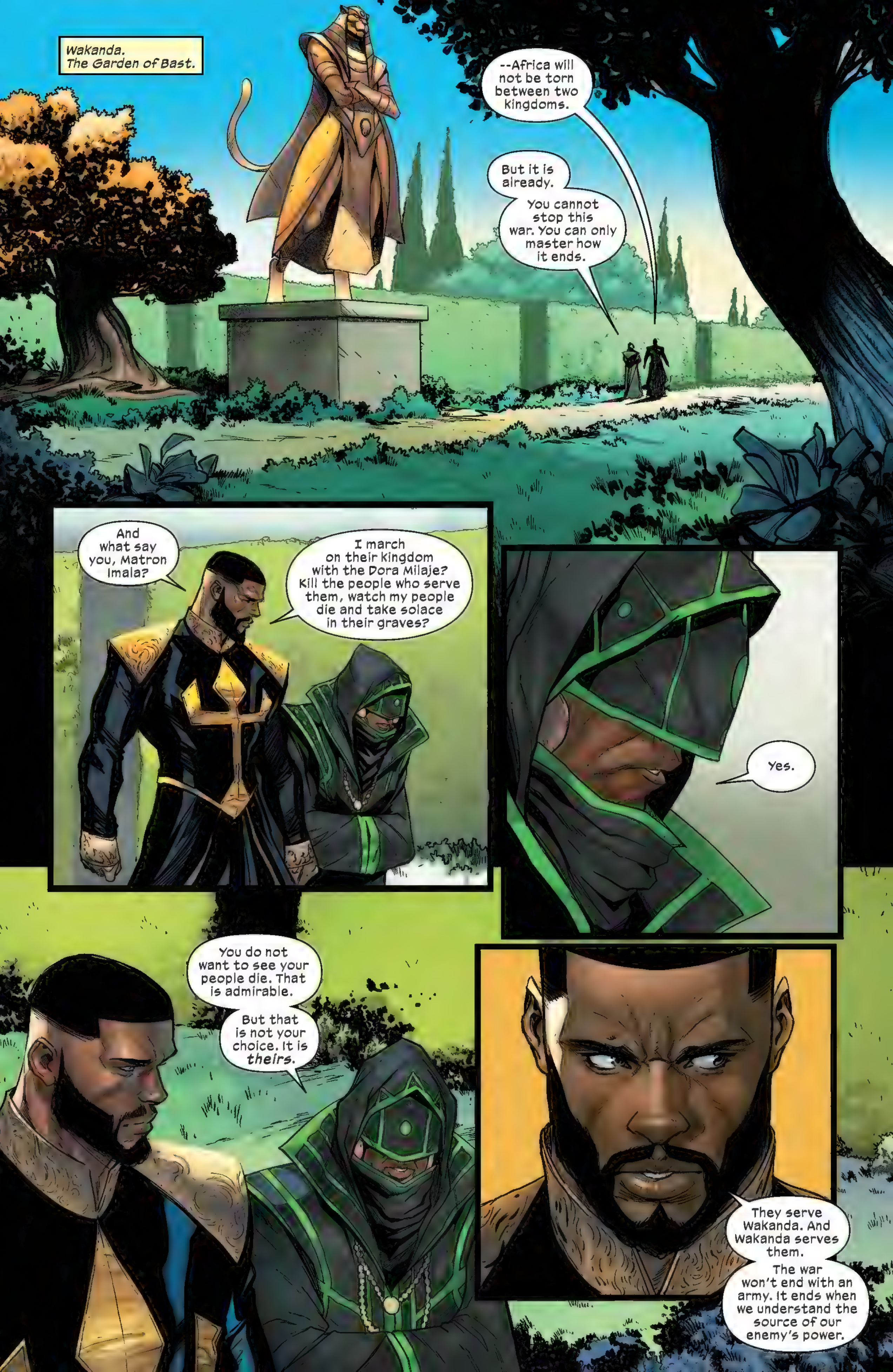

Wakanda is at war with people we should be protecting.
And it's my fault.
RUMMMBLE
RAAAAHHH!!!...
Storm. Killmonger.
Pacify them.
But no one dies.

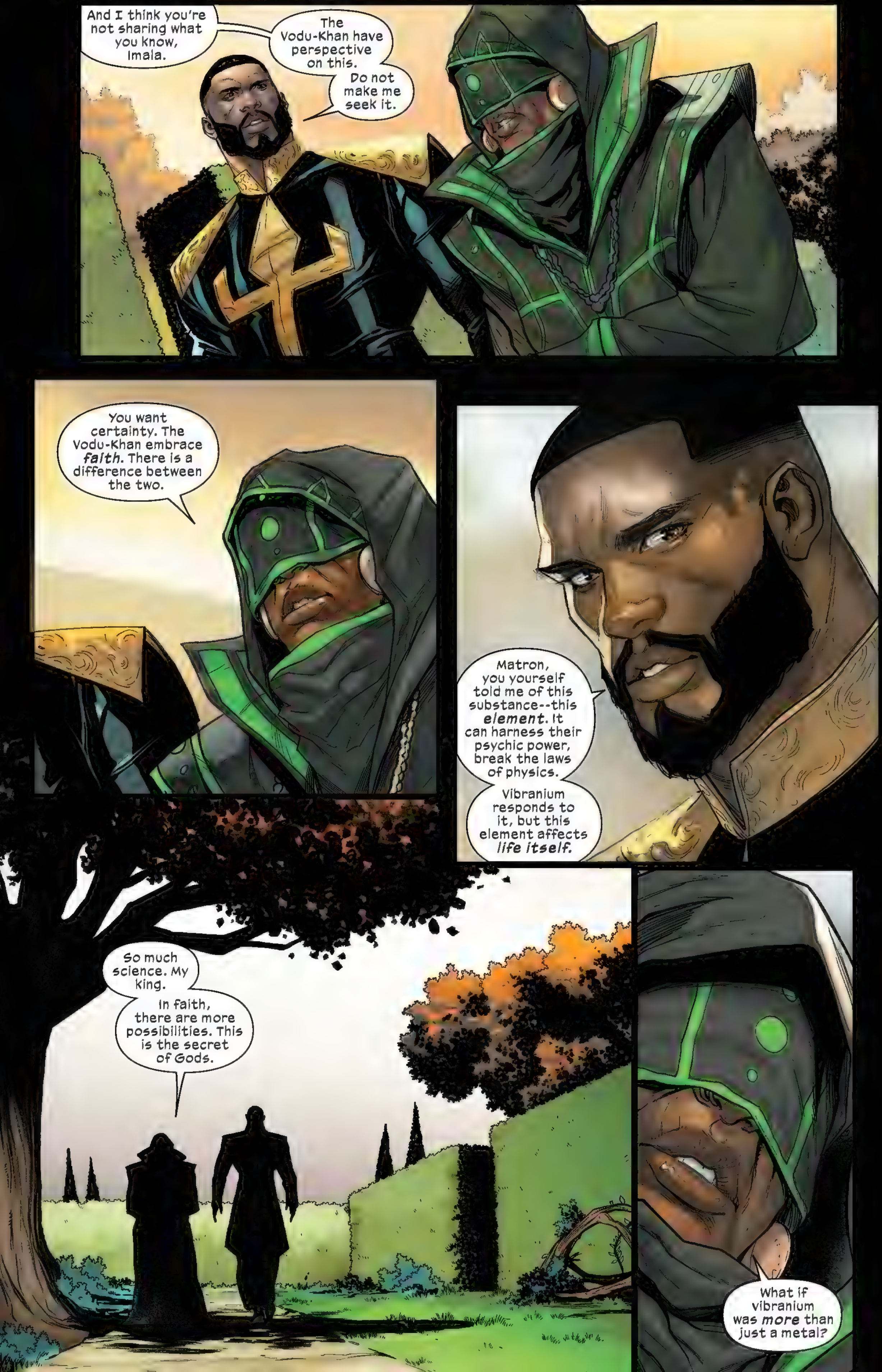

Treadglider: Arm sonics.
Sonics armed.
Fire.

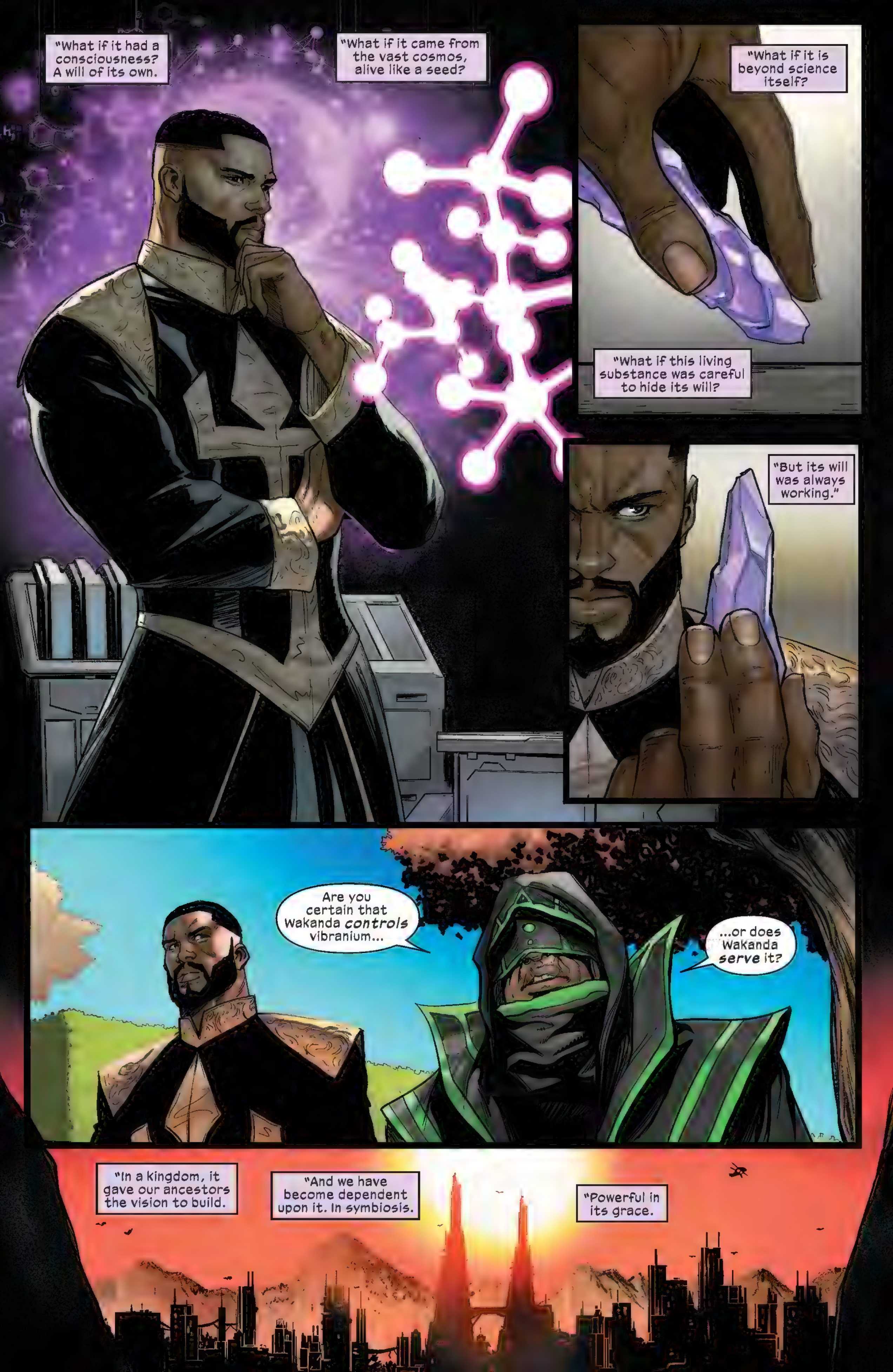

EEEEEEEEEEE
Winds.

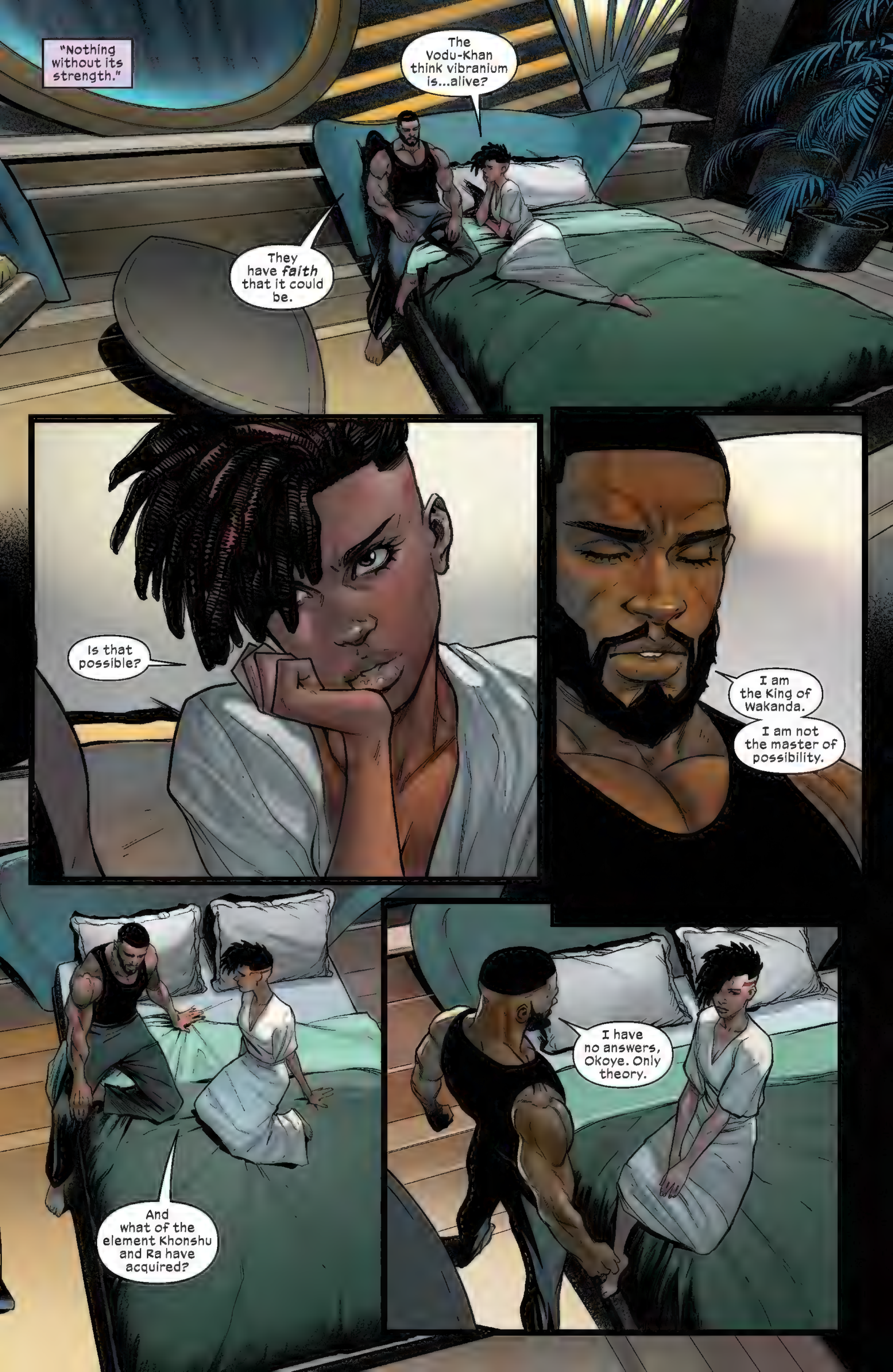

Father, I am commanding powers against the people I am meant to protect.
And I have failed you.
And them.
It's Gods and kings now, it seems.
It's been months of this. The war needs to end.
Recon. Find the heart of their power. Their weakness.
And then kings destroy Gods.

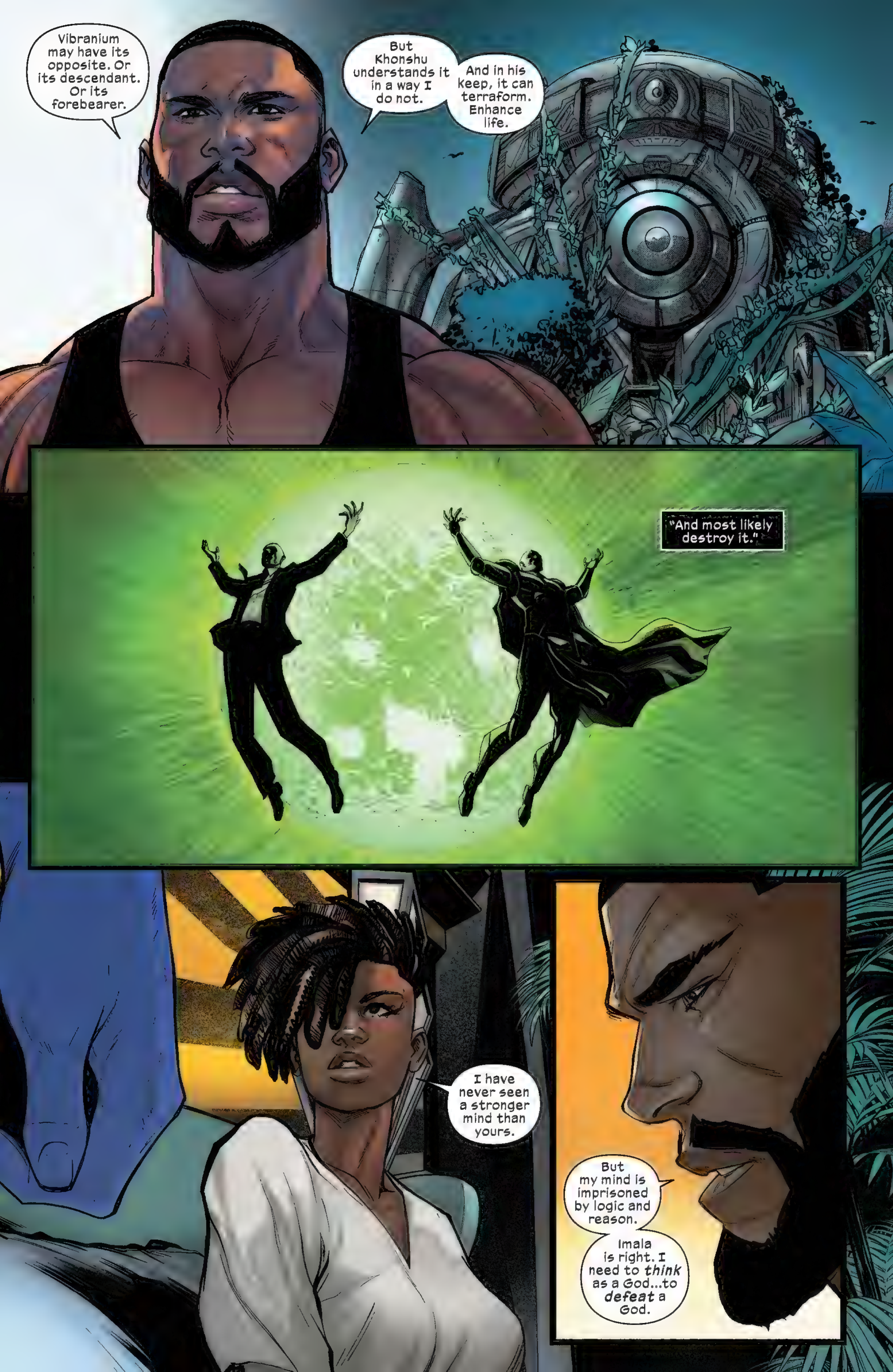

"Would you agree, Matron Imala, that it takes a special kind of madness...
You are more kind than your enemy, King.
I hope you don't come to regret that.
"...to pretend to be a God?
"Anyone who does is courting danger. Righteous or not.
I will not kill those Wakanda is meant to protect.
And I imagine your enemies know that.
There is cruelty in you, Ororo. Where did it come from?
"Ra and Khonshu want war. And the suffering it causes.
You grew up in *Wakanda.*
I grew up in the world *outside of it.*
"I will not give it to them--"

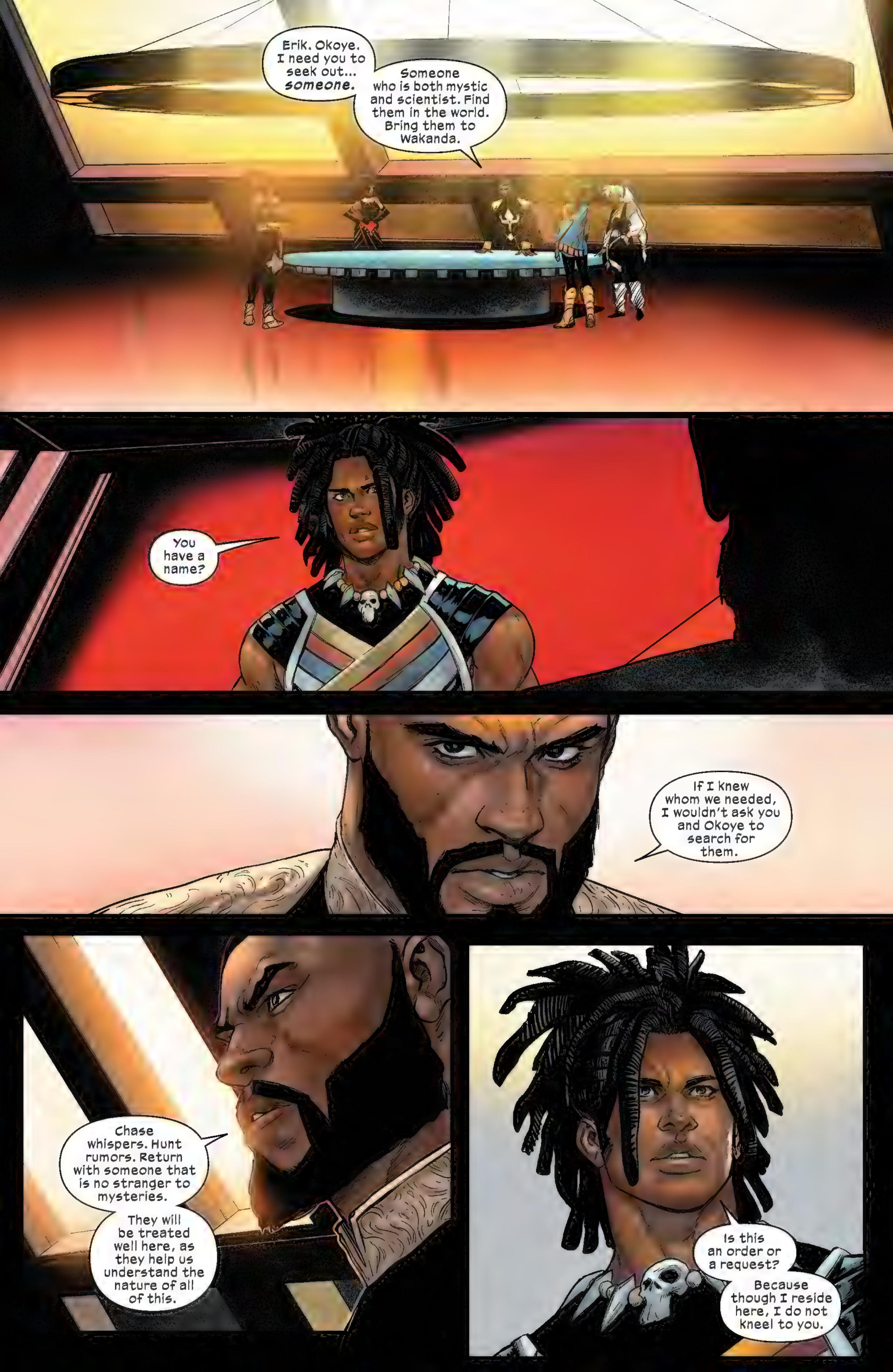

Wakanda.
The Garden of Bast.
--Africa will not be torn between two kingdoms.
But it is already.
You cannot stop this war. You can only master how it ends.
And what say you, Matron Imala?
I march on their kingdom with the Dora Milaje? Kill the people who serve them, watch my people die and take solace in their graves?
Yes.
You do not want to see your people die. That is admirable.
But that is not your choice. It is *theirs*.
They serve Wakanda. And Wakanda serves them.
The war won't end with an army. It ends when we understand the source of our enemy's power.

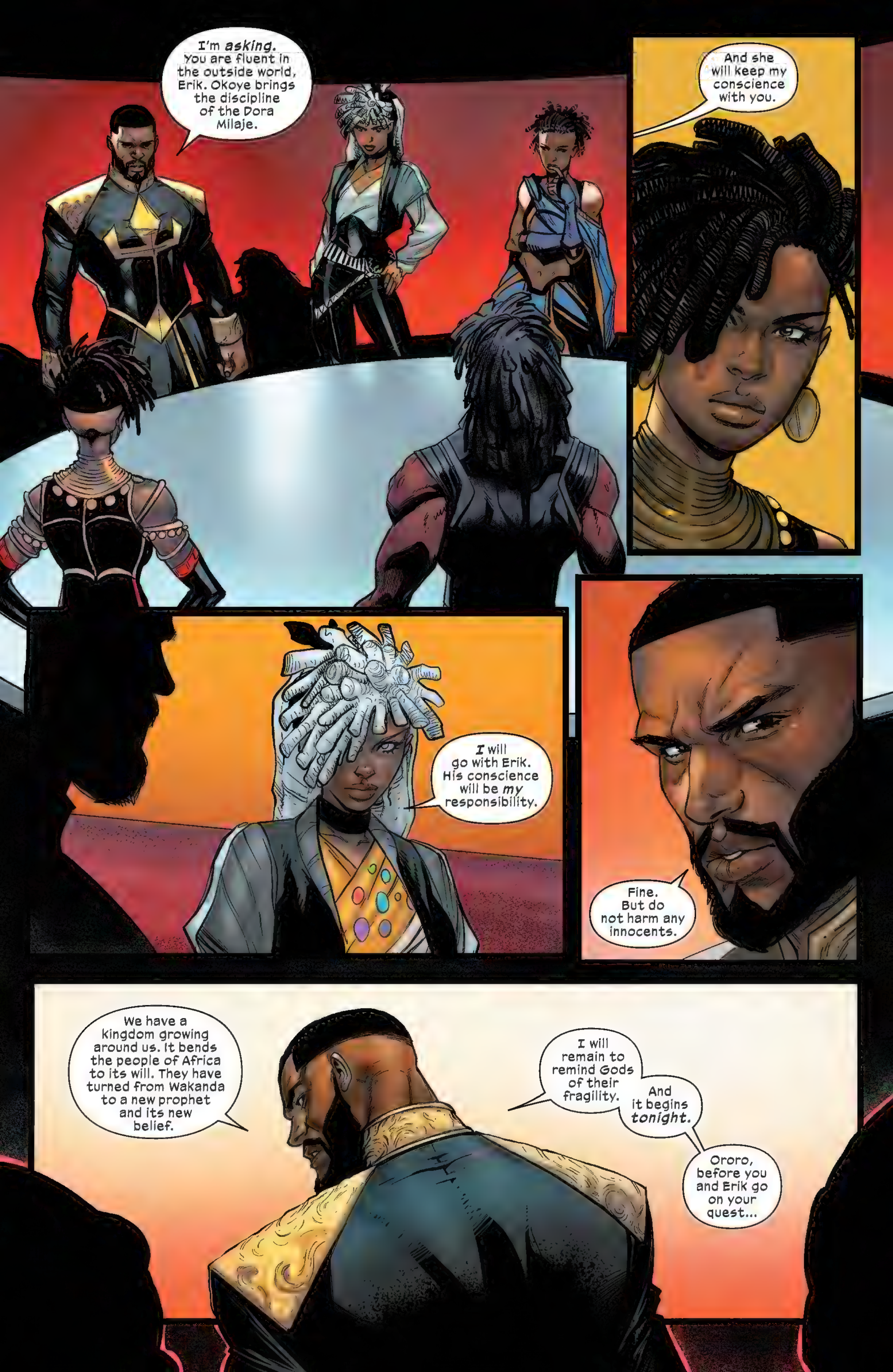

And I think you're not sharing what you know, Imala.
The Vodu-Khan have perspective on this.
Do not make me seek it.
You want certainty. The Vodu-Khan embrace *faith*. There is a difference between the two.
Matron, you yourself told me of this substance--this *element*. It can harness their psychic power, break the laws of physics.
Vibranium responds to it, but this element affects *life itself*.
So much science. My king.
In faith, there are more possibilities. This is the secret of Gods.
What if vibranium was *more* than just a metal?

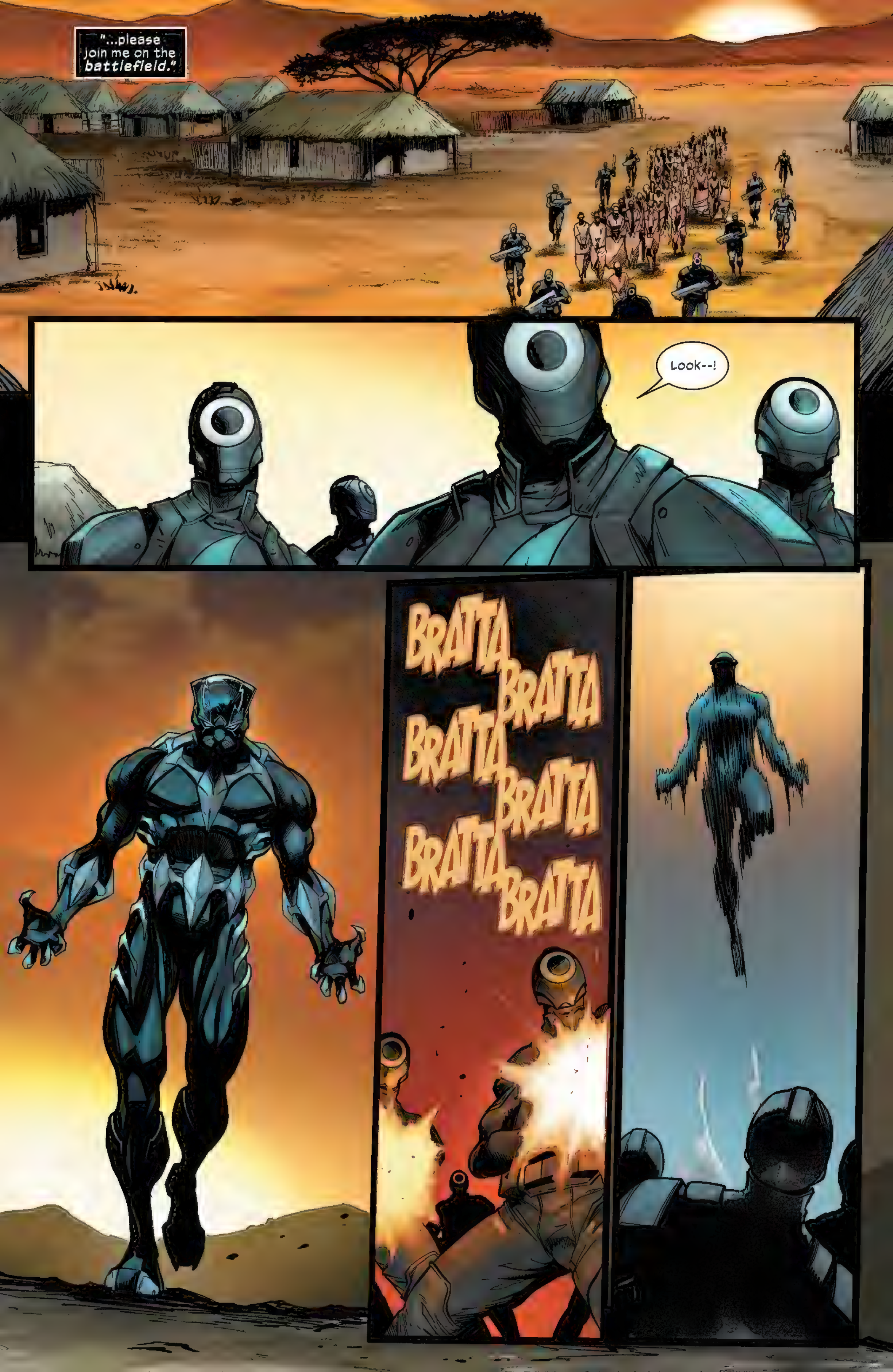

"What if it had a consciousness? A will of its own.
"What if it came from the vast cosmos, alive like a seed?
"What if it is beyond science itself?
"What if this living substance was careful to hide its will?
"But its will was always working."
Are you certain that Wakanda *controls* vibranium...
...or does Wakanda *serve* it?
"In a kingdom, it gave our ancestors the vision to build.
"And we have become dependent upon it. In symbiosis.
"Powerful in its grace.

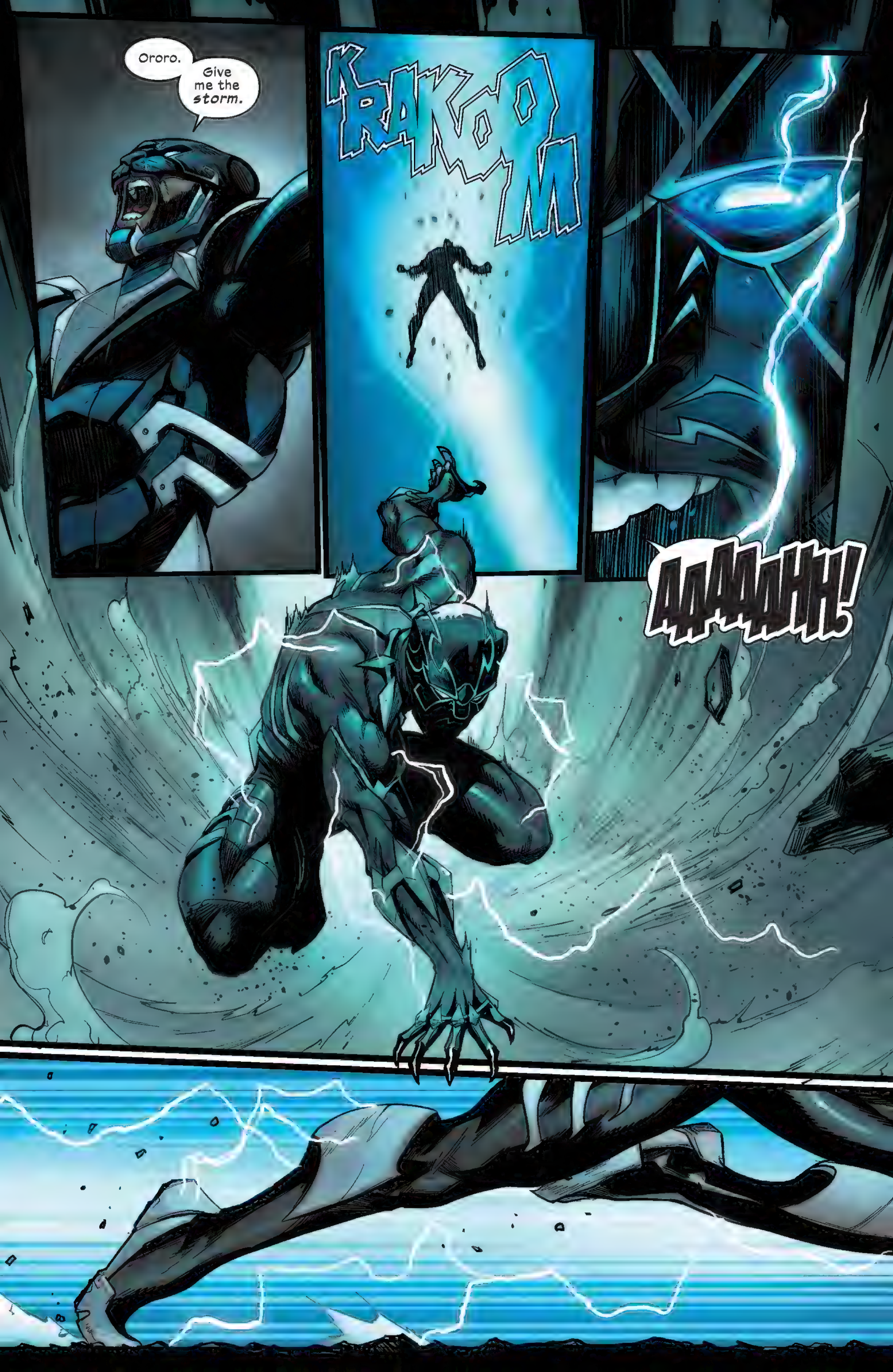

"Nothing without its strength."
The Vodu-Khan think vibranium is...alive?
They have *faith* that it could be.
Is that possible?
I am the King of Wakanda.
I am not the master of possibility.
And what of the element Khonshu and Ra have acquired?
I have no answers, Okoye. Only theory.

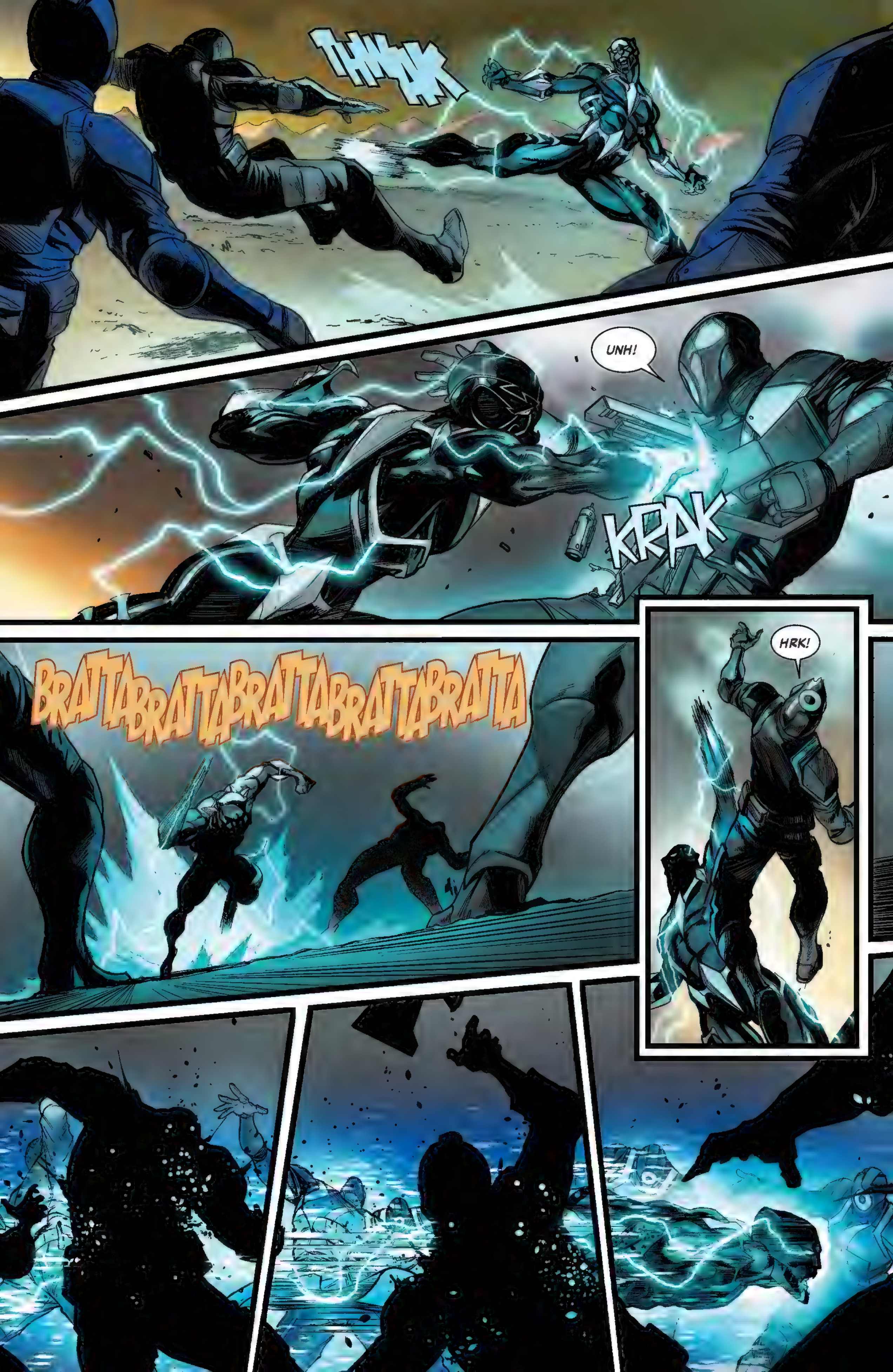

Vibranium may have its opposite. Or its descendant. Or its forebearer.
But Khonshu understands it in a way I do not.
And in his keep, it can terraform. Enhance life.
"And most likely destroy it."
I have never seen a stronger mind than yours.
But my mind is imprisoned by logic and reason.
Imala is right. I need to *think* as a God...to *defeat* a God.

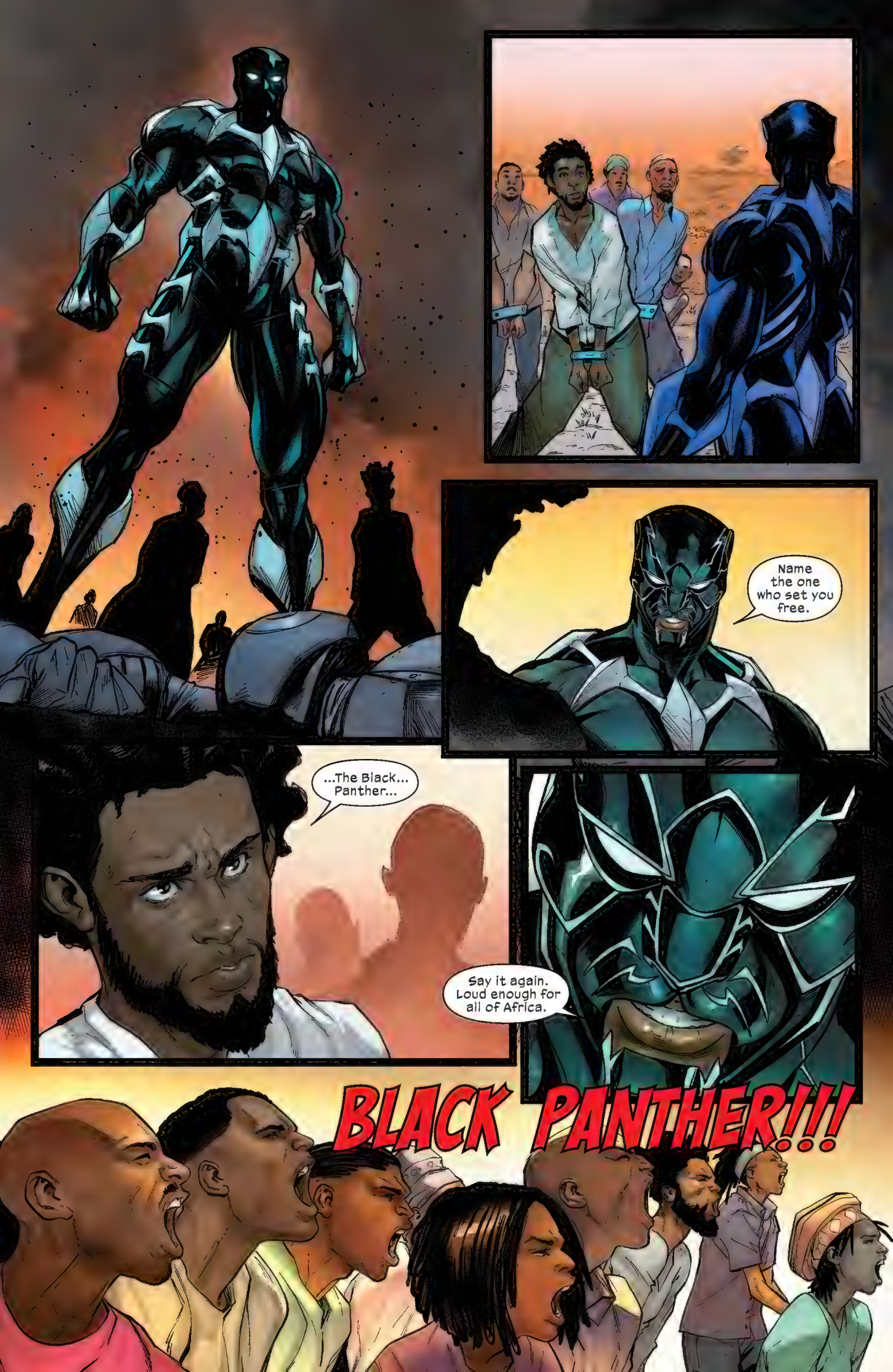

Erik. Okoye. I need you to seek out... *someone.*
Someone who is both mystic and scientist. Find them in the world. Bring them to Wakanda.
You have a name?
If I knew whom we needed, I wouldn't ask you and Okoye to search for them.
Chase whispers. Hunt rumors. Return with someone that is no stranger to mysteries.
They will be treated well here, as they help us understand the nature of all of this.
Is this an order or a request?
Because though I reside here, I do not kneel to you.

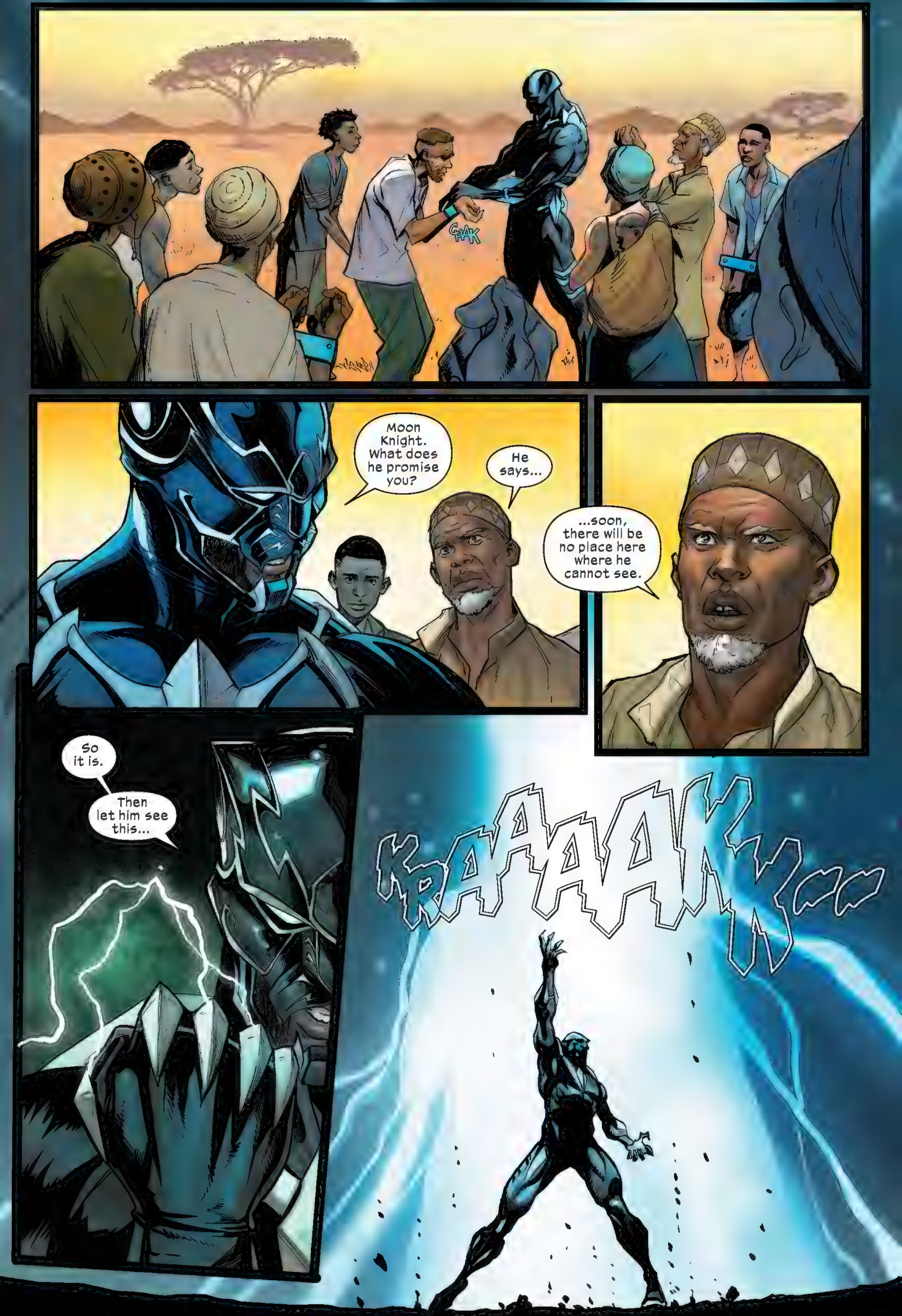

I'm *asking.* You are fluent in the outside world, Erik. Okoye brings the discipline of the Dora Milaje.
And she will keep my conscience with you.
I will go with Erik. His conscience will be *my* responsibility.
Fine. But do not harm any innocents.
We have a kingdom growing around us. It bends the people of Africa to its will. They have turned from Wakanda to a new prophet and its new belief.
I will remain to remind Gods of their fragility.
And it begins *tonight.*
Ororo, before you and Erik go on your quest...

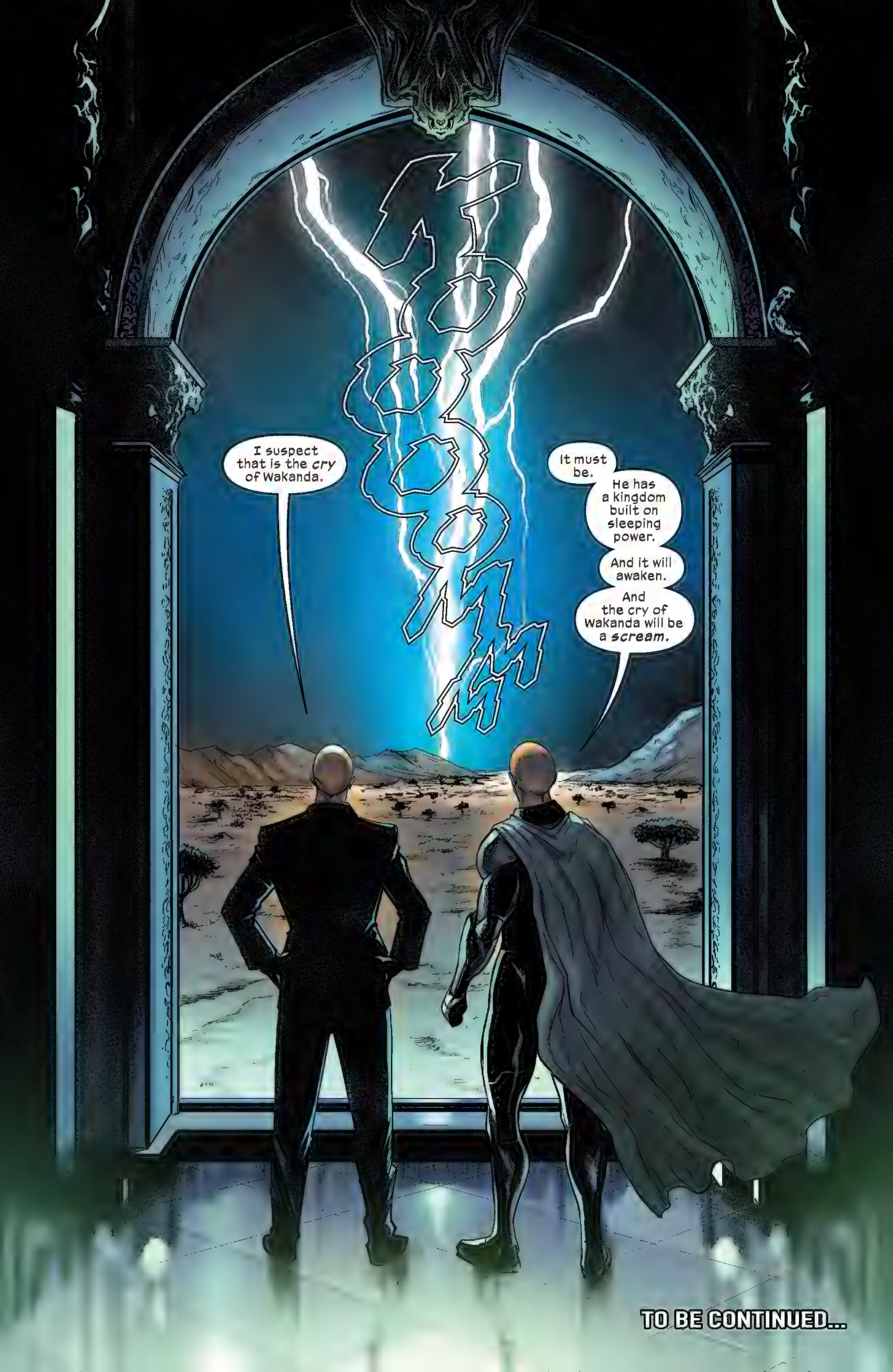

"...please join me on the *battlefield.*"
Look--!
BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA


Ororo.
Give me the *storm.*
KRAKOOM
AAAAAHH!


THWAK
UNH!
KRAK
BRATTABRATTABRATTABRATTABRATTA
HRK!


Name the one who set you free.
...The Black... Panther...
Say it again. Loud enough for all of Africa.
BLACK PANTHER!!!


CHAK
Moon Knight. What does he promise you?
He says...
...soon, there will be no place here where he cannot see.
So it is.
Then let him see this...
KRAAAKOO



KROOOOM
I suspect that is the *cry* of Wakanda.
It must be.
He has a kingdom built on sleeping power.
And it will awaken.
And the cry of Wakanda will be a *scream*.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

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6

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **MAKER'S COUNCIL**, whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world, including the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI**.

There, a teenage girl named **HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)** had new powers awaken to protect her when a sinister **SHADOW** attacked. Ever since, the Shadow has followed her, bringing dark and unusual occurrences with it. Worse still, after a recent confrontation, a group of onlookers caught Armor's powers on video.

Hisako enlisted the help of her friends **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** and **NICO MINORU** to track down the Shadow. Nico believes it may be connected to a mysterious cult that her grandmother once researched...

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X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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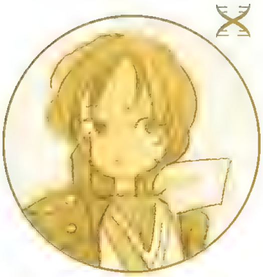
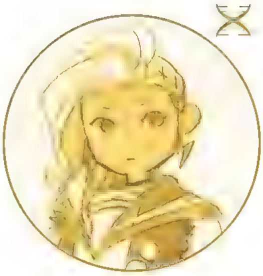
ULTIMATE X-MEN

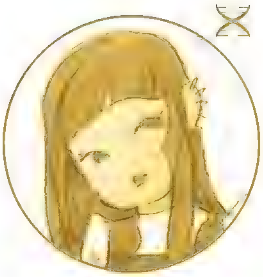
CAST:



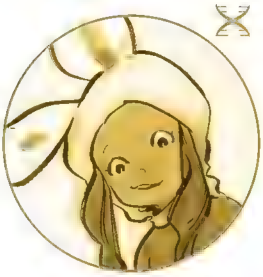
HISAKO ICHIKI
ARMOR



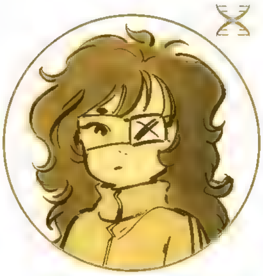
MEI IGARASHI
MAYSTORM



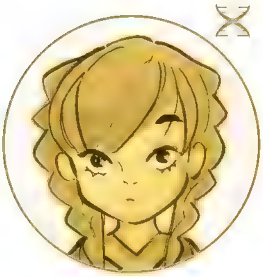
NICO MINORU
FLEDGLING PSYCHIC



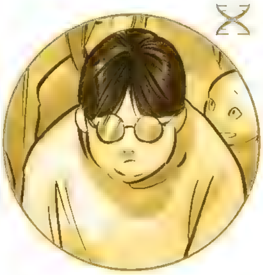
MORI
NICO'S FRIEND



NATSU TSUKISHIMA
NICO'S FRIEND

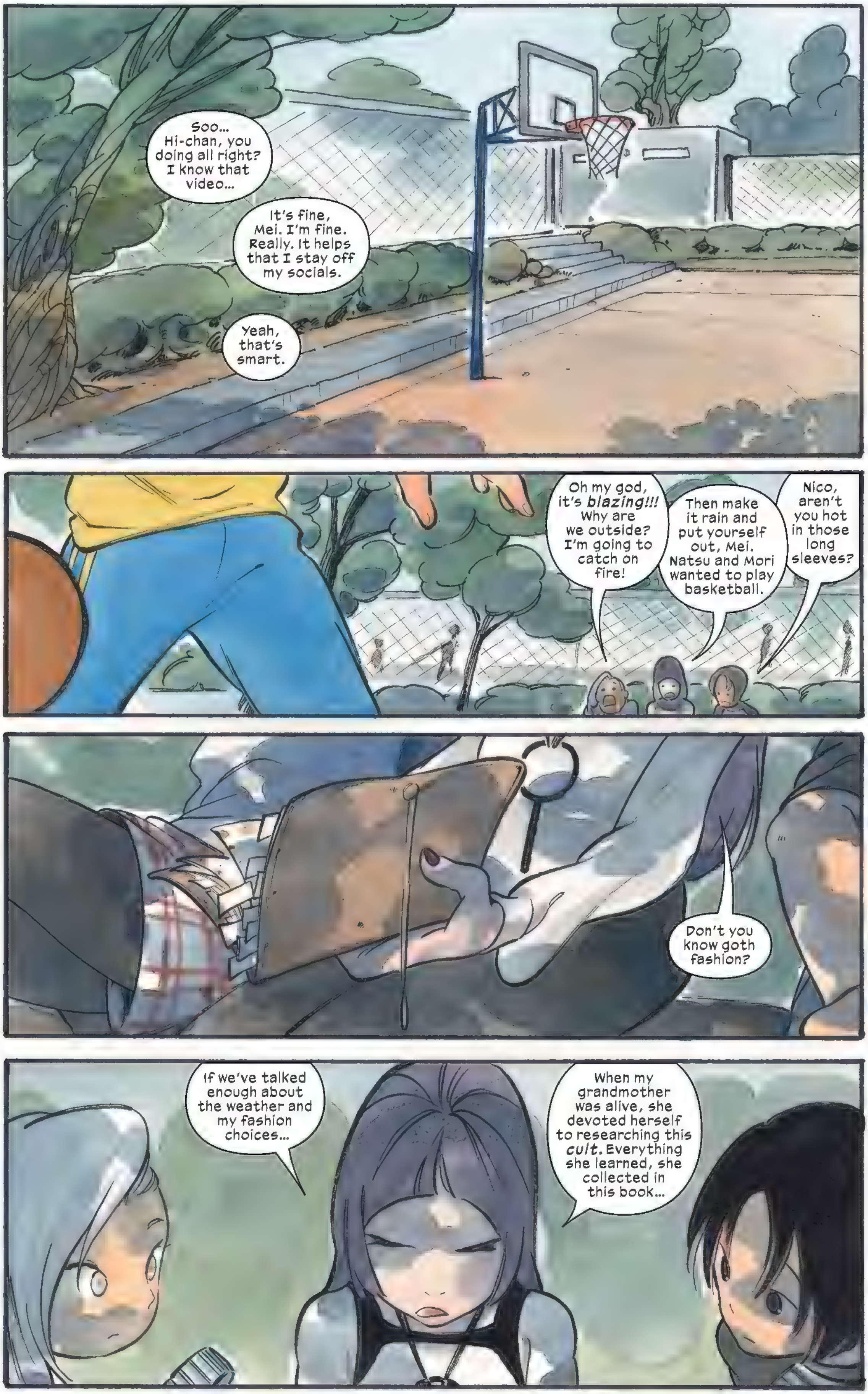


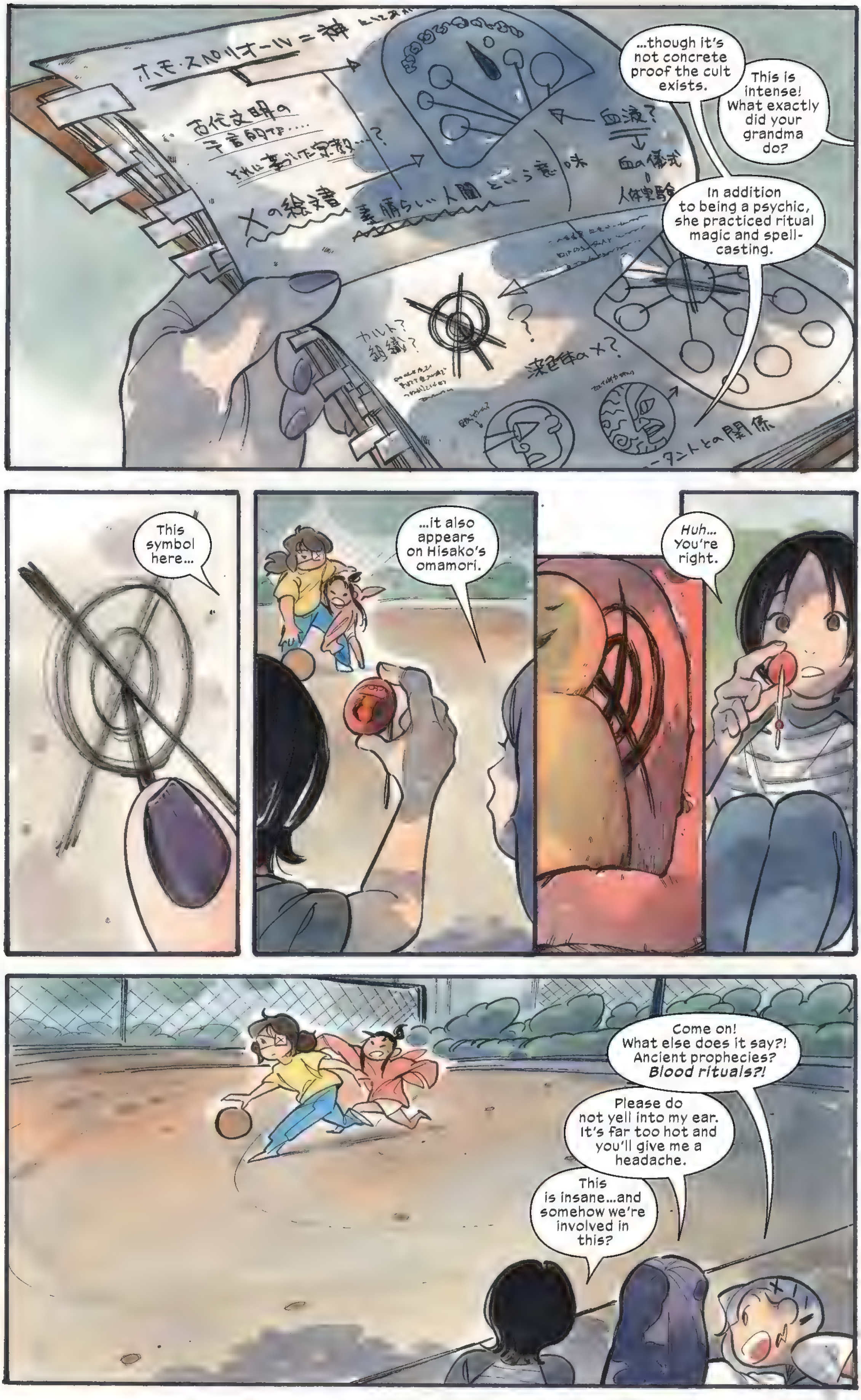
NORIKO ASHIDA
SURGE

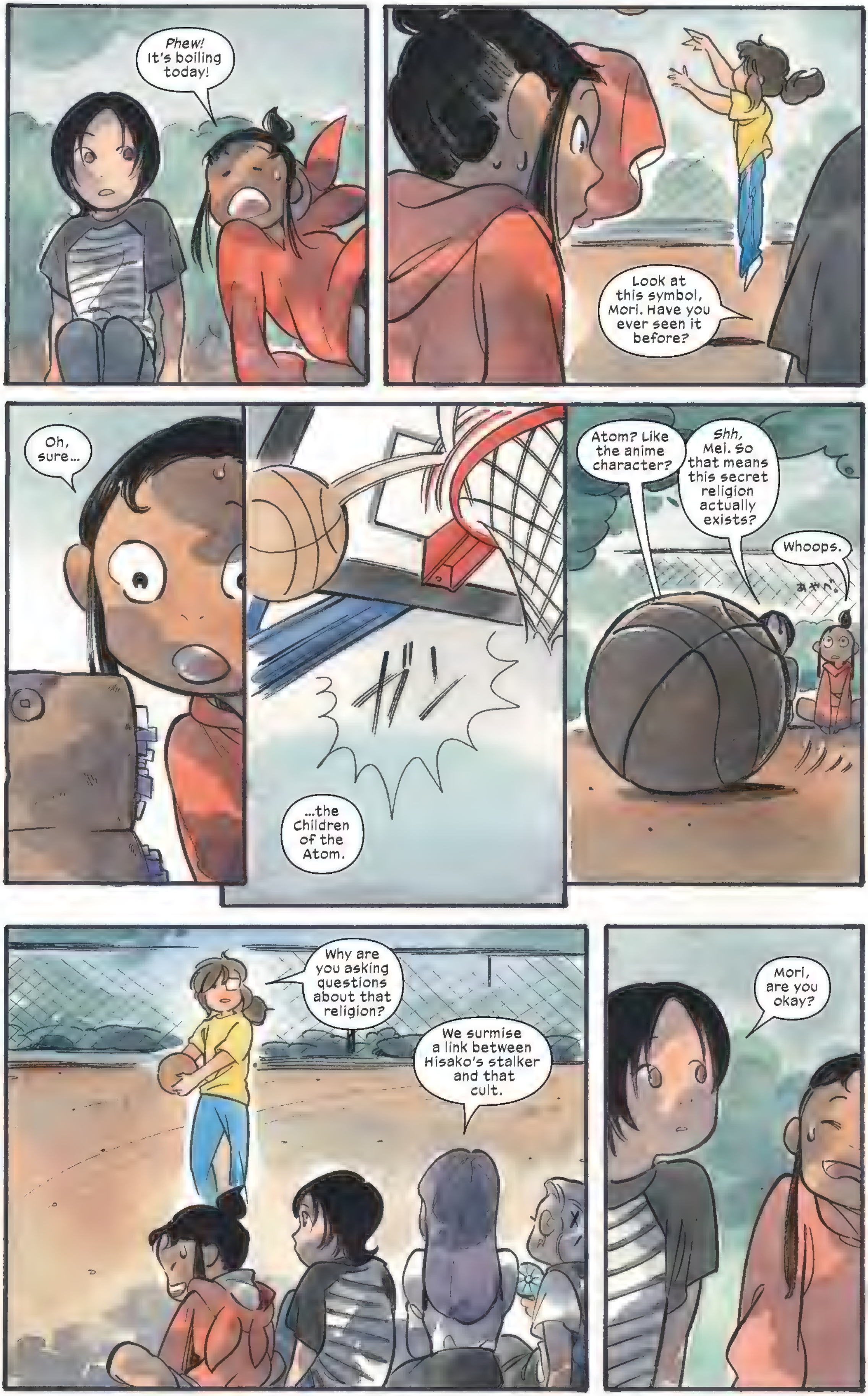


SHINOBU KAGEYAMA
SHADOW KING

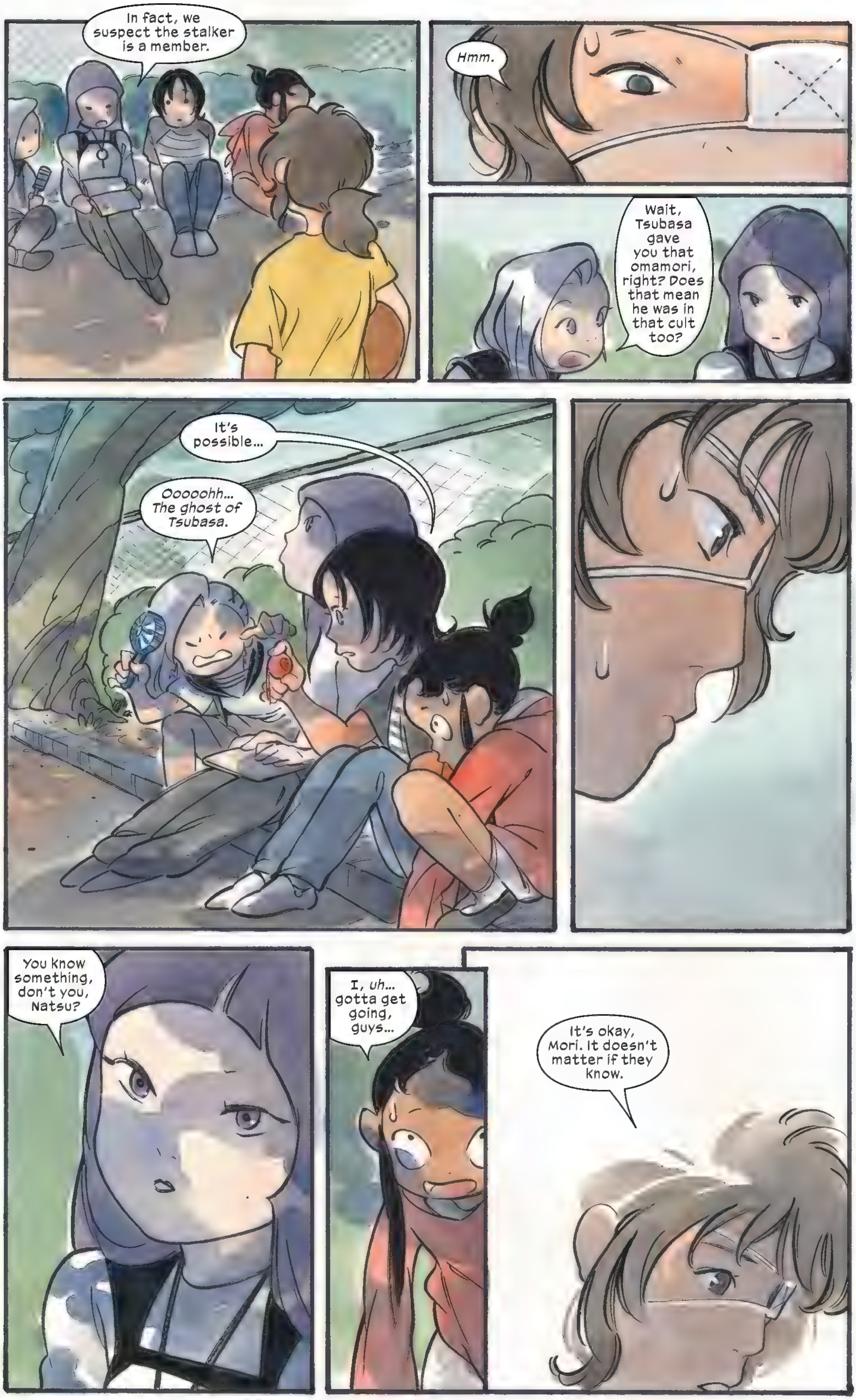
AUGUST 2024

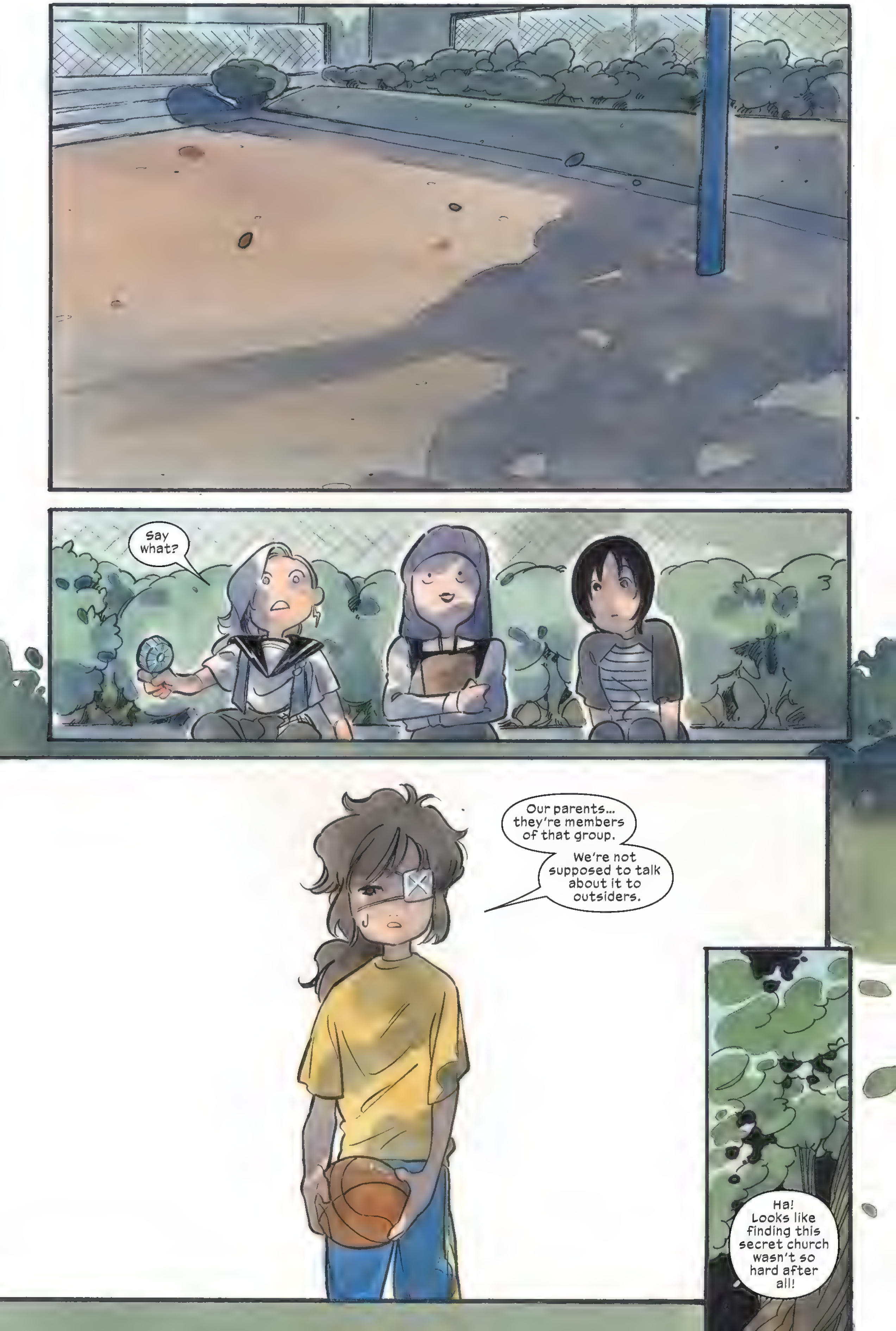

Soo... Hi-chan, you doing all right? I know that video...
It's fine, Mei. I'm fine. Really. It helps that I stay off my socials.
Yeah, that's smart.
Oh my god, it's ***blazing!!!*** Why are we outside? I'm going to catch on fire!
Then make it rain and put yourself out, Mei. Natsu and Mori wanted to play basketball.
Nico, aren't you hot in those long sleeves?
Don't you know goth fashion?
If we've talked enough about the weather and my fashion choices...
When my grandmother was alive, she devoted herself to researching this *cult.* Everything she learned, she collected in this book...

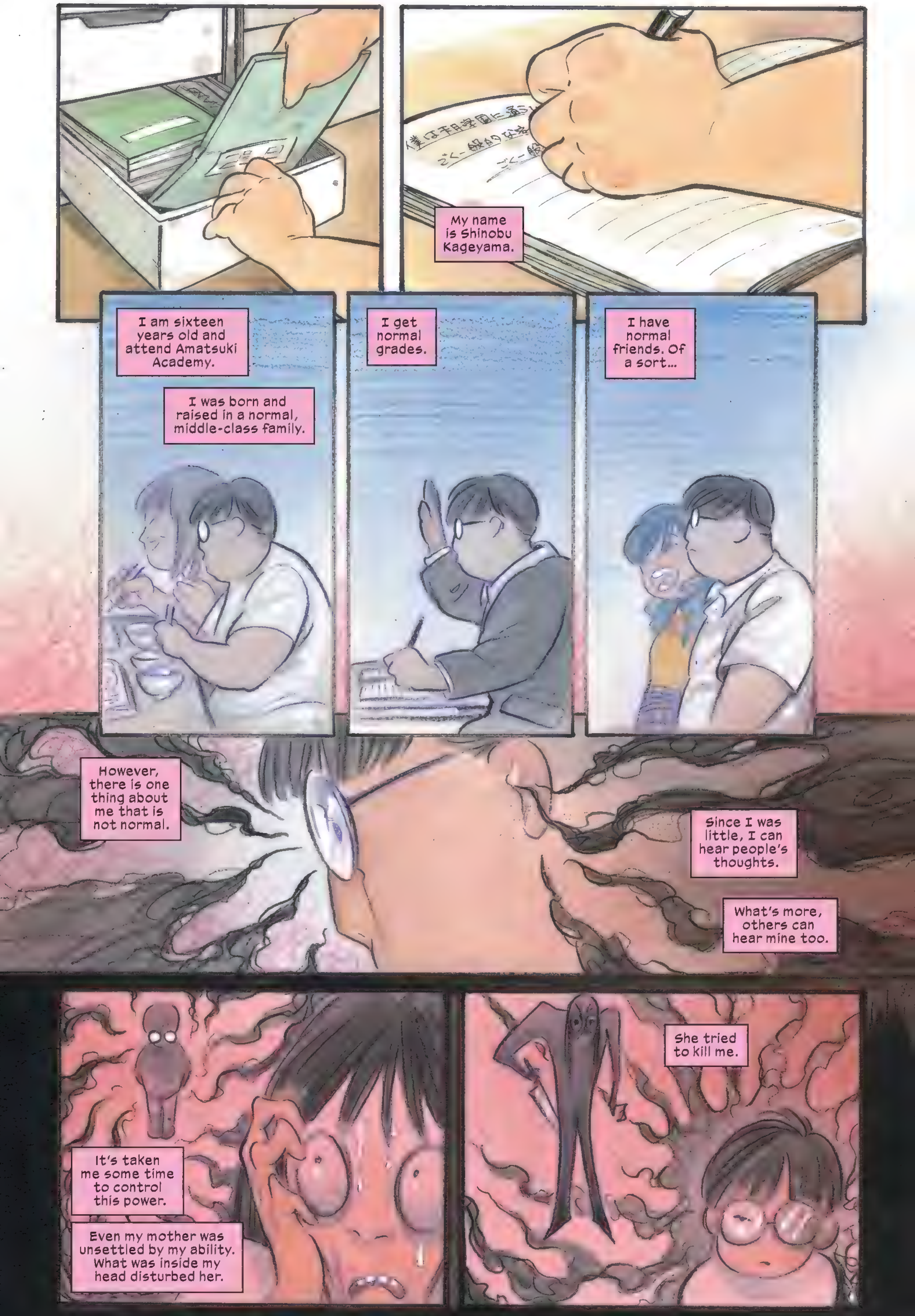

ホモ・スペリオール＝神
古代文明の
予言的な……
それに基づいた宗教…？
Xの総文書
素晴らしい人間という意味
血液？
血の儀式
人体実験
カルト？
組織？
正体のX？
…タントとの関係
...though it's not concrete proof the cult exists.
This is intense! What exactly did your grandma do?
In addition to being a psychic, she practiced ritual magic and spell-casting.
This symbol here...
...it also appears on Hisako's omamori.
Huh... You're right.
Come on! What else does it say?! Ancient prophecies? *Blood rituals?!*
Please do not yell into my ear. It's far too hot and you'll give me a headache.
This is insane...and somehow we're involved in this?

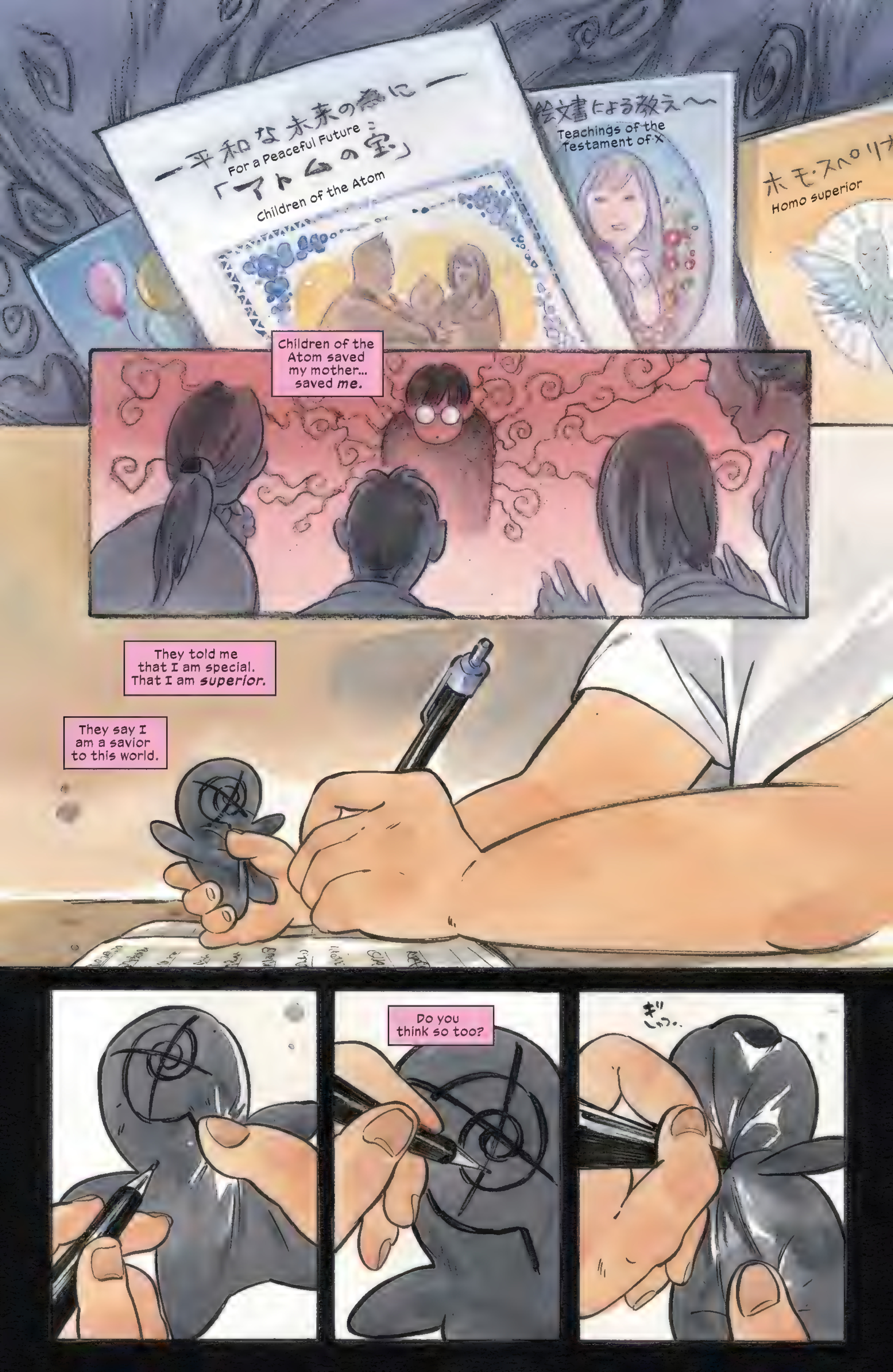


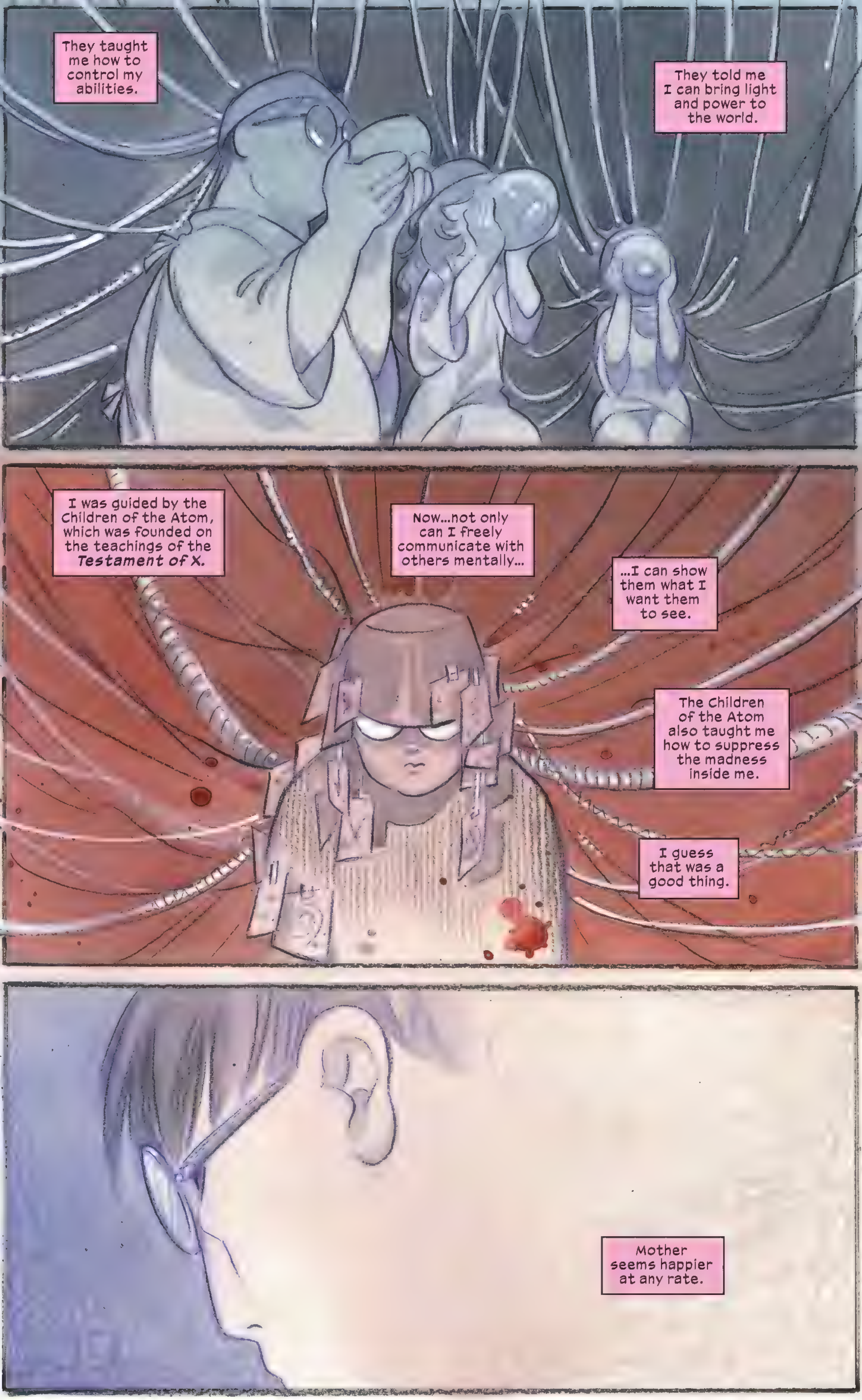
Phew! It's boiling today!
Look at this symbol, Mori. Have you ever seen it before?
Oh, sure…
ガン
…the Children of the Atom.
Atom? Like the anime character?
Shh, Mei. So that means this secret religion actually exists?
Whoops.
あやへ。
Why are you asking questions about that religion?
We surmise a link between Hisako's stalker and that cult.
Mori, are you okay?

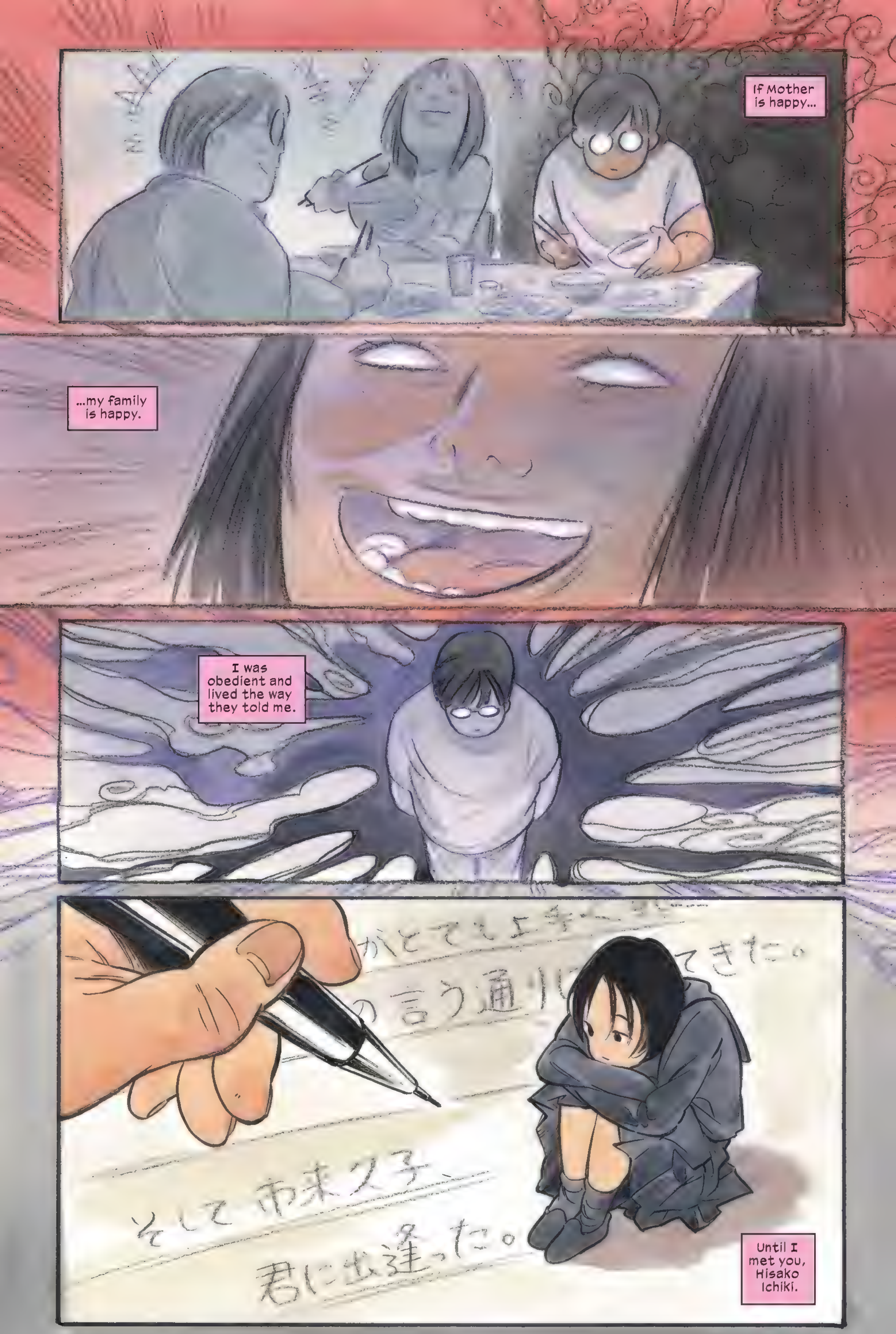

In fact, we suspect the stalker is a member.
Hmm.
Wait, Tsubasa gave you that omamori, right? Does that mean he was in that cult too?
It's possible...
Oooooh... The ghost of Tsubasa.
You know something, don't you, Natsu?
I, uh... gotta get going, guys...
It's okay, Mori. It doesn't matter if they know.

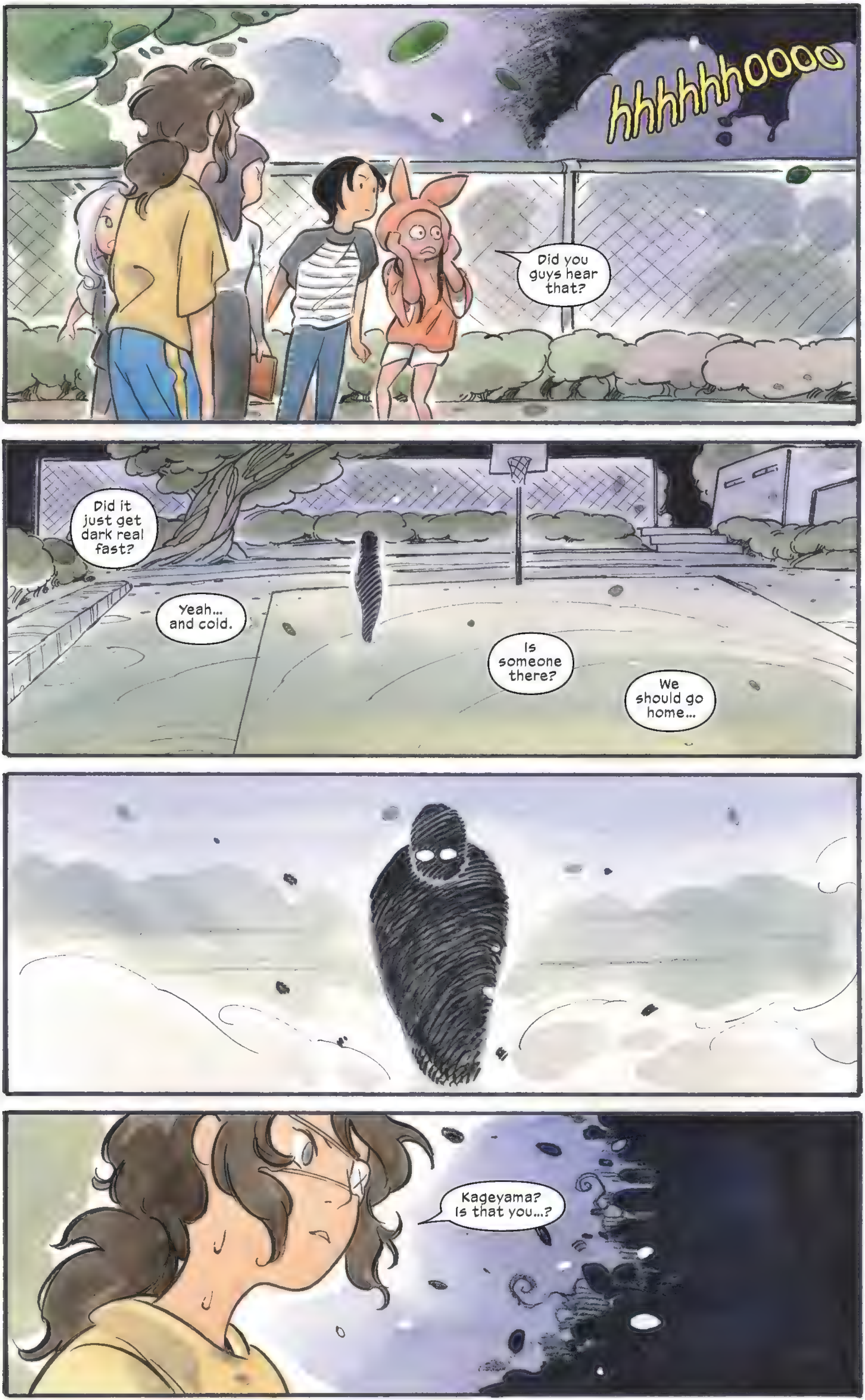

Say what?
Our parents... they're members of that group.
We're not supposed to talk about it to outsiders.
Ha! Looks like finding this secret church wasn't so hard after all!

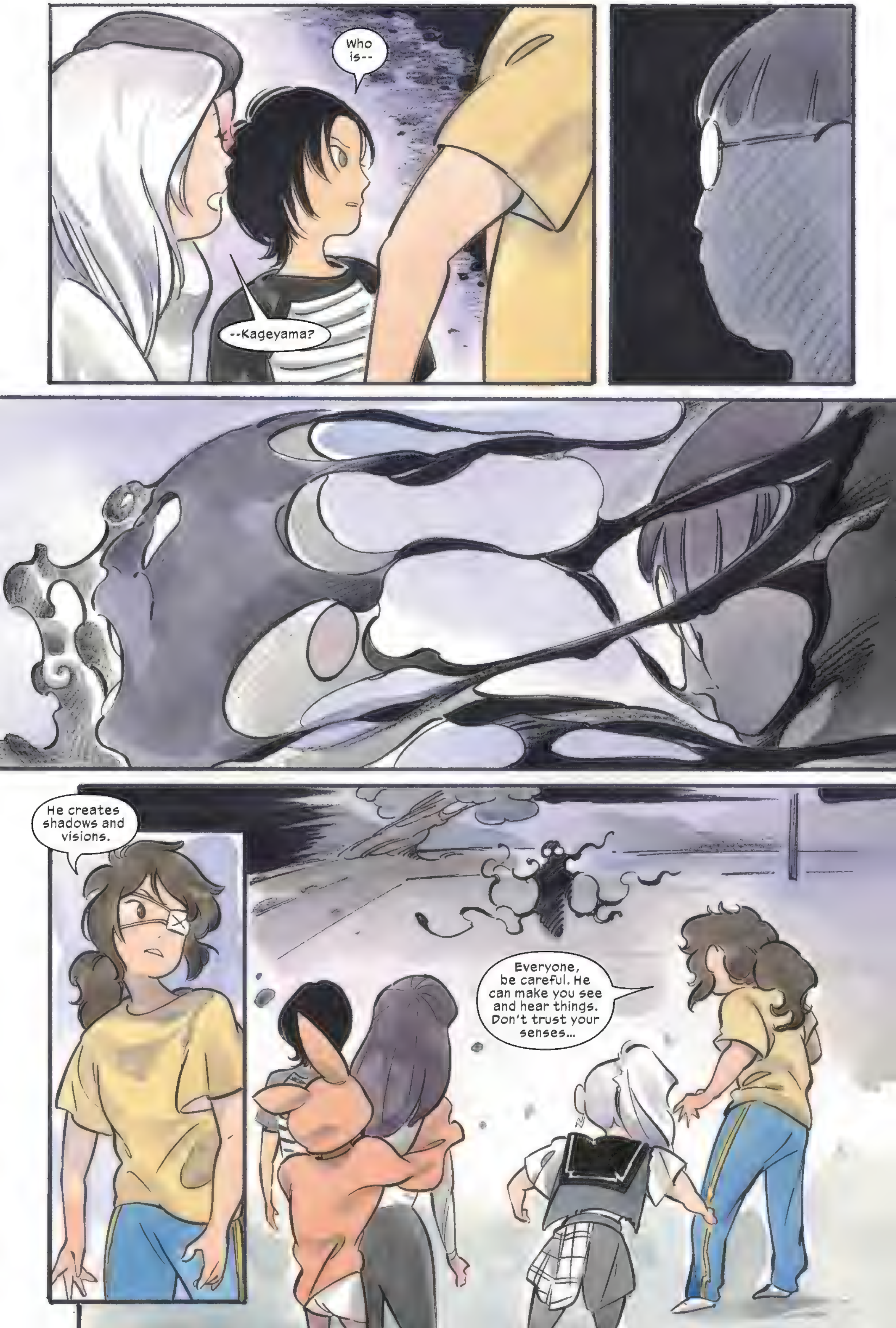

My name is Shinobu Kageyama.
I am sixteen years old and attend Amatsuki Academy.
I was born and raised in a normal, middle-class family.
I get normal grades.
I have normal friends. Of a sort...
However, there is one thing about me that is not normal.
Since I was little, I can hear people's thoughts.
What's more, others can hear mine too.
It's taken me some time to control this power.
Even my mother was unsettled by my ability. What was inside my head disturbed her.
She tried to kill me.

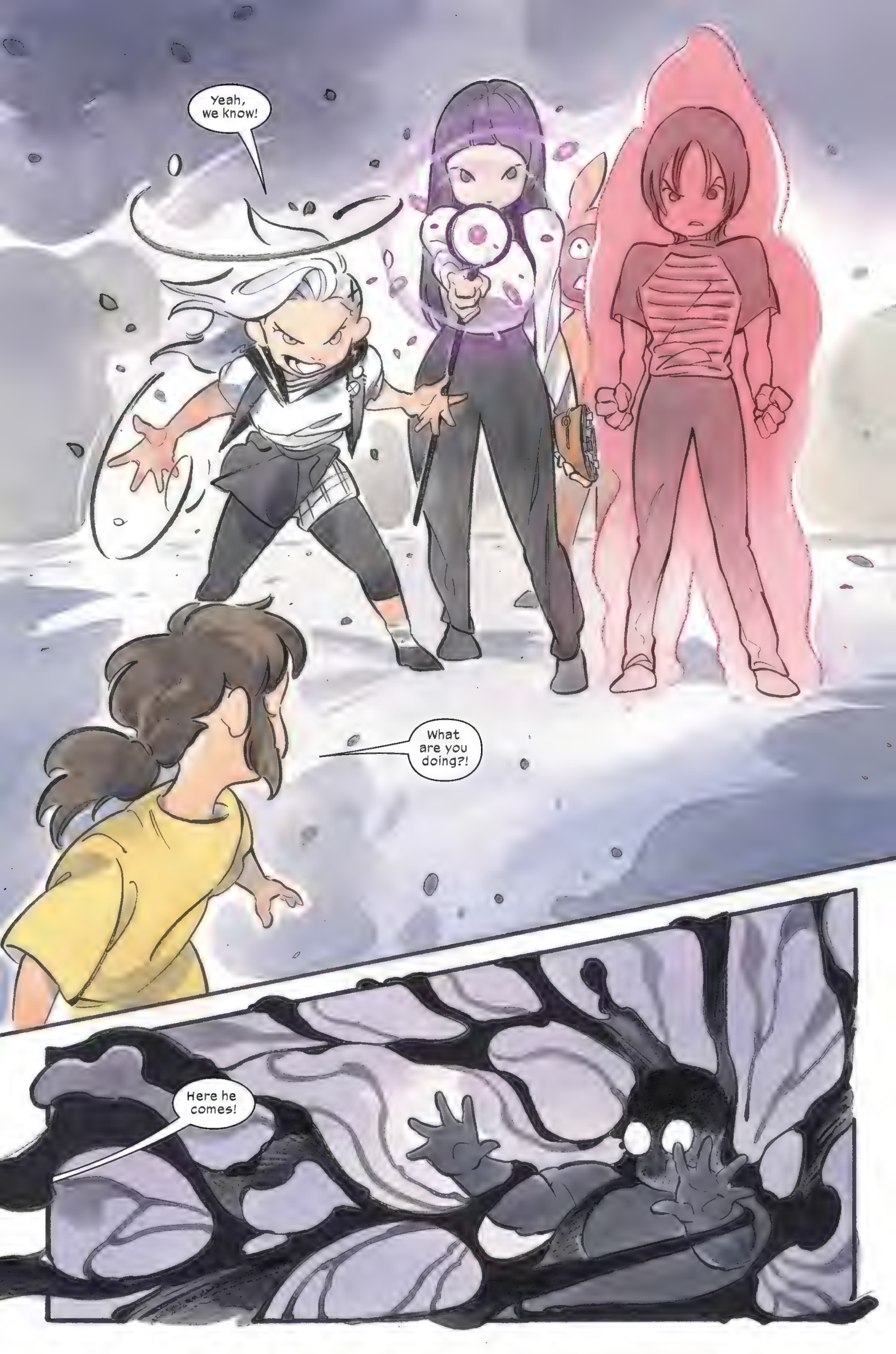

一平和な未来の為に一
For a Peaceful Future:
「アトムの宝」
Children of the Atom
絵文書による教え〜
Teachings of the Testament of X
ホモ・スペリオ
Homo superior
Children of the Atom saved my mother... saved *me.*
They told me that I am special. That I am *superior.*
They say I am a savior to this world.
Do you think so too?
ぎゅっ..

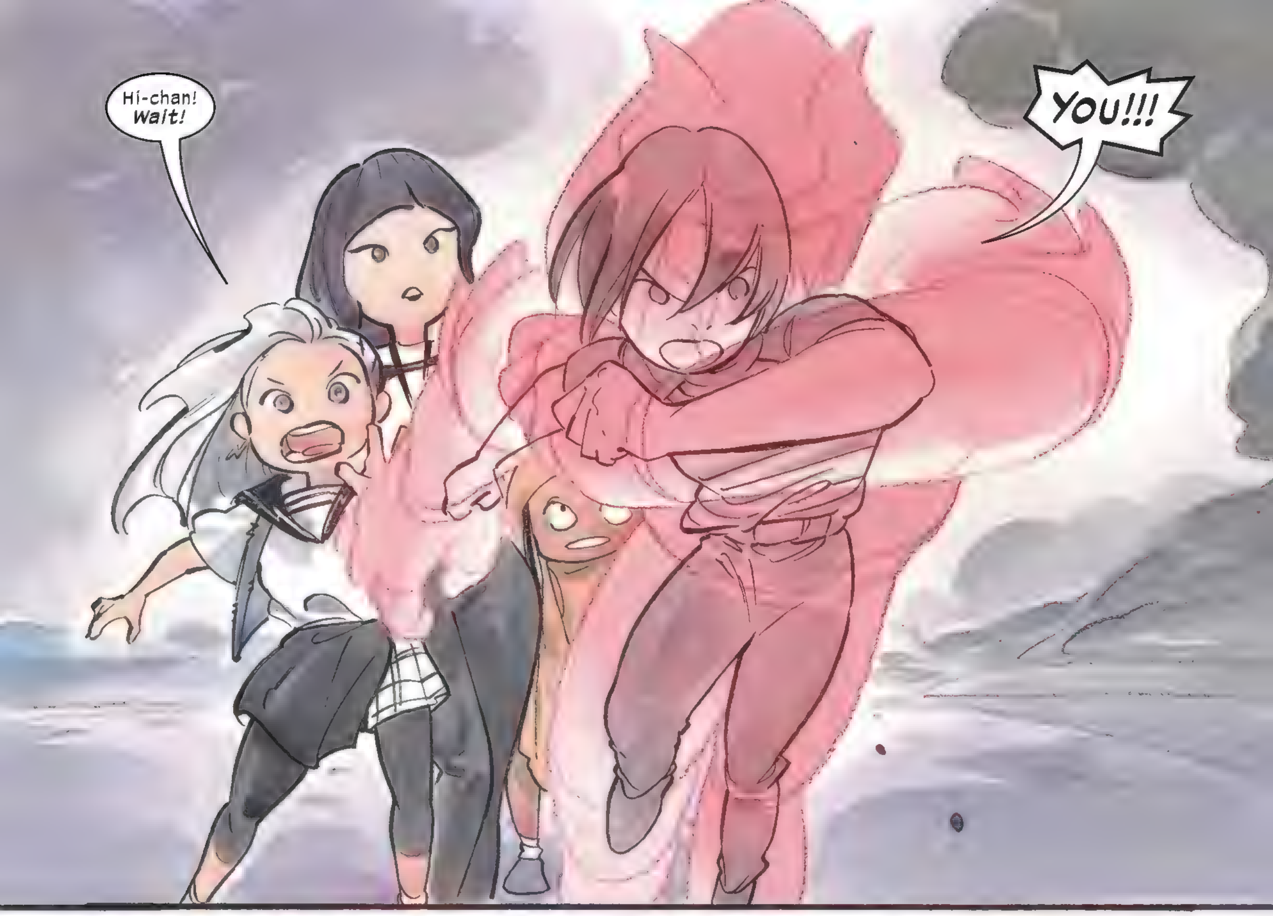

They taught me how to control my abilities.
They told me I can bring light and power to the world.
I was guided by the Children of the Atom, which was founded on the teachings of the *Testament of X.*
Now...not only can I freely communicate with others mentally...
...I can show them what I want them to see.
The Children of the Atom also taught me how to suppress the madness inside me.
I guess that was a good thing.
Mother seems happier at any rate.

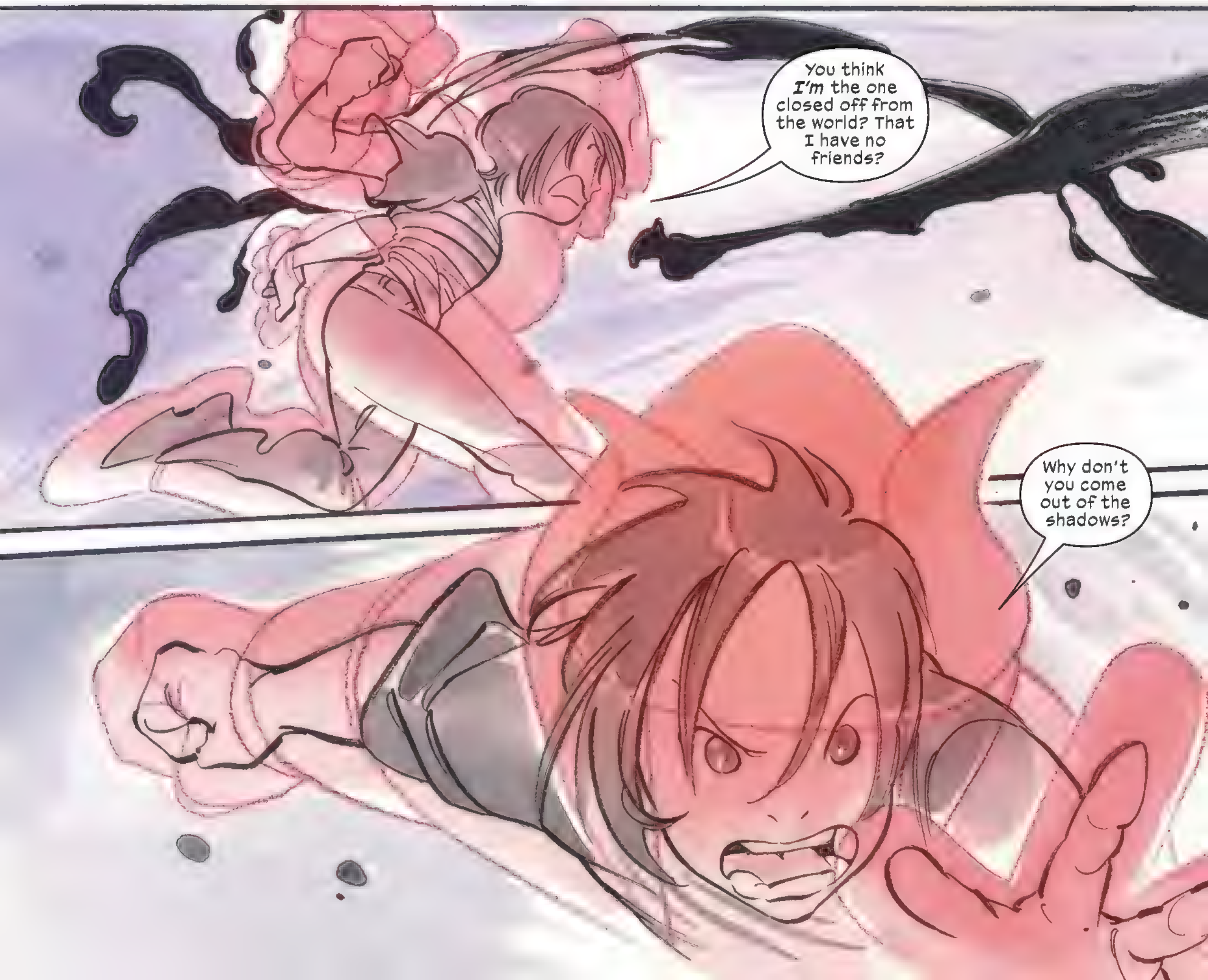

If Mother is happy...
...my family is happy.
I was obedient and lived the way they told me.
がとても上手
の言う通り
てきた。
そして 市来久子
君に出逢った。
Until I met you, Hisako Ichiki.

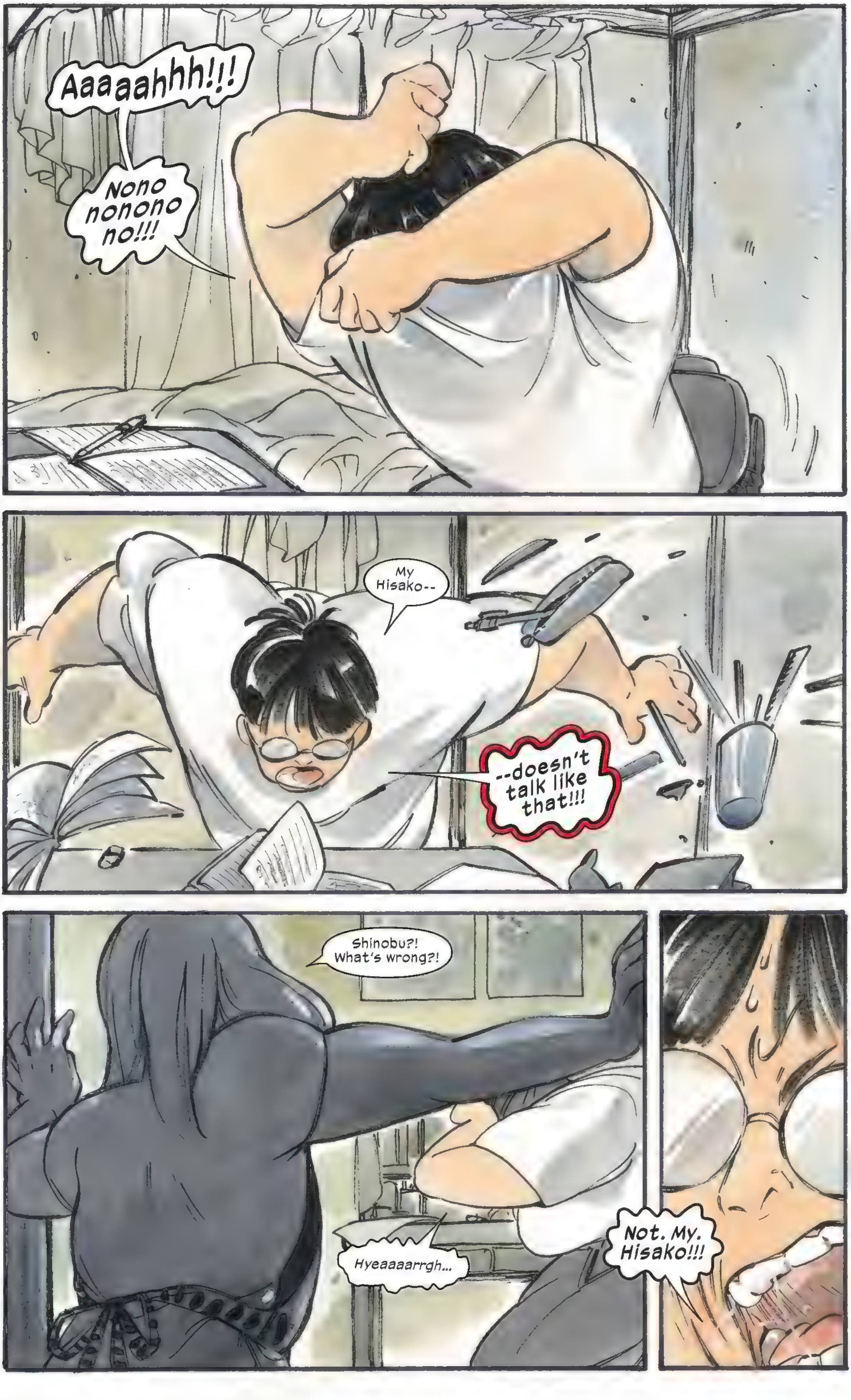

hhhhhhoooo
Did you guys hear that?
Did it just get dark real fast?
Yeah... and cold.
Is someone there?
We should go home...
Kageyama? Is that you...?

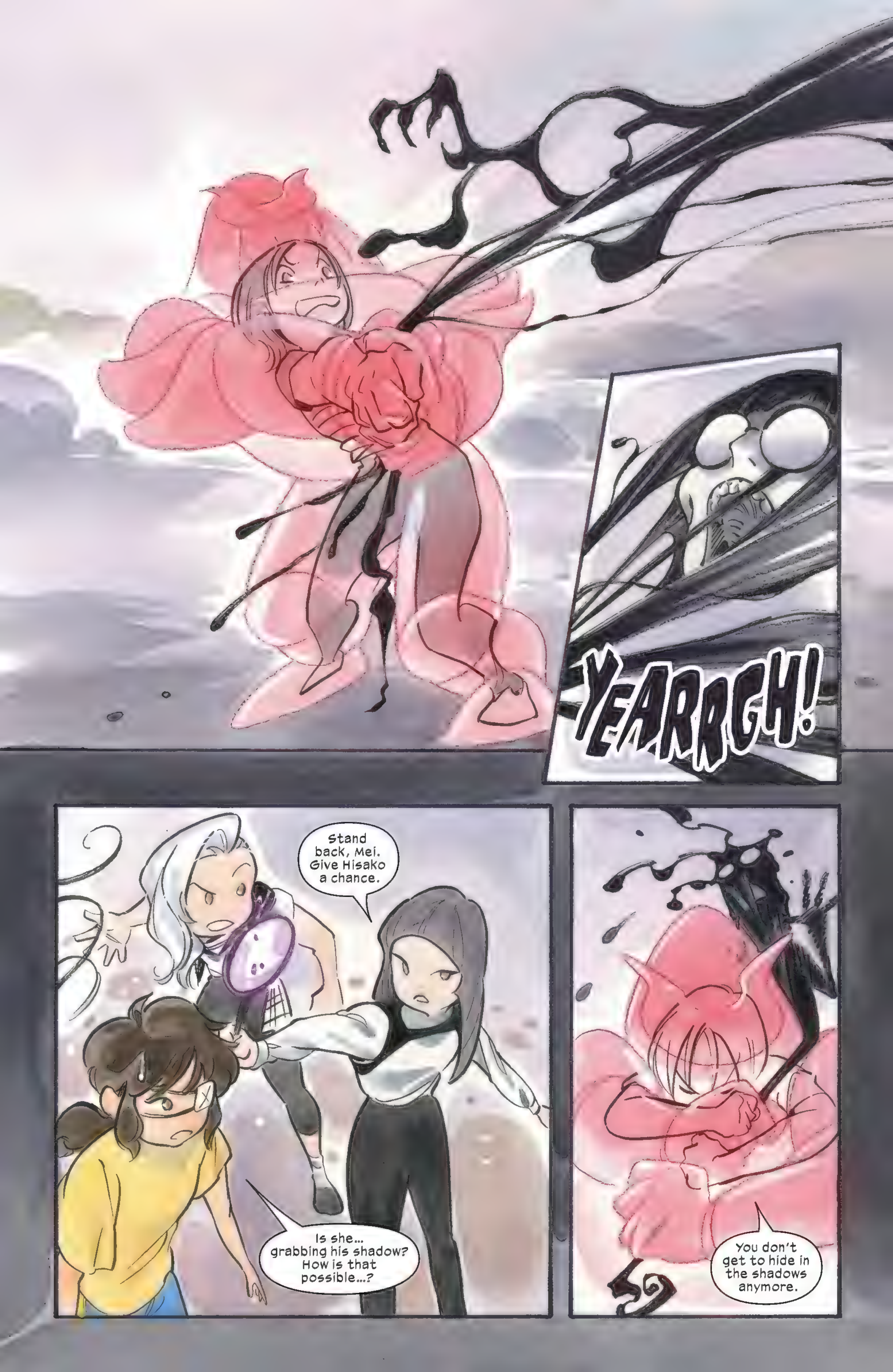

Who is--
--Kageyama?
He creates shadows and visions.
Everyone, be careful. He can make you see and hear things. Don't trust your senses...

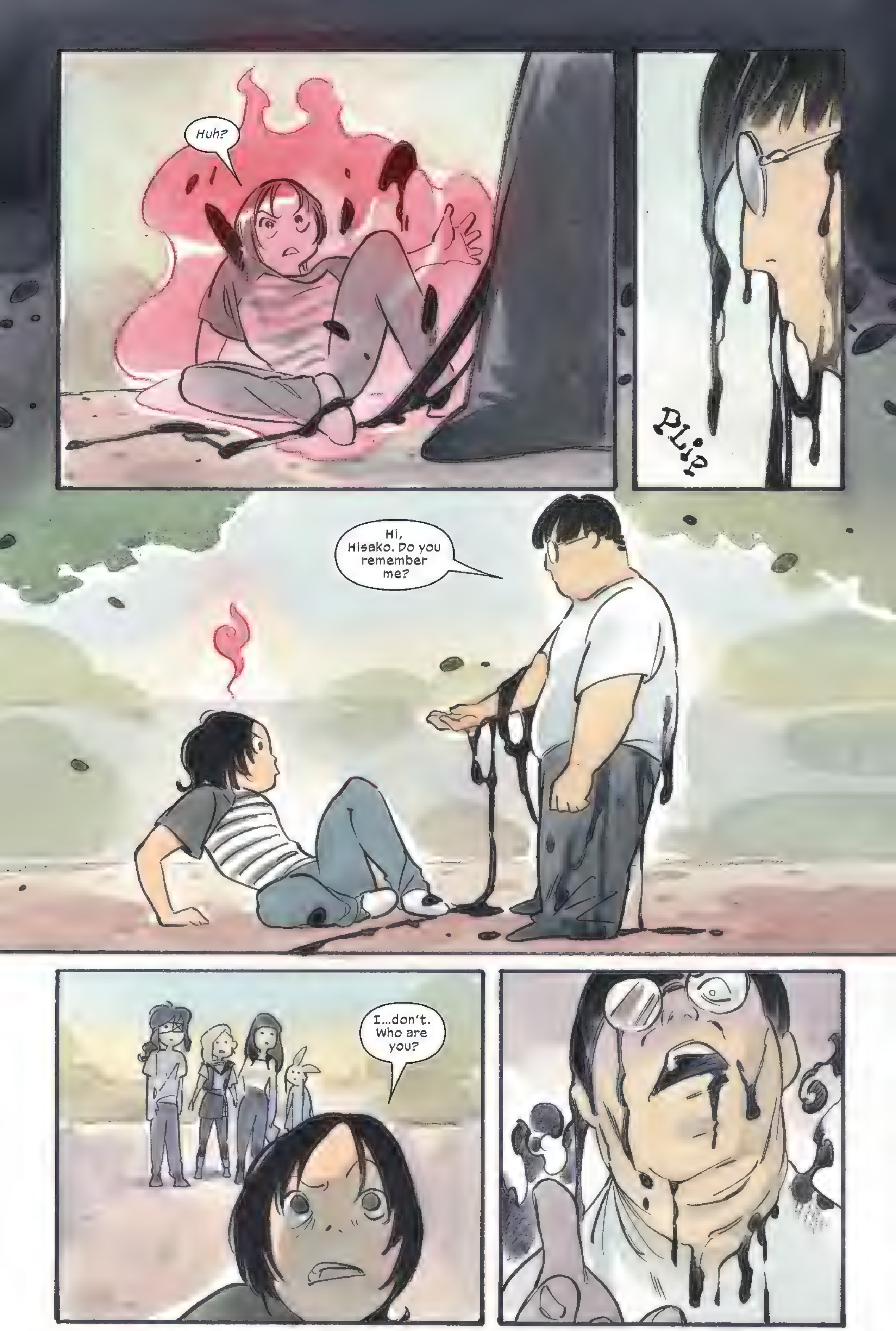

Yeah, we know!
What are you doing?!
Here he comes!

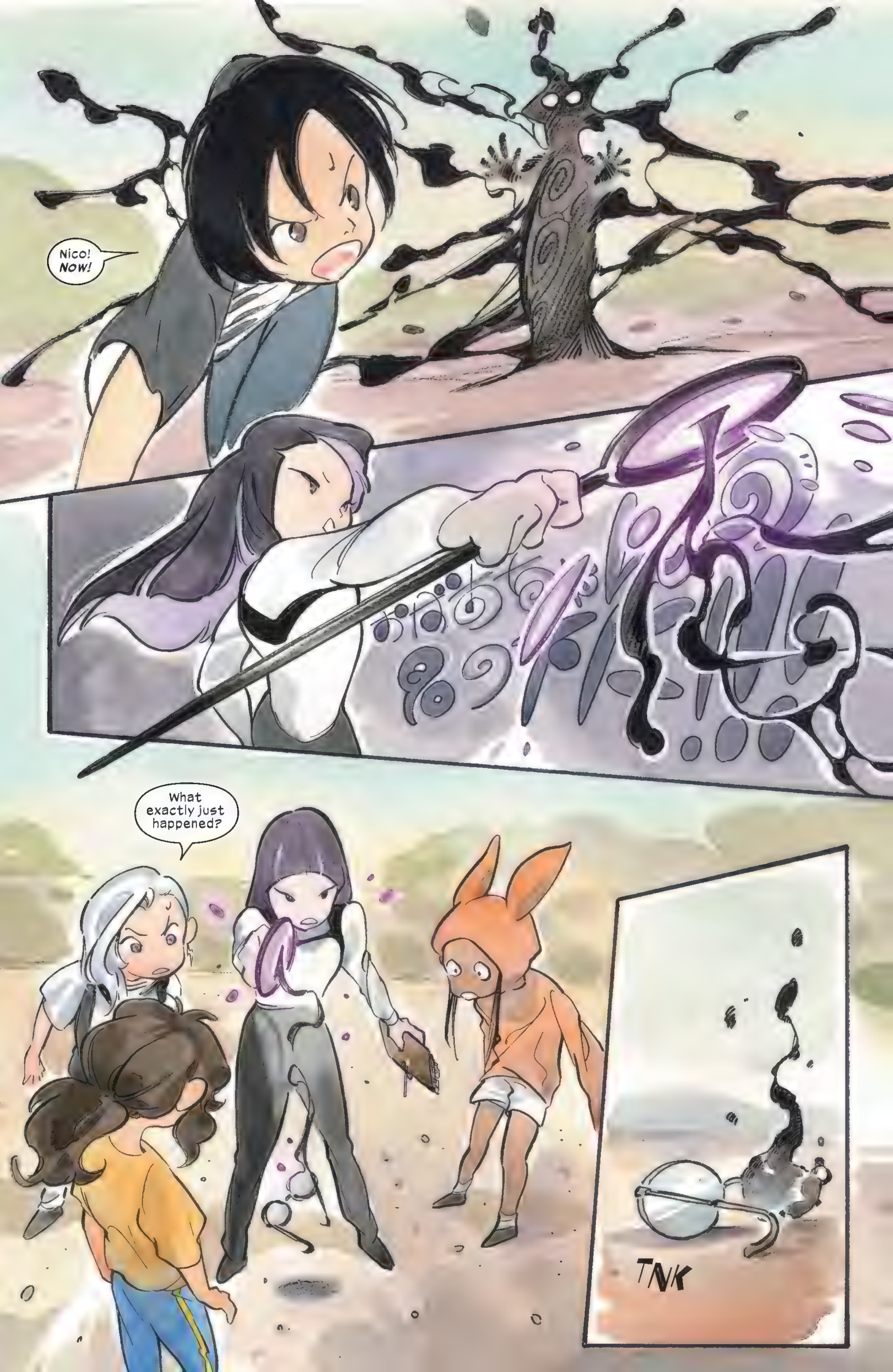

Hi-chan! *Wait!*
YOU!!!

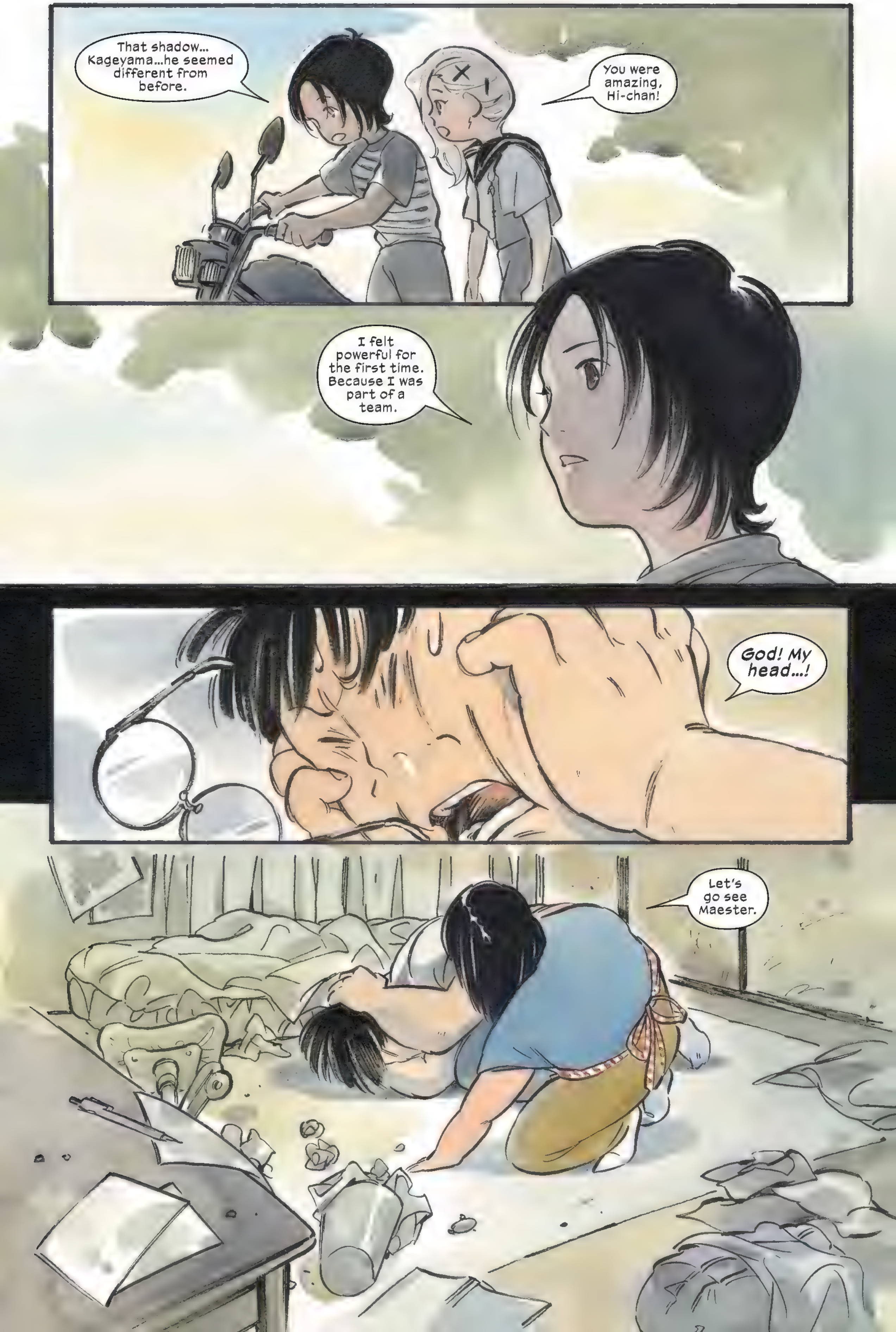

You think *I'm* the one closed off from the world? That I have no friends?
Why don't you come out of the shadows?

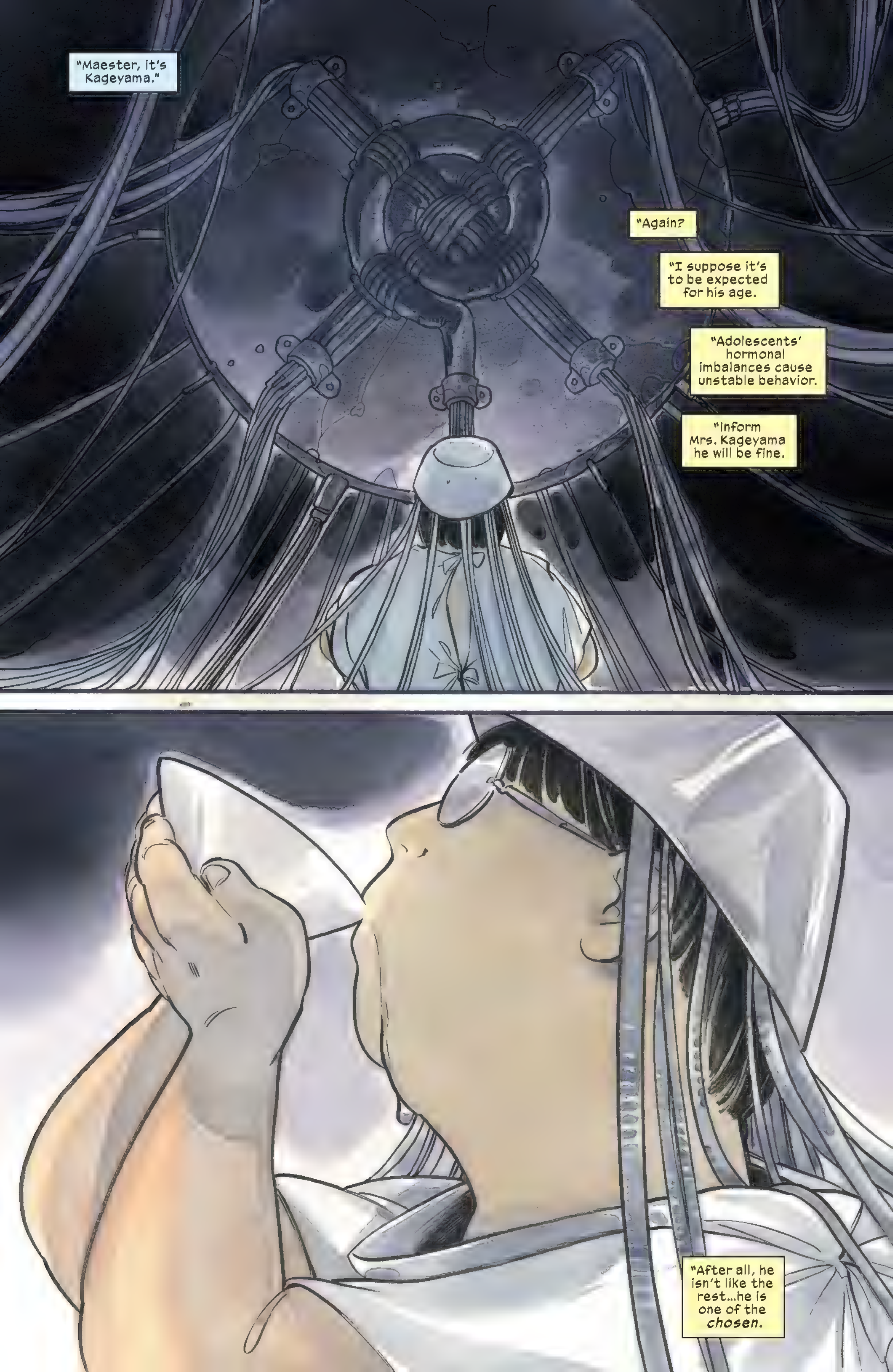

Aaaaahhh!!!
Nono nonono no!!!
My Hisako--
--doesn't talk like that!!!
Shinobu?! What's wrong?!
Hyeaaaarrgh...
Not. My. Hisako!!!

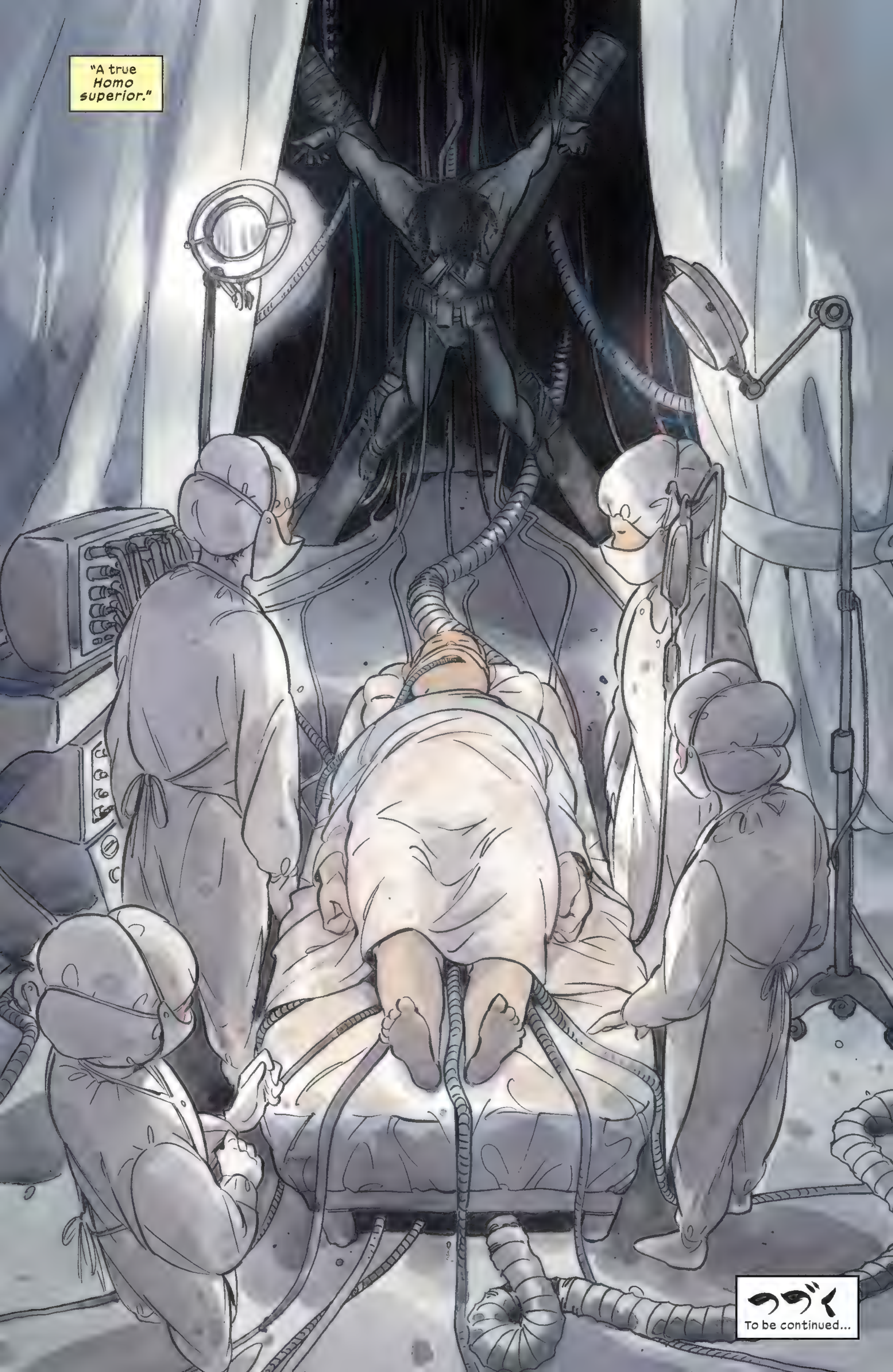

YEARRGH!
Stand back, Mei. Give Hisako a chance.
Is she... grabbing his shadow? How is that possible...?
You don't get to hide in the shadows anymore.


Huh?
PLIP
Hi, Hisako. Do you remember me?
I...don't. Who are you?


Nico! NOW!
What exactly just happened?
TNK


That shadow... Kageyama...he seemed different from before.
You were amazing, Hi-chan!
I felt powerful for the first time. Because I was part of a team.
God! My head...!
Let's go see Maester.


"Maester, it's Kageyama."
"Again?
"I suppose it's to be expected for his age.
"Adolescents' hormonal imbalances cause unstable behavior.
"Inform Mrs. Kageyama he will be fine.
"After all, he isn't like the rest...he is one of the *chosen*.


"A true *Homo superior.*"
つづく
To be continued...

LEXICON

SUPERSTITIONS PART 2

「おまじない」とか、パート②

YUBIKIRI GENMAN (PINKIE PROMISE)

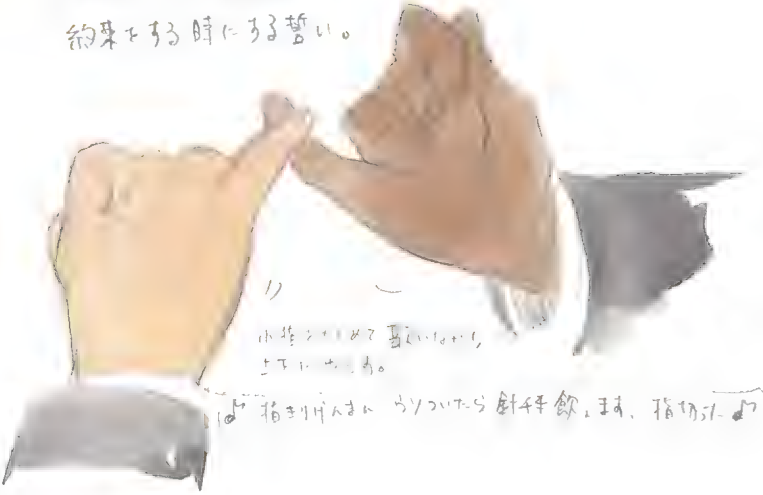
When making a promise, we curl our pinkies together and sing:

"Yubikiri genman, uso tsuitara hari senbon noomasu. Yubi kitta."

It translates to "Pinkie promise, if you break this promise, you will swallow one thousand needles. Pinkie promise."

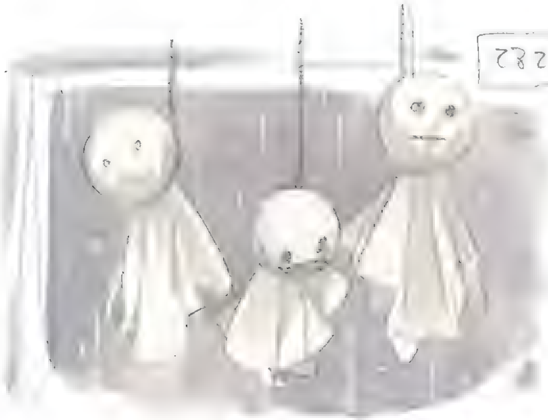
指きりげんまん

約束をする時にする誓い。



小指をからめて 誓いながら、
ともに歌う。

♪指きりげんまん うそついたら針千本飲ーます、指切った♪



てるてる坊主

TERU TERU BOZU

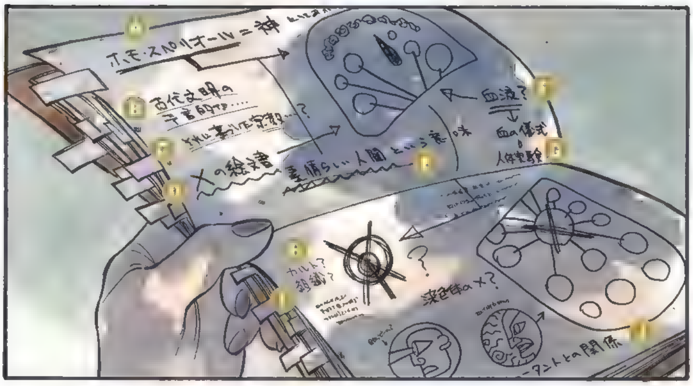
雨が降りそうな時や 予定の日に
晴れを望む時、
ティッシュをまるめて 人形を作り、
窓際につるす。
雨が上がる おまじない。

When rain is forecasted, hang these teru teru bozu from your window to stop the rain and make it sunny.

The teru teru bozu are made by rolling tissue balls and covering them like a ghost, then tying around the neck portion.

NICO'S GRANDMOTHER'S RESEARCH

A. Homo superior = God
B. Prophetic Symbols of Ancient Civilizations...
C. Religion based on it...?
D. Testament of X
E. Meaning extraordinary humans
F. Blood?
G. Blood ritual
H. Cult
I. Organization
J. Related to mutation


ホモ・スペリオール＝神
古代文明の
予言的な……
それに基づいた宗教…？
Xの遺言書
素晴らしい人間という意味
血液？
血の儀式
人体実験
カルト？
組織？
染色体のX？
ミュータントとの関係

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MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
3

ULTIMATES #3

BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
JUAN FRIGERI

3

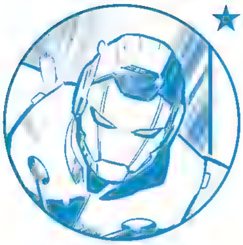
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next sixteen months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, has taken on the codename **IRON LAD** and teamed up with **CAPTAIN AMERICA**, **THOR**, **SIF** and **DOOM** to set things right.

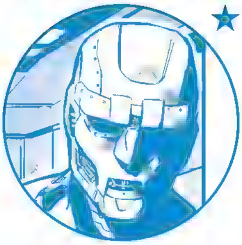
Now they're on a quest to bring on as many heroes to their cause as possible and hunt down the keys to defeating the Maker's Council. Thus far, they've recruited the married duo **GIANT-MAN** and **WASP** and rescued a powerful young woman named **AMERICA CHAVEZ** from the Council's underbelly.

THE ULTIMATES

ROSTER:

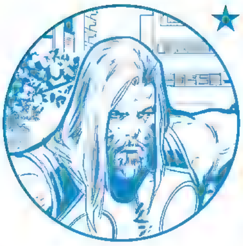


IRON LAD
TONY STARK



DOOM
REED RICHARDS

CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS

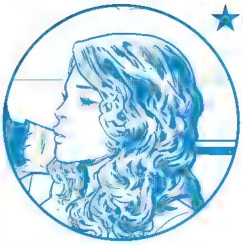


THOR
GOD OF THUNDER

SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS

GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM

WASP
JANET VAN DYNE



AMERICA CHAVEZ
COSMIC POWERHOUSE

AUGUST 2024

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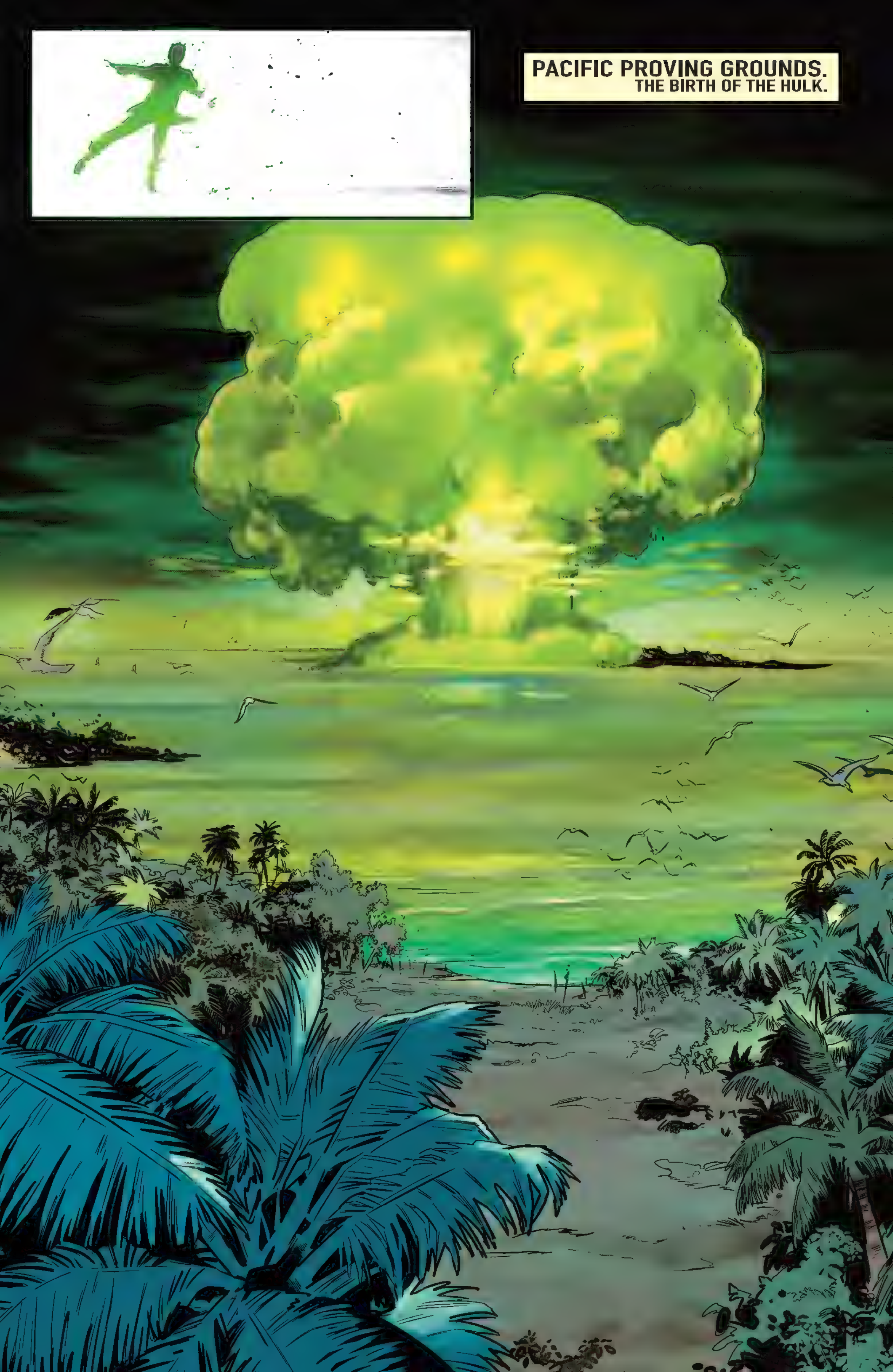
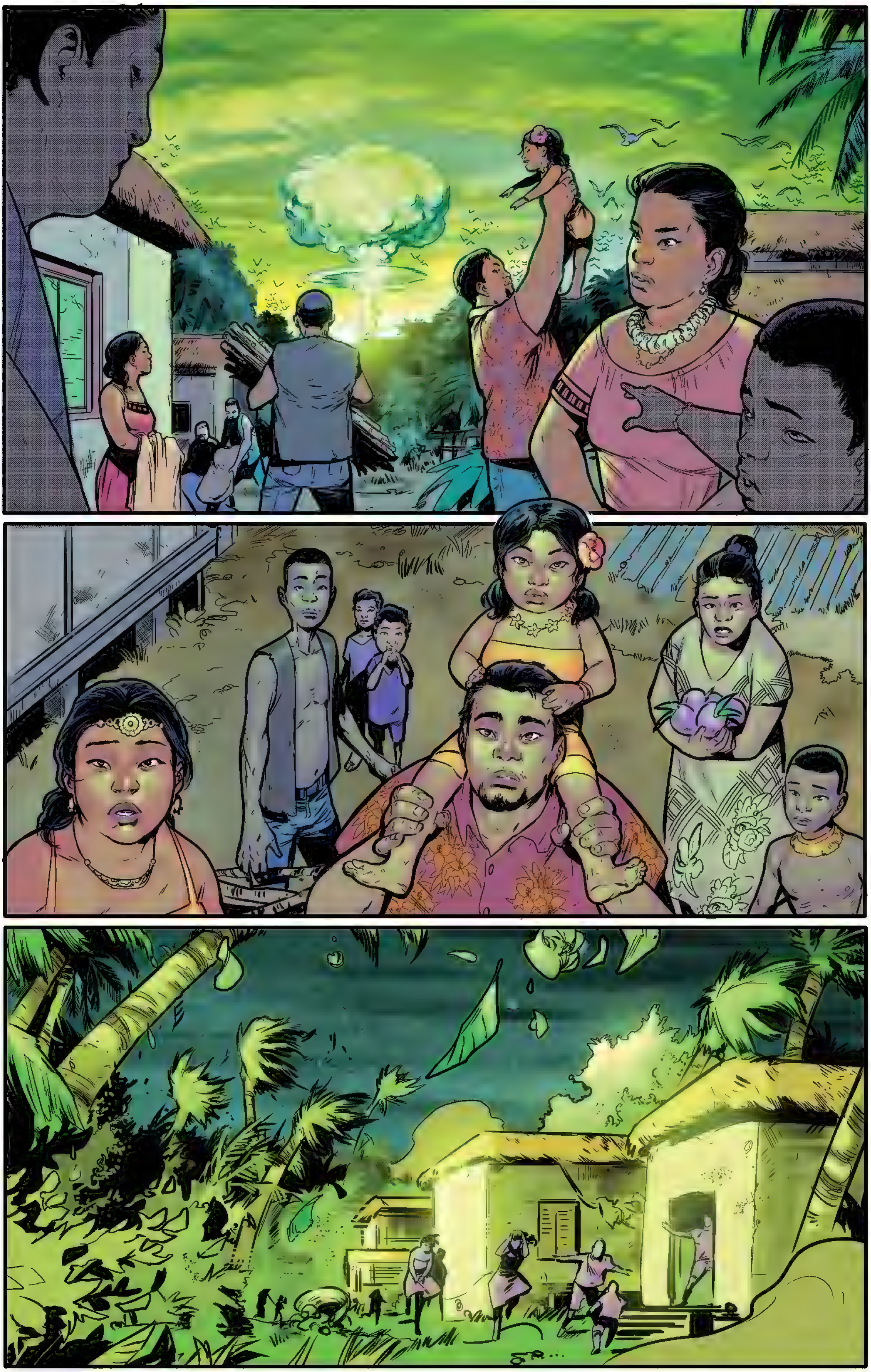
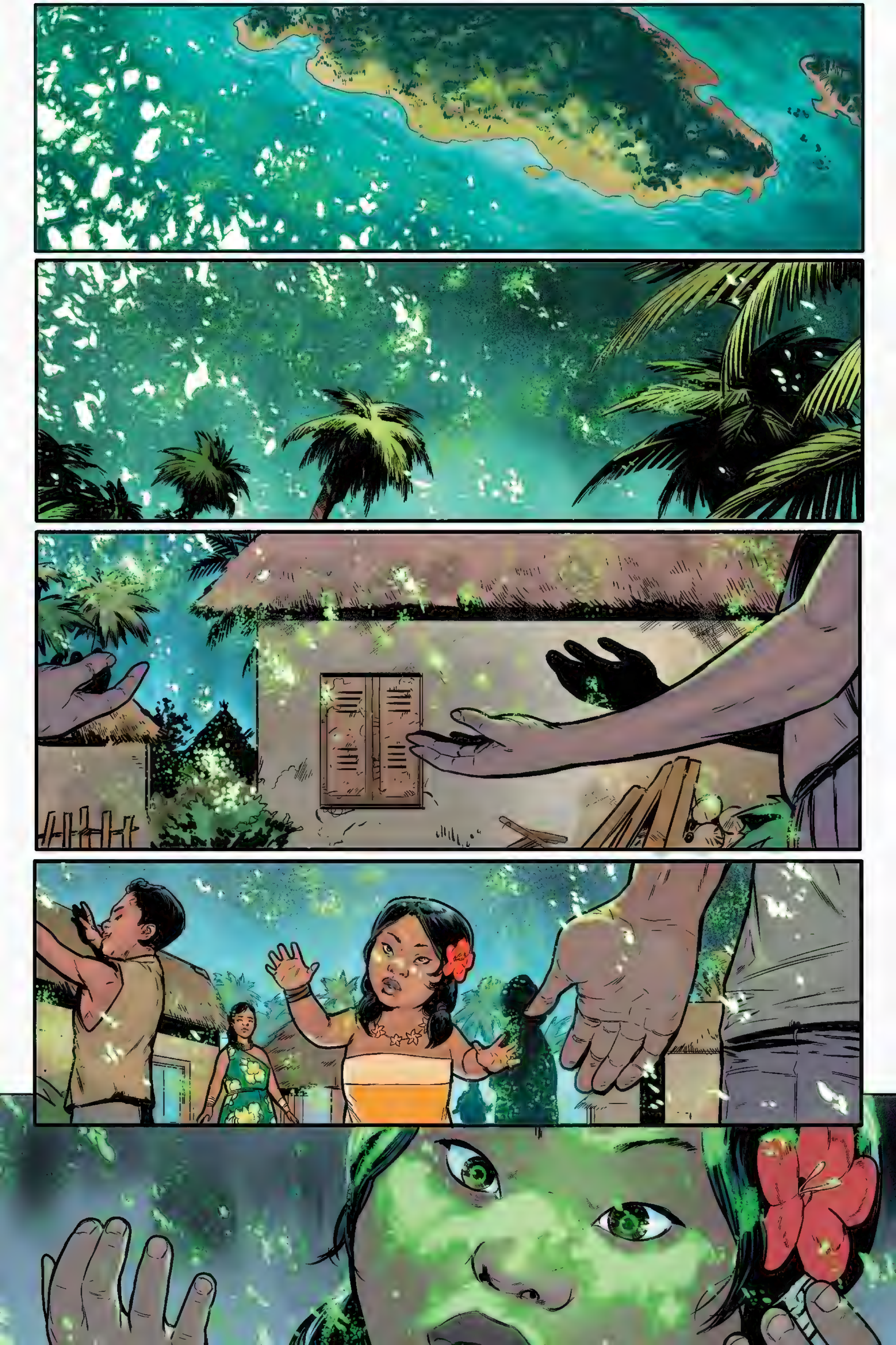

PACIFIC PROVING GROUNDS.
THE BIRTH OF THE HULK.





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TO: CASTLE GAMMA 3.1 OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE

Operation Castle Gamma: Report #1

By
[redacted] MC, NAN
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] MD, PhD
[redacted] Lt. Col, MC

Following the detonation of the Banner-Ulam Gamma Bomb (final yield of 22.8 megatons) in [redacted] on [redacted] the nearby inhabited island of [redacted] was bathed in 80 million tons of radioactive fallout. Composed primarily of pulverized coral, water and gamma particles, it fell from the atmosphere as a fine, snow-like powder. 459 men and women were exposed, and the entire island was contaminated, making it the most gamma-concentrated area on Earth.

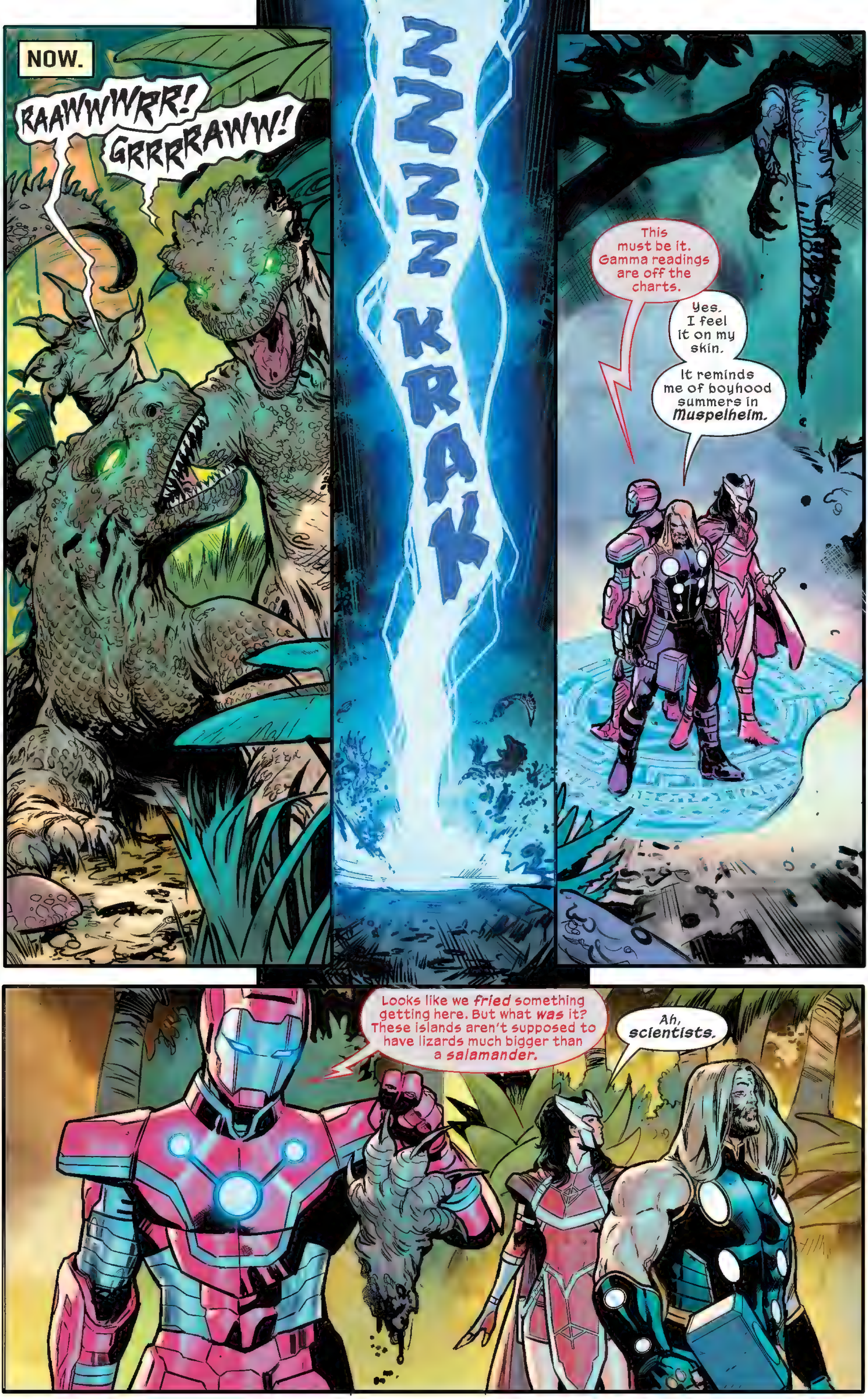
Though a smaller, and less direct, dose than the one experienced by Director Banner, longer-term exposure has already resulted in dramatic changes to both the flora and fauna. Specimens of *Hemidactylus frenatus*, *Emoia cyanura*, *Parapilumnus cristimanus*, *Carpilius convexus* and *Varanus tsukamotoi* were observed with mass 300% above normal range. The impact on the vegetation appears even greater, with entirely new species observed every day. Attached, you will find detailed notes, photos and measurements of mutations found, but to put it simply: Everything is getting bigger and more aggressive. So much so that the men have started calling it Monster Island.

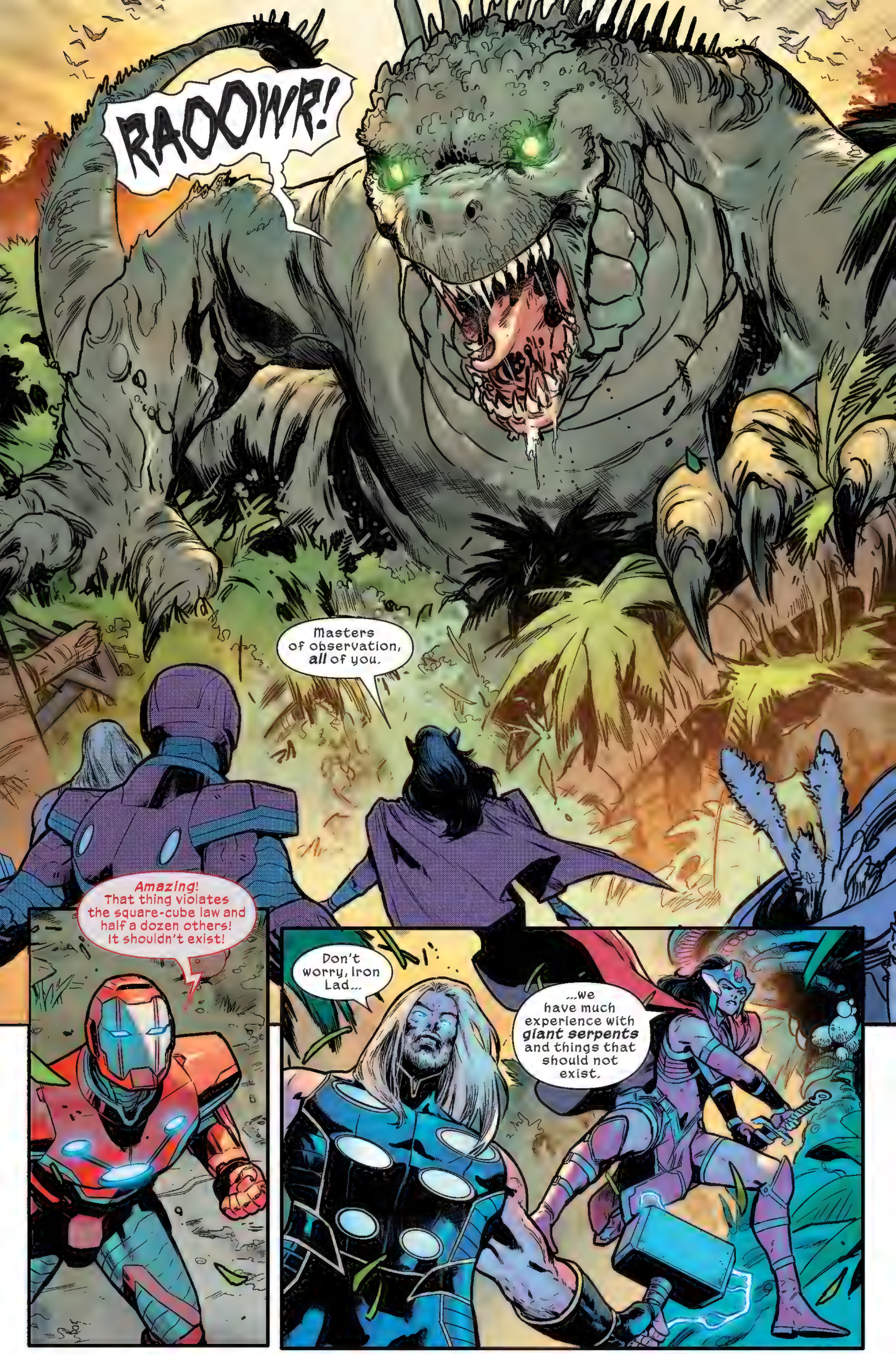
The effect on the human population has been unpredictable and particular. Some subjects showed immediate signs of gamma sickness. This was especially true of the children, many of whom had innocently rubbed radioactive dust into their skin. Just one day post-exposure, ragged burns rose up on their bodies, described as angry reflections of the island itself (see attached photos). These subjects exhibited vomiting, increased stool production, hair loss, writhing, begging, shrieking, disorientation, aggression and anxiety. Within 14 days, half of all human subjects were dead. Necropsy was performed, and in all cases, cause of death was found to be gamma poisoning.

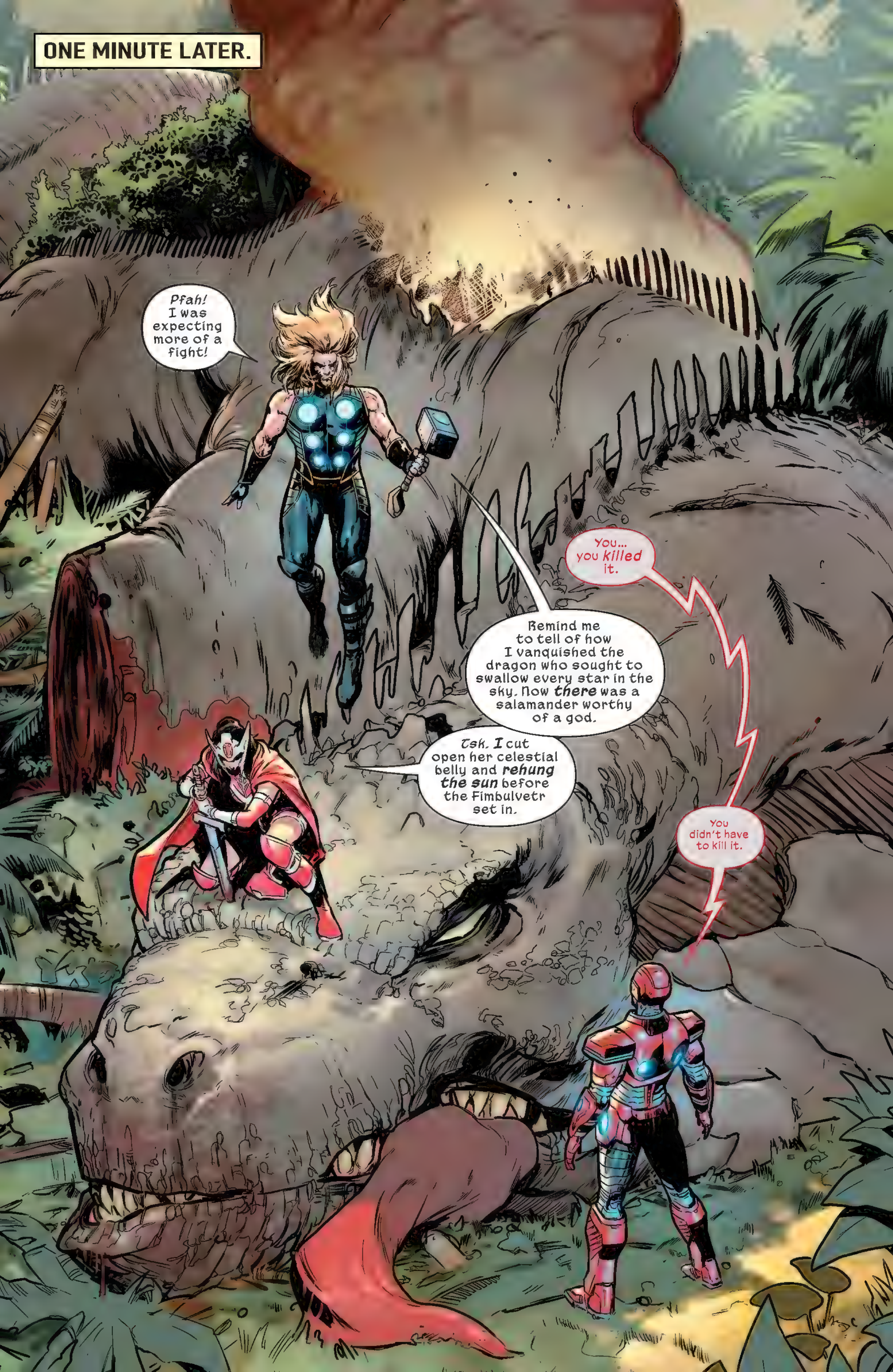
Minor physiological and behavioral changes were observed in some of the surviving cohort, while others appeared unaffected. Physiological changes included skin color and texture, unevenly distributed increases in mass (e.g., craniomegaly) and the appearance of morphological features associated with other species (gills, wings, hooves), which so far appear nonfunctional. Subject #054, an adolescent female with suction cups covering approx. 20% of her body, was sacrificed moribund and her organs cataloged and preserved in formaldehyde for further study.

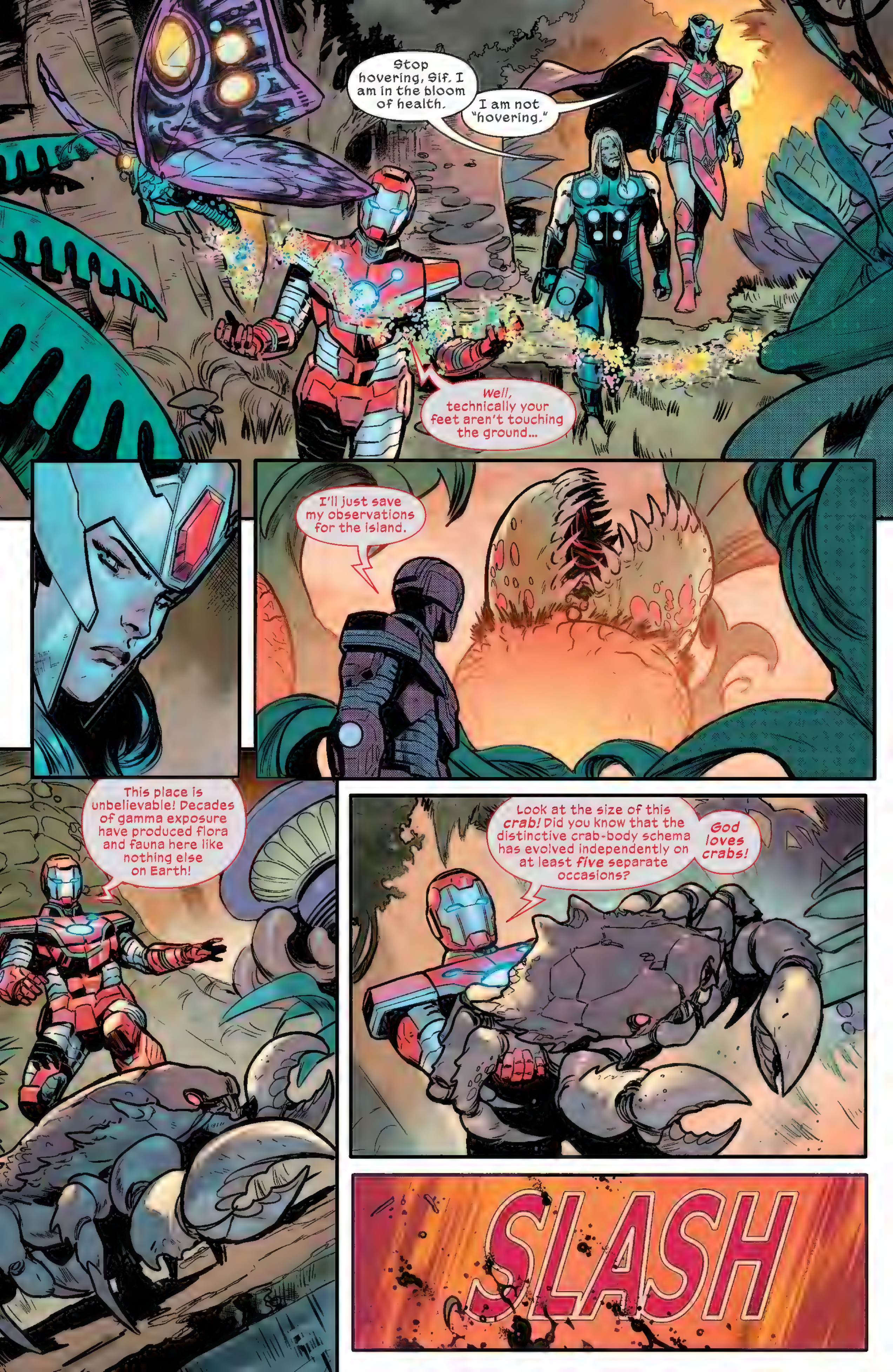
Ten of the females were pregnant at the time of exposure, and the babies were born prematurely, resembling piles of grapes or jellyfish. We observed translucent skin and beating hearts but no bones. These specimens were cataloged and preserved in formaldehyde for further study.

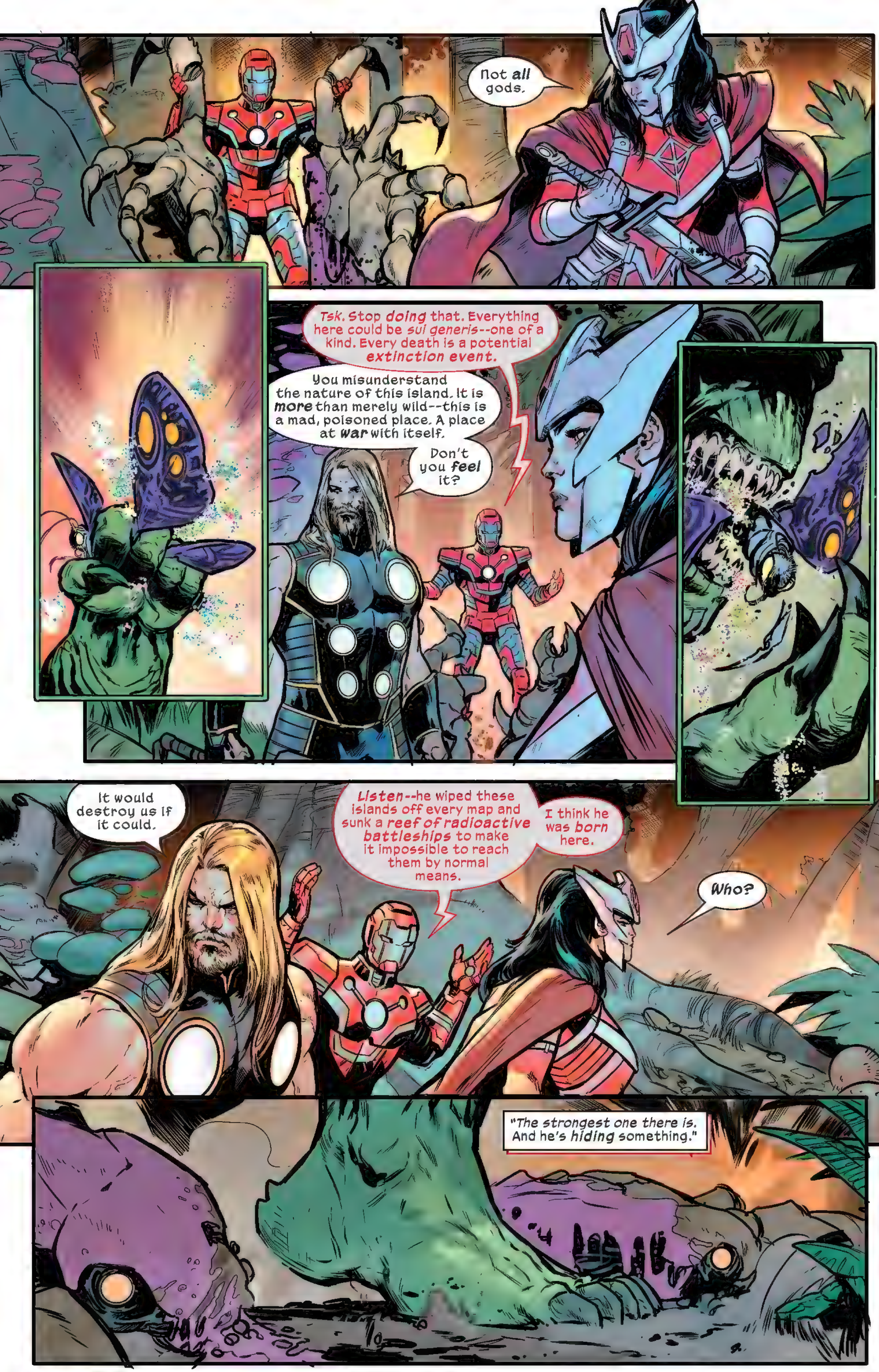
After just three weeks of observation, we feel confident this project will be of great scientific value, both to the world and to Director Banner. There is no better place to study gamma's effect on life in general and human life specifically. While it's true that these people do not live as we do—as civilized people do—it is also true that they are more like us than mice or fruit flies.


NOW.
RAAWWWRR!
GRRRRAWW!
ZZZZ KRAK
This must be it. Gamma readings are off the charts.
Yes. I feel it on my skin.
It reminds me of boyhood summers in *Muspelheim.*
Looks like we *fried* something getting here. But what *was* it? These islands aren't supposed to have lizards much bigger than a *salamander.*
Ah, *scientists.*


RAOOWR!
Masters of observation, **all** of you.
Amazing! That thing violates the square-cube law and half a dozen others! It shouldn't exist!
Don't worry, Iron Lad...
...we have much experience with ***giant serpents*** and things that should not exist.


ONE MINUTE LATER.
Pfah! I was expecting more of a fight!
Remind me to tell of how I vanquished the dragon who sought to swallow every star in the sky. Now *there* was a salamander worthy of a god.
You... you *killed* it.
Tsk. I cut open her celestial belly and ***rehung the sun*** before the Fimbulvetr set in.
You didn't have to kill it.


Stop hovering, Sif. I am in the bloom of health.
I am not "hovering."
Well, technically your feet aren't touching the ground...
I'll just save my observations for the island.
This place is unbelievable! Decades of gamma exposure have produced flora and fauna here like nothing else on Earth!
Look at the size of this *crab!* Did you know that the distinctive crab-body schema has evolved independently on at least *five* separate occasions?
God loves crabs!
SLASH


Not *all* gods.
Tsk. Stop *doing* that. Everything here could be *sui generis*--one of a kind. Every death is a potential *extinction event.*
You misunderstand the nature of this island. It is *more* than merely wild--this is a mad, poisoned place. A place at *war* with itself.
Don't you *feel* it?
It would destroy us if it could.
Listen--he wiped these islands off every map and sunk a *reef of radioactive battleships* to make it impossible to reach them by normal means.
I think he was *born* here.
Who?
"The strongest one there is. And he's *hiding* something."

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TO: CASTLE GAMMA 3.1 OVERSIGHT COMMITTEE

OPERATION CASTLE GAMMA: REPORT #482

By

[redacted] MD, PhD

This is my final report.

There is no longer any "we." I'm the only one left alive.

Is anybody reading these? Is anybody there? Why haven't you sent someone? Why haven't you come?

As previously reported, most of the men died defending the research camp. The rest of us were forced to flee into the forest. I am writing this report huddled beneath the broad green leaves of something new and nameless, hiding from giant, carnivorous crabs and a malevolent colony of fire ants with collective intelligence far in excess of any man.

The ants stripped [redacted] and [redacted] to the bone, and the crabs took their time eating [redacted], as if savoring him. [redacted], [redacted] and [redacted] all fell victim to the man-eating flowers and their hypnotic pollen.

We came here to learn about the effects of gamma on biological life. Here are my findings: If you sent the entire Union army to pacify this place, it wouldn't be enough. There are insects here as big as B-2 bombers and much more deadly. There are lizards as tall as skyscrapers, with high-energy gamma waves for breath. There are things that eat those lizards for lunch.

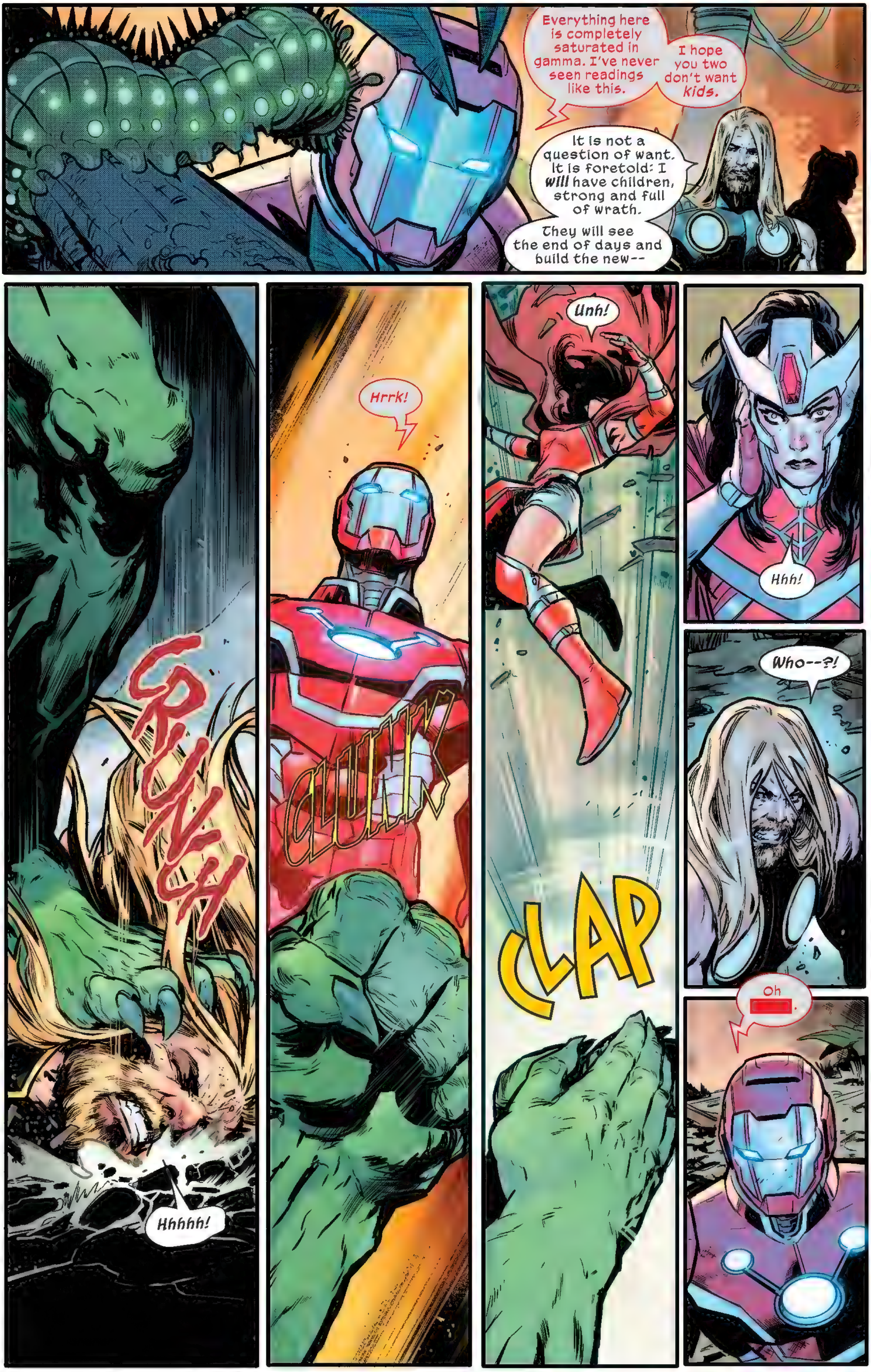
This is not an island. It is a mouth. One that will swallow the world. There is nothing to learn here, except how to die.

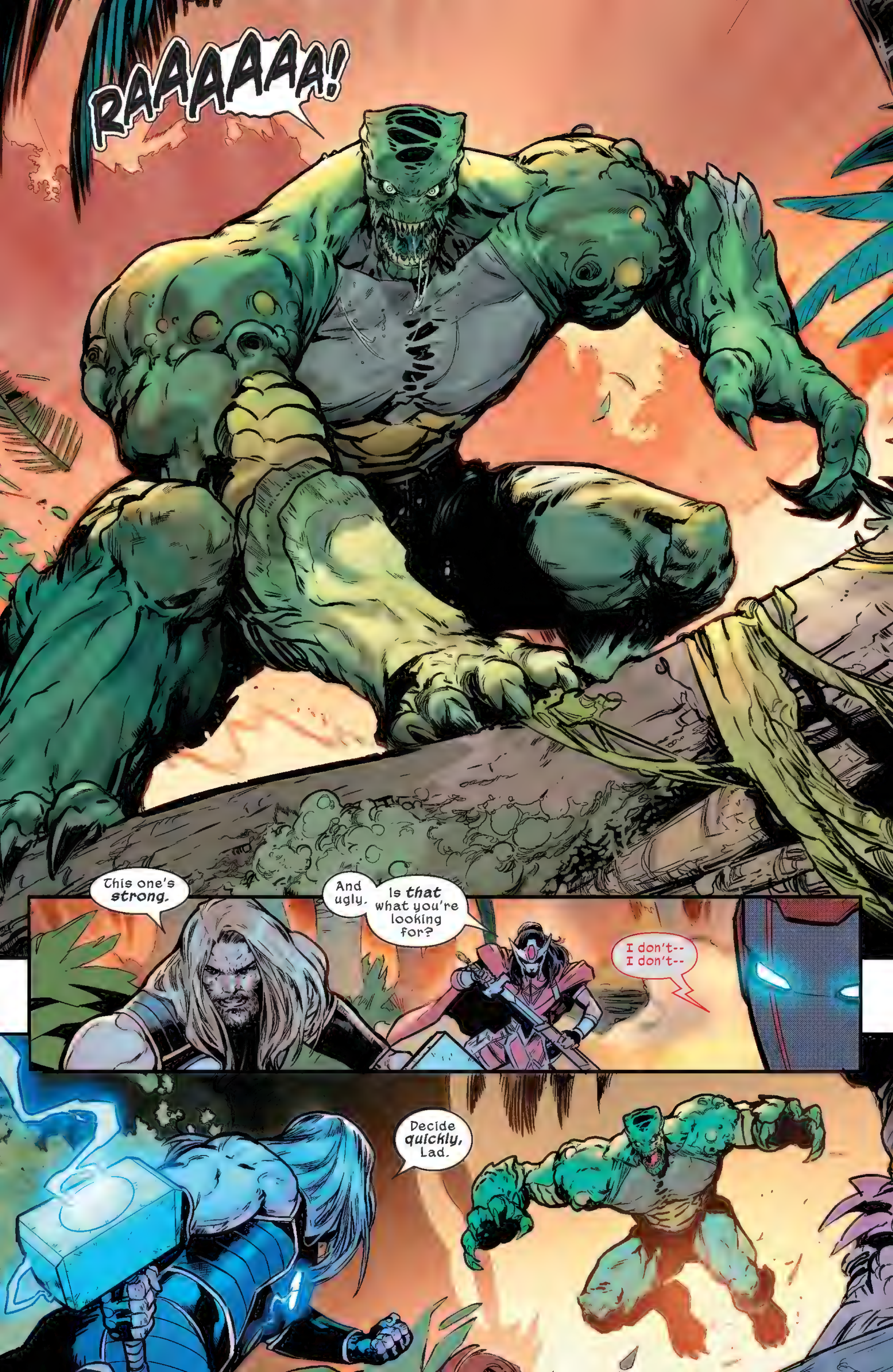
As I write this, it occurs to me that we were part of the experiment all along. That everything that has happened here has been part of Director Banner's plan. We are all subjects to them—will never be anything more than subjects.

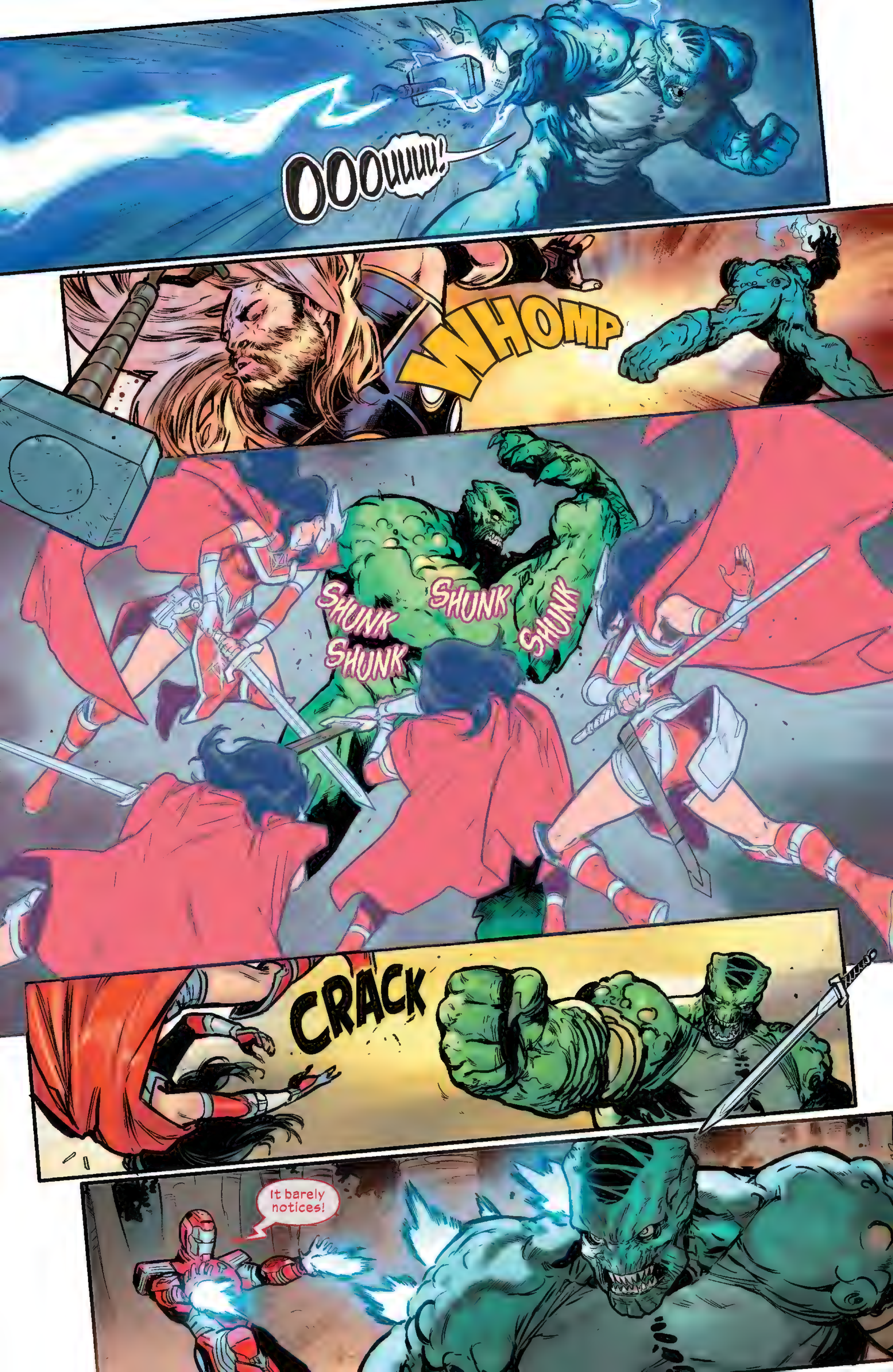
I understand now how wrong we were to come here. To do any of this. Would it do any good now to apologize? To say that I have changed? I don't think so.

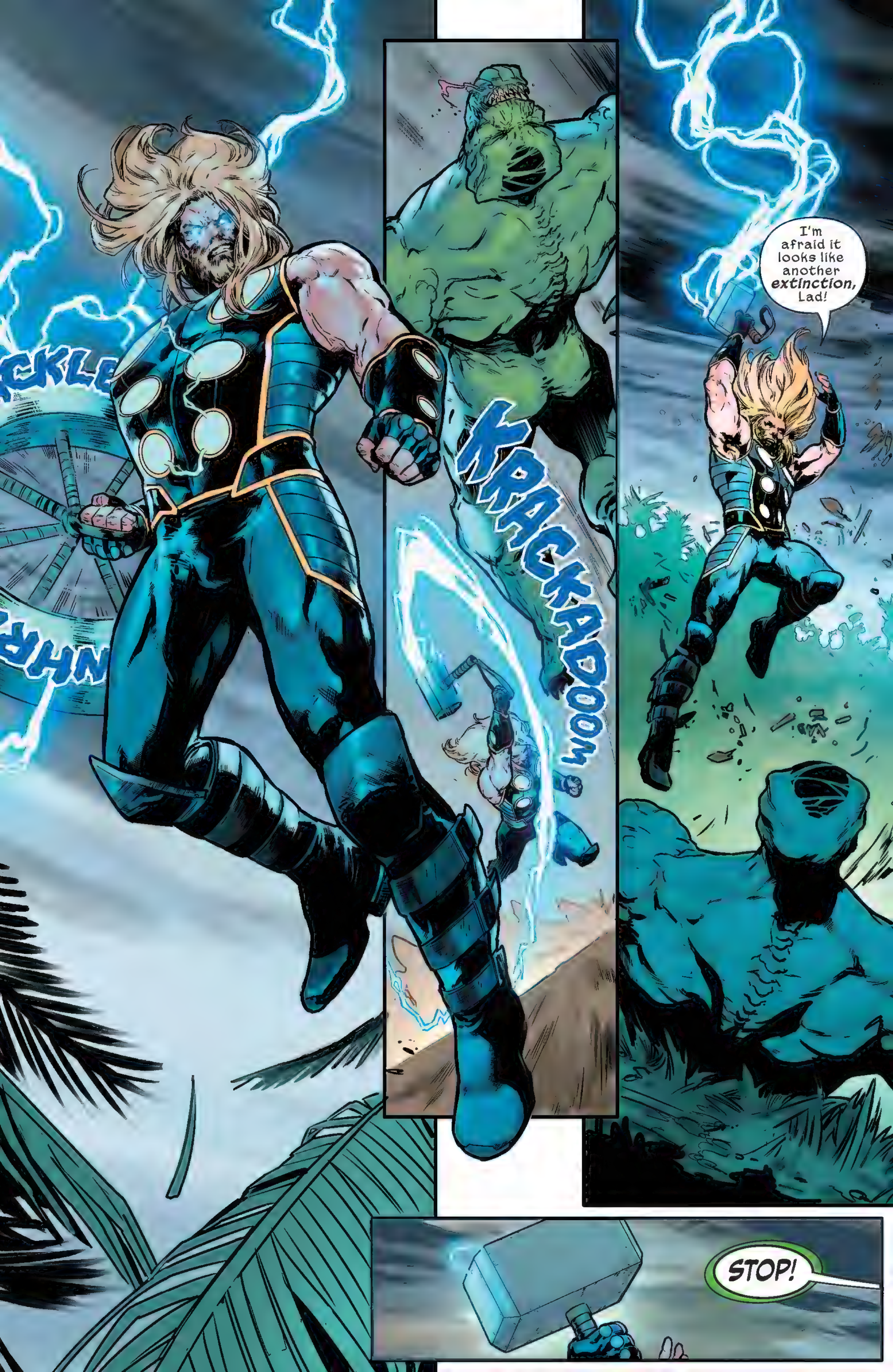
But I have changed. Am changing. Nearly three weeks without my radiation suit, eating and drinking and breathing the island. I feel something strange growing inside me. Will I shed my skin to become something sleek and new and blameless? Or will I become something worse than before? I am afraid.

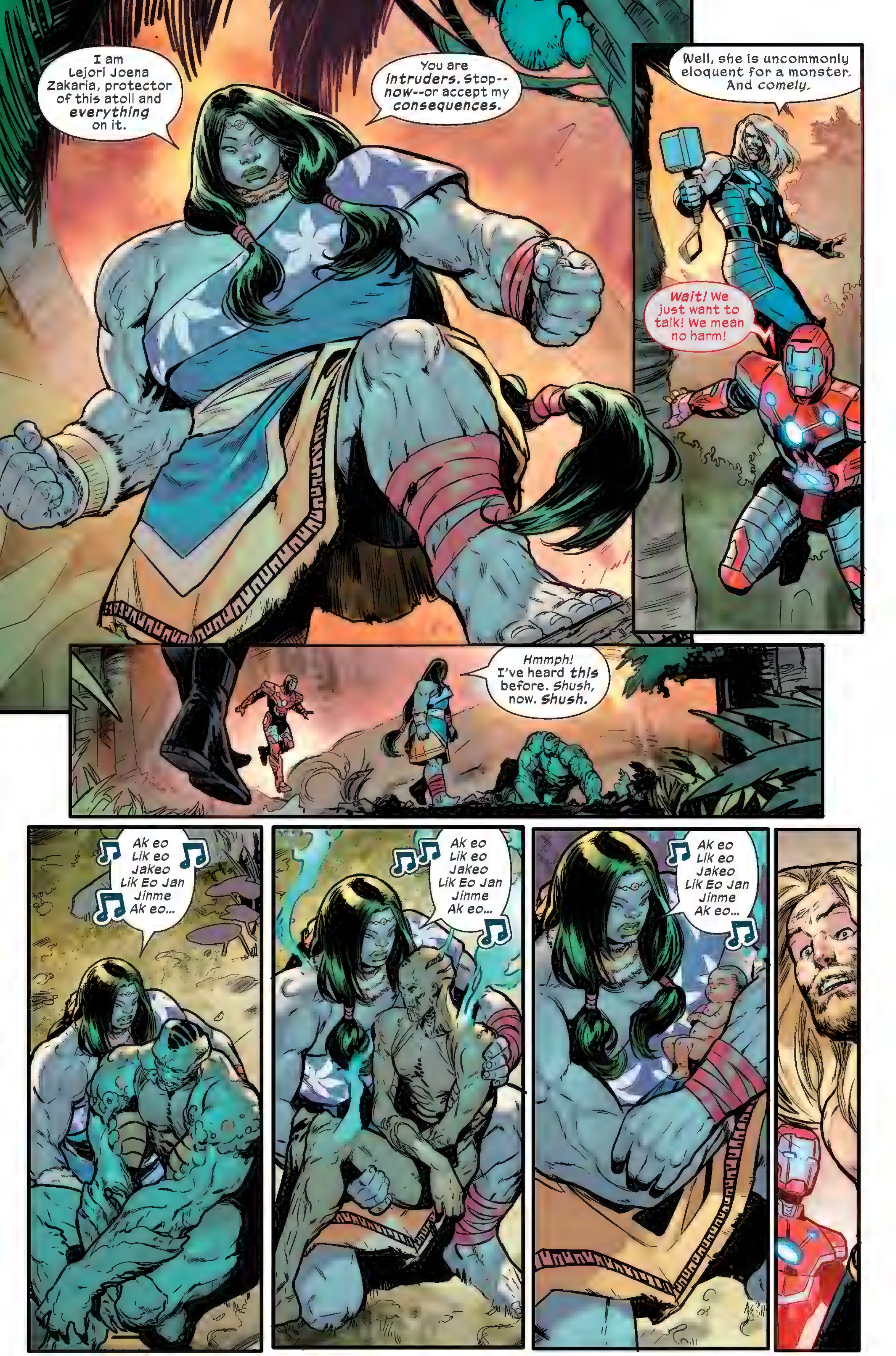
Of course you haven't come. Why would you? This is where we belonged from the beginning. The island of monsters.

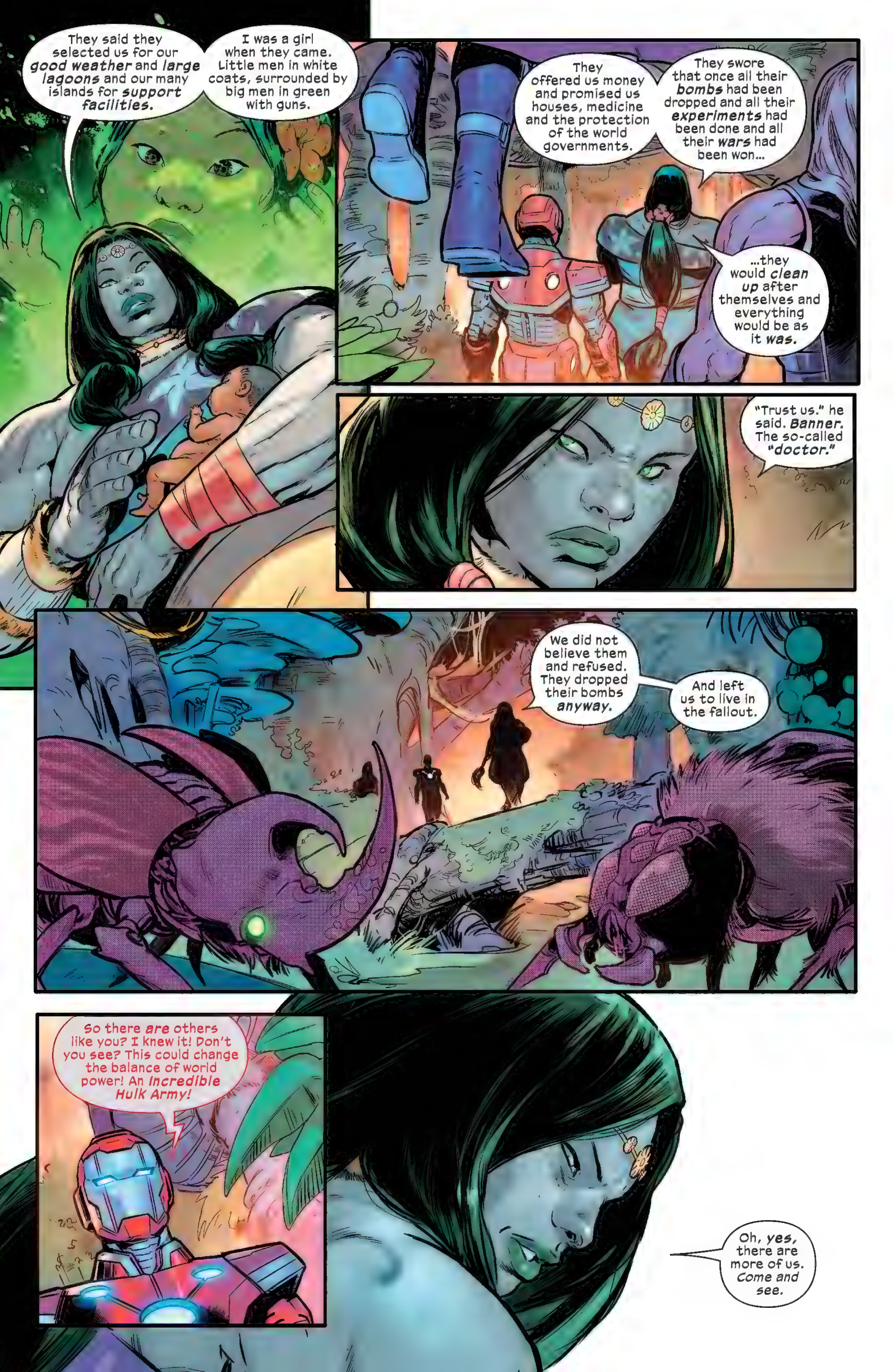

Everything here is completely saturated in gamma. I've never seen readings like this.
I hope you two don't want *kids.*
It is not a question of want. It is foretold: I *will* have children, strong and full of wrath.
They will see the end of days and build the new--
CRUNCH
Hhhhh!
Hrrk!
CLUNK
Unh!
CLAP
Hhh!
Who--?!
Oh [redacted].

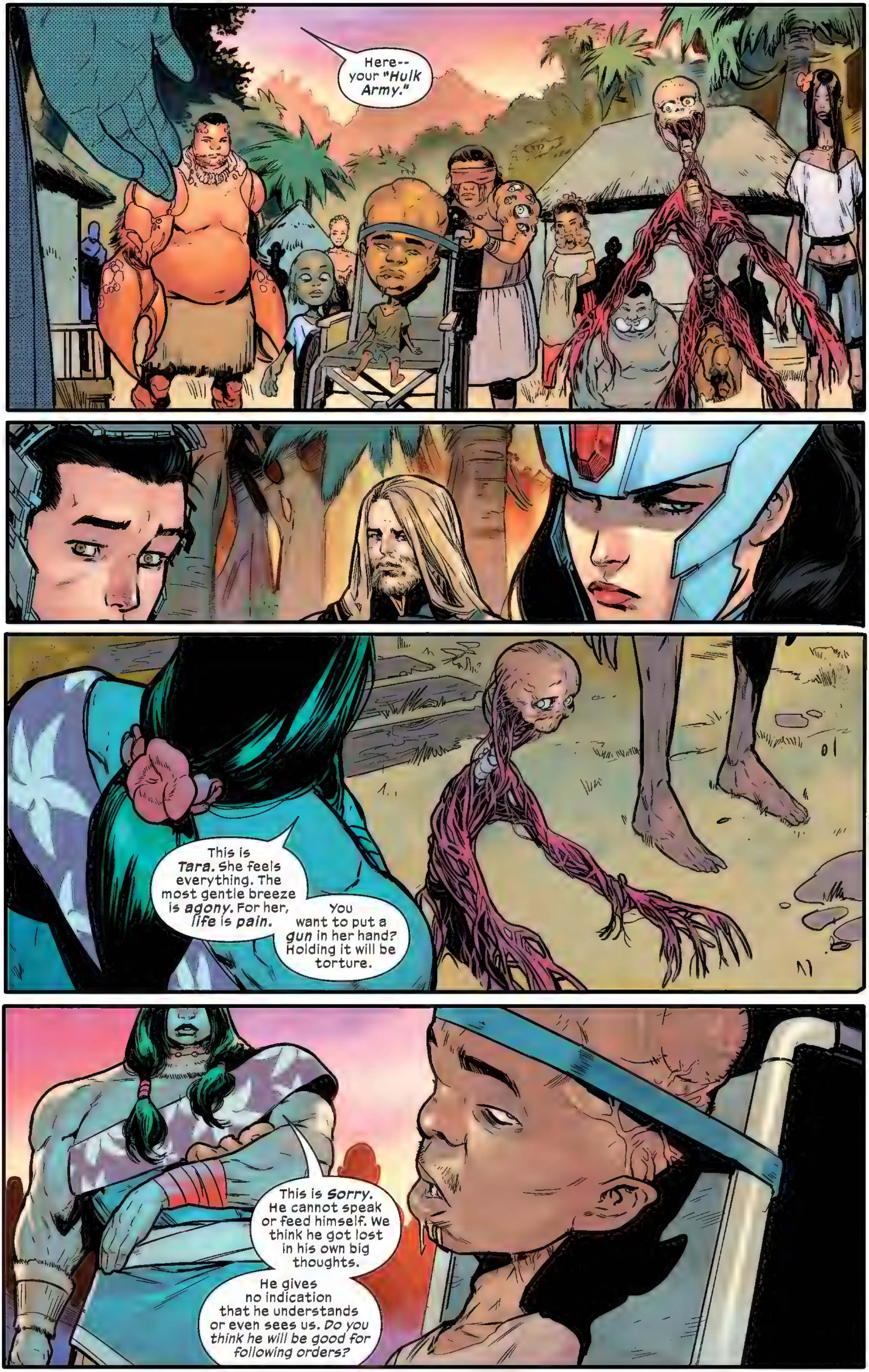

RAAAAAA!
This one's *strong.*
And ugly.
Is *that* what you're looking for?
I don't-- I don't--
Decide *quickly,* Lad.

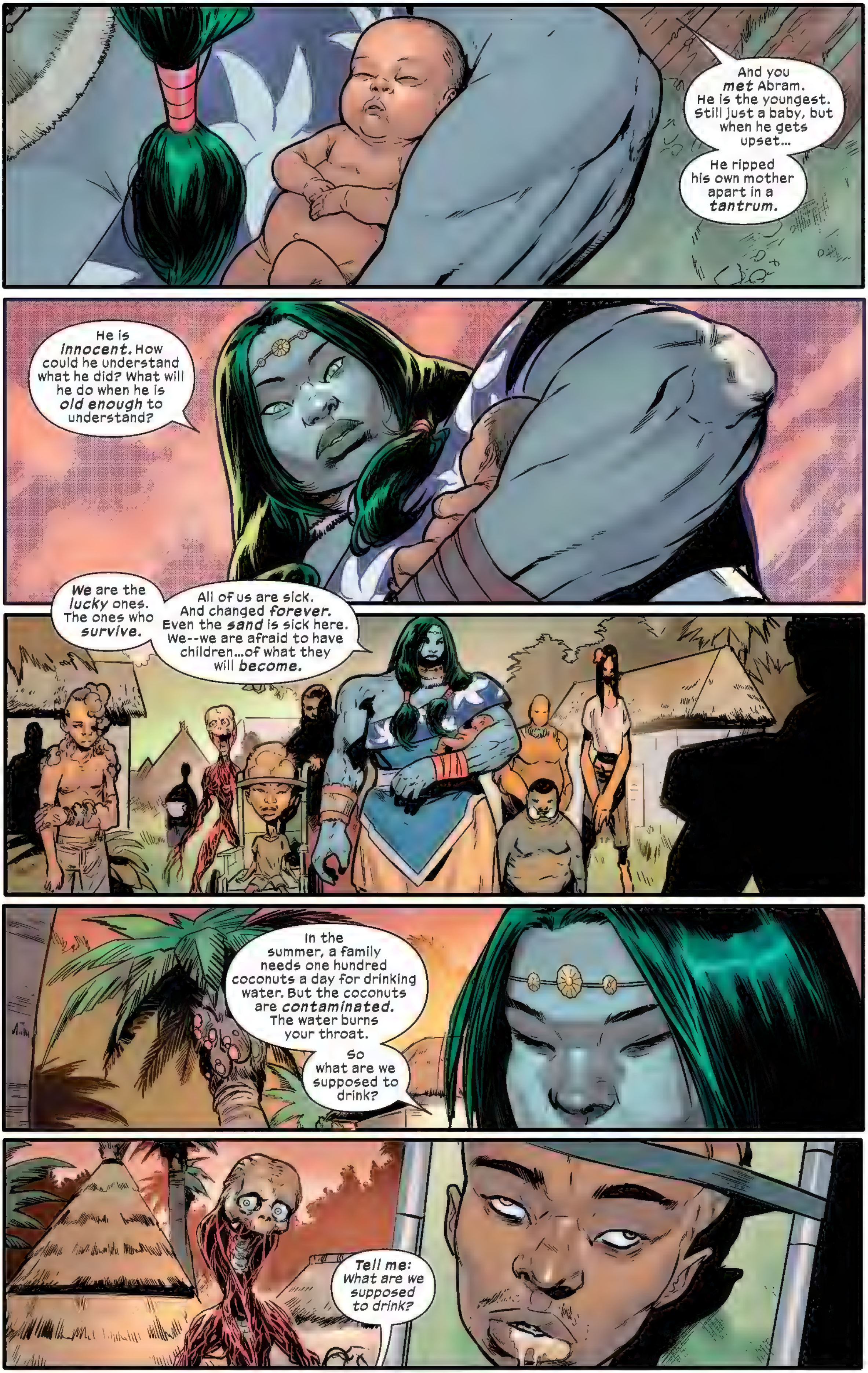

OOOuuuu!
WHOMP
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
CRACK
It barely notices!

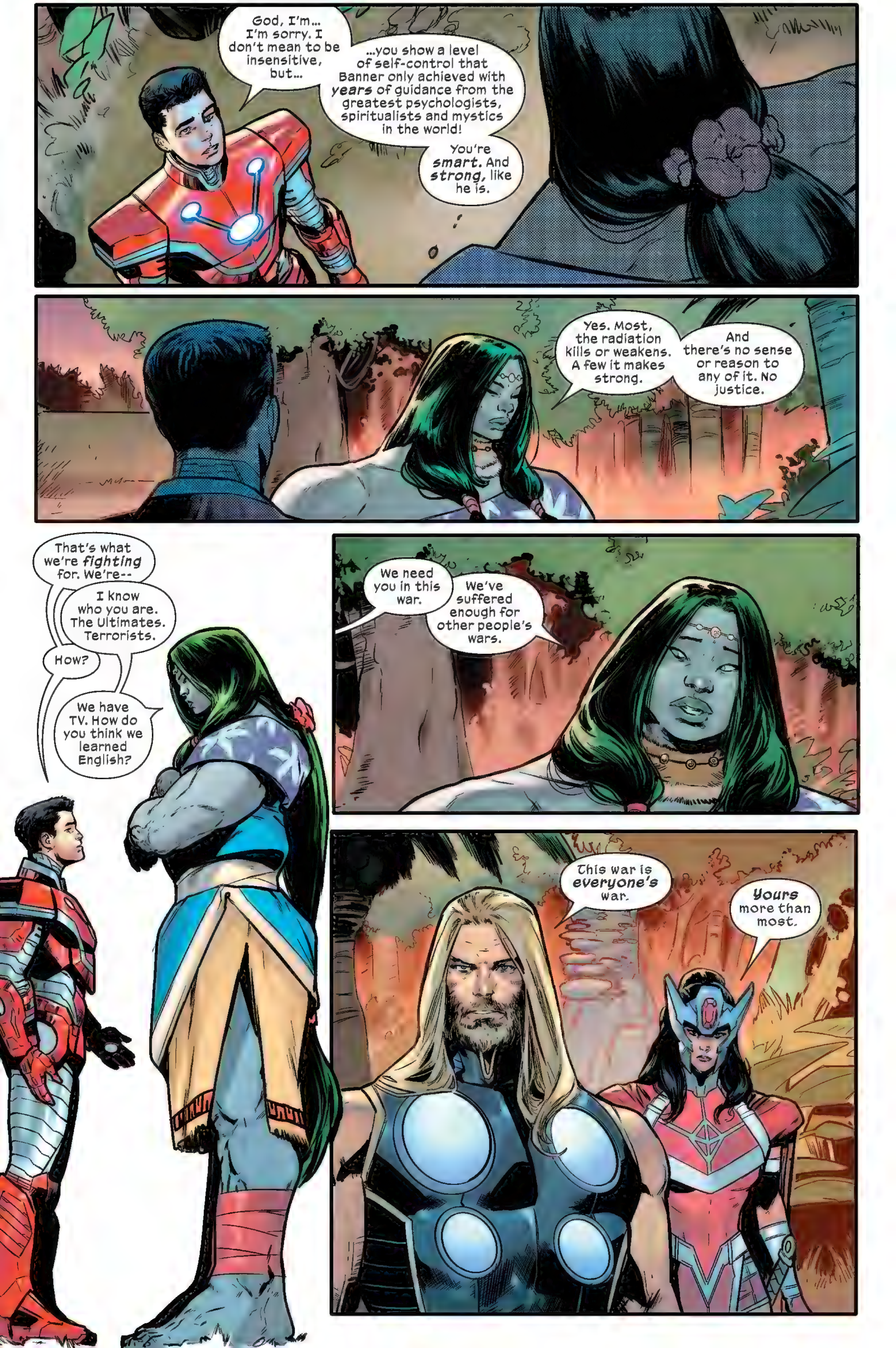

CKLE
KRACKADOOOM!
I'm afraid it looks like another *extinction,* Lad!
STOP!

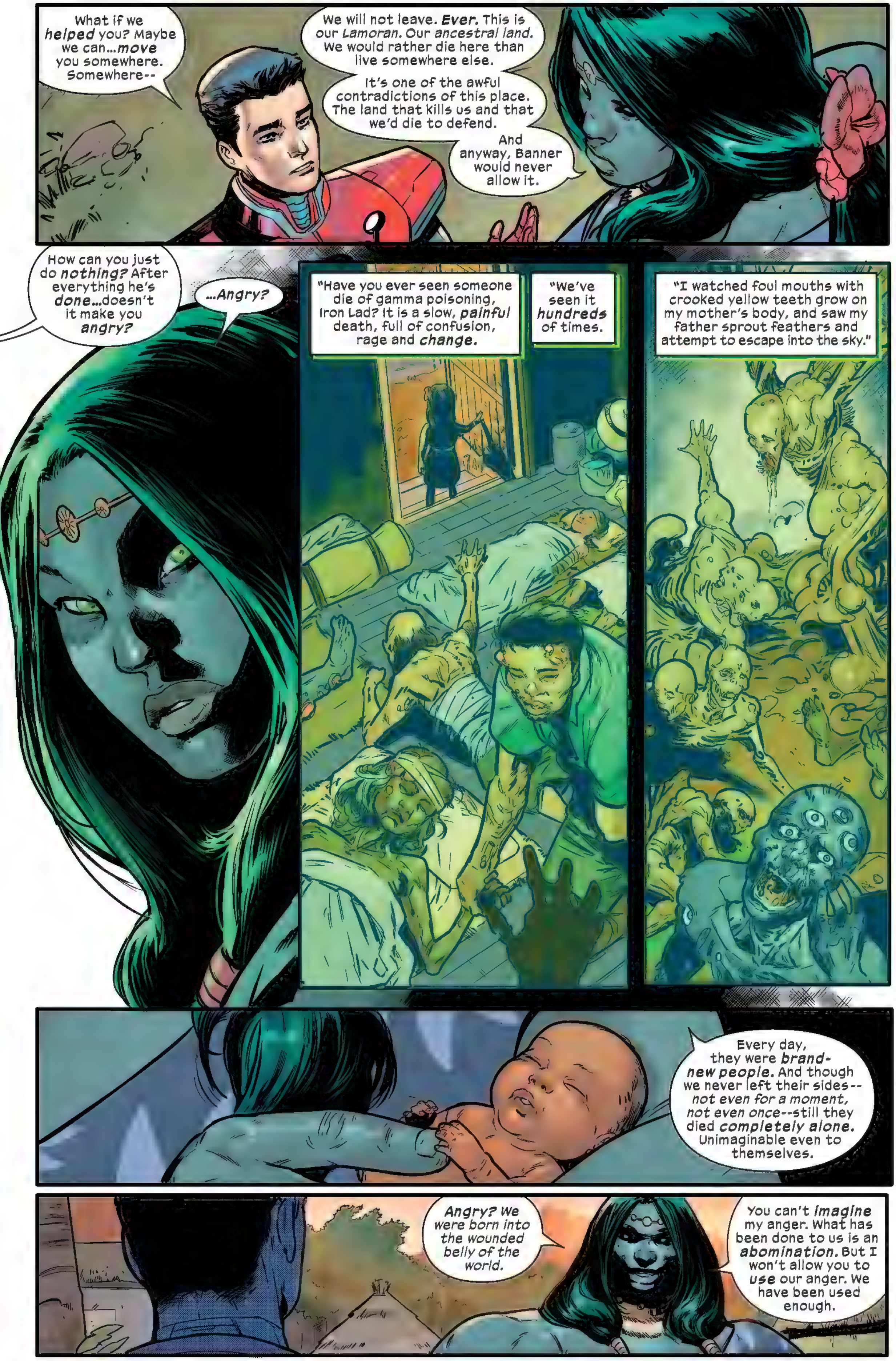

I am Lejori Joena Zakaria, protector of this atoll and *everything* on it.
You are *intruders*. Stop--*now*--or accept my *consequences*.
Well, she is uncommonly eloquent for a monster. And *comely*.
Wait! We just want to talk! We mean no harm!
Hmmph! I've heard *this* before. Shush, now. *Shush.*
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...
Ak eo Lik eo Jakeo Lik Eo Jan Jinme Ak eo...

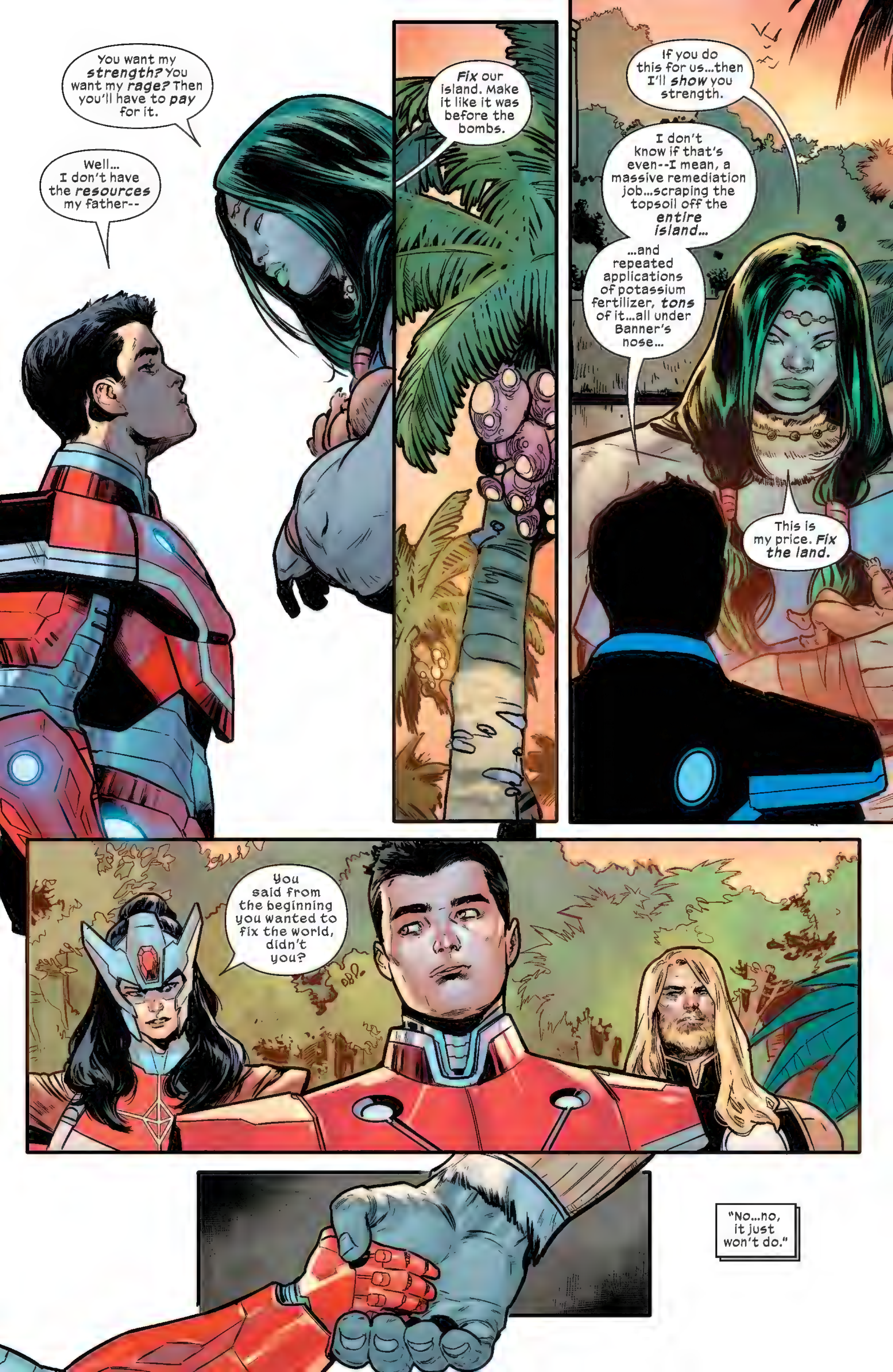

They said they selected us for our *good weather* and *large lagoons* and our many islands for *support facilities.*
I was a girl when they came. Little men in white coats, surrounded by big men in green with guns.
They offered us money and promised us houses, medicine and the protection of the world governments.
They swore that once all their *bombs* had been dropped and all their *experiments* had been done and all their *wars* had been won...
...they would *clean up* after themselves and everything would be as it *was.*
"Trust us," he said. *Banner.* The so-called *"doctor."*
We did not believe them and refused. They dropped their bombs *anyway.*
And left us to live in the fallout.
So there *are* others like you? I knew it! Don't you see? This could change the balance of world power! An *Incredible Hulk Army!*
Oh, *yes,* there are more of us. Come and see.

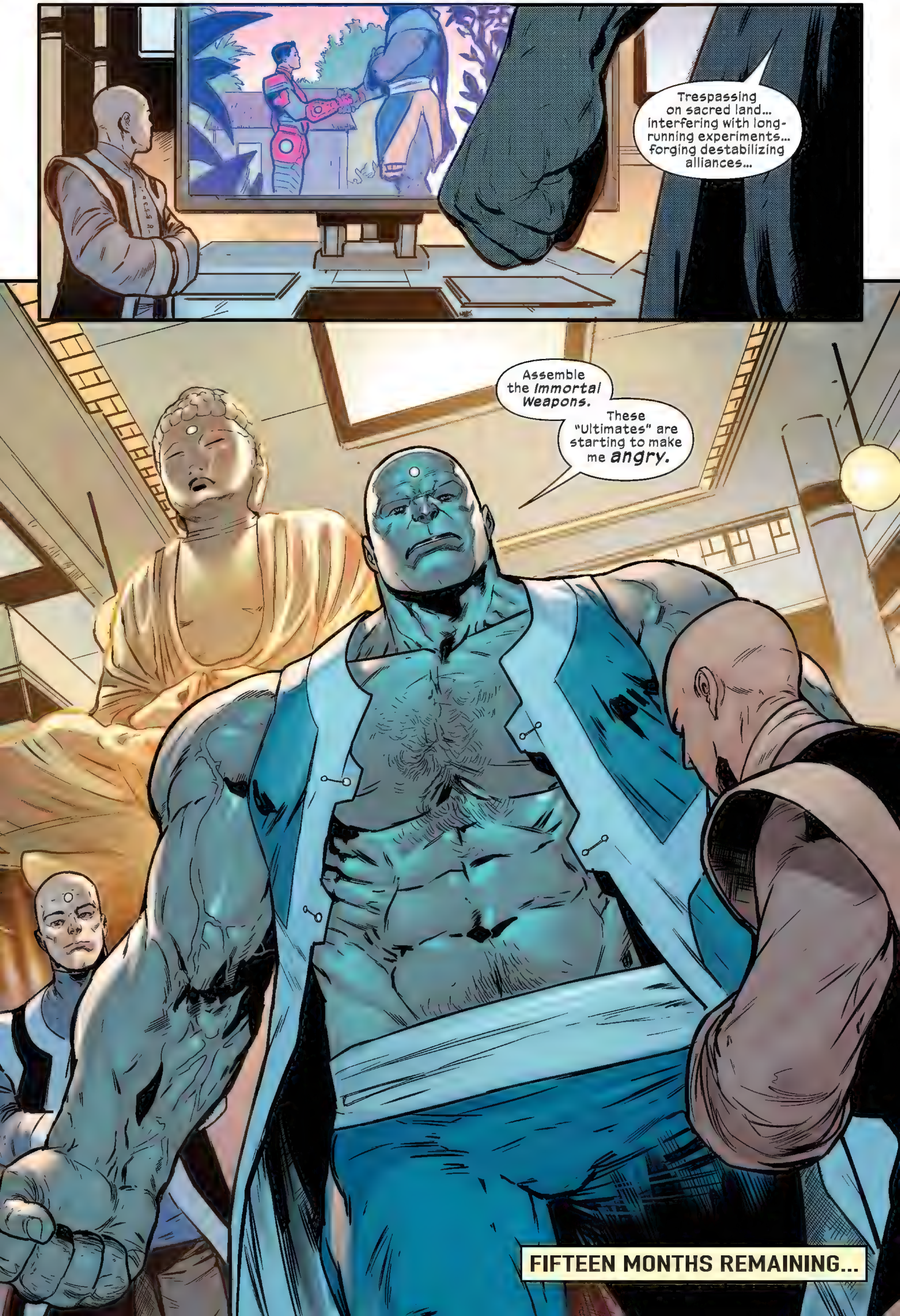

Here-- your *"Hulk Army."*
This is *Tara.* She feels everything. The most gentle breeze is *agony.* For her, *life* is *pain.*
You want to put a *gun* in her hand? Holding it will be torture.
This is *Sorry.* He cannot speak or feed himself. We think he got lost in his own big thoughts.
He gives no indication that he understands or even sees us. *Do you think he will be good for following orders?*


And you *met* Abram. He is the youngest. Still just a baby, but when he gets upset...
He ripped his own mother apart in a *tantrum.*
He is *innocent.* How could he understand what he did? What will he do when he is *old enough* to understand?
We are the *lucky* ones. The ones who *survive.*
All of us are sick. And changed *forever.* Even the *sand* is sick here. We--we are afraid to have children...of what they will *become.*
In the summer, a family needs one hundred coconuts a day for drinking water. But the coconuts are *contaminated.* The water burns your throat.
So what are we supposed to drink?
Tell me: What are we supposed to drink?


God, I'm... I'm sorry. I don't mean to be insensitive, but...
...you show a level of self-control that Banner only achieved with *years* of guidance from the greatest psychologists, spiritualists and mystics in the world!
You're **smart.** And **strong,** like he is.
Yes. Most, the radiation kills or weakens. A few it makes strong.
And there's no sense or reason to any of it. No justice.
That's what we're *fighting* for. We're--
I know who you are. The Ultimates. Terrorists.
How?
We have TV. How do you think we learned English?
We need you in this war.
We've suffered enough for other people's wars.
This war is **everyone's** war.
Yours more than most.


What if we *helped* you? Maybe we can...*move* you somewhere. Somewhere--
We will not leave. *Ever.* This is our *Lamoran*. Our *ancestral land*. We would rather die here than live somewhere else.
It's one of the awful contradictions of this place. The land that kills us and that we'd die to defend.
And anyway, Banner would never allow it.
How can you just do *nothing?* After everything he's *done*...doesn't it make you *angry?*
...*Angry?*
"Have you ever seen someone die of gamma poisoning, Iron Lad? It is a slow, *painful* death, full of confusion, rage and *change.*
"We've seen it *hundreds* of times.
"I watched foul mouths with crooked yellow teeth grow on my mother's body, and saw my father sprout feathers and attempt to escape into the sky."
Every day, they were *brand-new people.* And though we never left their sides-- *not even for a moment, not even once*--still they died *completely alone.* Unimaginable even to themselves.
Angry? We were born into the wounded belly of the world.
You can't *imagine* my anger. What has been done to us is an *abomination.* But I won't allow you to *use* our anger. We have been used enough.


You want my *strength?* You want my *rage?* Then you'll have to *pay* for it.
Well... I don't have the *resources* my father--
Fix our island. Make it like it was before the bombs.
If you do this for us...then I'll *show* you strength.
I don't know if that's even--I mean, a massive remediation job...scraping the topsoil off the *entire island...*
...and repeated applications of potassium fertilizer, *tons* of it...all under Banner's nose...
This is my price. *Fix the land.*
You said from the beginning you wanted to fix the world, didn't you?
"No...no, it just won't do."


Trespassing on sacred land... interfering with long-running experiments... forging destabilizing alliances...
Assemble the *Immortal Weapons.*
These "Ultimates" are starting to make me *angry.*
FIFTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

NEXT

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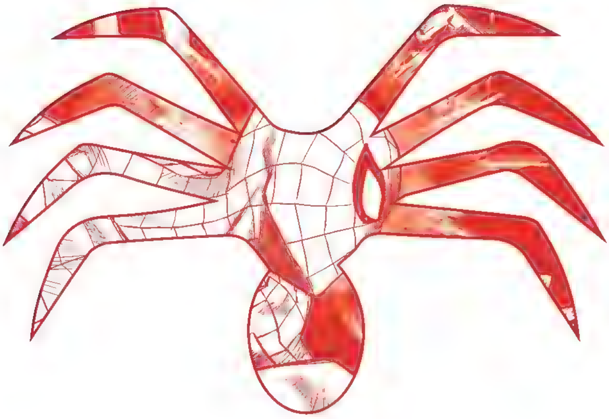

9

Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Eight months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**, a.k.a. **HARRY OSBORN**, the co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**.

When Stark reappeared, Peter and Harry learned that he could seize control of their super-suits. Meanwhile, **WILSON FISK**, the **KINGPIN** of Manhattan, gathered the heads of every borough of New York to declare open season on the pair of masked vigilantes.

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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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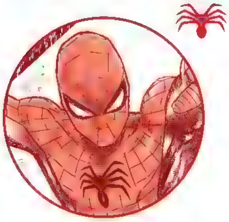
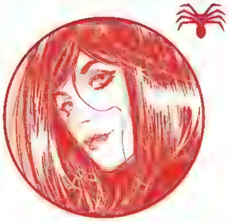
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

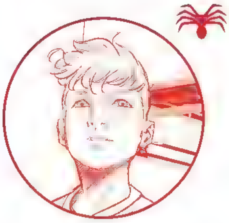
CAST:



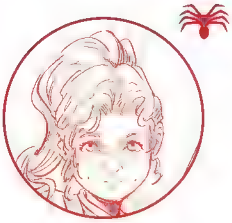
PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN



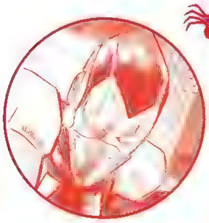
MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU



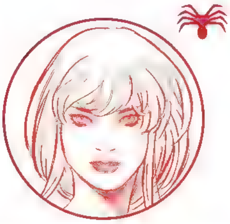
RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON



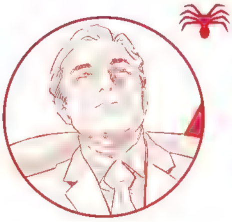
MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER



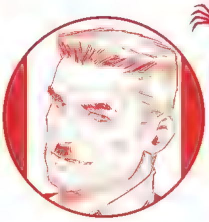
HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN



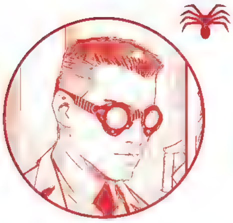
GWEN STACY
HARRY'S WIFE



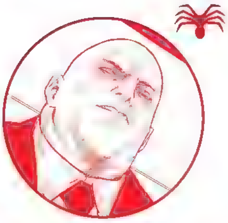
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE



J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

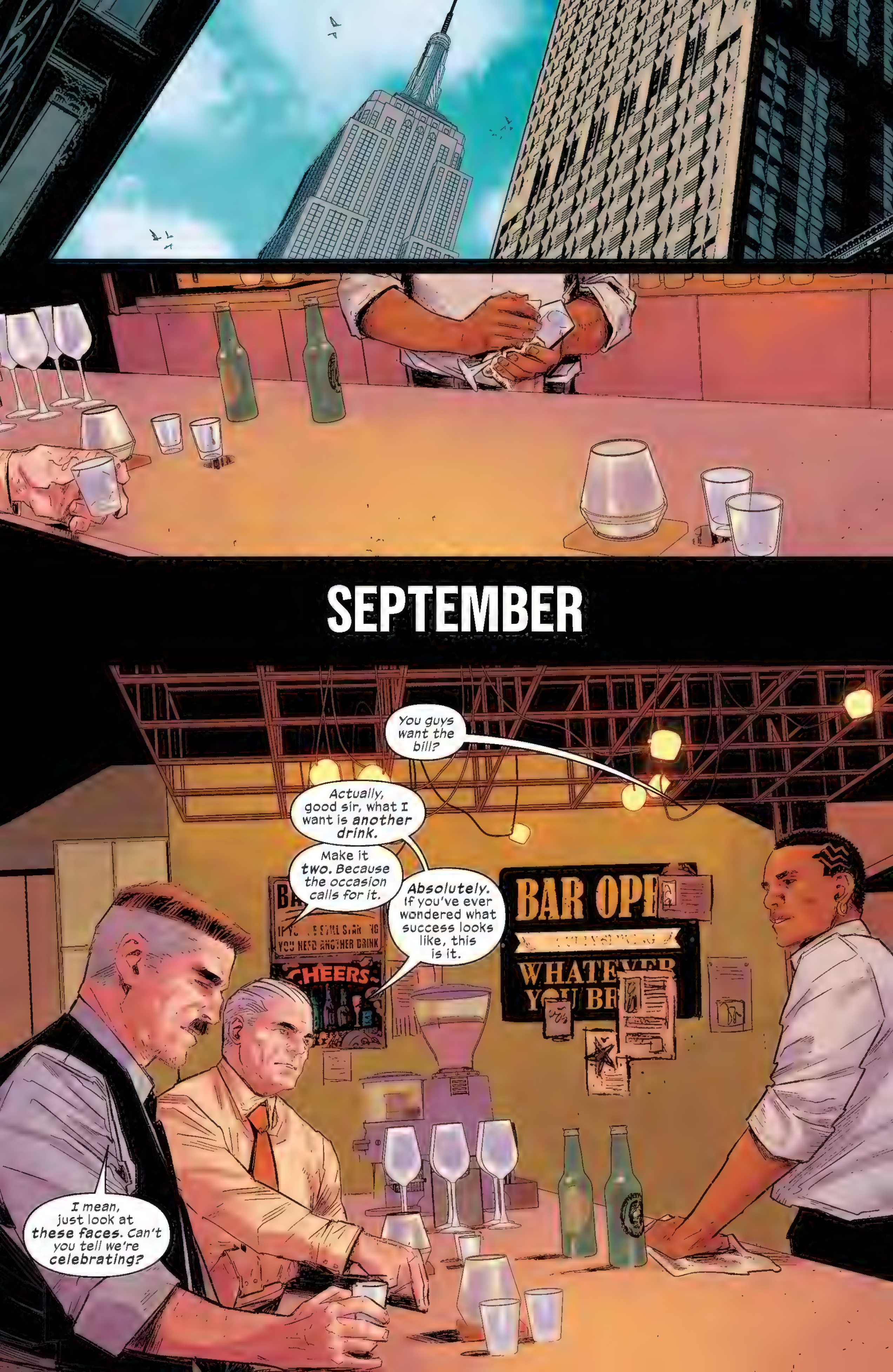


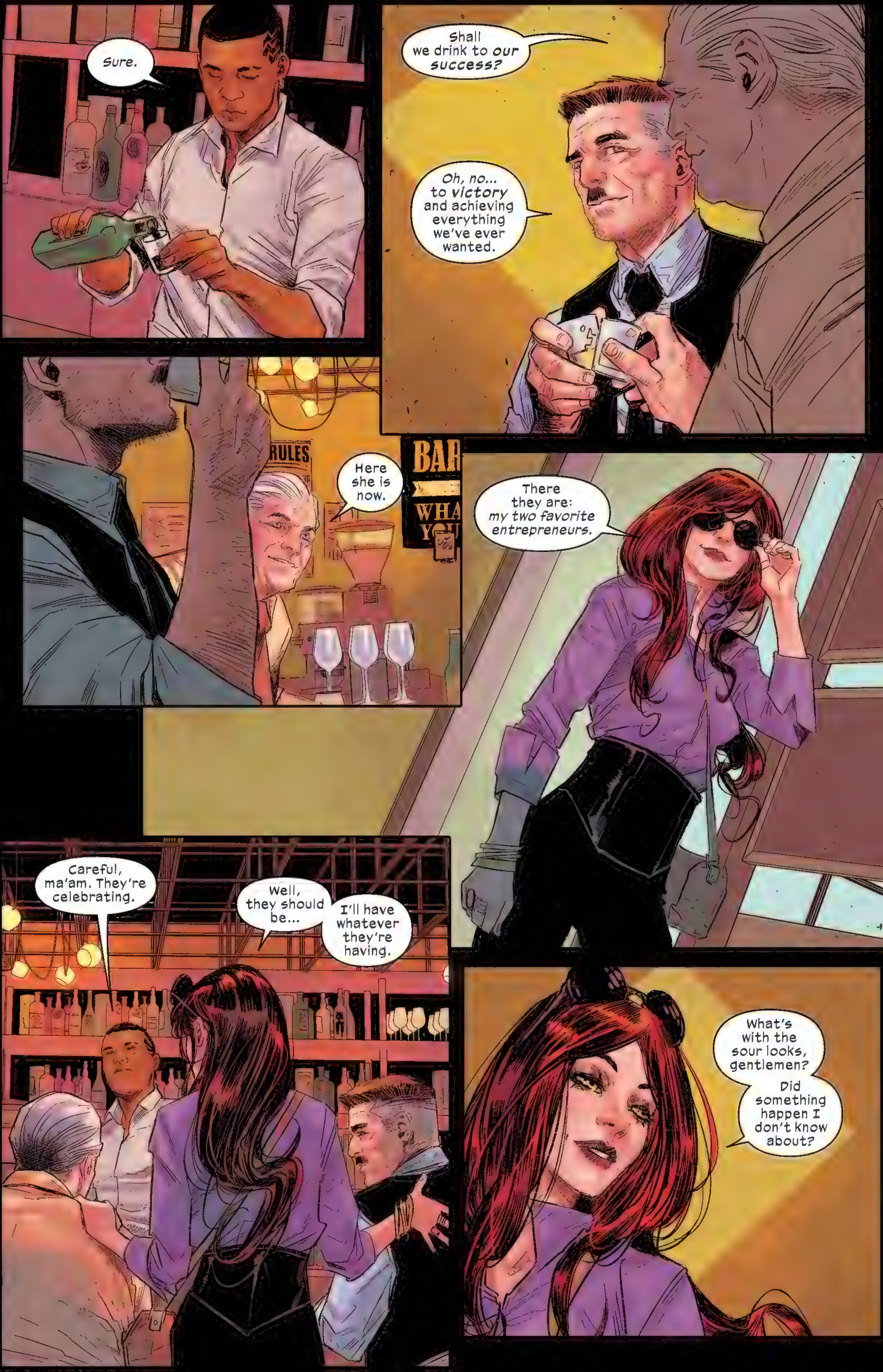
OTTO OCTAVIUS
OSCORP SCIENTIST

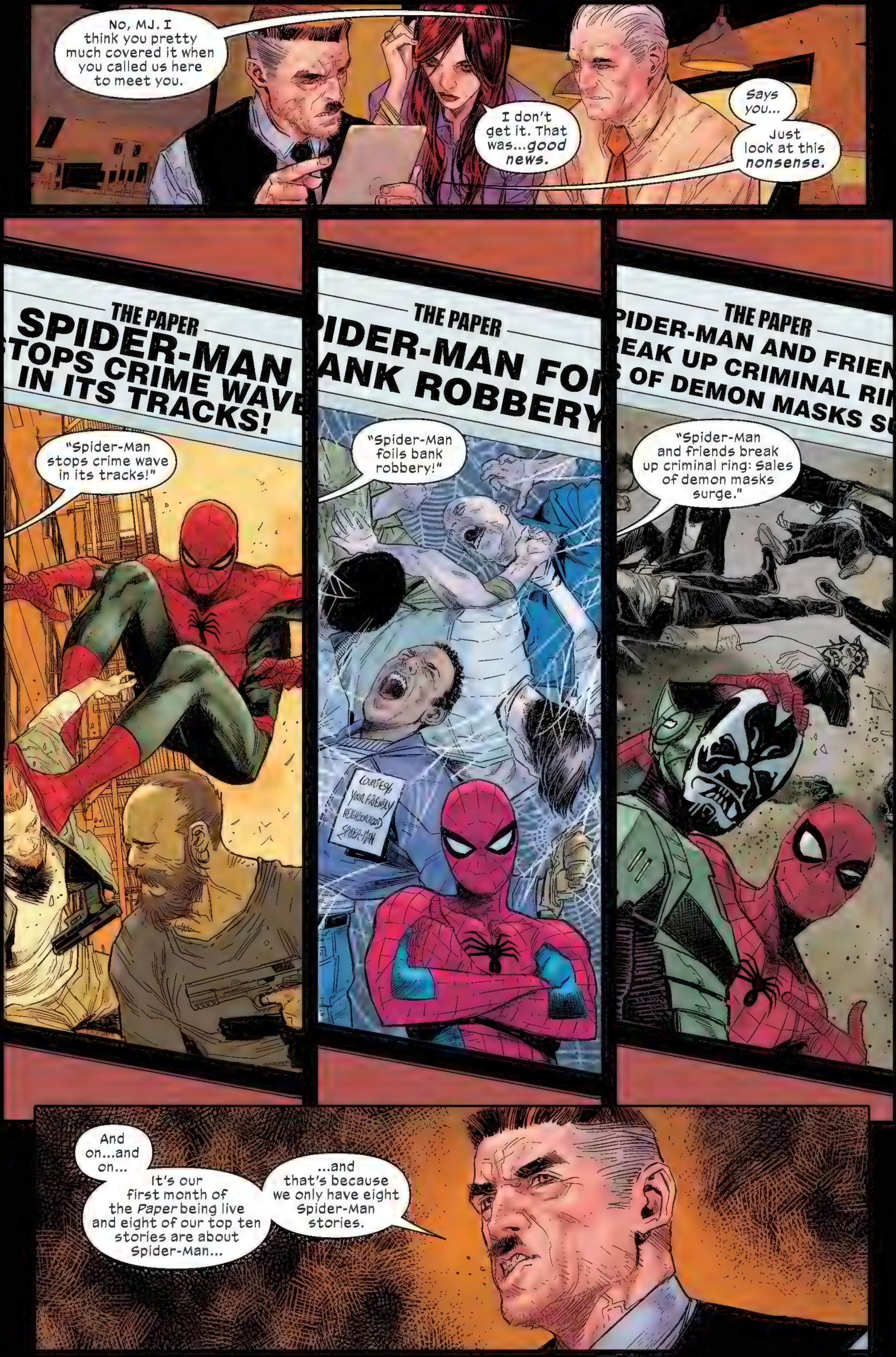


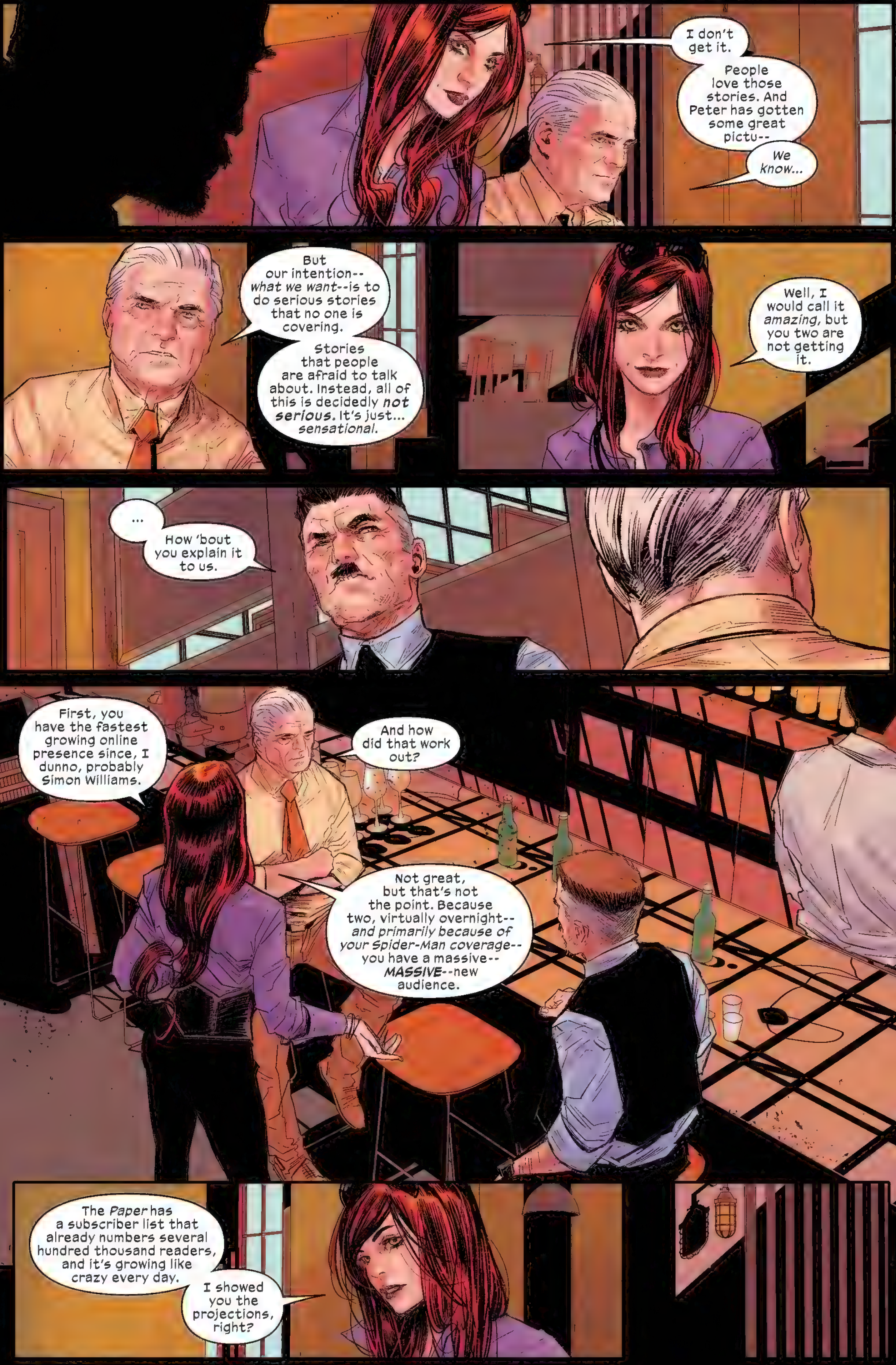
WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

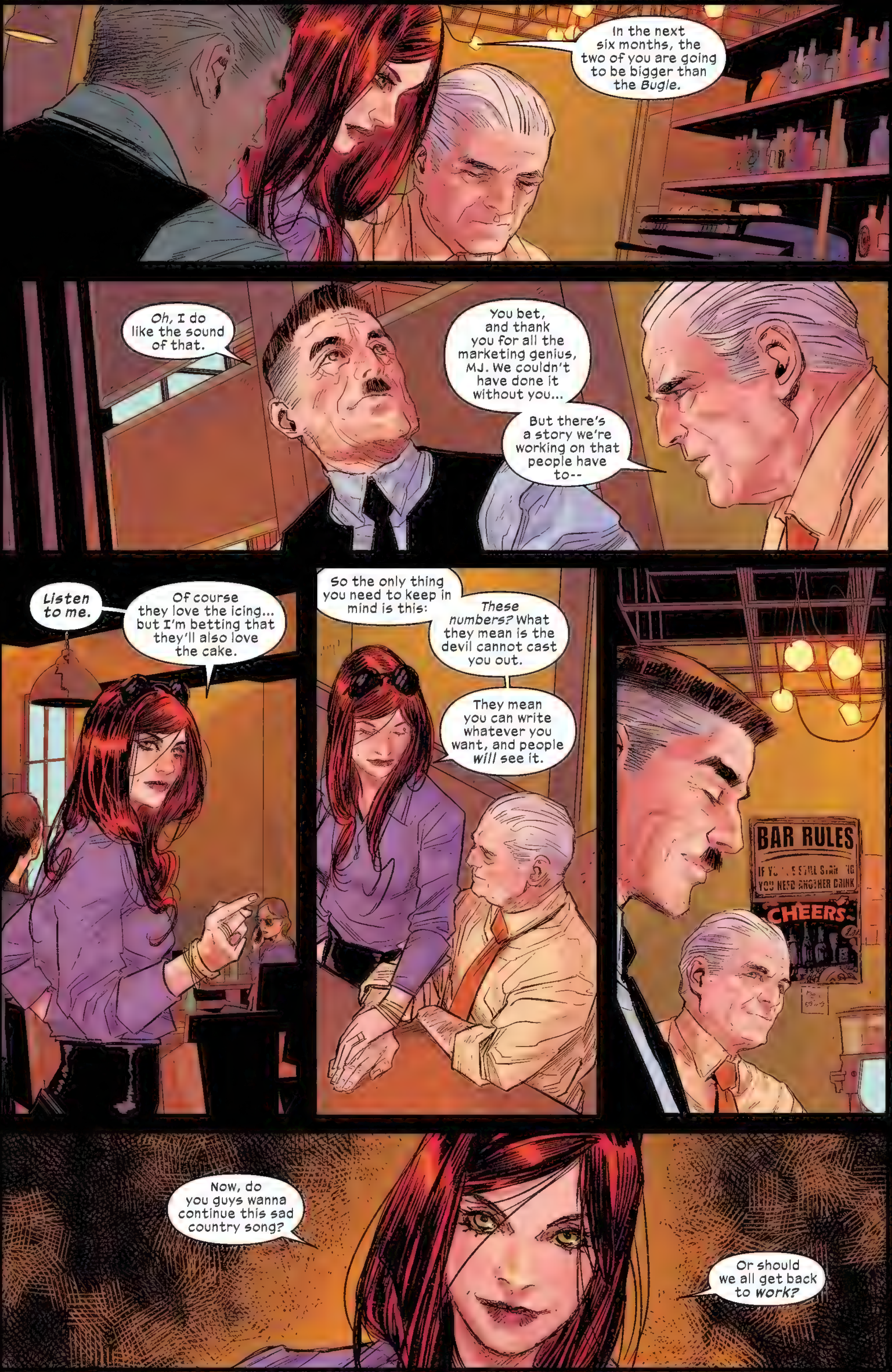
2024

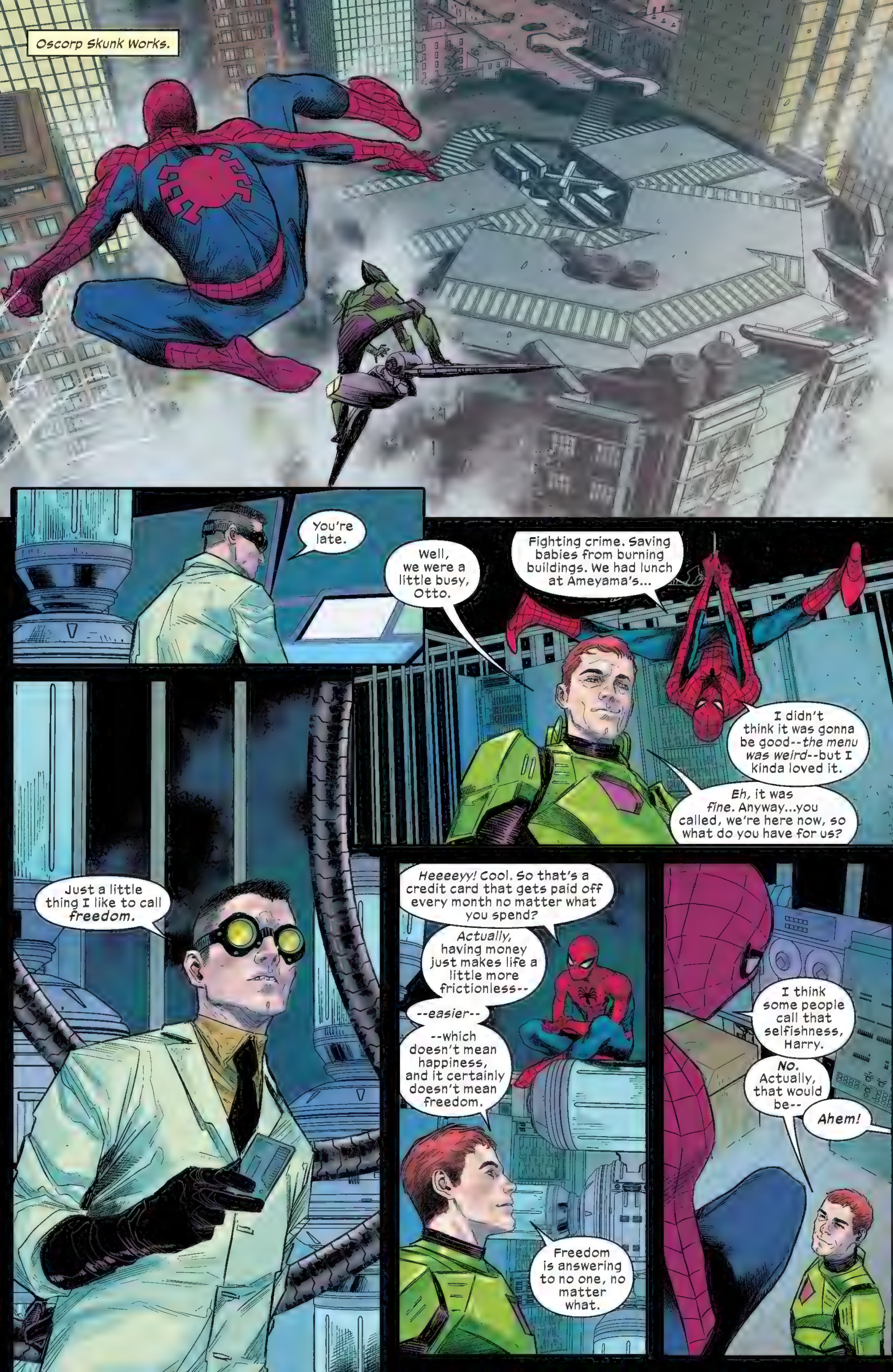

SEPTEMBER
You guys want the bill?
Actually, good sir, what I want is *another drink.*
Make it *two.* Because the occasion calls for it.
Absolutely. If you've ever wondered what success looks like, this is it.
I mean, just look at *these faces.* Can't you tell we're *celebrating?*
BAR OPE
WHATEVER YOU BE
YOU NEED ANOTHER DRINK
CHEERS

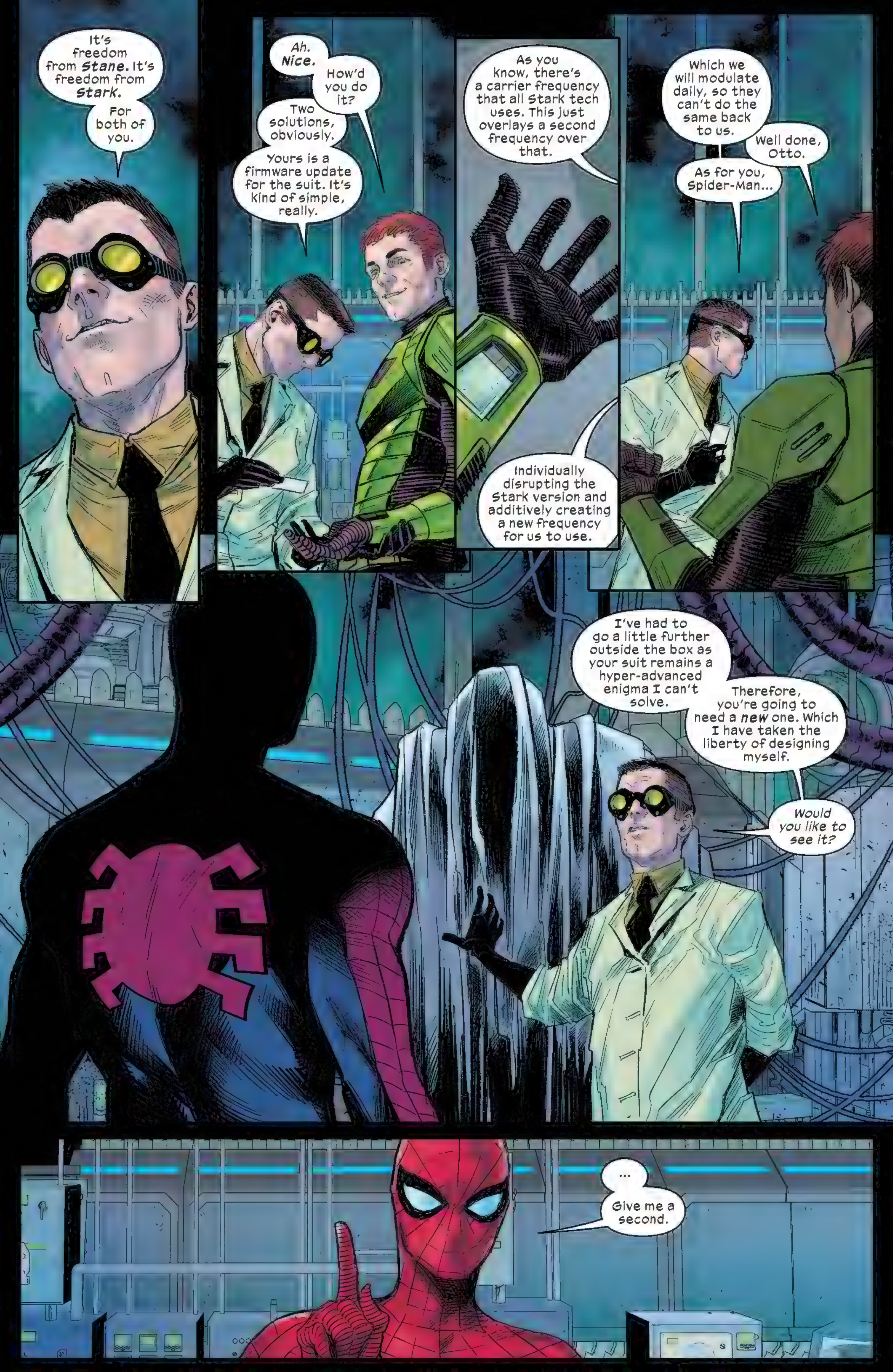

Sure.
Shall we drink to *our success?*
Oh, no... to *victory* and achieving everything we've ever wanted.
RULES
Here she is now.
BAR
WHA
YOU
There they are: *my two favorite entrepreneurs.*
Careful, ma'am. They're celebrating.
Well, they should be...
I'll have whatever they're having.
What's with the sour looks, gentlemen?
Did something happen I don't know about?

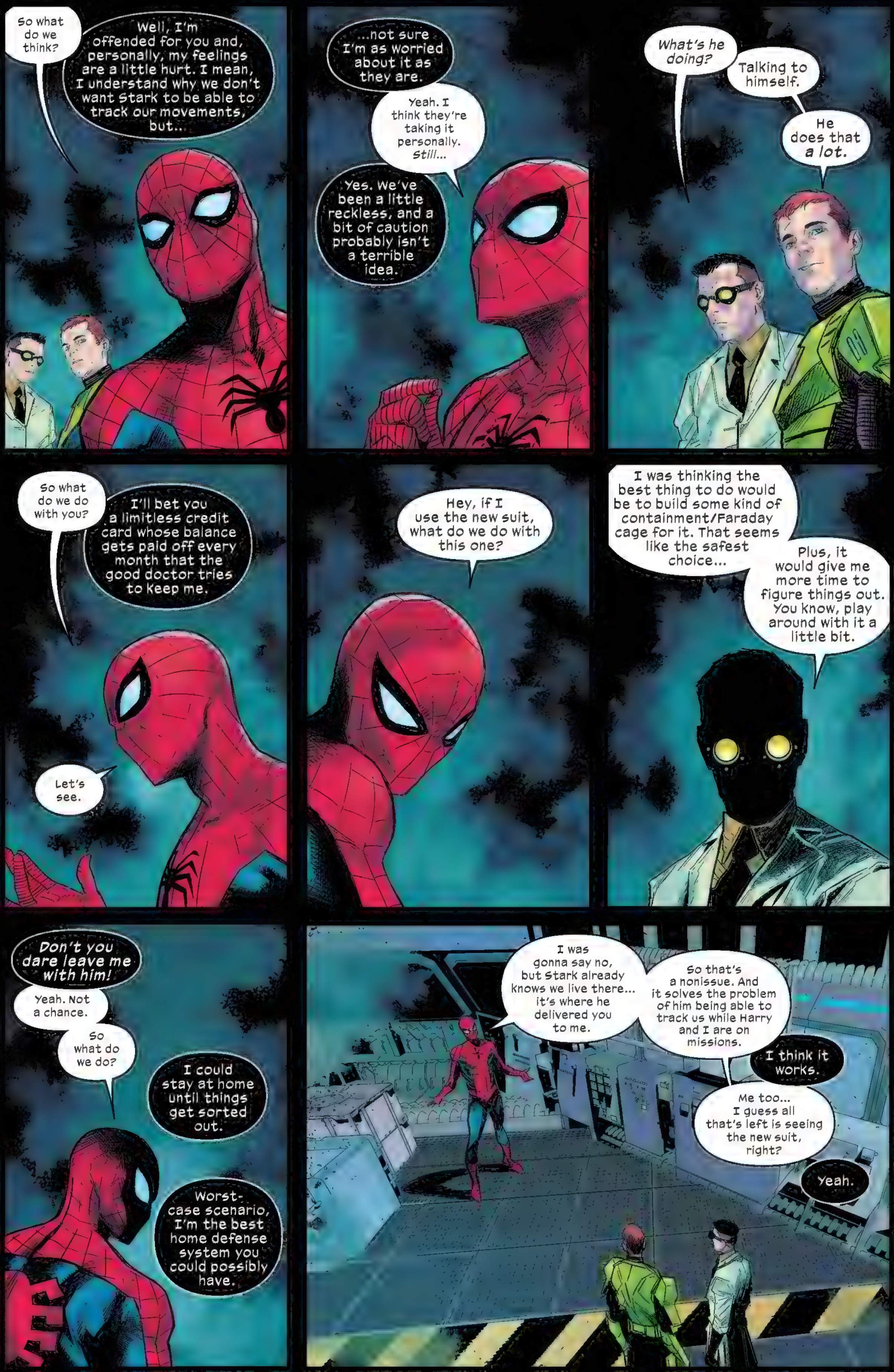

No, MJ. I think you pretty much covered it when you called us here to meet you.
I don't get it. That was...*good news.*
Says you...
Just look at this *nonsense.*
THE PAPER
SPIDER-MAN STOPS CRIME WAVE IN ITS TRACKS!
"Spider-Man stops crime wave in its tracks!"
THE PAPER
IDER-MAN FOI ANK ROBBERY
"Spider-Man foils bank robbery!"
COURTESY, YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN
THE PAPER
IDER-MAN AND FRIEN EAK UP CRIMINAL RI S OF DEMON MASKS SU
"Spider-Man and friends break up criminal ring: Sales of demon masks surge."
And on...and on...
It's our first month of the *Paper* being live and eight of our top ten stories are about Spider-Man...
...and that's because we only have eight Spider-Man stories.

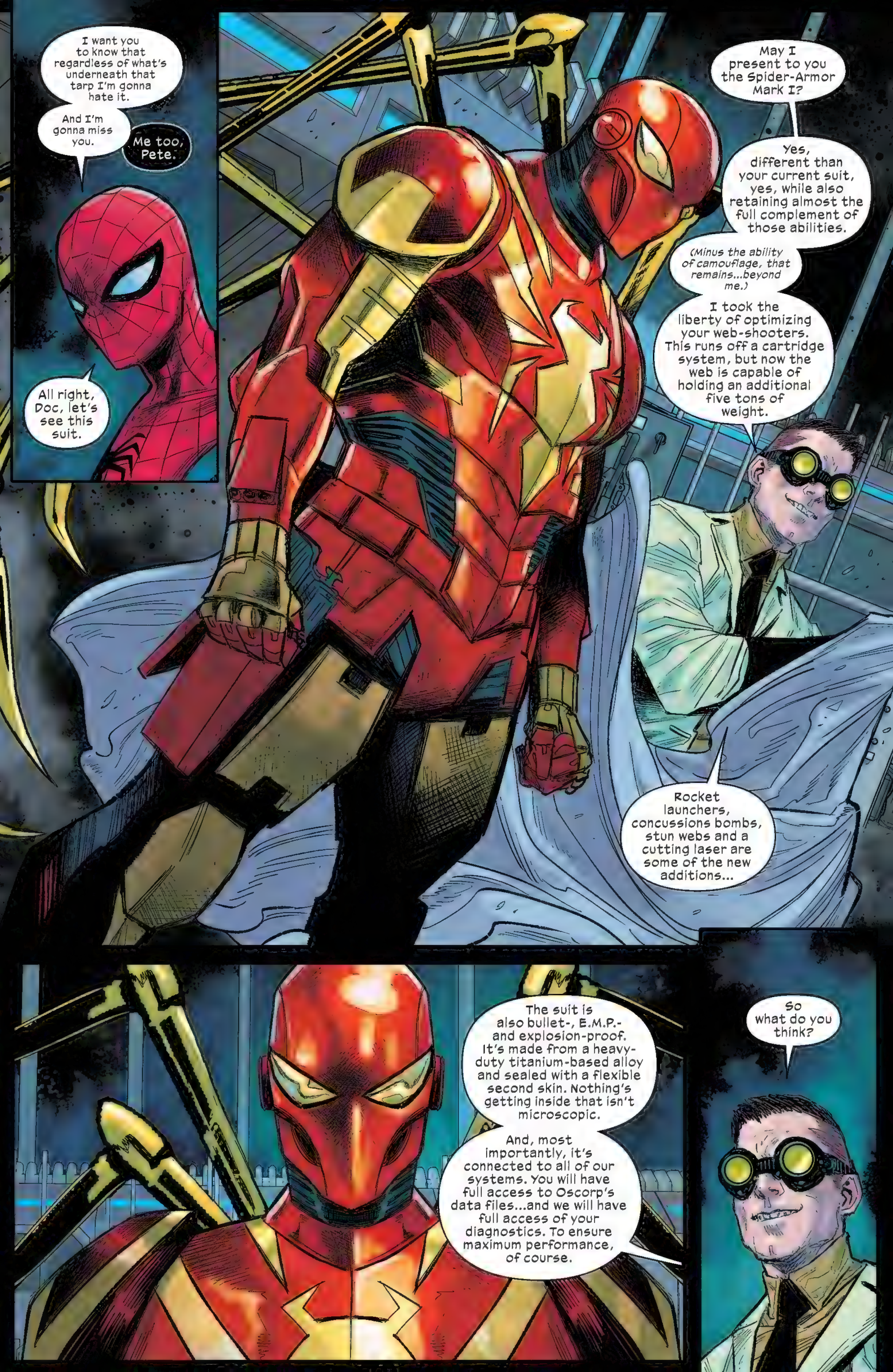

I don't get it.
People love those stories. And Peter has gotten some great pictu--
We know...
But our intention-- *what we want*--is to do serious stories that no one is covering.
Stories that people are afraid to talk about. Instead, all of this is decidedly ***not serious.*** It's just... *sensational.*
Well, I would call it *amazing*, but you two are not getting it.
...
How 'bout you explain it to us.
First, you have the fastest growing online presence since, I dunno, probably Simon Williams.
And how did that work out?
Not great, but that's not the point. Because two, virtually overnight-- *and primarily because of your Spider-Man coverage--* you have a massive-- ***MASSIVE***--new audience.
The *Paper* has a subscriber list that already numbers several hundred thousand readers, and it's growing like crazy every day.
I showed you the projections, right?

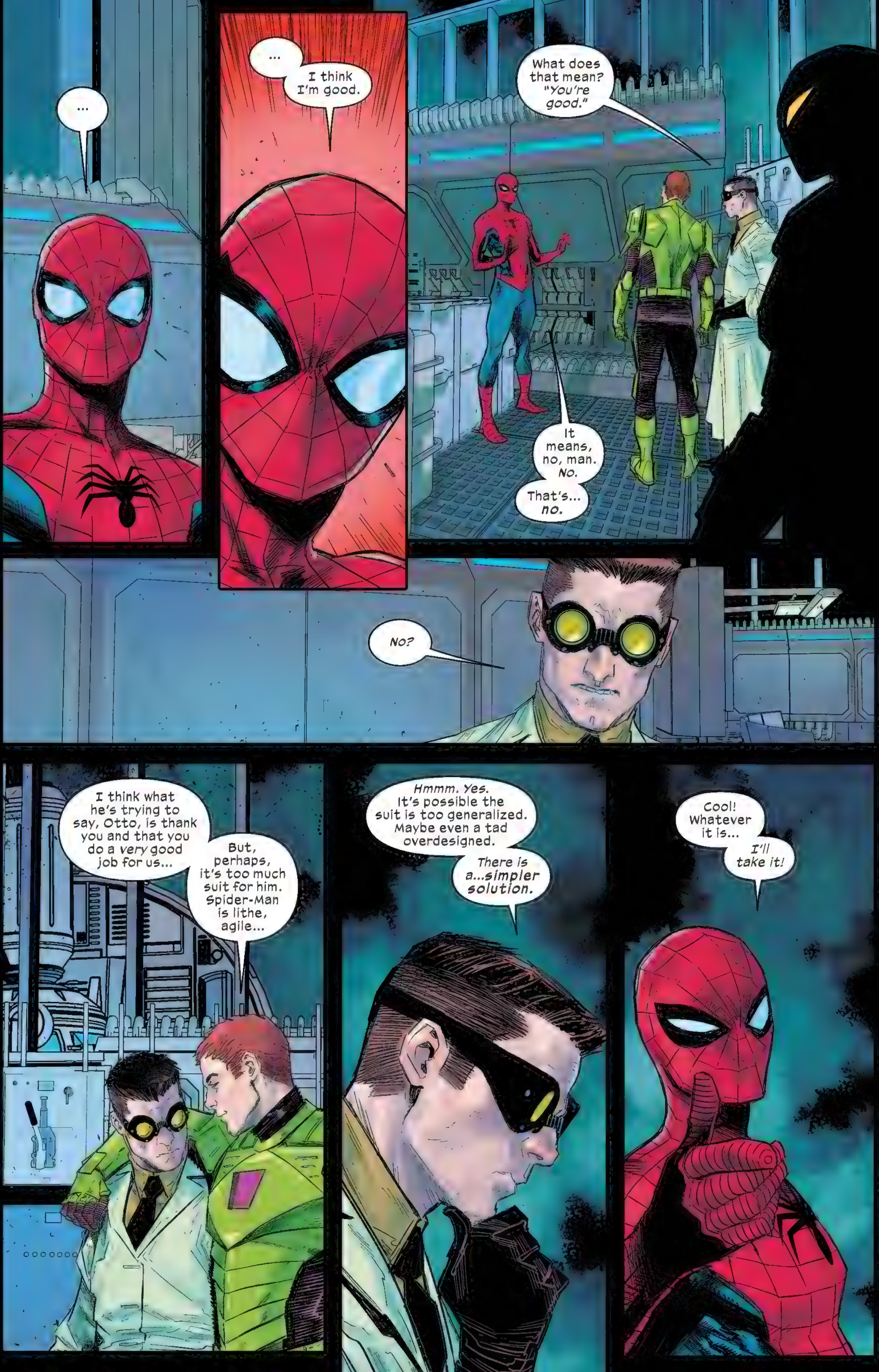

In the next six months, the two of you are going to be bigger than the *Bugle*.
Oh, I do like the sound of that.
You bet, and thank you for all the marketing genius, MJ. We couldn't have done it without you...
But there's a story we're working on that people have to--
Listen to me.
Of course they love the icing... but I'm betting that they'll also love the cake.
So the only thing you need to keep in mind is this:
These numbers? What they mean is the devil cannot cast you out.
They mean you can write whatever you want, and people *will* see it.
BAR RULES
YOU NEED ANOTHER DRINK
CHEERS
Now, do you guys wanna continue this sad country song?
Or should we all get back to *work?*

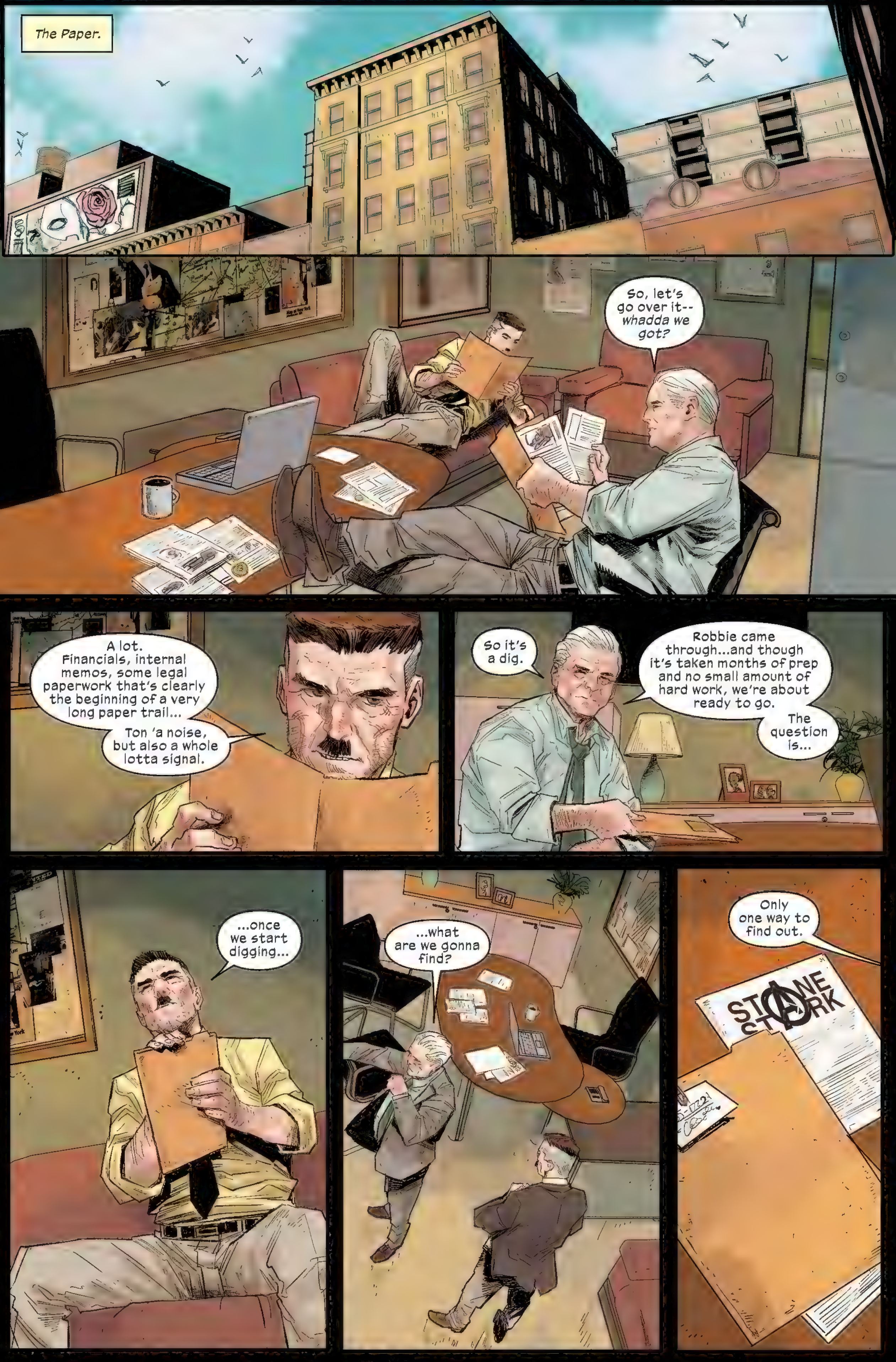

Oscorp Skunk Works.
You're late.
Well, we were a little busy, Otto.
Fighting crime. Saving babies from burning buildings. We had lunch at Ameyama's...
I didn't think it was gonna be good--*the menu was weird*--but I kinda loved it.
Eh, it was *fine.* Anyway...you called, we're here now, so what do you have for us?
Just a little thing I like to call *freedom.*
Heeeeyy! Cool. So that's a credit card that gets paid off every month no matter what you spend?
Actually, having money just makes life a little more frictionless--
--easier--
--which doesn't mean happiness, and it certainly doesn't mean freedom.
Freedom is answering to no one, no matter what.
I think some people call that selfishness, Harry.
No. Actually, that would be--
Ahem!

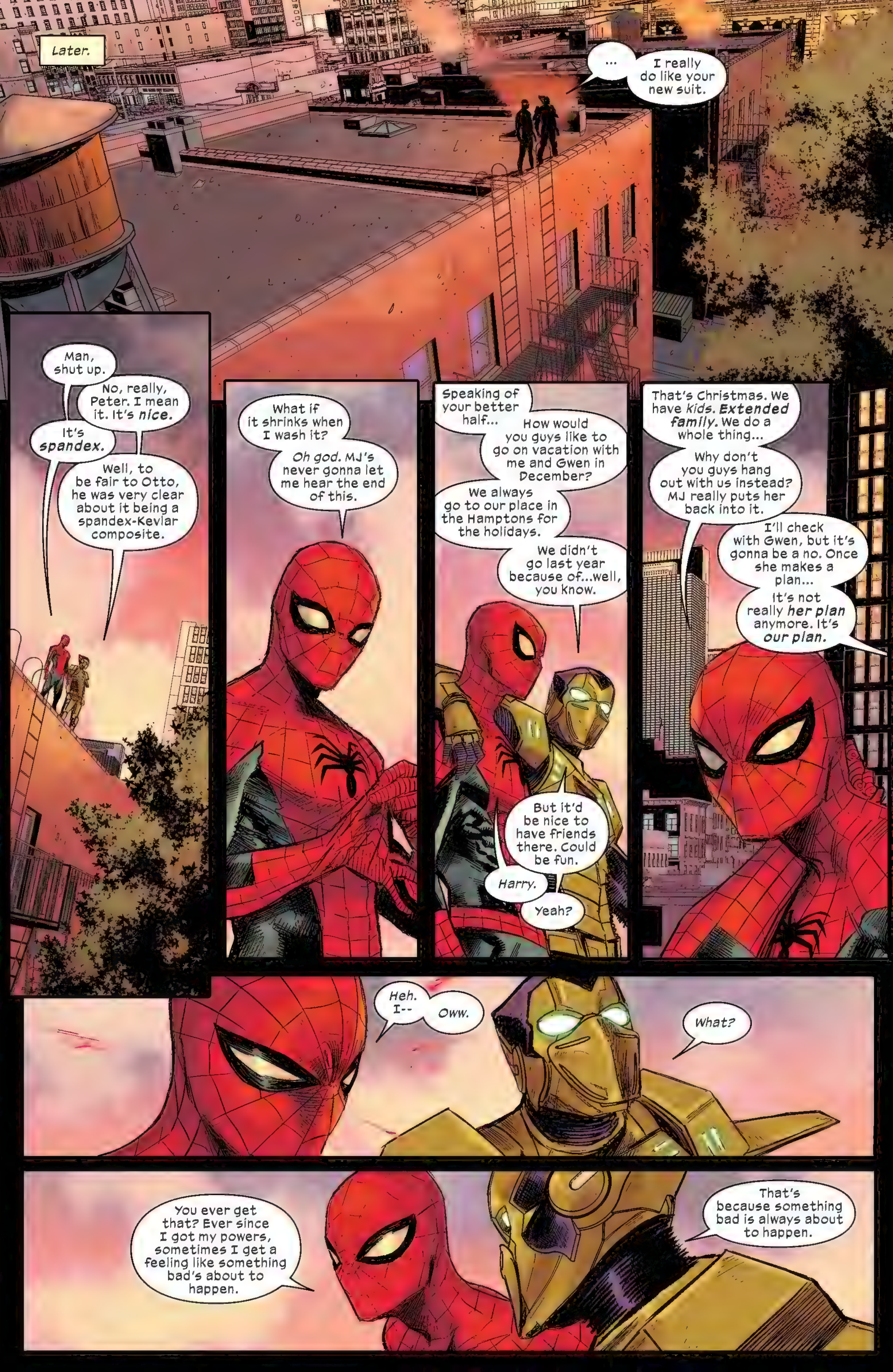

It's freedom from **Stane.** It's freedom from **Stark.**
For both of you.
Ah. **Nice.**
How'd you do it?
Two solutions, obviously.
Yours is a firmware update for the suit. It's kind of simple, really.
As you know, there's a carrier frequency that all Stark tech uses. This just overlays a second frequency over that.
Individually disrupting the Stark version and additively creating a new frequency for us to use.
Which we will modulate daily, so they can't do the same back to us.
Well done, Otto.
As for you, Spider-Man...
I've had to go a little further outside the box as your suit remains a hyper-advanced enigma I can't solve.
Therefore, you're going to need a ***new*** one. Which I have taken the liberty of designing myself.
Would you like to see it?
...
Give me a second.

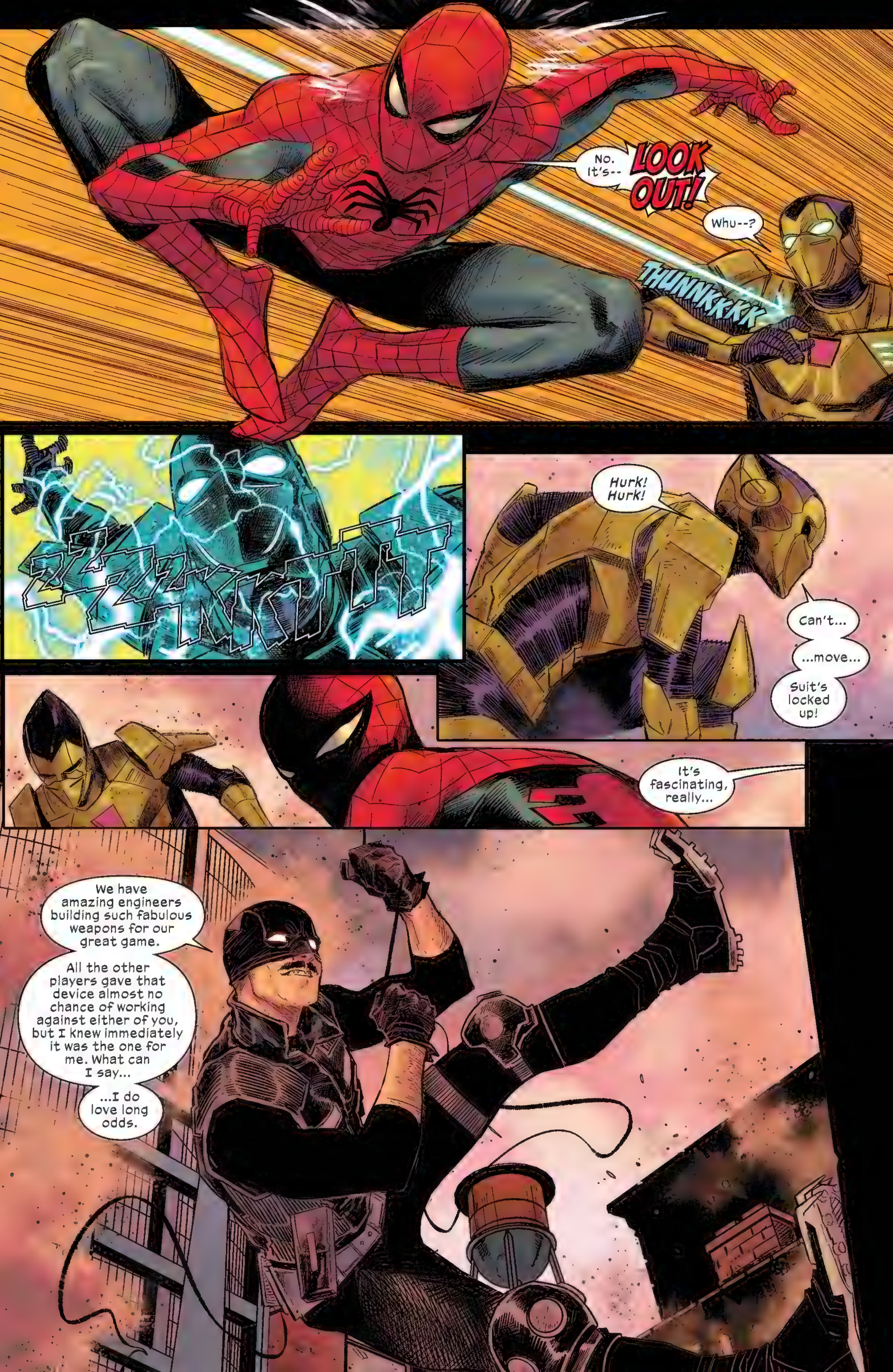

So what do we think?
Well, I'm offended for you and, personally, my feelings are a little hurt. I mean, I understand why we don't want Stark to be able to track our movements, but...
...not sure I'm as worried about it as they are.
Yeah. I think they're taking it personally. *Still...*
Yes. We've been a little reckless, and a bit of caution probably isn't a terrible idea.
What's he doing?
Talking to himself.
He does that *a lot.*
So what do we do with you?
I'll bet you a limitless credit card whose balance gets paid off every month that the good doctor tries to keep me.
Let's see.
Hey, if I use the new suit, what do we do with this one?
I was thinking the best thing to do would be to build some kind of containment/Faraday cage for it. That seems like the safest choice...
Plus, it would give me more time to figure things out. You know, play around with it a little bit.
Don't you dare leave me with him!
Yeah. Not a chance.
So what do we do?
I could stay at home until things get sorted out.
Worst-case scenario, I'm the best home defense system you could possibly have.
I was gonna say no, but Stark already knows we live there... it's where he delivered you to me.
So that's a nonissue. And it solves the problem of him being able to track us while Harry and I are on missions.
I think it works.
Me too... I guess all that's left is seeing the new suit, right?
Yeah.

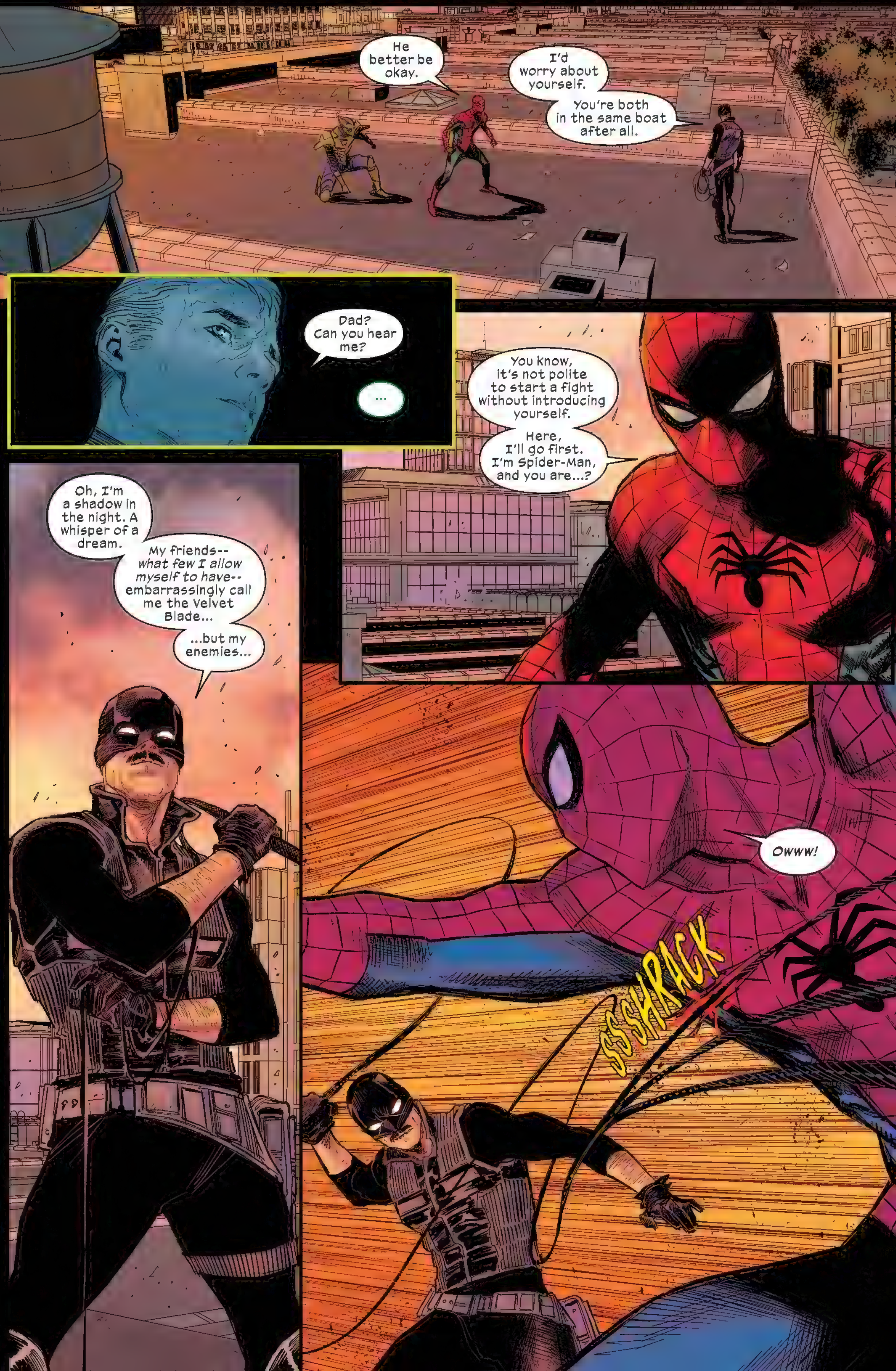

I want you to know that regardless of what's underneath that tarp I'm gonna hate it.
And I'm gonna miss you.
Me too, Pete.
All right, Doc, let's see this suit.
May I present to you the Spider-Armor Mark I?
Yes, different than your current suit, yes, while also retaining almost the full complement of those abilities.
(Minus the ability of camouflage, that remains...beyond me.)
I took the liberty of optimizing your web-shooters. This runs off a cartridge system, but now the web is capable of holding an additional five tons of weight.
Rocket launchers, concussions bombs, stun webs and a cutting laser are some of the new additions...
The suit is also bullet-, E.M.P.- and explosion-proof. It's made from a heavy-duty titanium-based alloy and sealed with a flexible second skin. Nothing's getting inside that isn't microscopic.
And, most importantly, it's connected to all of our systems. You will have full access to Oscorp's data files...and we will have full access of your diagnostics. To ensure maximum performance, of course.
So what do you think?

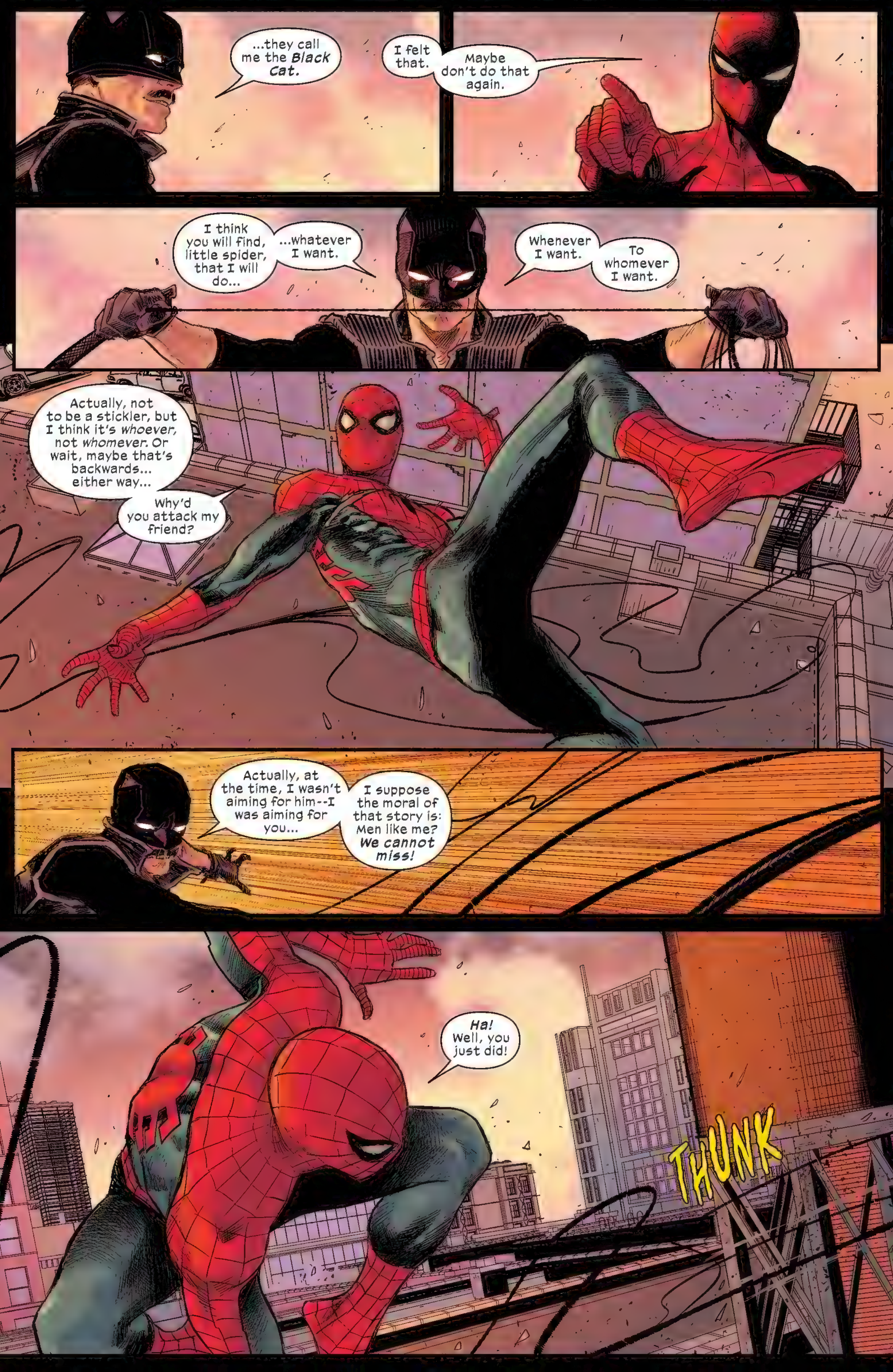

...
...
I think I'm good.
What does that mean? *"You're good."*
It means, no, man. *No.*
That's... *no.*
No?
I think what he's trying to say, Otto, is thank you and that you do a *very* good job for us...
But, perhaps, it's too much suit for him. Spider-Man is lithe, agile...
Hmmm. Yes. It's possible the suit is too generalized. Maybe even a tad overdesigned.
*There is a...**simpler solution.***
Cool! Whatever it is...
I'll take it!

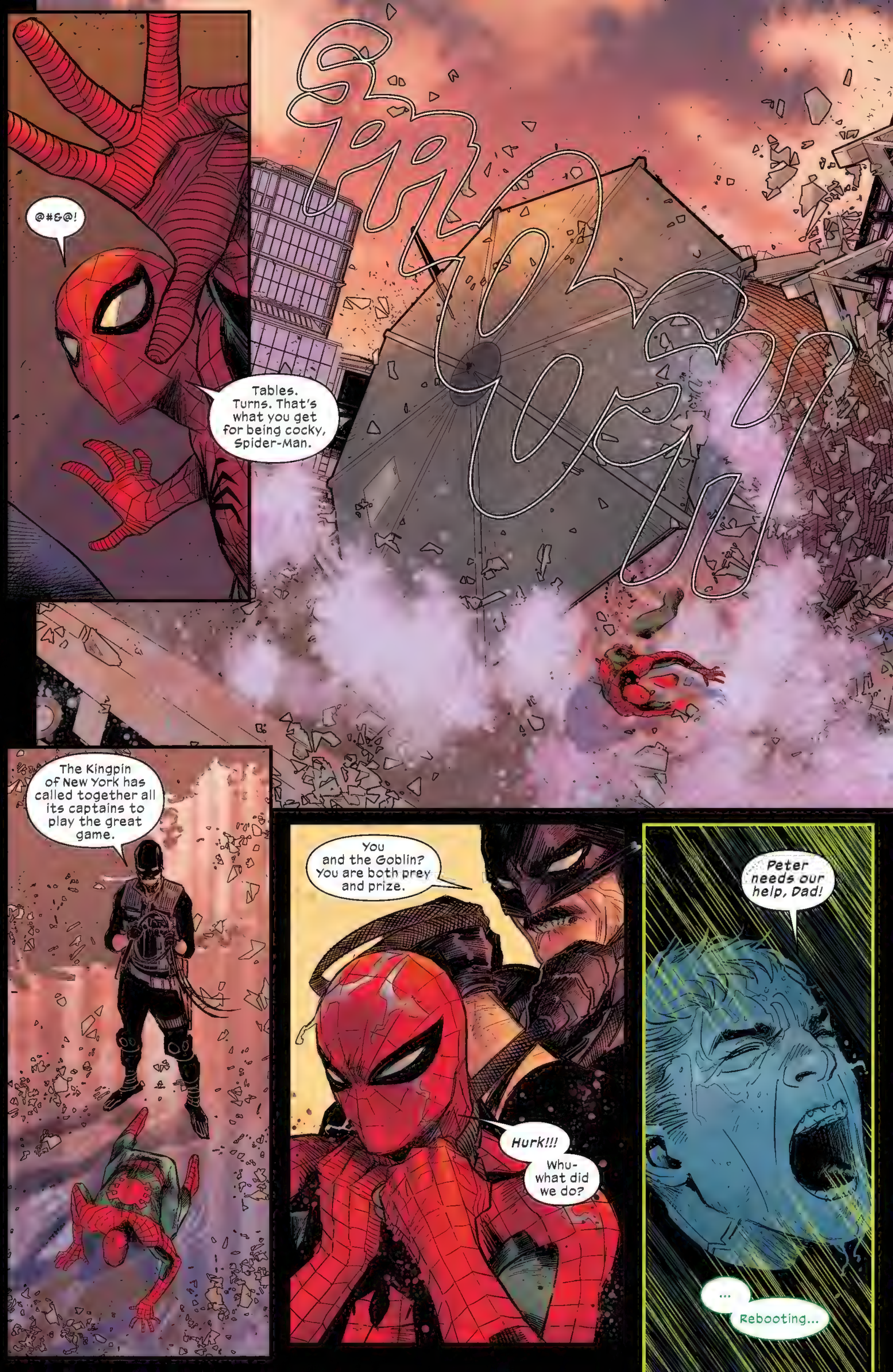

The Paper.
So, let's go over it-- whadda we got?
A lot. Financials, internal memos, some legal paperwork that's clearly the beginning of a very long paper trail...
Ton 'a noise, but also a whole lotta signal.
So it's a dig.
Robbie came through...and though it's taken months of prep and no small amount of hard work, we're about ready to go.
The question is...
...once we start digging...
...what are we gonna find?
Only one way to find out.

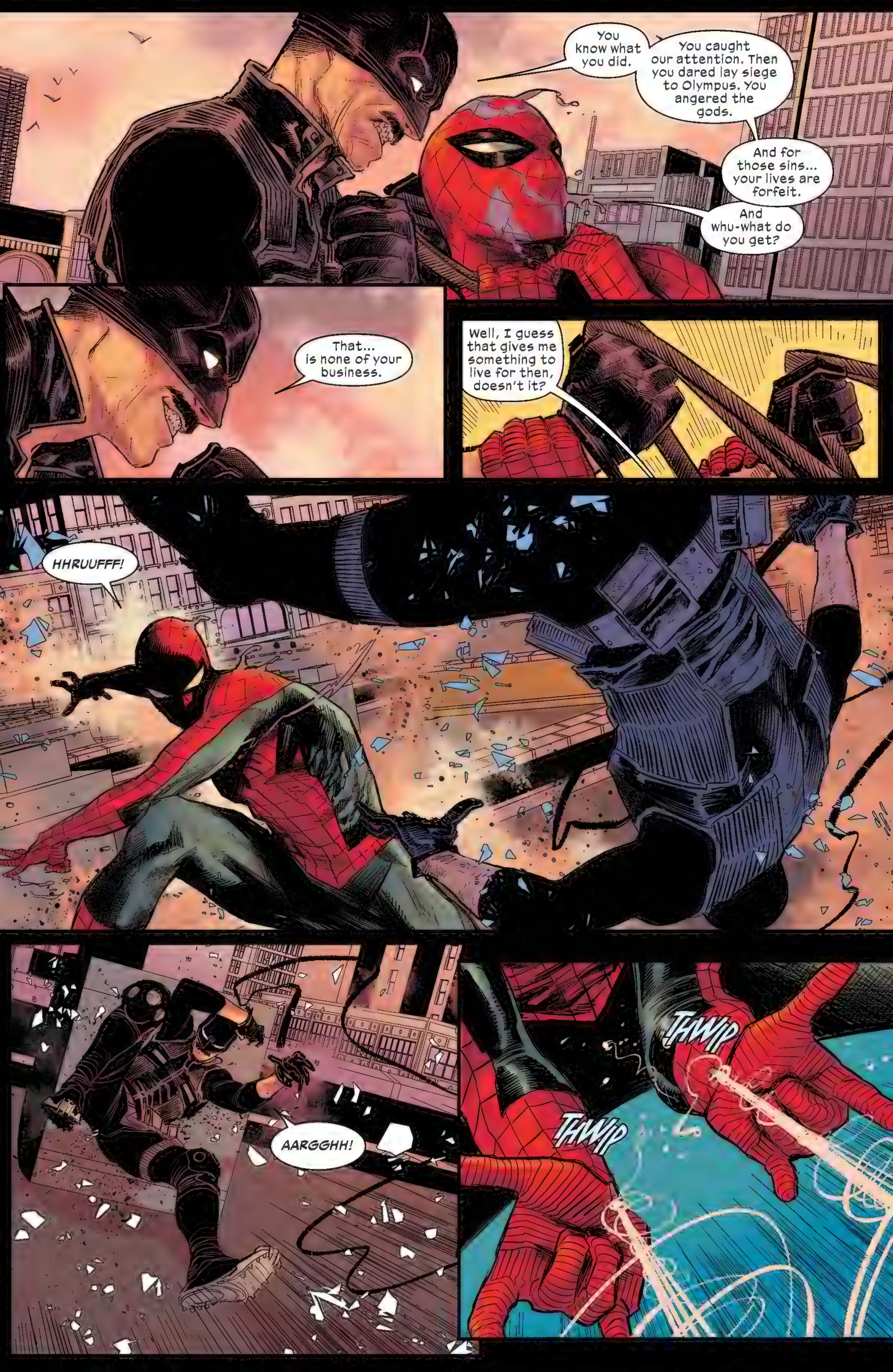

Later.
...
I really do like your new suit.
Man, shut up.
No, really, Peter. I mean it. It's *nice.*
It's *spandex.*
Well, to be fair to Otto, he was very clear about it being a spandex-Kevlar composite.
What if it shrinks when I wash it?
Oh god. MJ's never gonna let me hear the end of this.
Speaking of your better half...
How would you guys like to go on vacation with me and Gwen in December?
We always go to our place in the Hamptons for the holidays.
We didn't go last year because of...well, you know.
But it'd be nice to have friends there. Could be fun.
Harry.
Yeah?
That's Christmas. We have *kids.* ***Extended family.*** We do a whole thing...
Why don't you guys hang out with us instead? MJ really puts her back into it.
I'll check with Gwen, but it's gonna be a no. Once she makes a plan...
It's not really ***her plan*** anymore. It's ***our plan.***
Heh. I--
Oww.
What?
You ever get that? Ever since I got my powers, sometimes I get a feeling like something bad's about to happen.
That's because something bad is always about to happen.

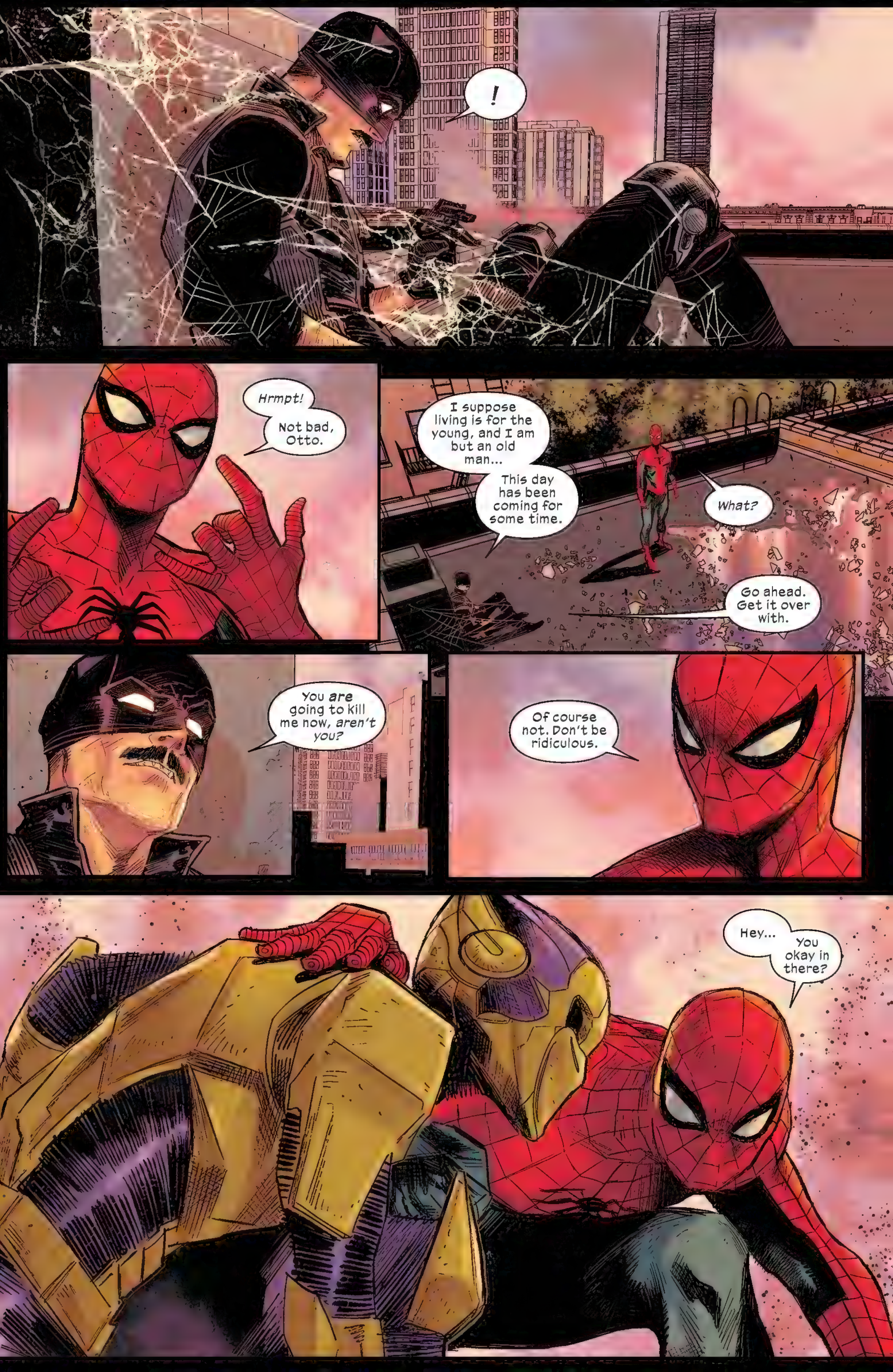

No. It's--
LOOK OUT!
Whu--?
THUNNKKKK
ZZZZNKRTTT
Hurk! Hurk!
Can't...
...move...
Suit's locked up!
It's fascinating, really...
We have amazing engineers building such fabulous weapons for our great game.
All the other players gave that device almost no chance of working against either of you, but I knew immediately it was the one for me. What can I say...
...I do love long odds.

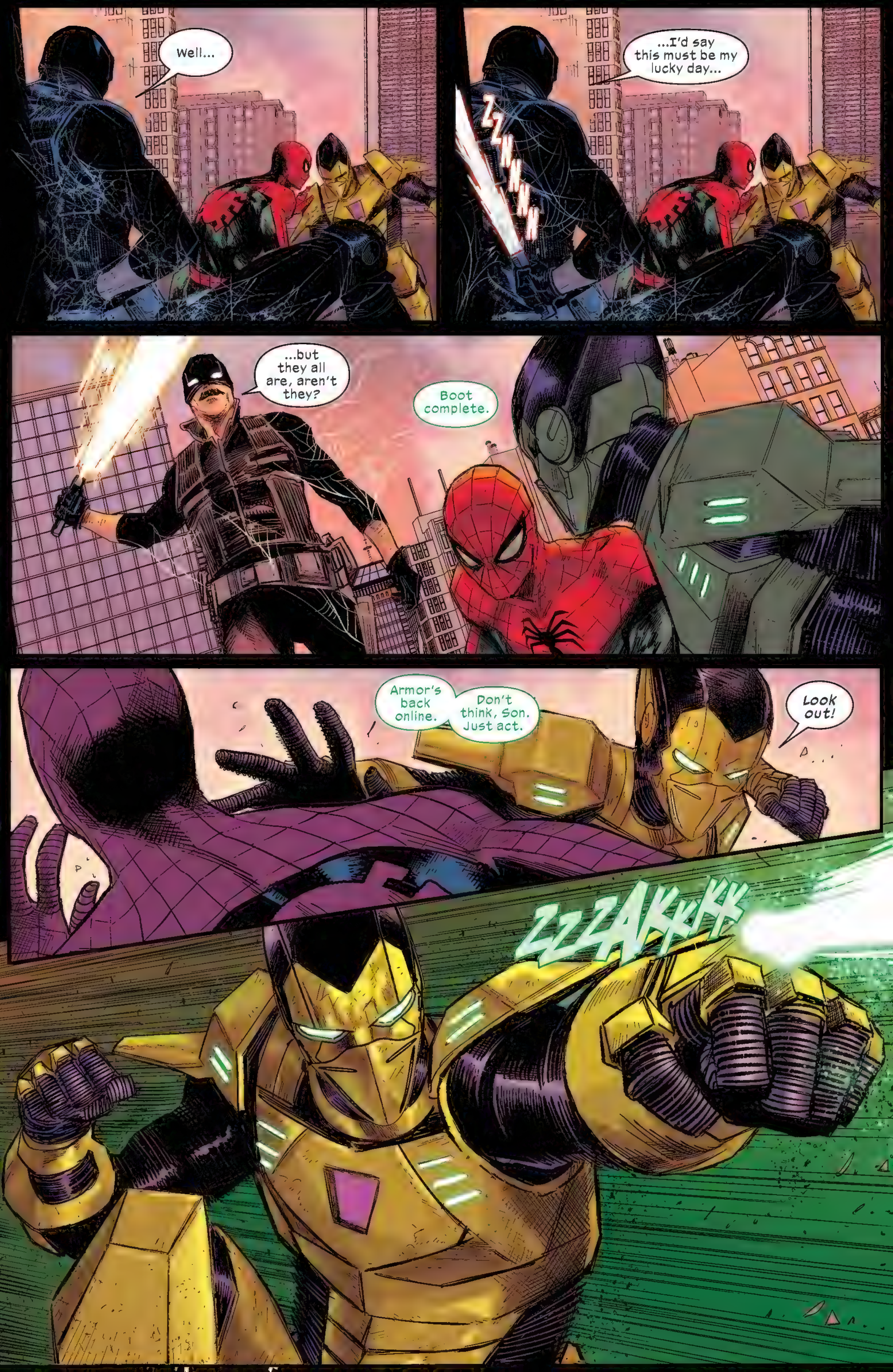

He better be okay.
I'd worry about yourself.
You're both in the same boat after all.
Dad? Can you hear me?
...
You know, it's not polite to start a fight without introducing yourself.
Here, I'll go first. I'm Spider-Man, and you are...?
Oh, I'm a shadow in the night. A whisper of a dream.
My friends-- *what few I allow myself to have--* embarrassingly call me the Velvet Blade...
...but my enemies...
Owww!
SSSHRACK

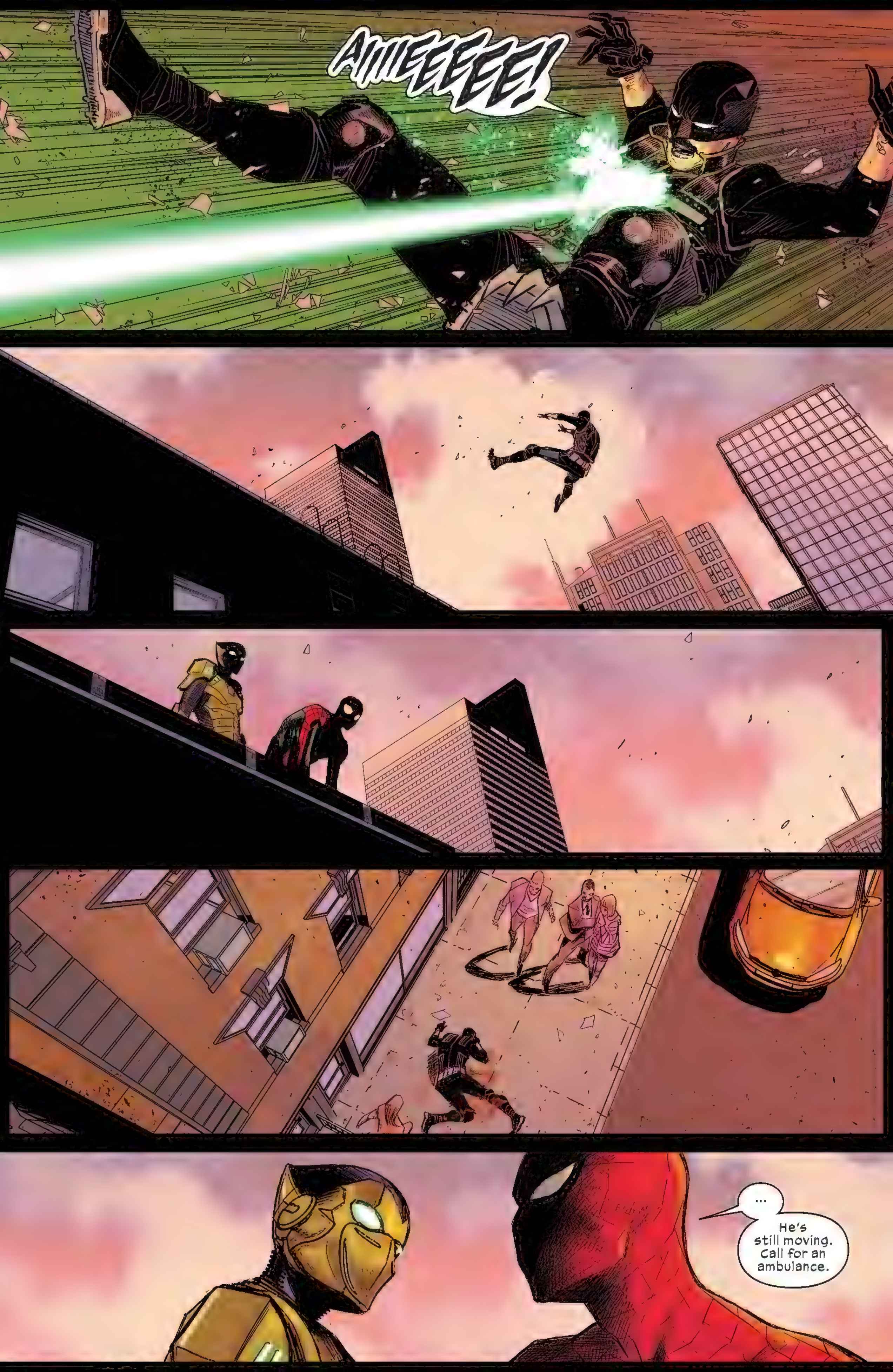

...they call me the *Black Cat.*
I felt that.
Maybe don't do that again.
I think you will find, little spider, that I will do...
...whatever I want.
Whenever I want.
To whomever I want.
Actually, not to be a stickler, but I think it's *whoever,* not *whomever.* Or wait, maybe that's backwards... either way...
Why'd you attack my friend?
Actually, at the time, I wasn't aiming for him--I was aiming for you...
I suppose the moral of that story is: Men like me? ***We cannot miss!***
Ha! Well, you just did!
THUNK

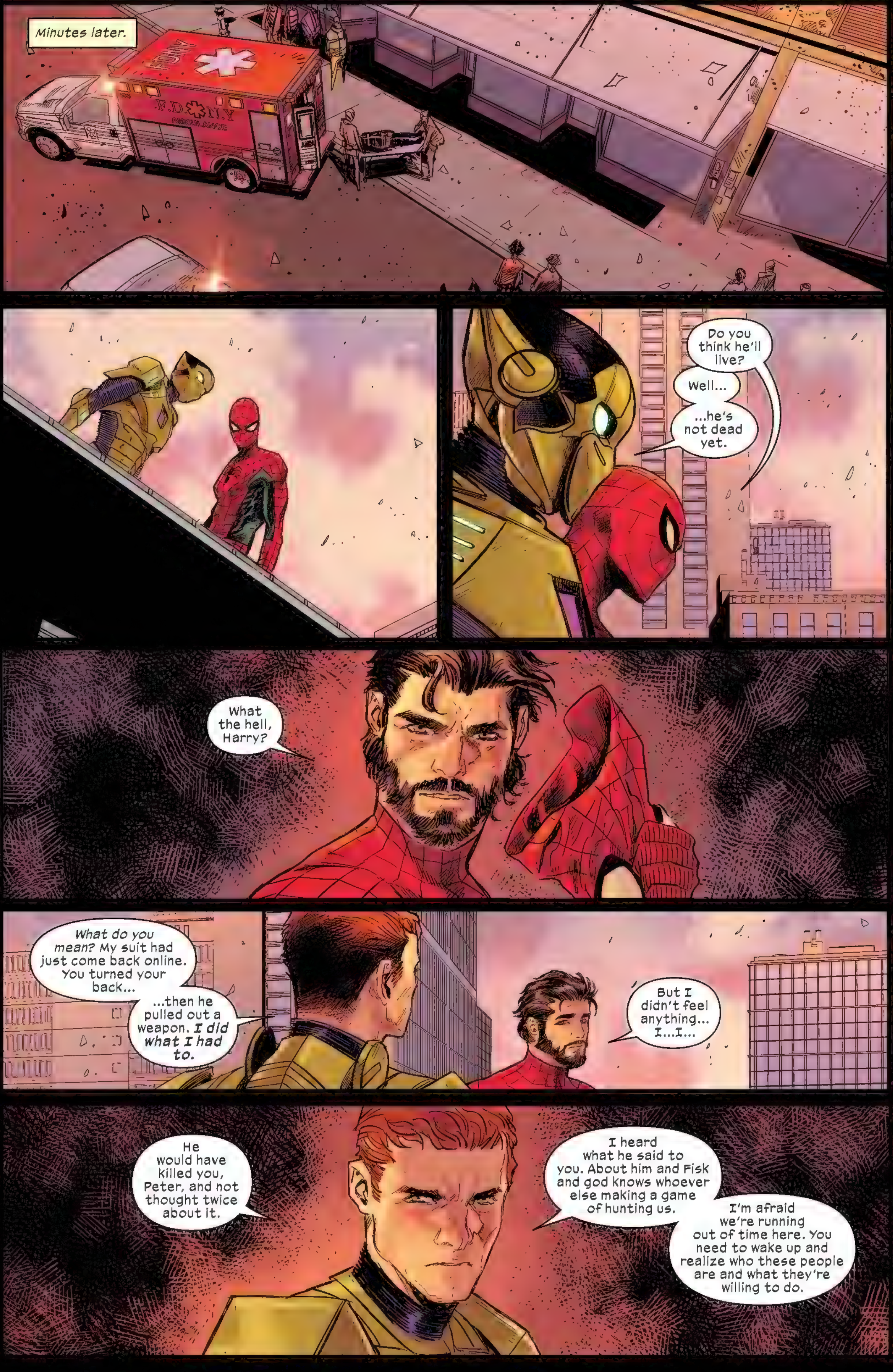

@#&@!
Tables. Turns. That's what you get for being cocky, Spider-Man.
The Kingpin of New York has called together all its captains to play the great game.
You and the Goblin? You are both prey and prize.
Hurk!!!
Whu-what did we do?
Peter needs our help, Dad!
...
Rebooting...

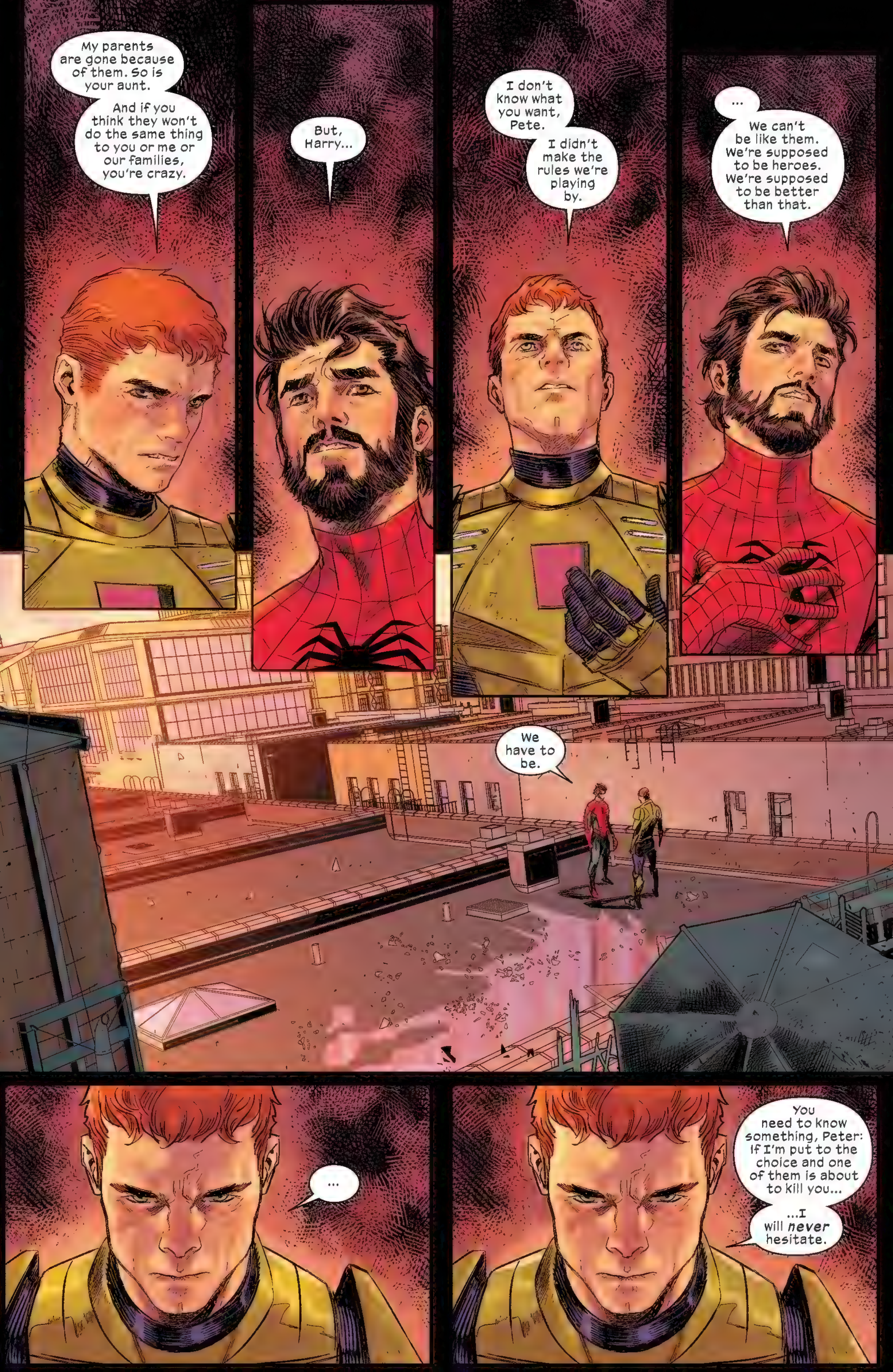

You know what you did.
You caught our attention. Then you dared lay siege to Olympus. You angered the gods.
And for those sins... your lives are forfeit.
And whu-what do you get?
That... is none of your business.
Well, I guess that gives me something to live for then, doesn't it?
HHRUUFFF!
AARGGHH!
THWIP
THWIP

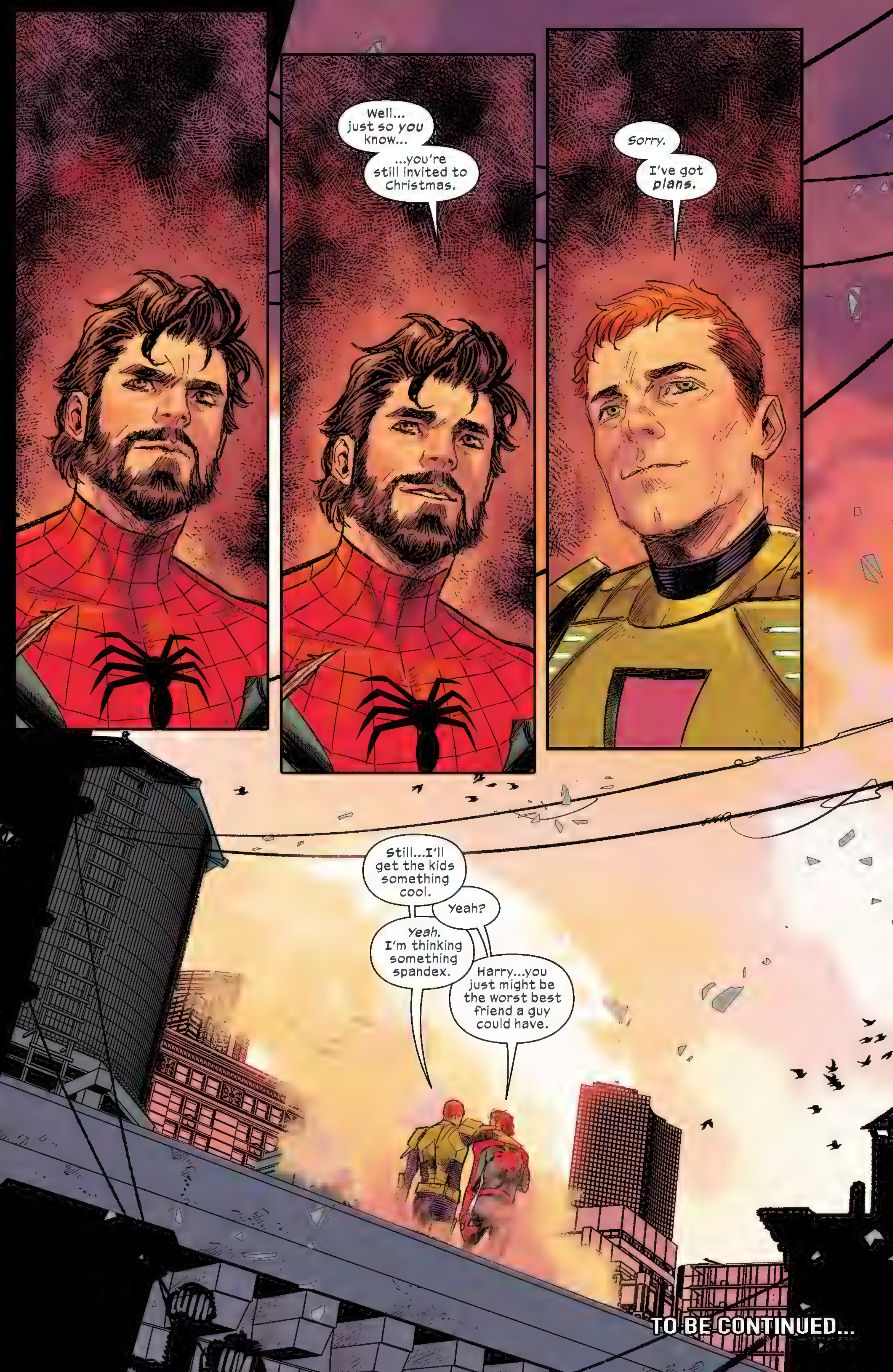

!
Hrmpt!
Not bad, Otto.
I suppose living is for the young, and I am but an old man...
This day has been coming for some time.
What?
Go ahead. Get it over with.
You ***are*** going to kill me now, *aren't you?*
Of course not. Don't be ridiculous.
Hey...
You okay in there?


Well...
ZZNNNN
...I'd say this must be my lucky day...
...but they all are, aren't they?
Boot complete.
Armor's back online.
Don't think, son. Just act.
Look out!
ZZZAKKKK


AIIIEEEEEE!
... He's still moving. Call for an ambulance.


Minutes later.
F.D.N.Y AMBULANCE
FDNY
Do you think he'll live?
Well...
...he's not dead yet.
What the hell, Harry?
What do you mean? My suit had just come back online. You turned your back...
...then he pulled out a weapon. I did what I had to.
But I didn't feel anything... I...I...
He would have killed you, Peter, and not thought twice about it.
I heard what he said to you. About him and Fisk and god knows whoever else making a game of hunting us.
I'm afraid we're running out of time here. You need to wake up and realize who these people are and what they're willing to do.


My parents are gone because of them. So is your aunt.
And if you think they won't do the same thing to you or me or our families, you're crazy.
But, Harry...
I don't know what you want, Pete.
I didn't make the rules we're playing by.
...
We can't be like them. We're supposed to be heroes. We're supposed to be better than that.
We have to be.
...
You need to know something, Peter: If I'm put to the choice and one of them is about to kill you...
...I will *never* hesitate.


Well... just so *you* know...
...you're still invited to Christmas.
Sorry.
I've got *plans.*
Still...I'll get the kids something cool.
Yeah?
Yeah. I'm thinking something spandex.
Harry...you just might be the worst best friend a guy could have.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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HICKMAN
MESSINA | WILSON
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MARVEL
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
8

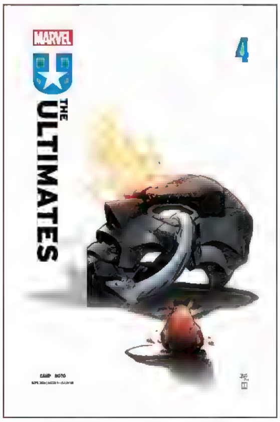
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #8

BY **BRYAN HILL** &
STEFANO CASELLI

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
X-MEN
7

ULTIMATE X-MEN #7

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**


MARVEL
THE
ULTIMATES
4

ULTIMATES #4

BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
PHIL NOTO

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8

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

The war has raged for months. Khonshu has built an army that worships him as a god, calling himself **MOON KNIGHT**, and empowered them with a mysterious, unstable element counter to vibranium. **BLACK PANTHER** defends Wakanda, but he knows they're outmatched—and so has sent **STORM** and **KILLMONGER** in search of aid.

WRITER: **BRYAN HILL**
ARTIST: **STEFANO CASELLI**

COLOR ARTIST: **DAVID CURIEL**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **STEFANO CASELLI & DAVID CURIEL**
VARIANT
COVER ARTISTS: **GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & DAVID CURIEL;**
WES CRAIG & JASON WORDIE;
RUSSELL DAUTERMAN

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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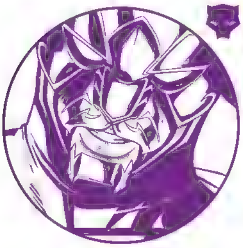
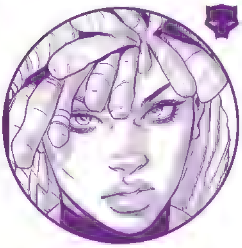
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER

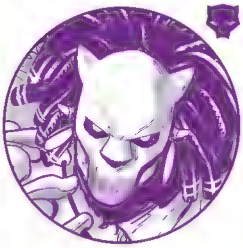
CAST:



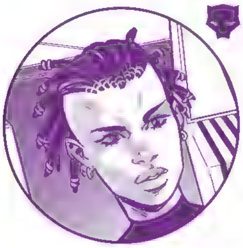
BLACK PANTHER
KING T'CHALLA



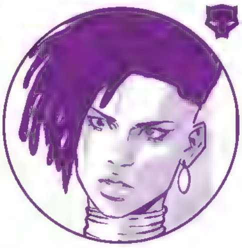
STORM
ORORO MUNROE



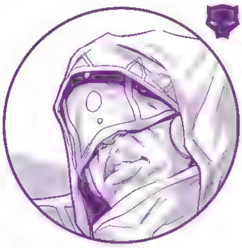
KILLMONGER
ERIK KILLMONGER



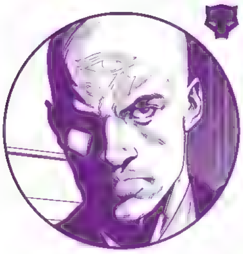
SHURI
WOMAN-AT-ARMS,
T'CHALLA'S SISTER



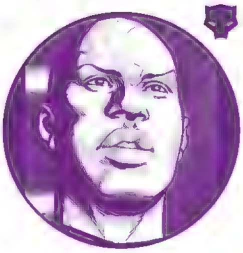
QUEEN OKOYE
HIGH MENTOR OF
THE DORA MILAJE



MATRON IMALA
SACRED MOTHER OF
THE VODU-KHAN

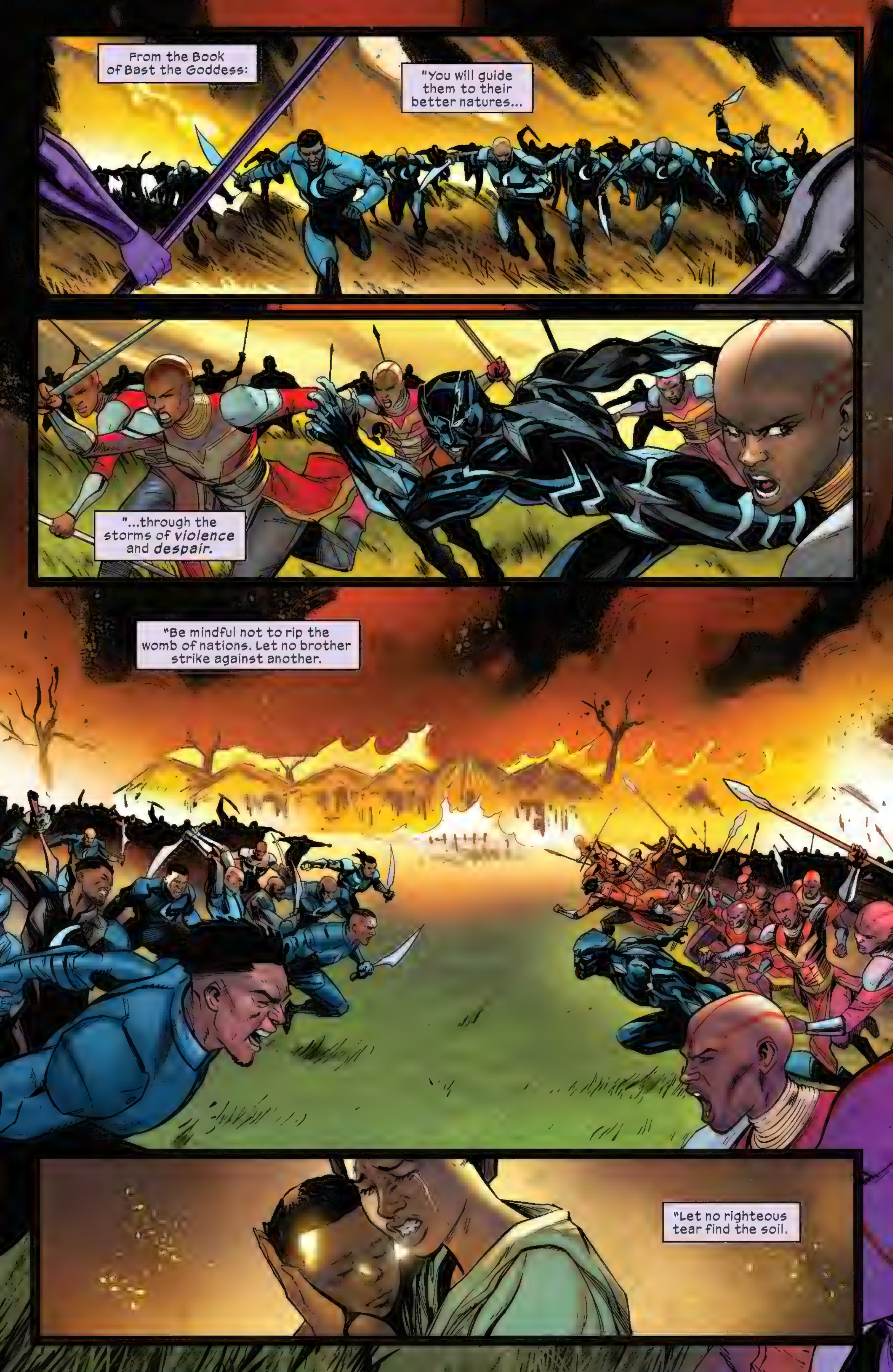


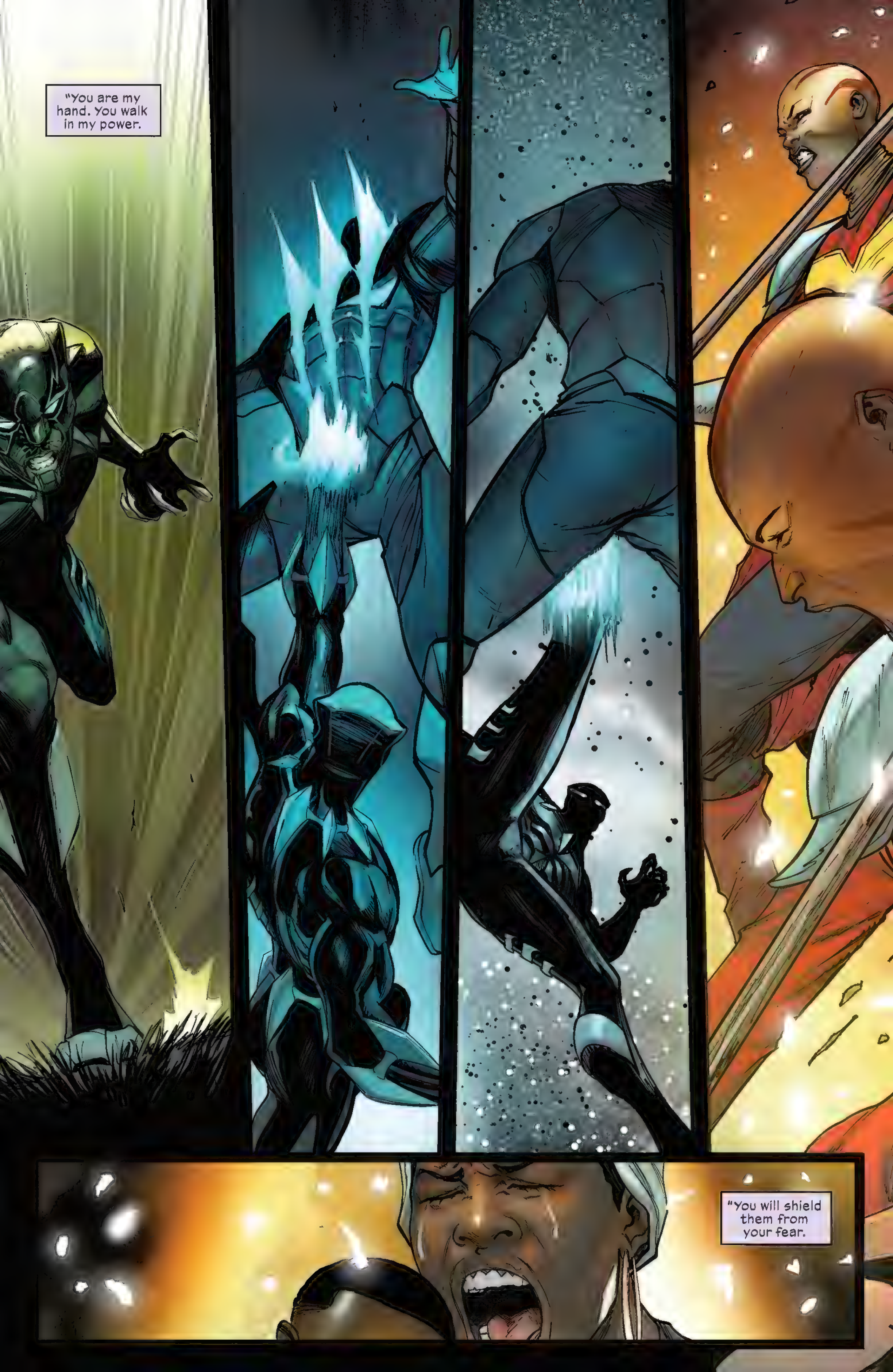
RA
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

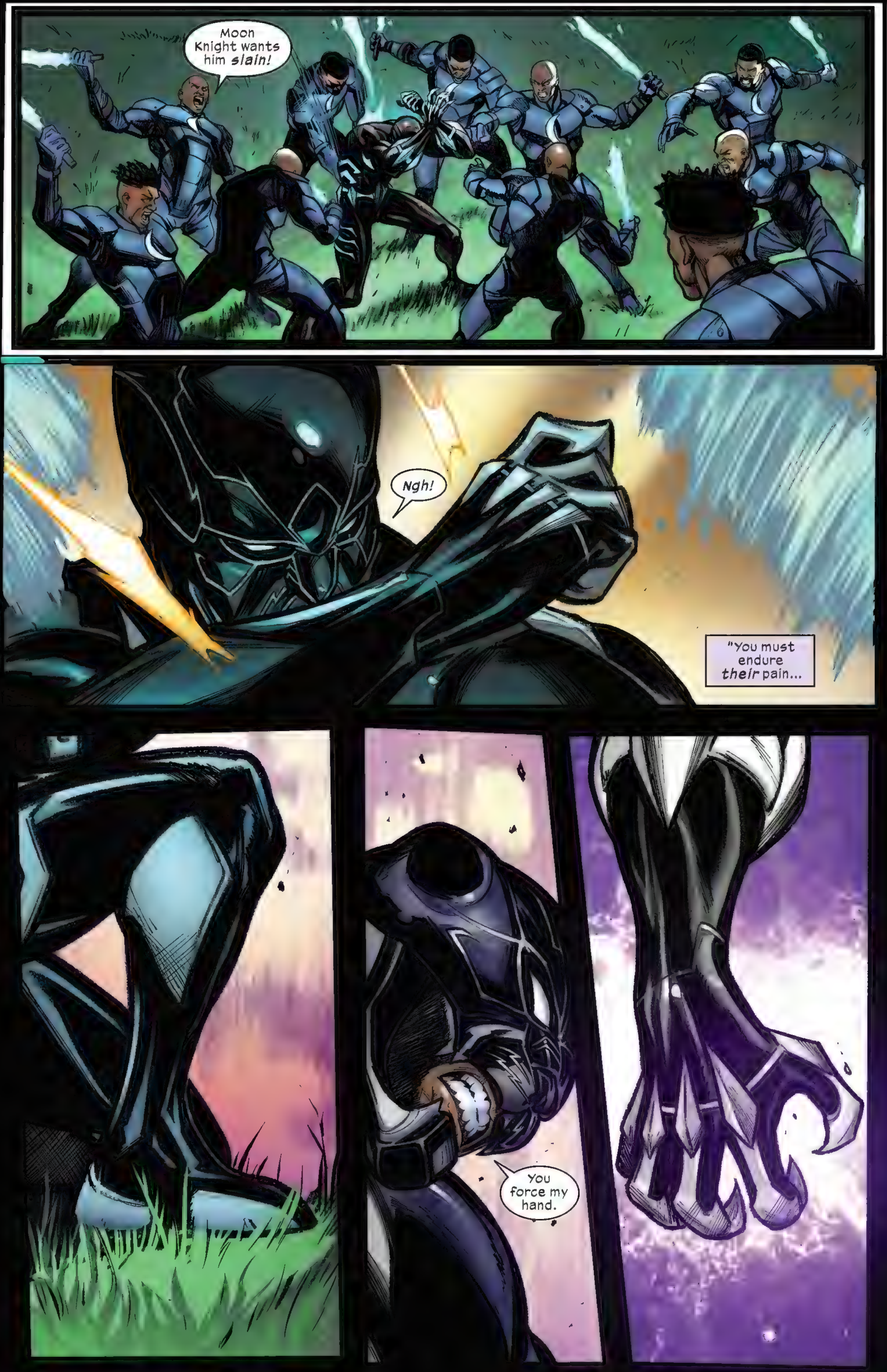


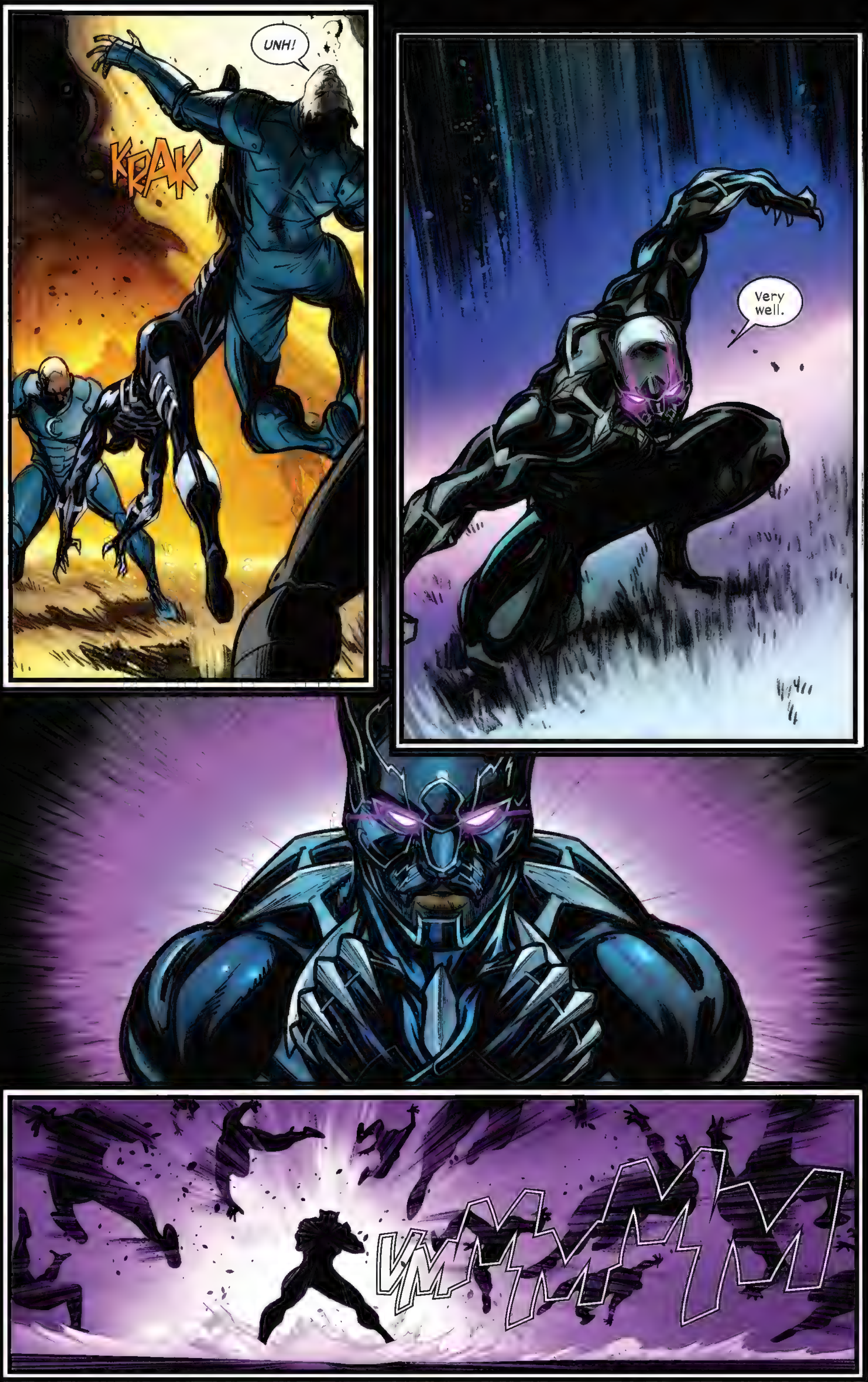
KHONSHU
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

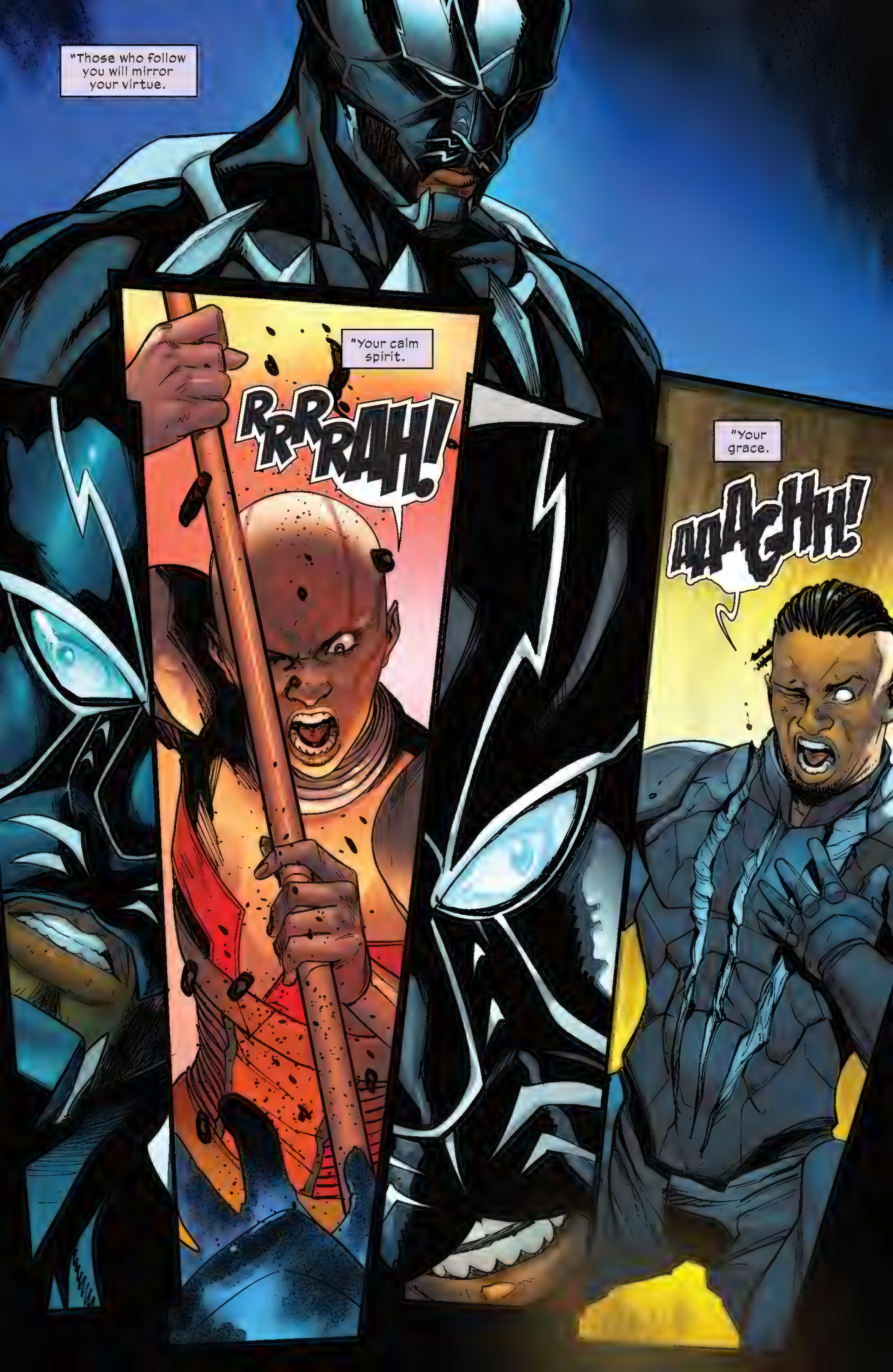
SEPTEMBER 2024

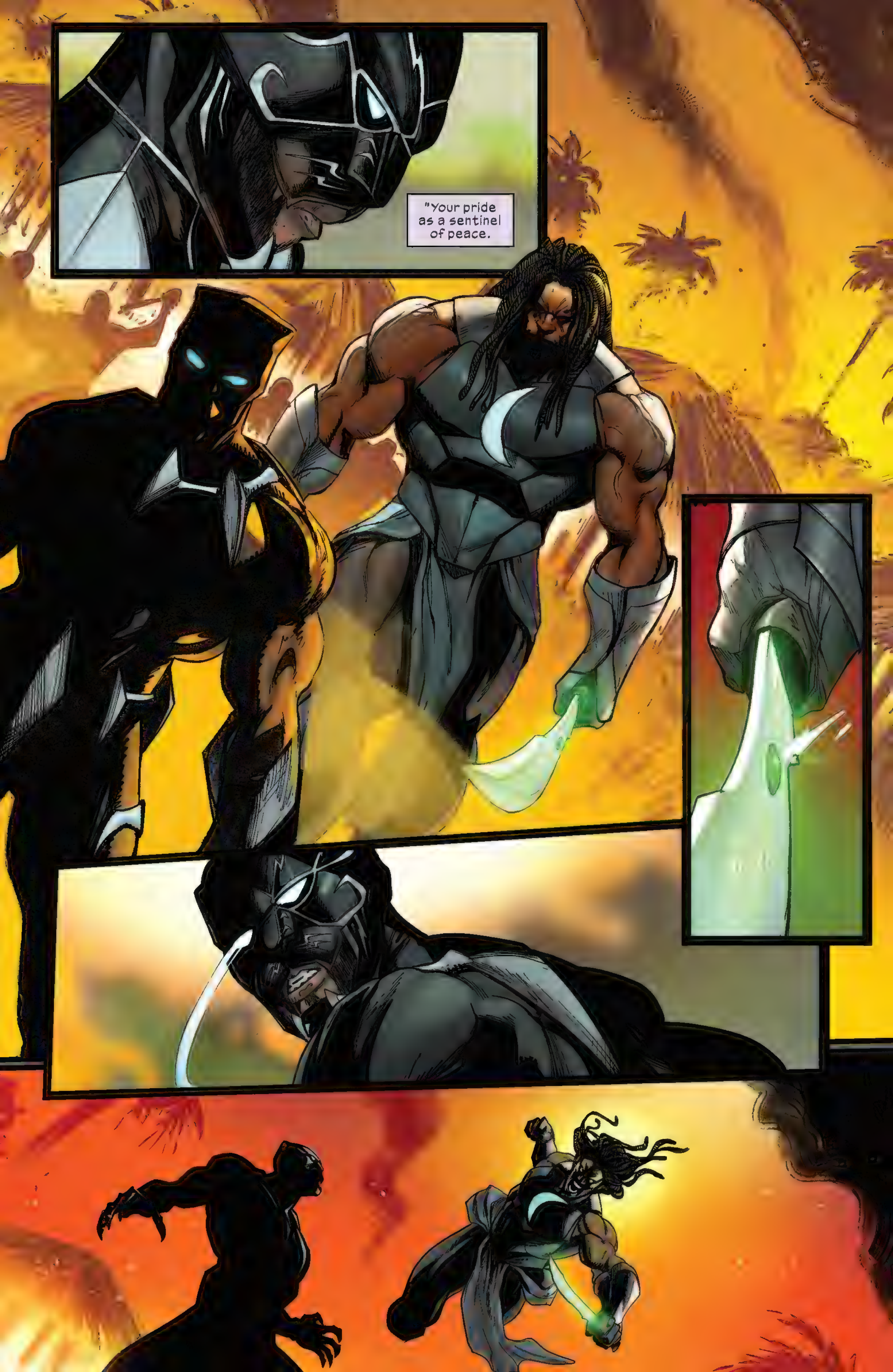

From the Book of Bast the Goddess:
"You will guide them to their better natures...
"...through the storms of *violence* and *despair.*
"Be mindful not to rip the womb of nations. Let no brother strike against another.
"Let no righteous tear find the soil.

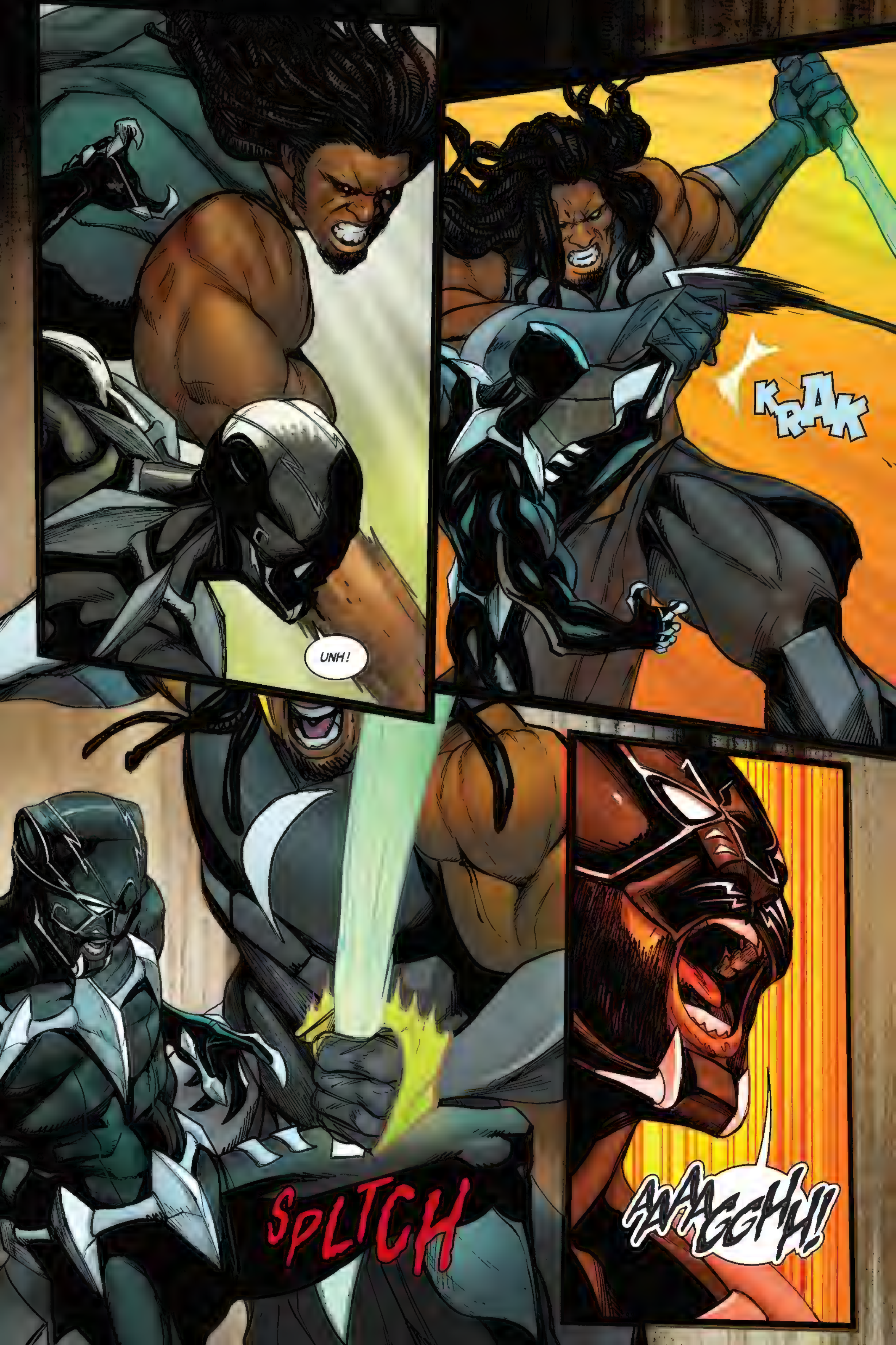

"You are my hand. You walk in my power.
"You will shield them from your fear.

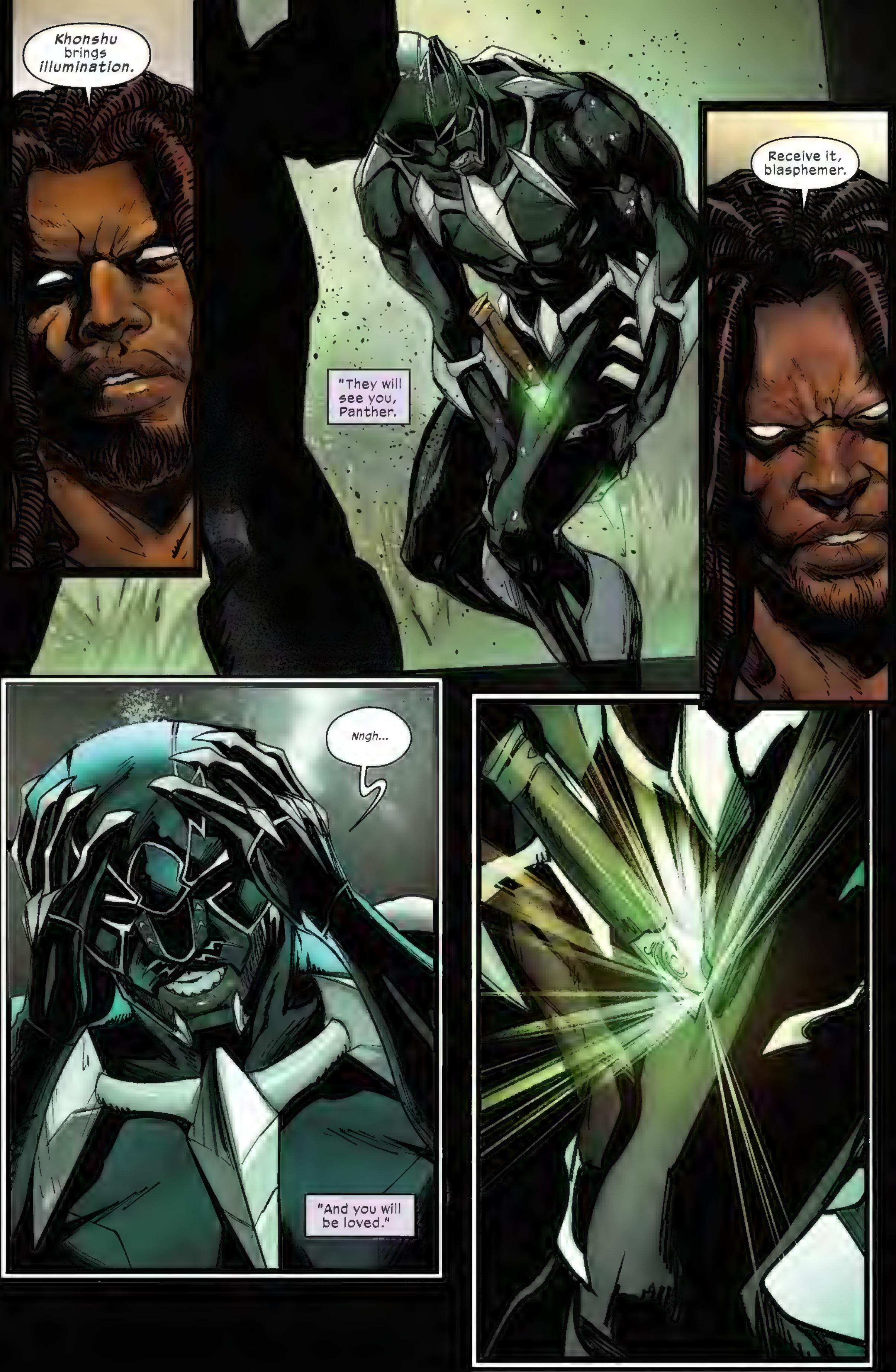

Moon Knight wants him *slain!*
Ngh!
"You must endure *their* pain...
You force my hand.


UNH!
KRAK
Very well.
VMMMMM

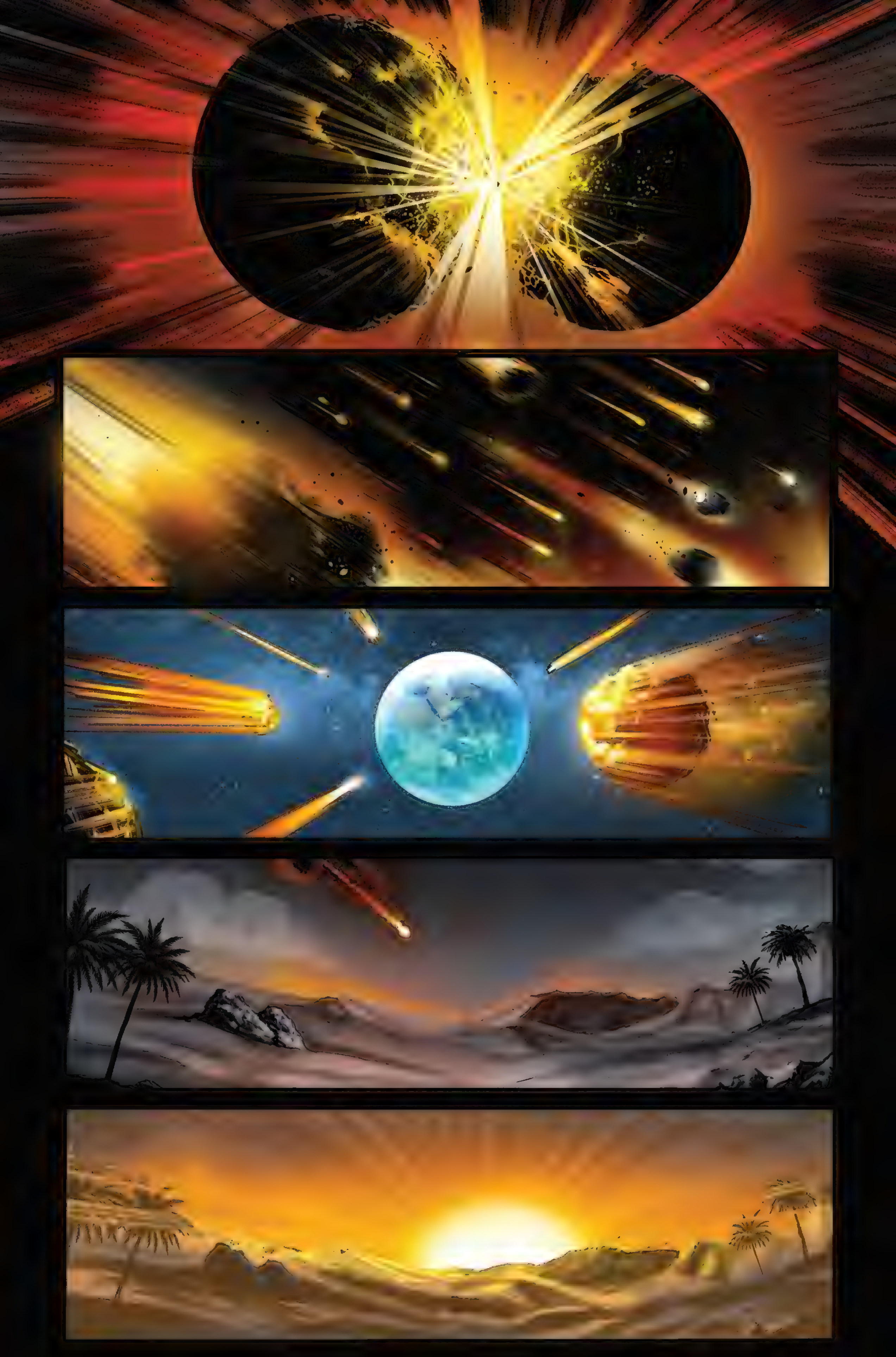

"Those who follow you will mirror your virtue.
"Your calm spirit.
RRRRAH!
"Your grace.
AAAGHH!

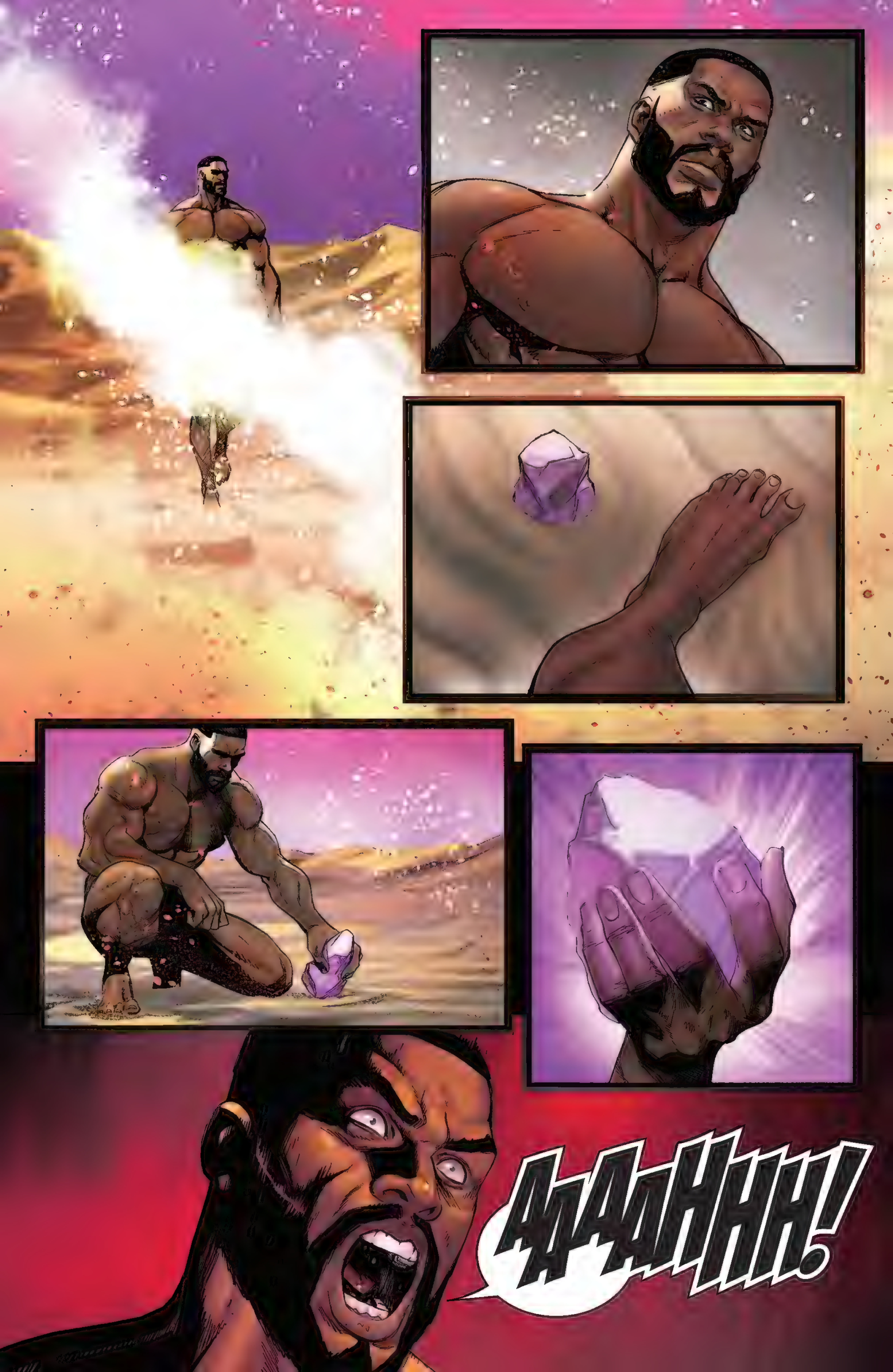

"Your pride as a sentinel of peace.

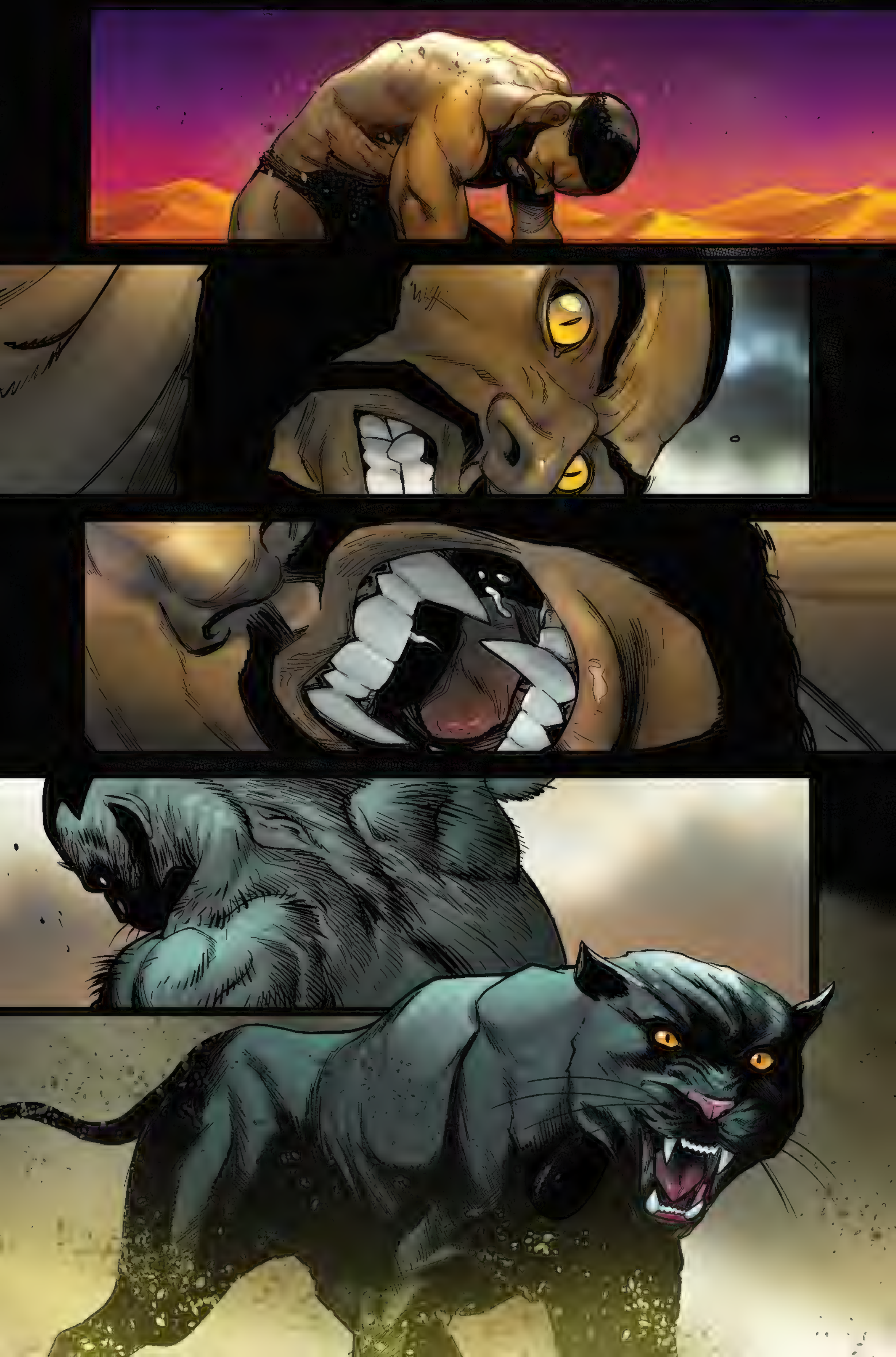

UNH!
KRAK
SPLTCH
AAAAGGHH!

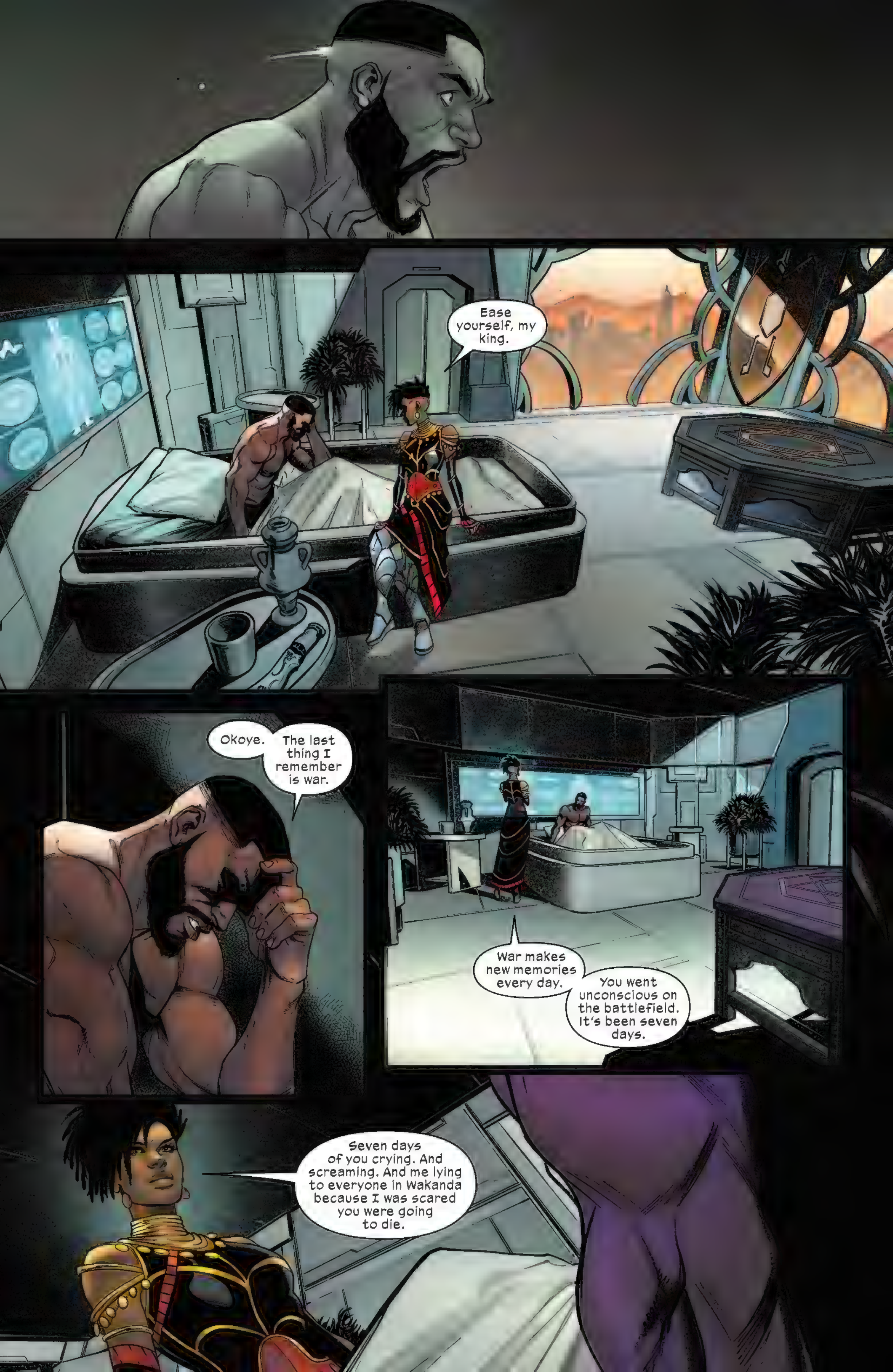

Khonshu brings *illumination.*
"They will see you, Panther.
Receive it, blasphemer.
Nngh...
"And you will be loved."

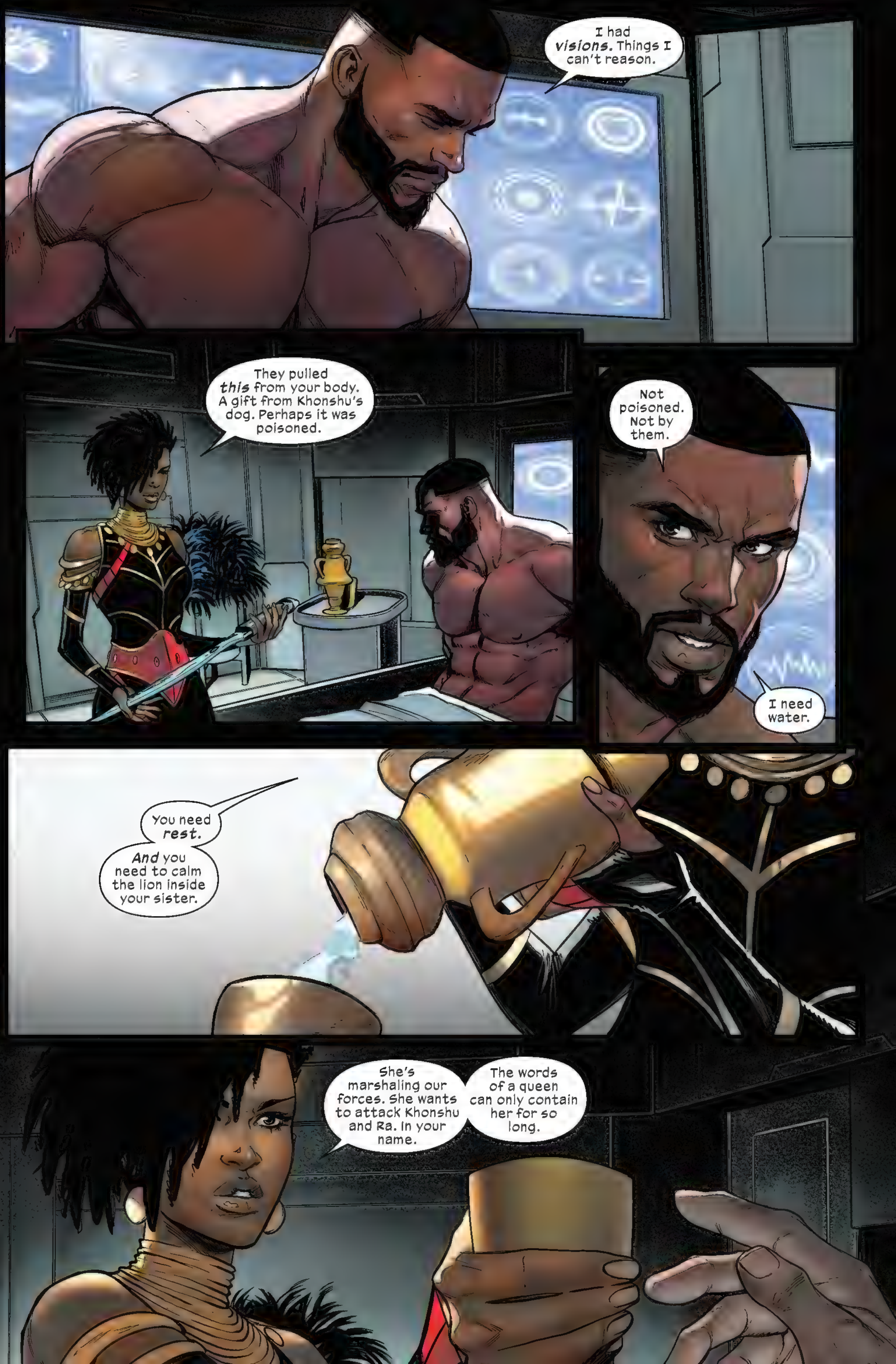
GGGYAAAAHH!!!

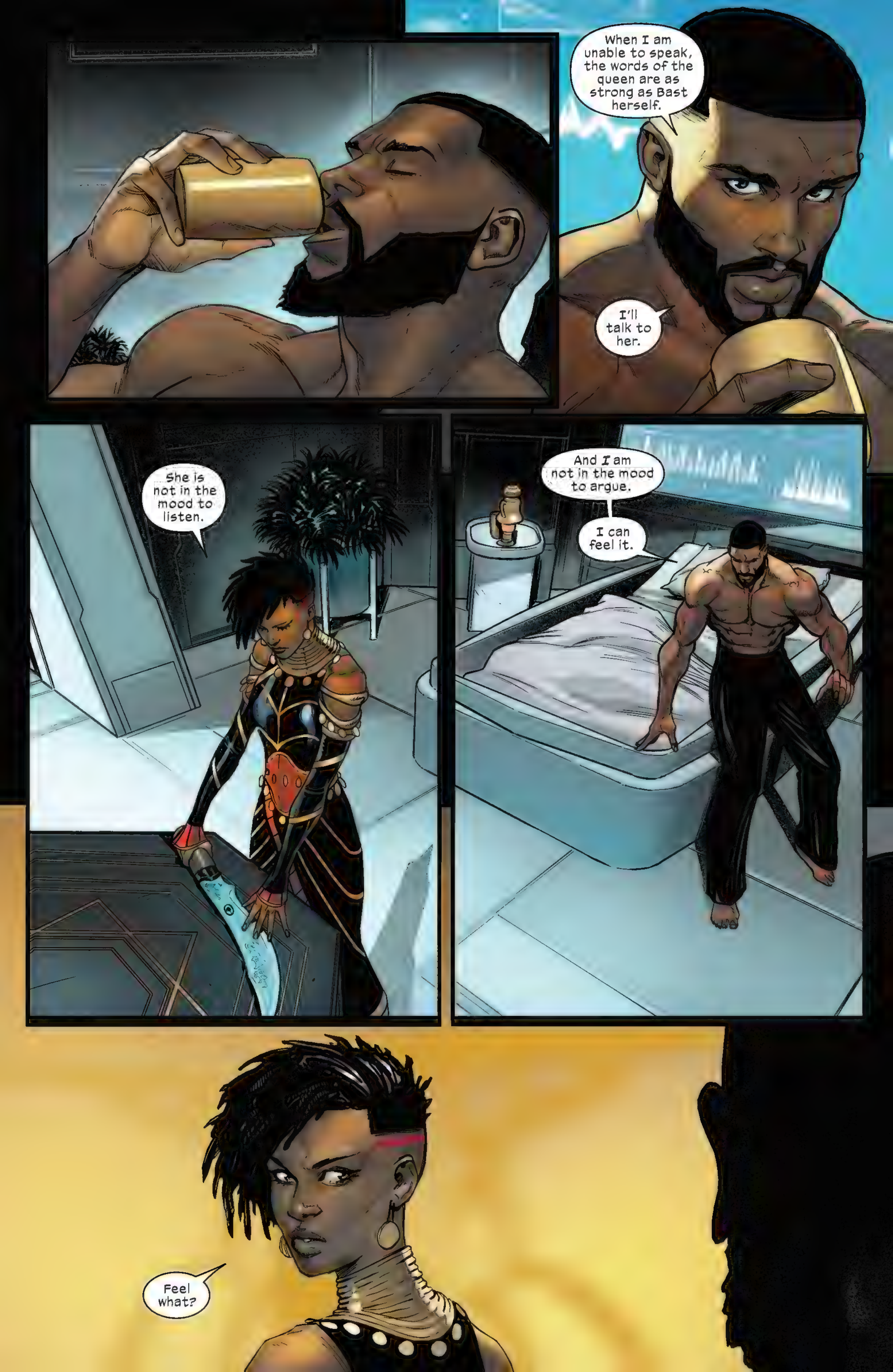


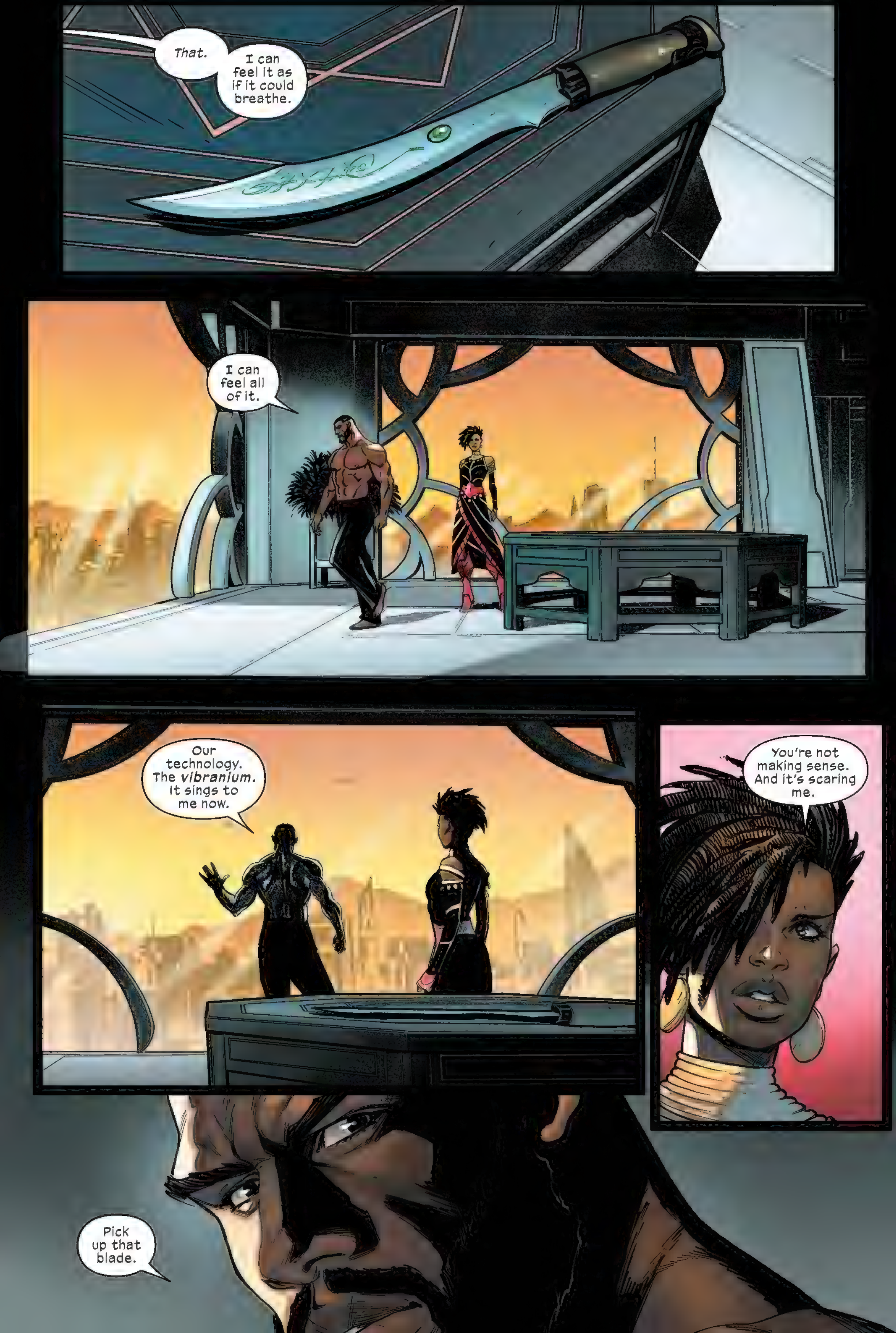

AAAHHH!

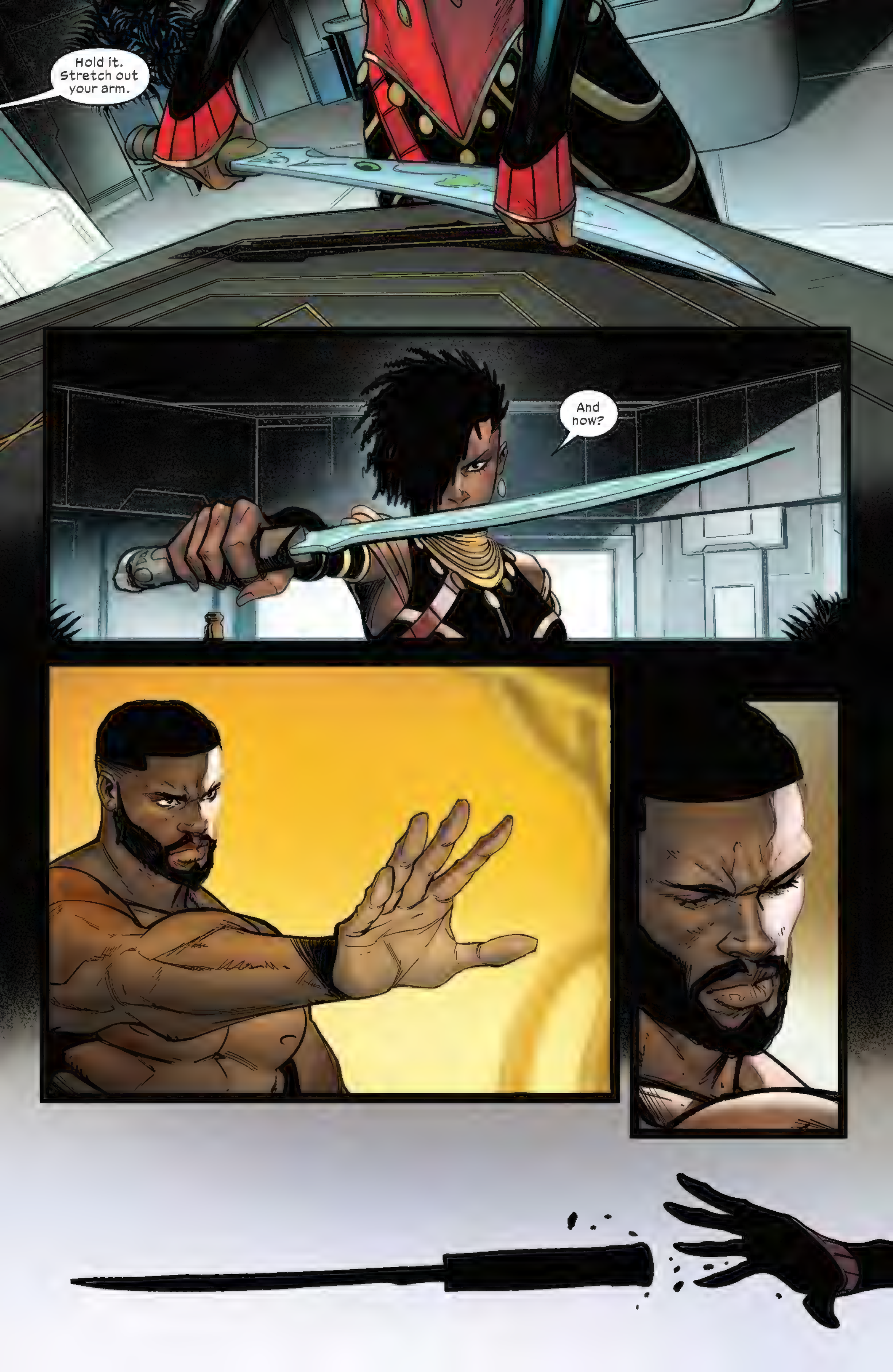


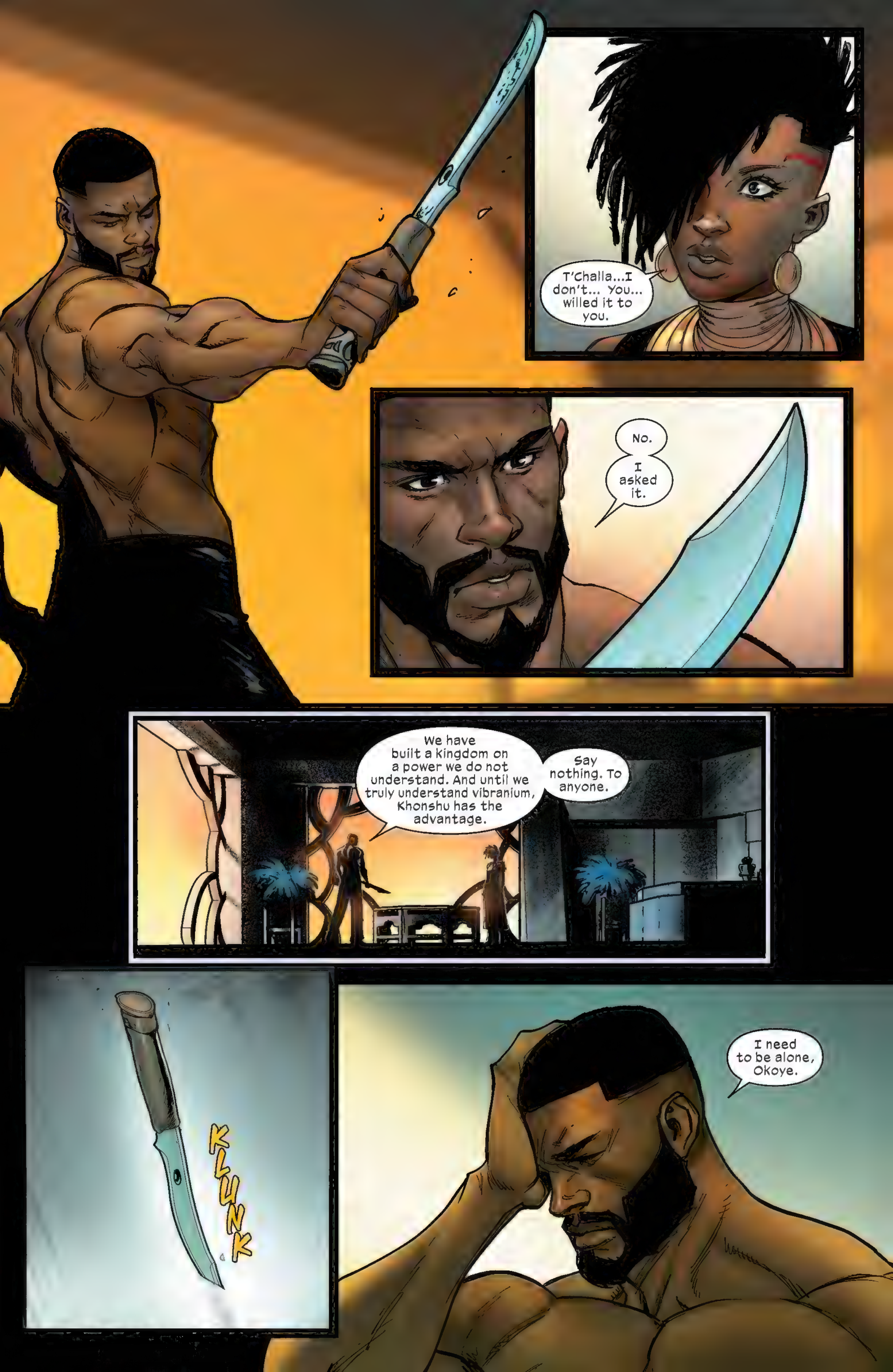

Ease yourself, my king.
Okoye.
The last thing I remember is war.
War makes new memories every day.
You went unconscious on the battlefield. It's been seven days.
Seven days of you crying. And screaming. And me lying to everyone in Wakanda because I was scared you were going to die.

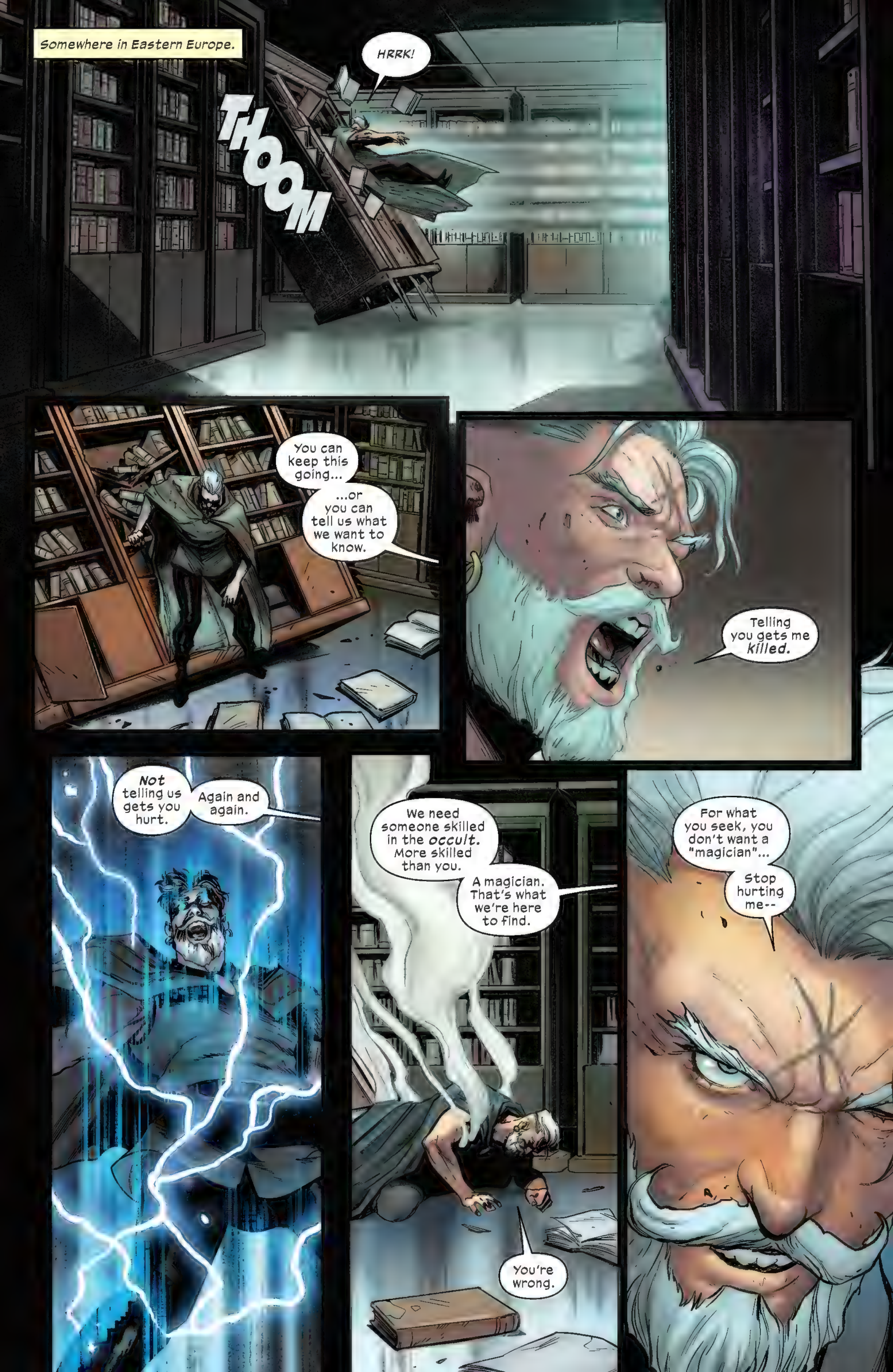

I had *visions.* Things I can't reason.
They pulled *this* from your body. A gift from Khonshu's dog. Perhaps it was poisoned.
Not poisoned. Not by them.
I need water.
You need *rest.*
And you need to calm the lion inside your sister.
She's marshaling our forces. She wants to attack Khonshu and Ra. In your name.
The words of a queen can only contain her for so long.

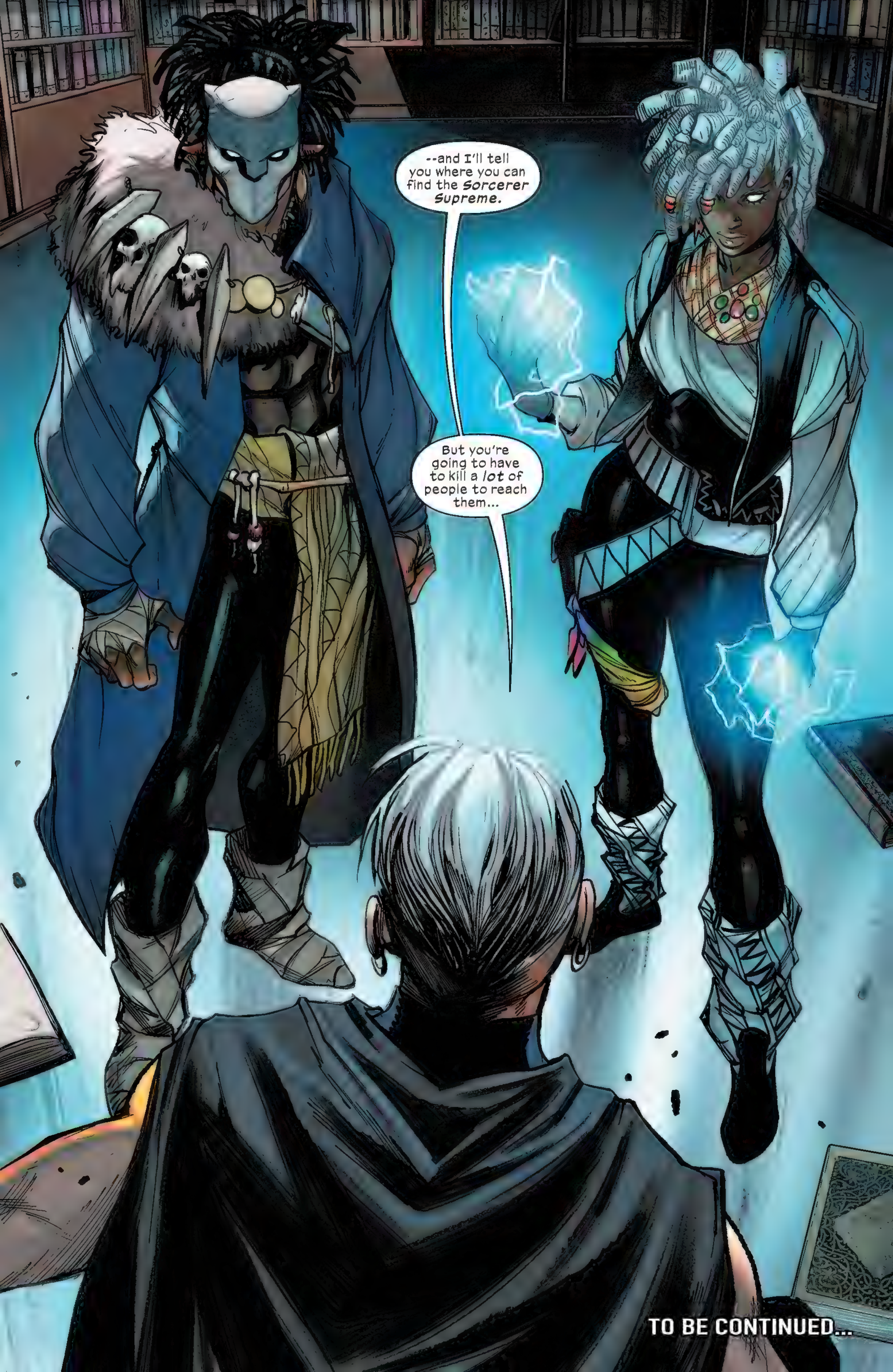

When I am unable to speak, the words of the queen are as strong as Bast herself.
I'll talk to her.
She is not in the mood to listen.
And I am not in the mood to argue.
I can feel it.
Feel what?


That.
I can feel it as if it could breathe.
I can feel all of it.
Our technology. The ***vibranium.*** It sings to me now.
You're not making sense. And it's scaring me.
Pick up that blade.


Hold it. Stretch out your arm.
And now?


T'Challa...I don't... You... willed it to you.
No.
I asked it.
We have built a kingdom on a power we do not understand. And until we truly understand vibranium, Khonshu has the advantage.
Say nothing. To anyone.
KLUNK
I need to be alone, Okoye.


Somewhere in Eastern Europe.
HRRK!
THOOM
You can keep this going...
...or you can tell us what we want to know.
Telling you gets me *killed.*
Not telling us gets you hurt.
Again and again.
We need someone skilled in the *occult.* More skilled than you.
A magician. That's what we're here to find.
You're wrong.
For what you seek, you don't want a "magician"...
Stop hurting me--


--and I'll tell you where you can find the *Sorcerer Supreme.*
But you're going to have to kill a *lot* of people to reach them...
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

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ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
HILL | CASELLI | CURIEL
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& **MARCO CHECCHETTO**

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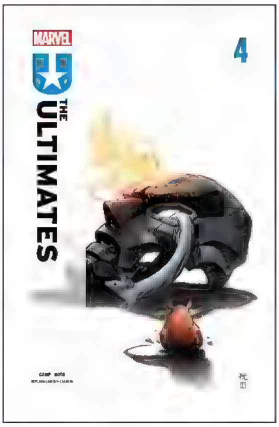
ULTIMATE
X-MEN

ULTIMATE X-MEN #7

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**


MARVEL
4
THE ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #4

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **PHIL NOTO**

7

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **MAKER'S COUNCIL**, whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world. Overseeing the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")** is **SUNFIRE** and his right hand, **VIPER.**

In Hi No Kuni, a teenage girl named **HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)** had new powers awaken to protect her when a sinister **SHADOW** attacked. As Hisako and her friends **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** and **NICO MINORU** pursued the source behind the Shadow, they learned of a strange cult called **THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM** that worships ***HOMO SUPERIORS.***

Surprisingly, it turns out that Nico's friends **NATSU** and **MORI** are members of the cult...and they recognized the Shadow as their fellow cult member **SHINOBU KAGEYAMA.**

WRITER & ARTIST: **PEACH MOMOKO**

SCRIPT ADAPTATION: **ZACK DAVISSON**
LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**

COVER ARTIST: **PEACH MOMOKO**
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: **WES CRAIG & JASON WORDIE; MIKE DEL MUNDO; PEACH MOMOKO; DIKE RUAN & MATTHEW WILSON**

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN & KAT WALKINGTON**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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ULTIMATE X-MEN

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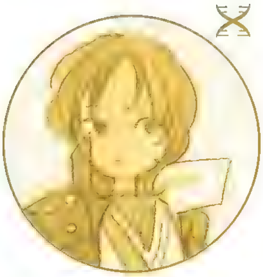
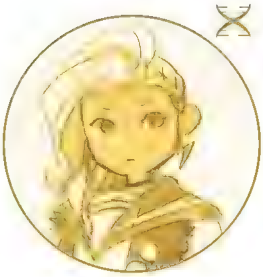
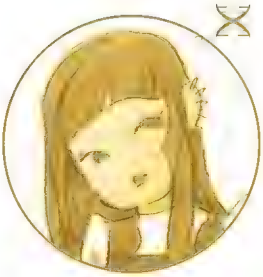


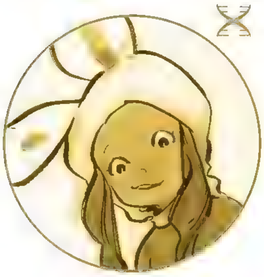
HISAKO ICHIKI
ARMOR



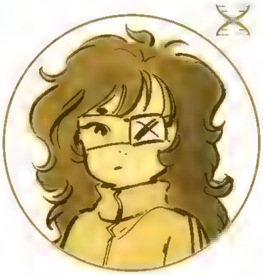
MEI IGARASHI
MAYSTORM



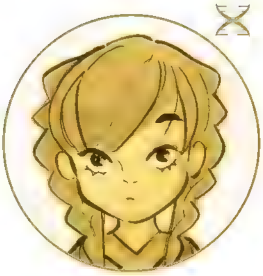
NICO MINORU
FLEDGLING PSYCHIC



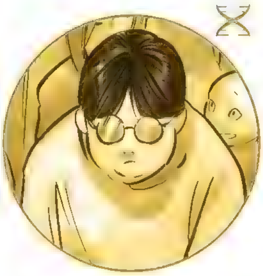
MORI
NICO'S FRIEND



NATSU TSUKISHIMA
NICO'S FRIEND

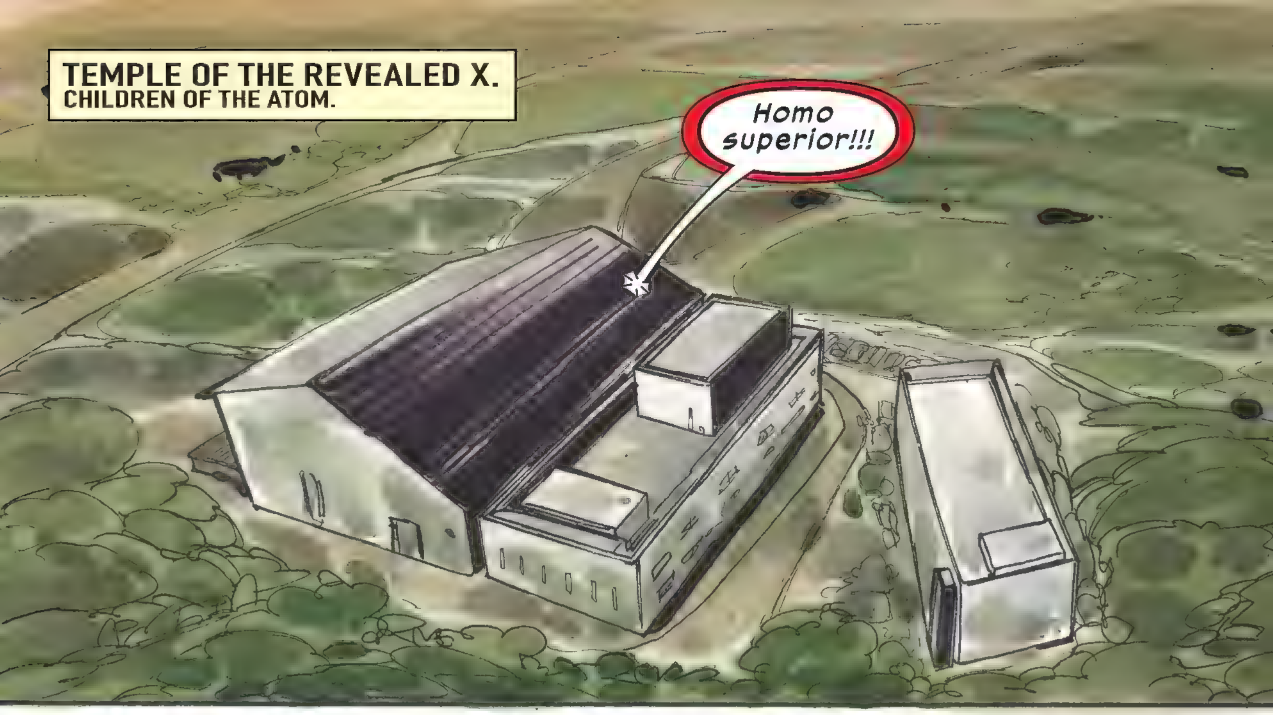


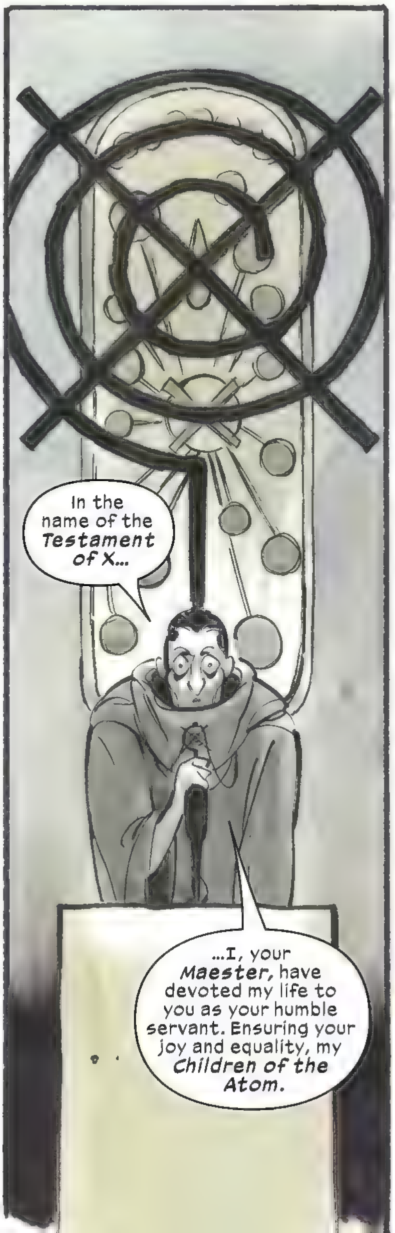
NORIKO ASHIDA
SURGE

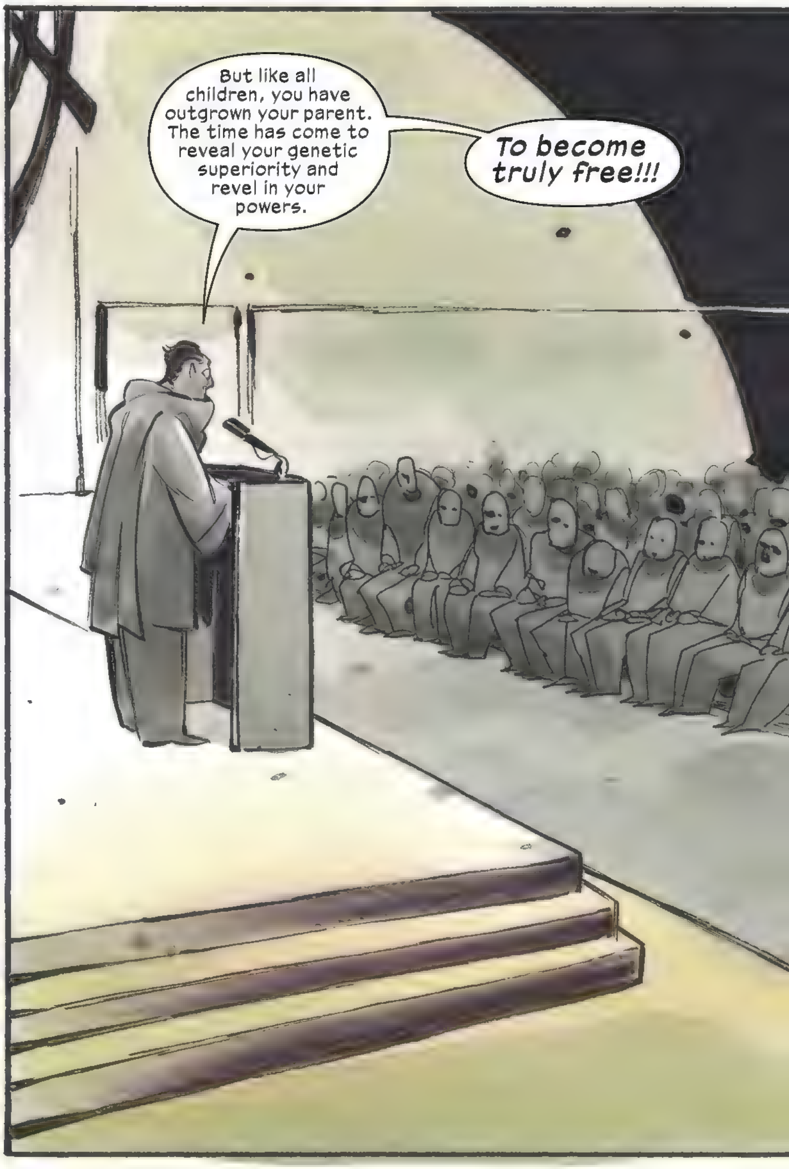


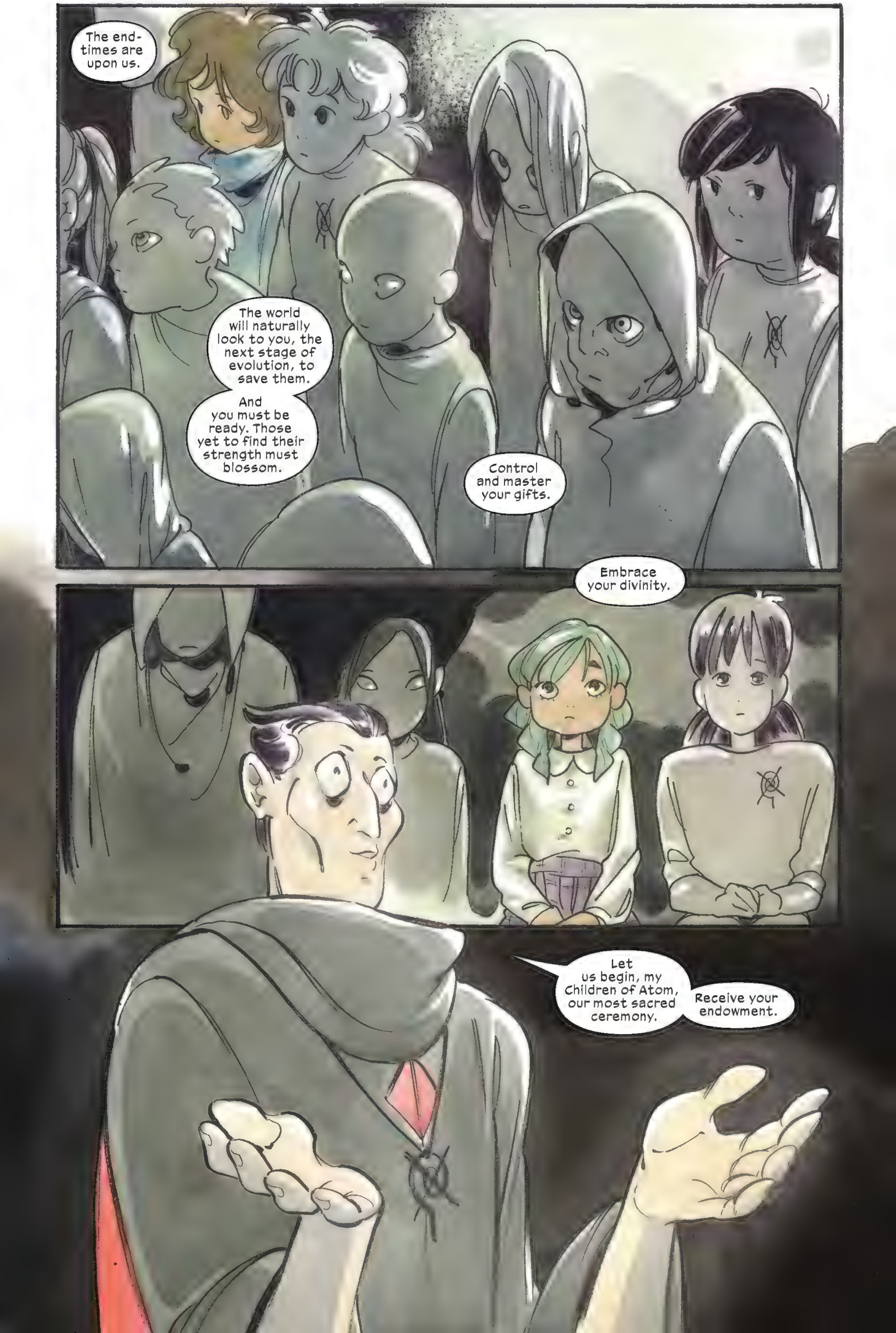
SHINOBU KAGEYAMA
SHADOW KING

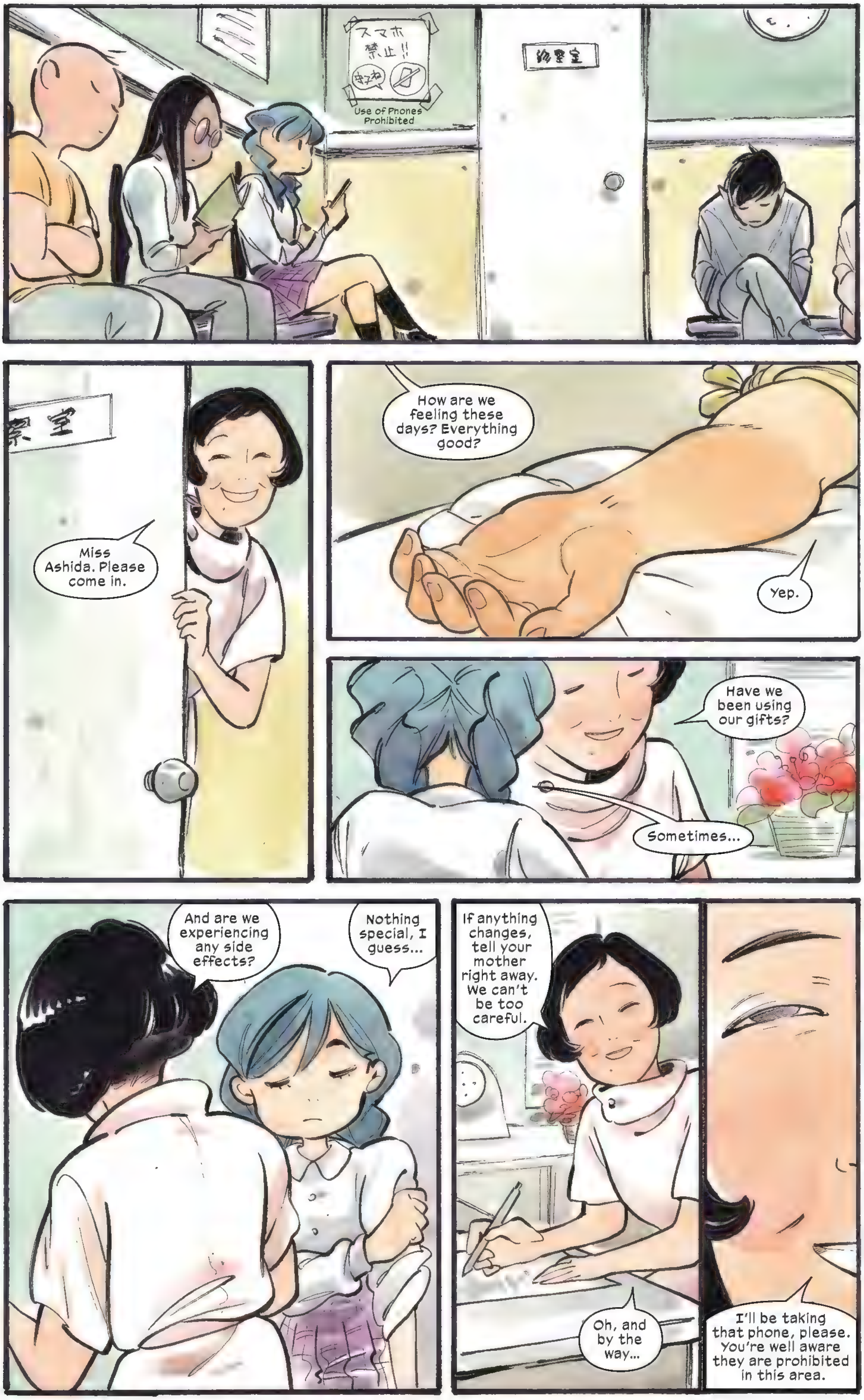
SEPTEMBER 2024

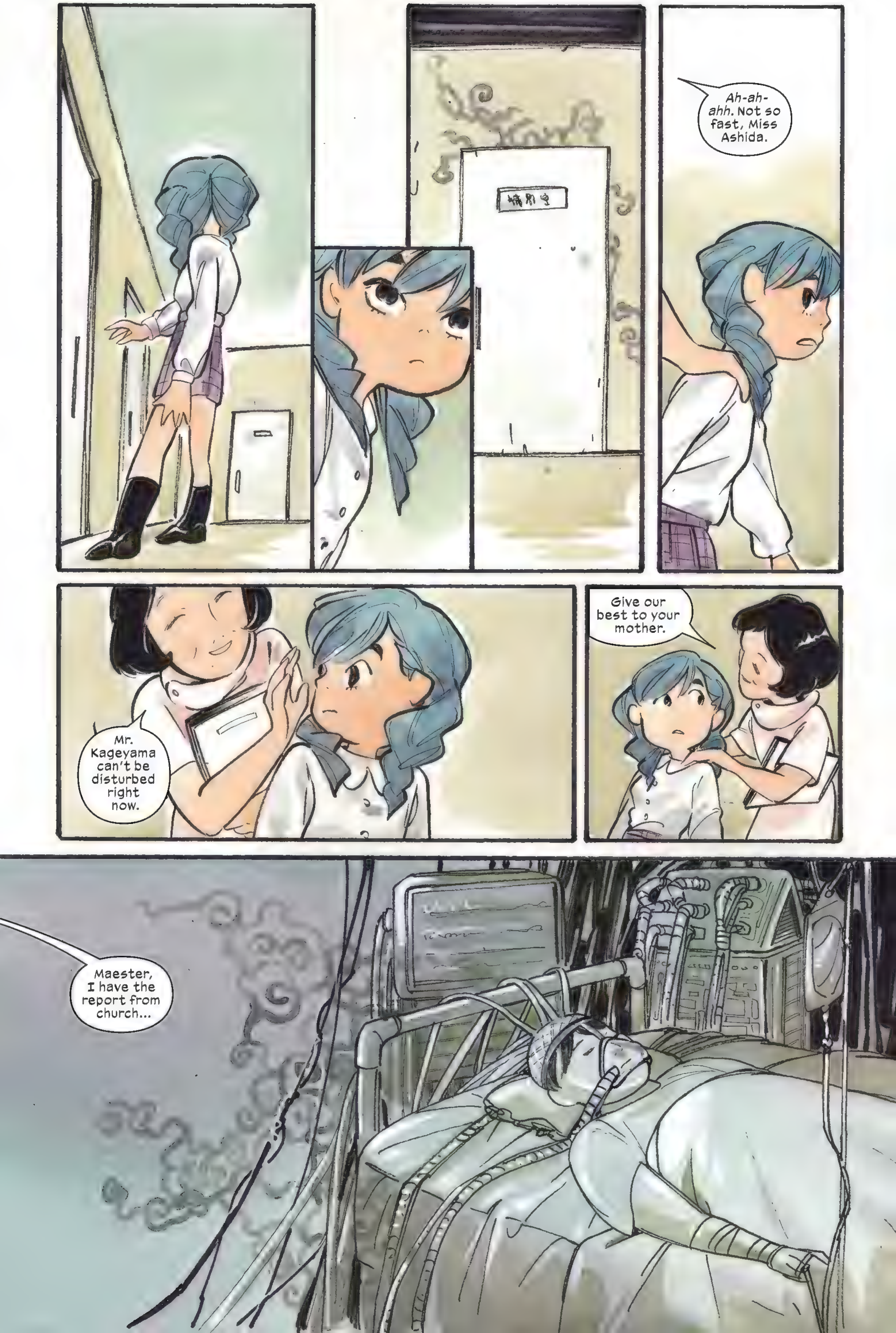

TEMPLE OF THE REVEALED X.
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM.
Homo superior!!!

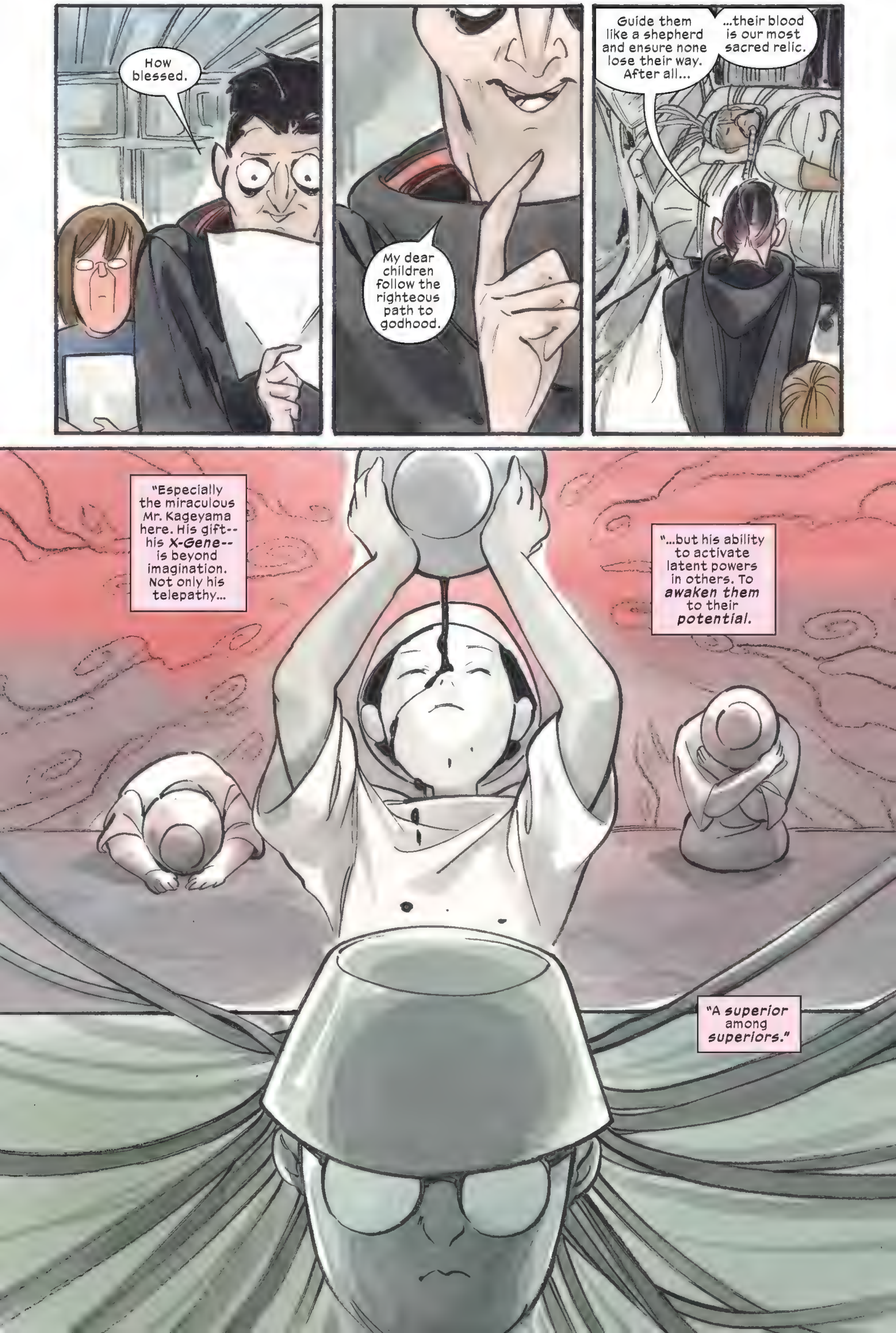

In the name of the *Testament of X*...
...I, your *Maester,* have devoted my life to you as your humble servant. Ensuring your joy and equality, my *Children of the Atom.*

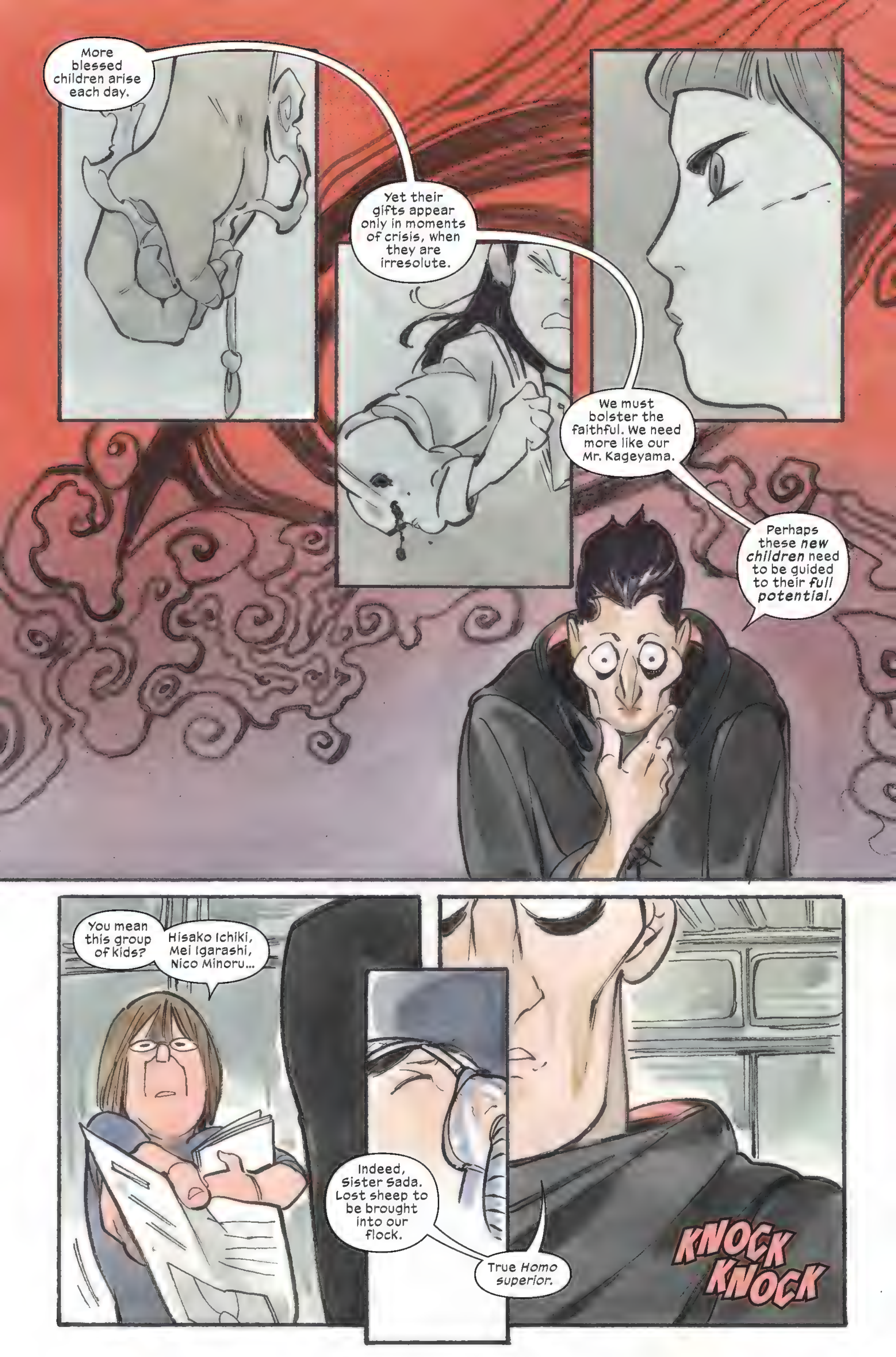

But like all children, you have outgrown your parent. The time has come to reveal your genetic superiority and revel in your powers.
To become truly free!!!

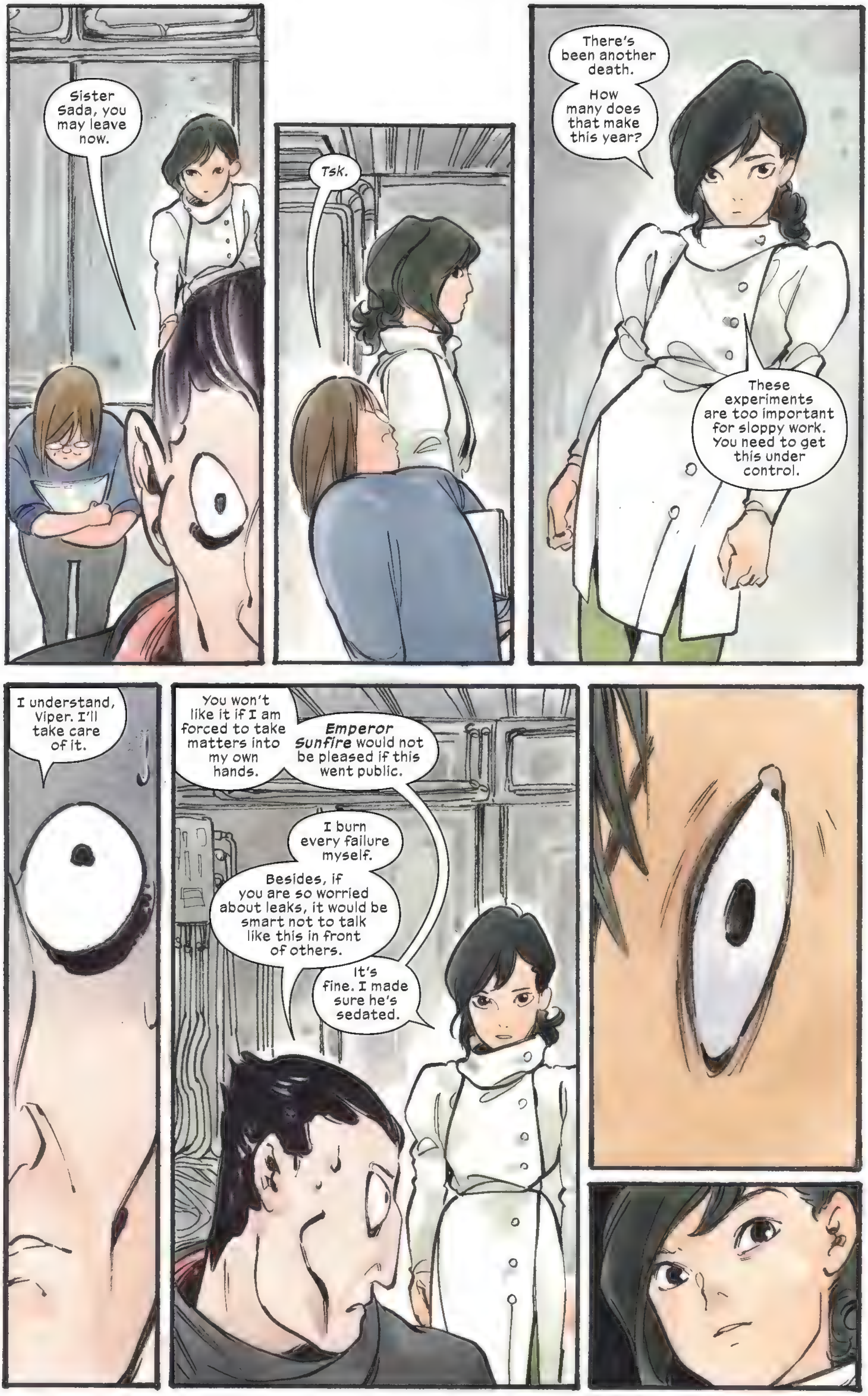

The end-times are upon us.
The world will naturally look to you, the next stage of evolution, to save them.
And you must be ready. Those yet to find their strength must blossom.
Control and master your gifts.
Embrace your divinity.
Let us begin, my Children of Atom, our most sacred ceremony.
Receive your endowment.

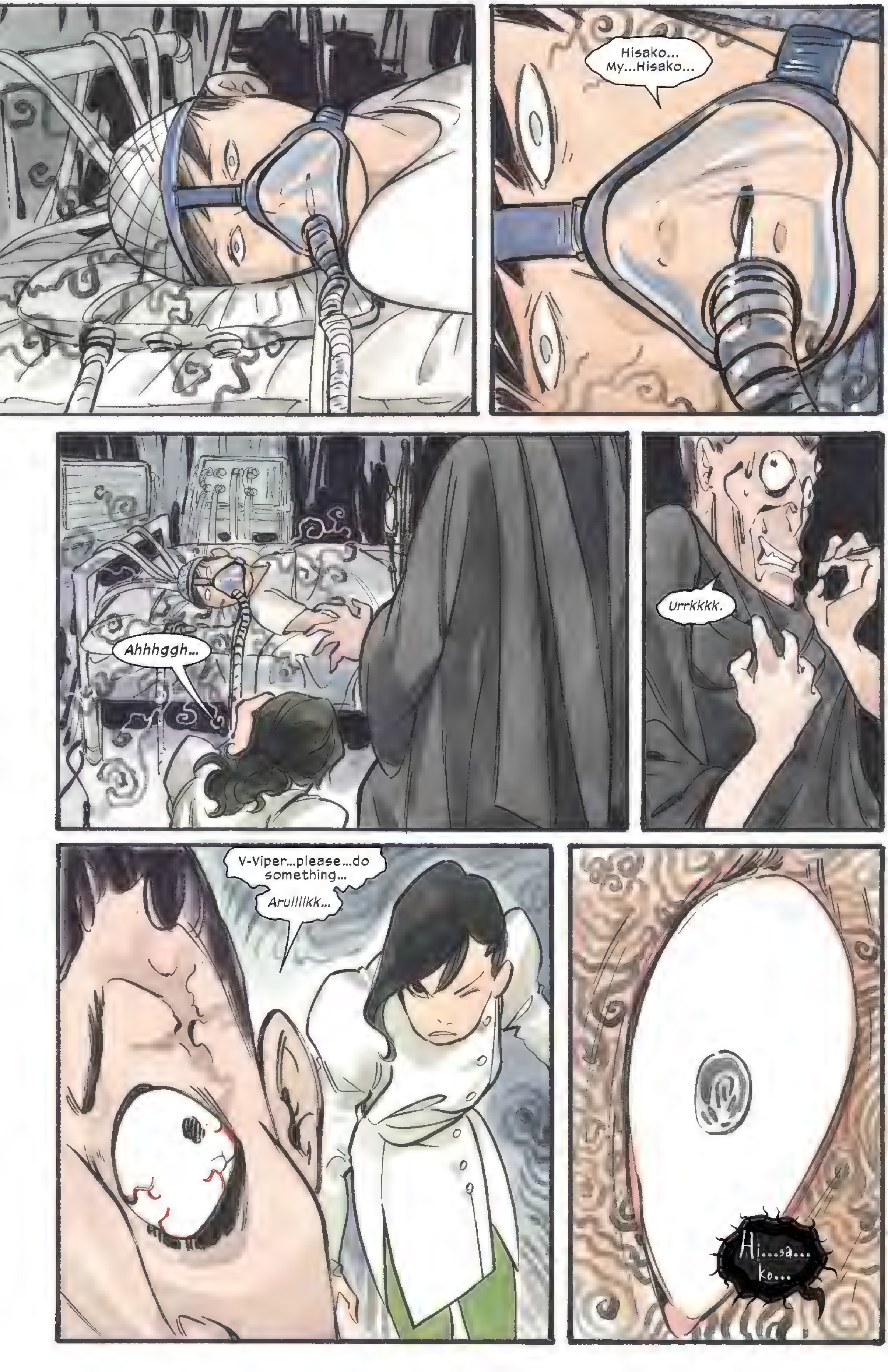

スマホ禁止!!
Use of Phones Prohibited
診察室
Miss Ashida. Please come in.
How are we feeling these days? Everything good?
Yep.
Have we been using our gifts?
Sometimes...
And are we experiencing any side effects?
Nothing special, I guess...
If anything changes, tell your mother right away. We can't be too careful.
Oh, and by the way...
I'll be taking that phone, please. You're well aware they are prohibited in this area.

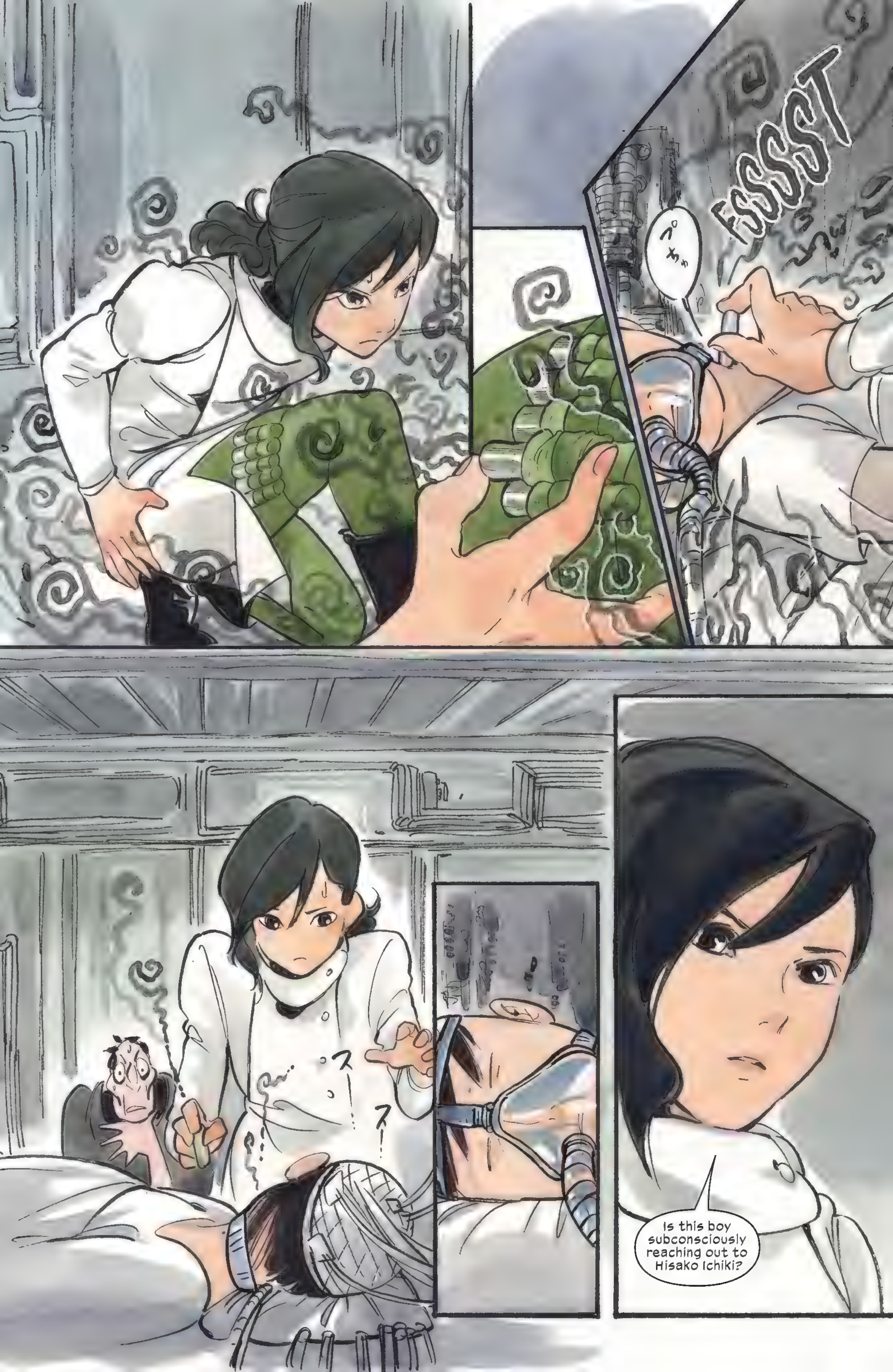

Ah-ah-ahh. Not so fast, Miss Ashida.
Mr. Kageyama can't be disturbed right now.
Give our best to your mother.
Maester, I have the report from church...

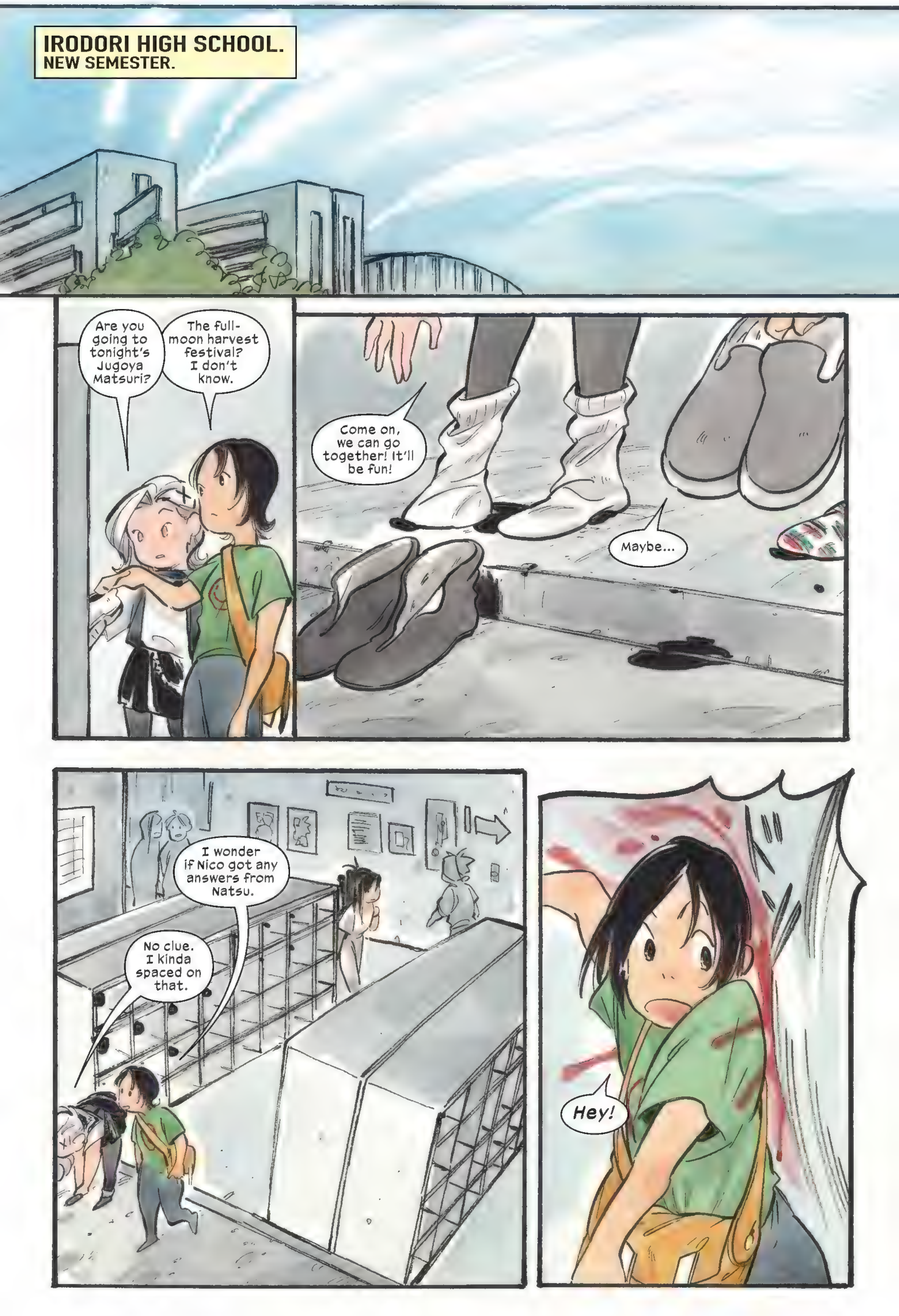

How blessed.
My dear children follow the righteous path to godhood.
Guide them like a shepherd and ensure none lose their way. After all...
...their blood is our most sacred relic.
"Especially the miraculous Mr. Kageyama here. His gift-- his *X-Gene*-- is beyond imagination. Not only his telepathy...
"...but his ability to activate latent powers in others. To ***awaken them*** to their ***potential.***
"A *superior* among *superiors.*"

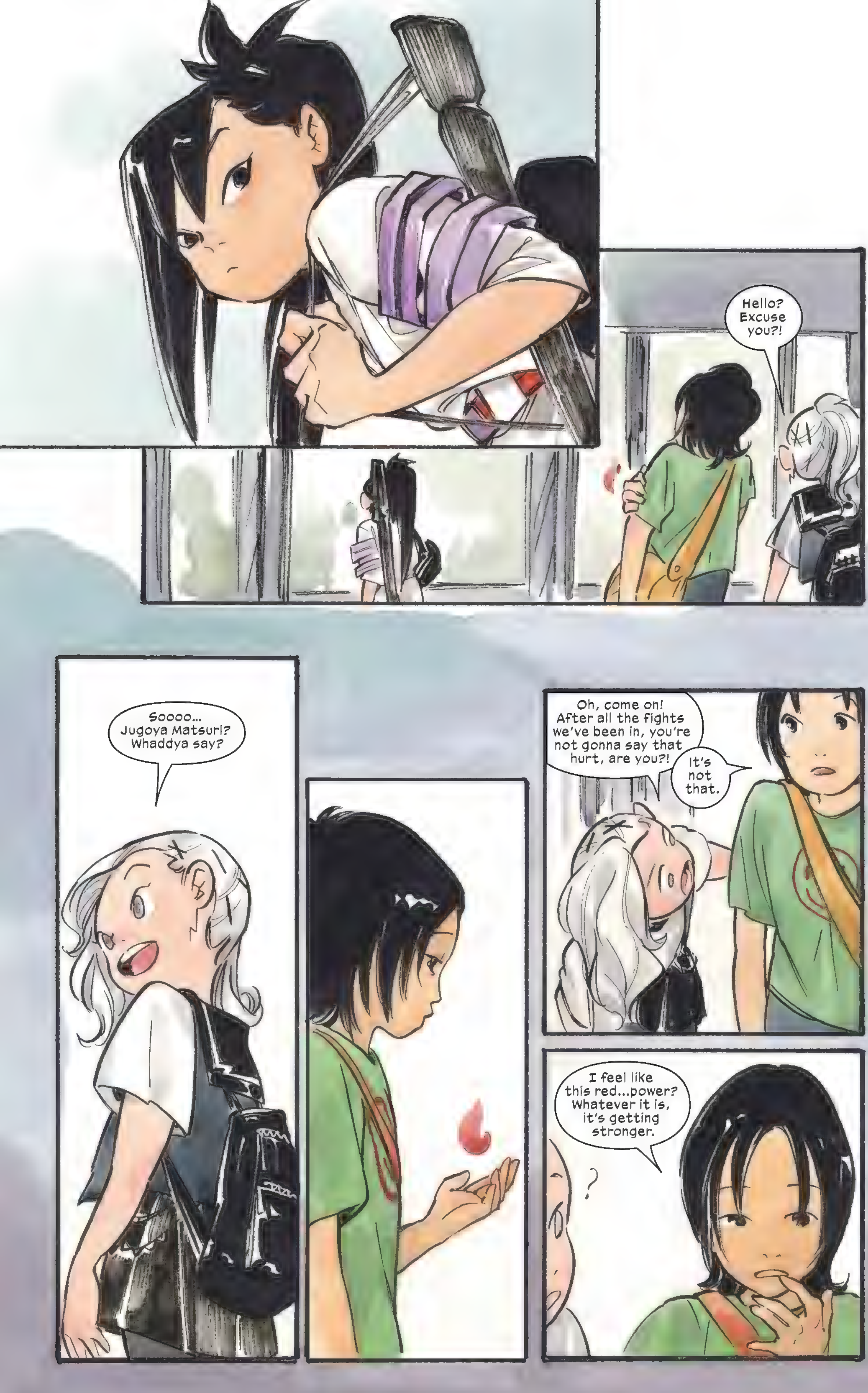

More blessed children arise each day.
Yet their gifts appear only in moments of crisis, when they are irresolute.
We must bolster the faithful. We need more like our Mr. Kageyama.
Perhaps these *new children* need to be guided to their *full potential.*
You mean this group of kids?
Hisako Ichiki, Mei Igarashi, Nico Minoru...
Indeed, Sister Sada. Lost sheep to be brought into our flock.
True *Homo superior.*
KNOCK KNOCK

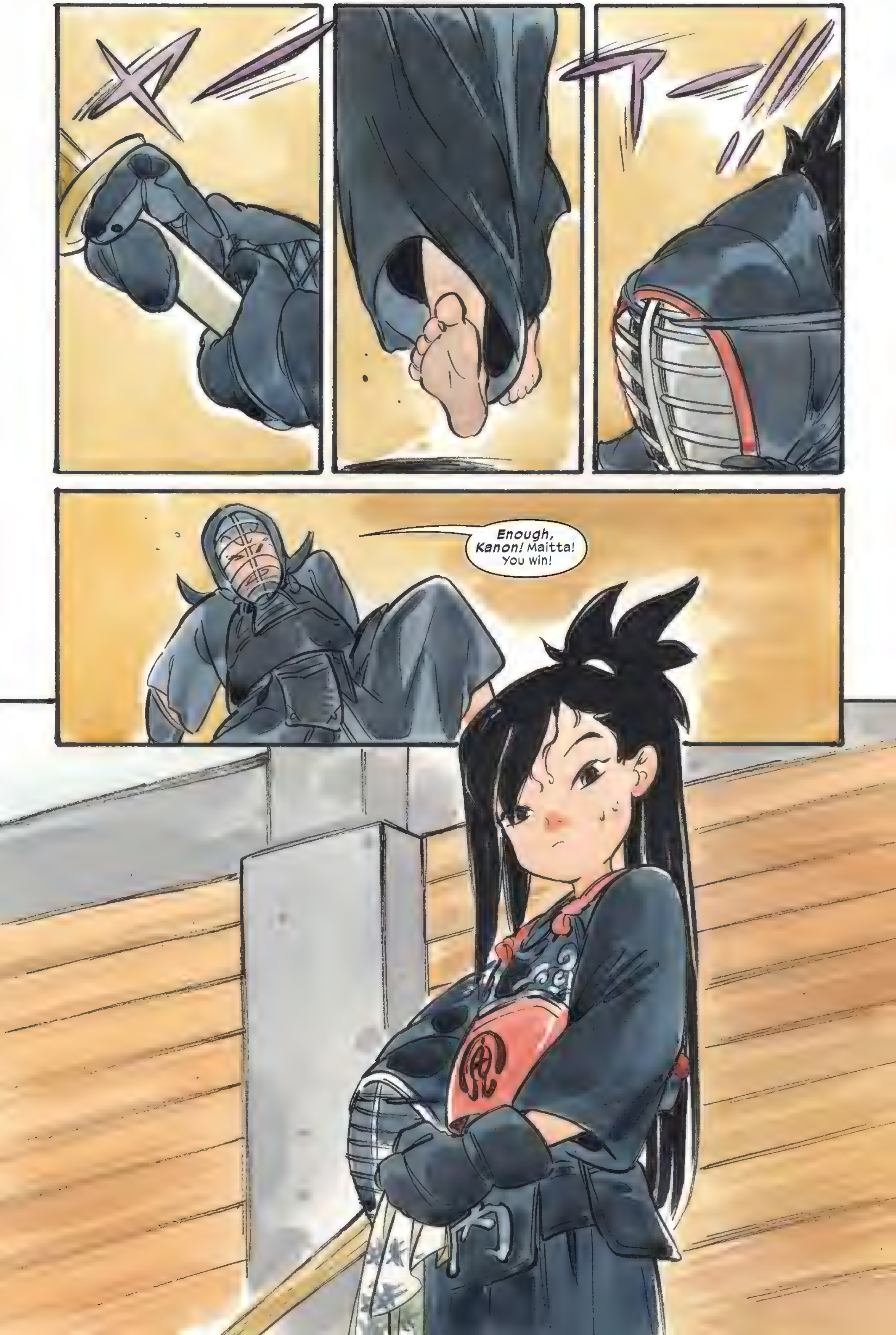

Sister Sada, you may leave now.
Tsk.
There's been another death.
How many does that make this year?
These experiments are too important for sloppy work. You need to get this under control.
I understand, Viper. I'll take care of it.
You won't like it if I am forced to take matters into my own hands.
Emperor Sunfire would not be pleased if this went public.
I burn every failure myself.
Besides, if you are so worried about leaks, it would be smart not to talk like this in front of others.
It's fine. I made sure he's sedated.

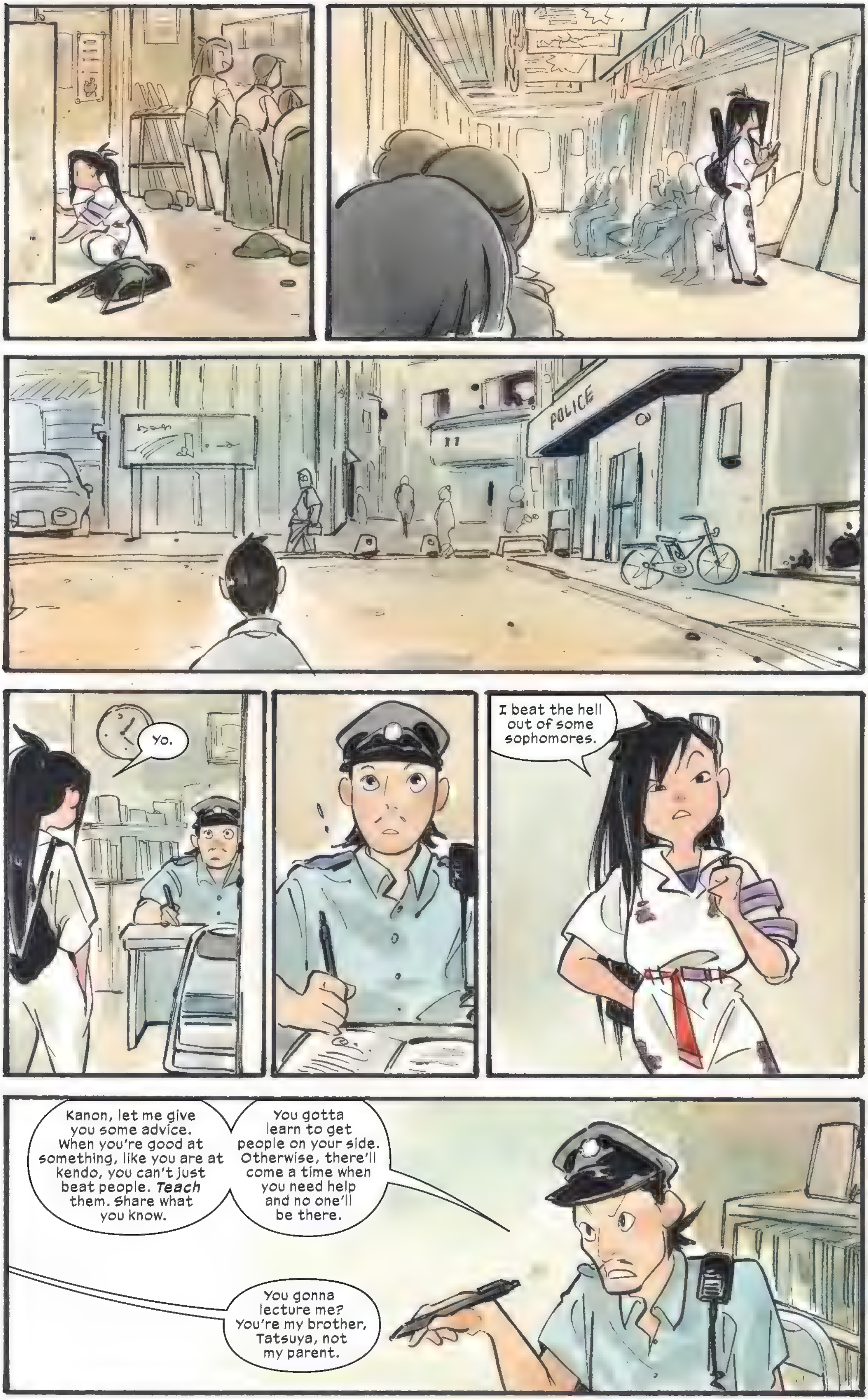

Hisako... My...Hisako...
Ahhhggh...
Urrkkkk.
V-Viper...please...do something...
Arullllkk...
Hi...sa... ko...

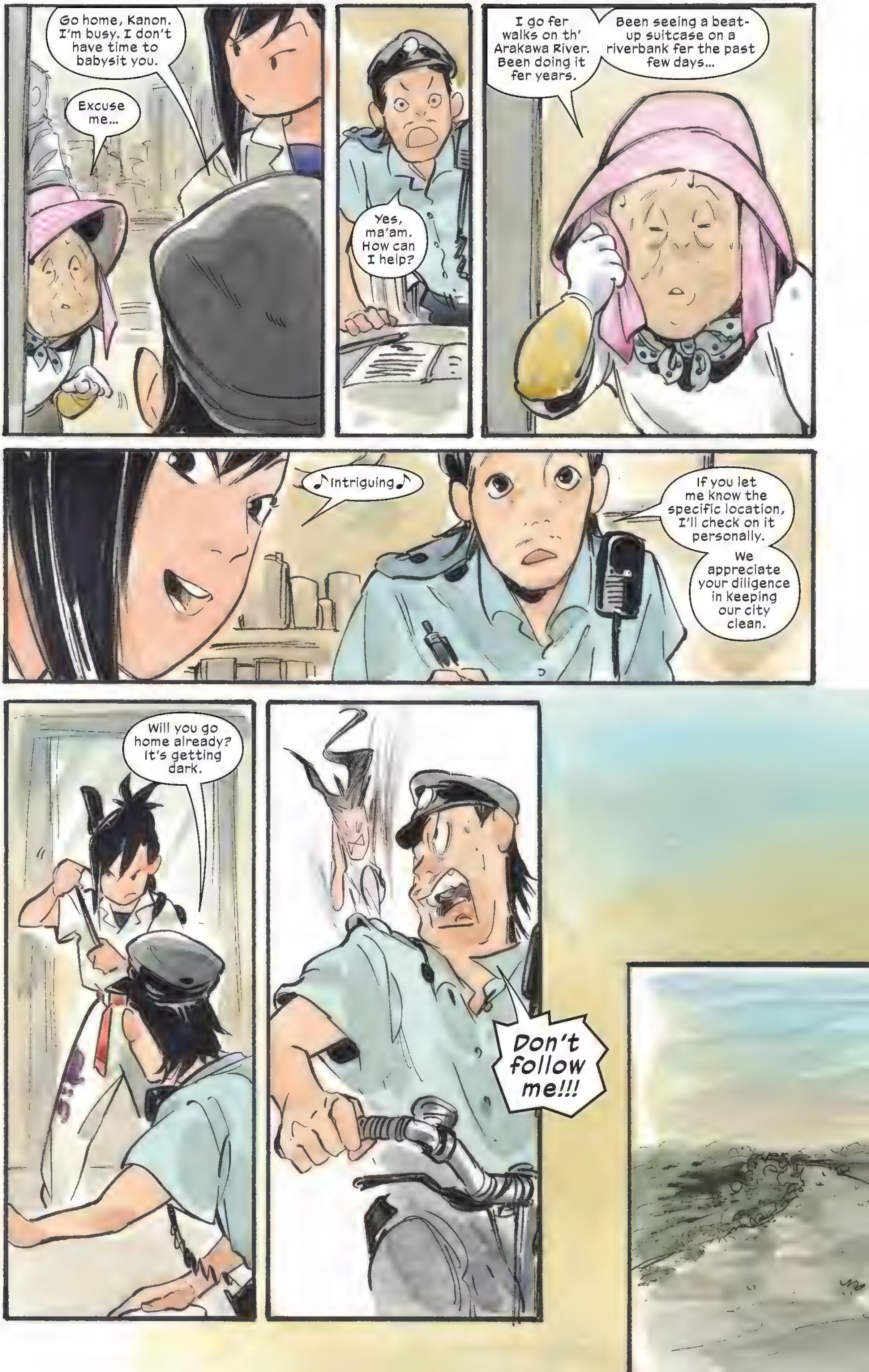

FSSSST
ぺかっ
ス
ス
Is this boy subconsciously reaching out to Hisako Ichiki?

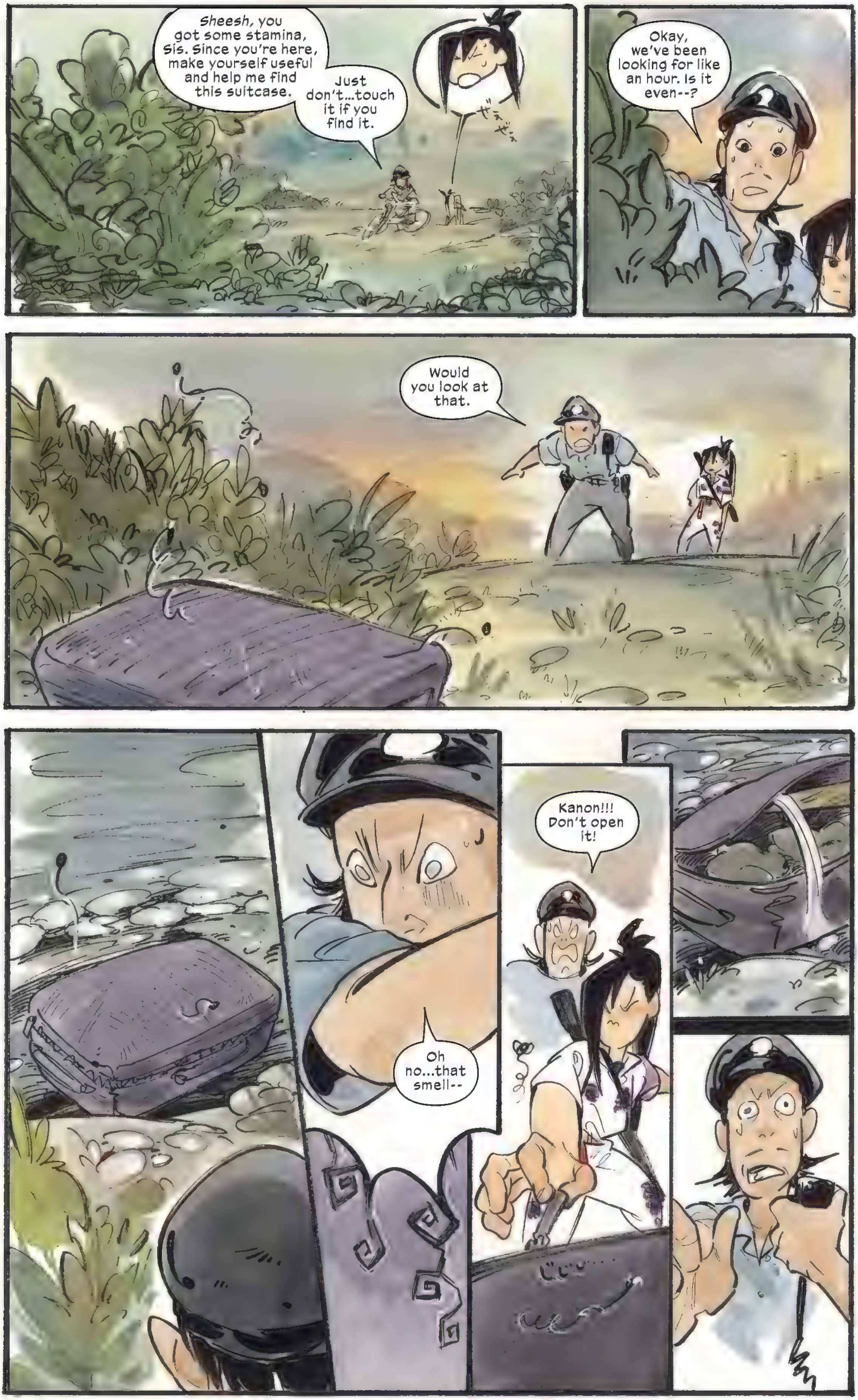

IRODORI HIGH SCHOOL.
NEW SEMESTER.
Are you going to tonight's Jugoya Matsuri?
The full-moon harvest festival? I don't know.
Come on, we can go together! It'll be fun!
Maybe...
I wonder if Nico got any answers from Natsu.
No clue. I kinda spaced on that.
Hey!

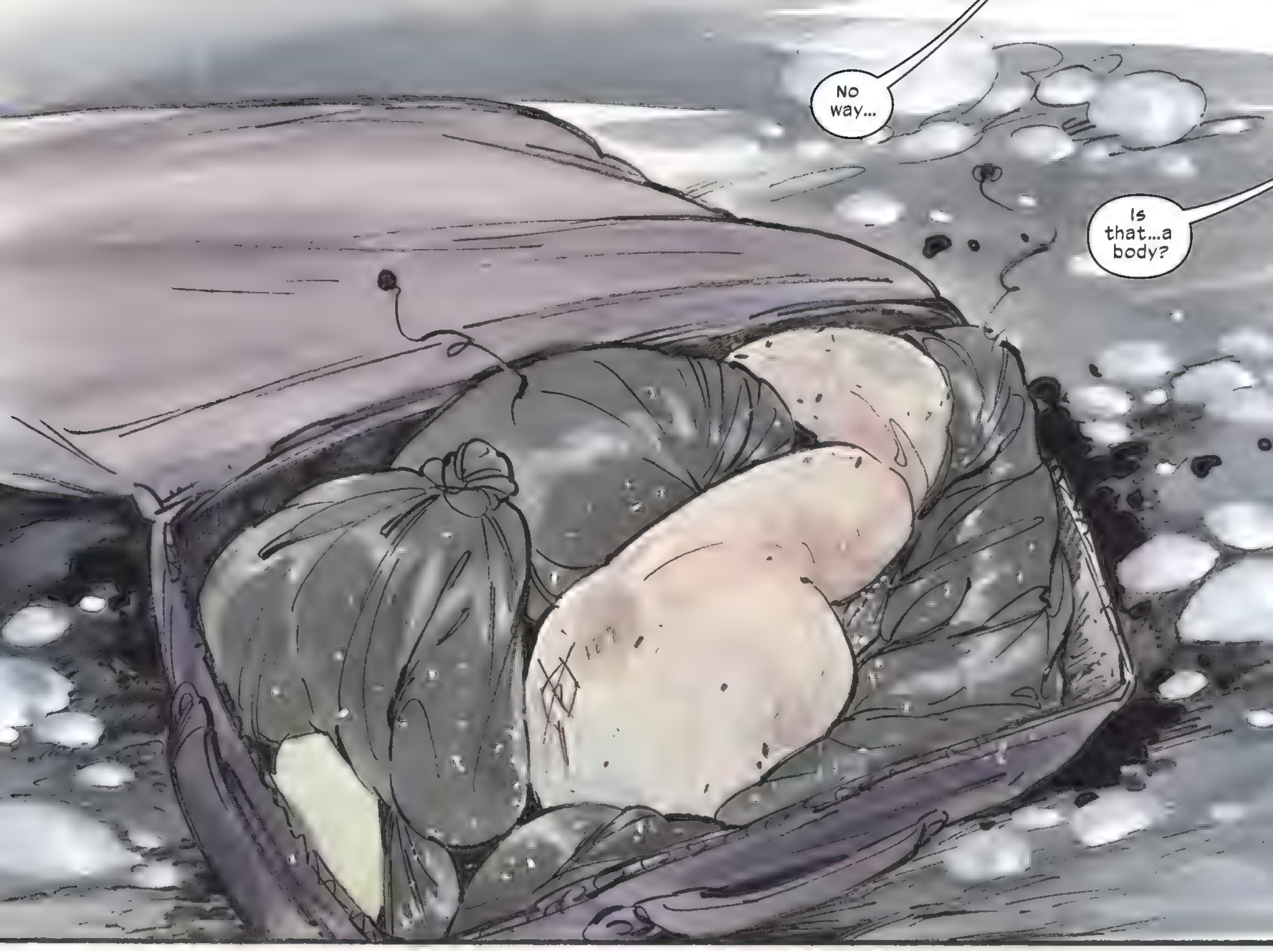

Hello? Excuse you?!
Soooo... Jugoya Matsuri? Whaddya say?
Oh, come on! After all the fights we've been in, you're not gonna say that hurt, are you?!
It's not that.
I feel like this red...power? Whatever it is, it's getting stronger.
?

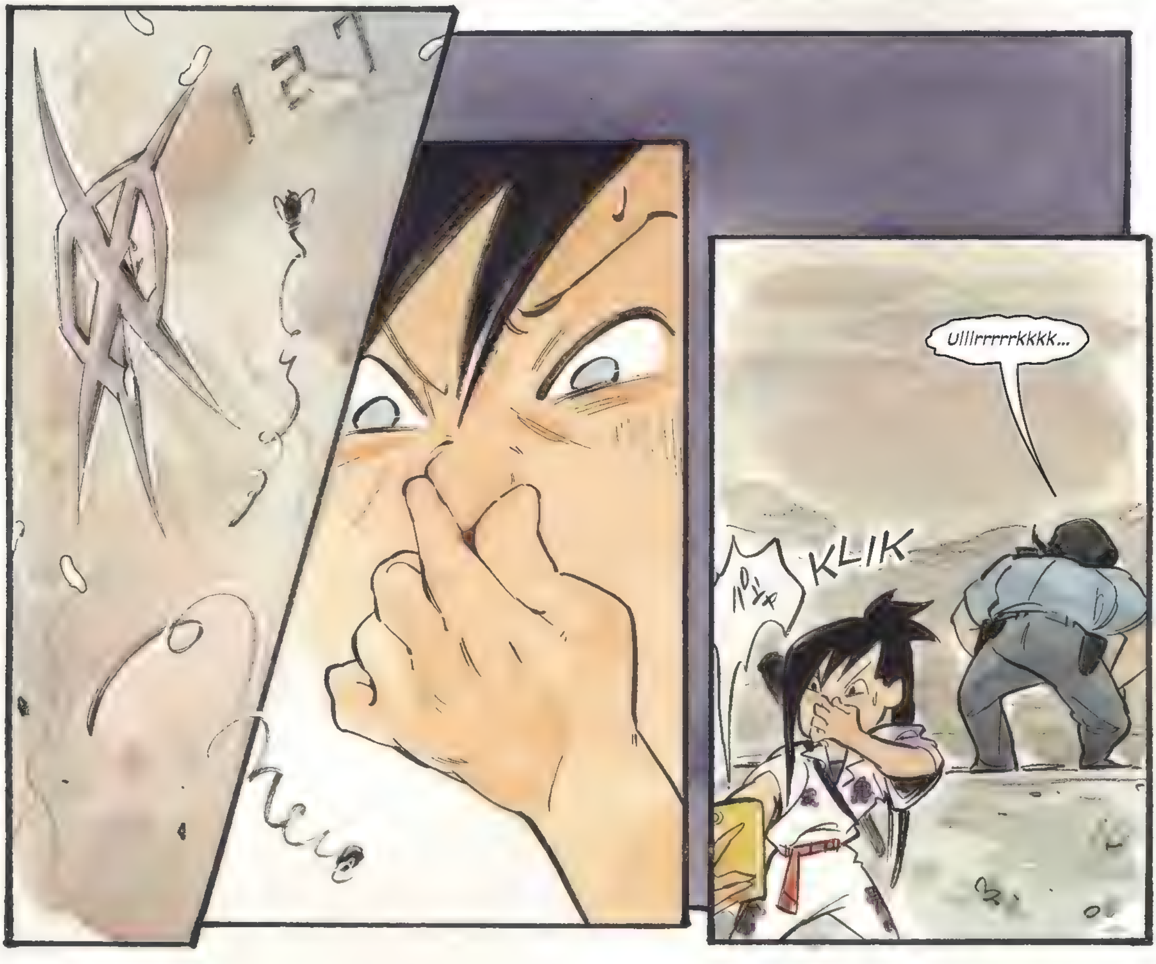

Enough, Kanon! Maitta! You win!

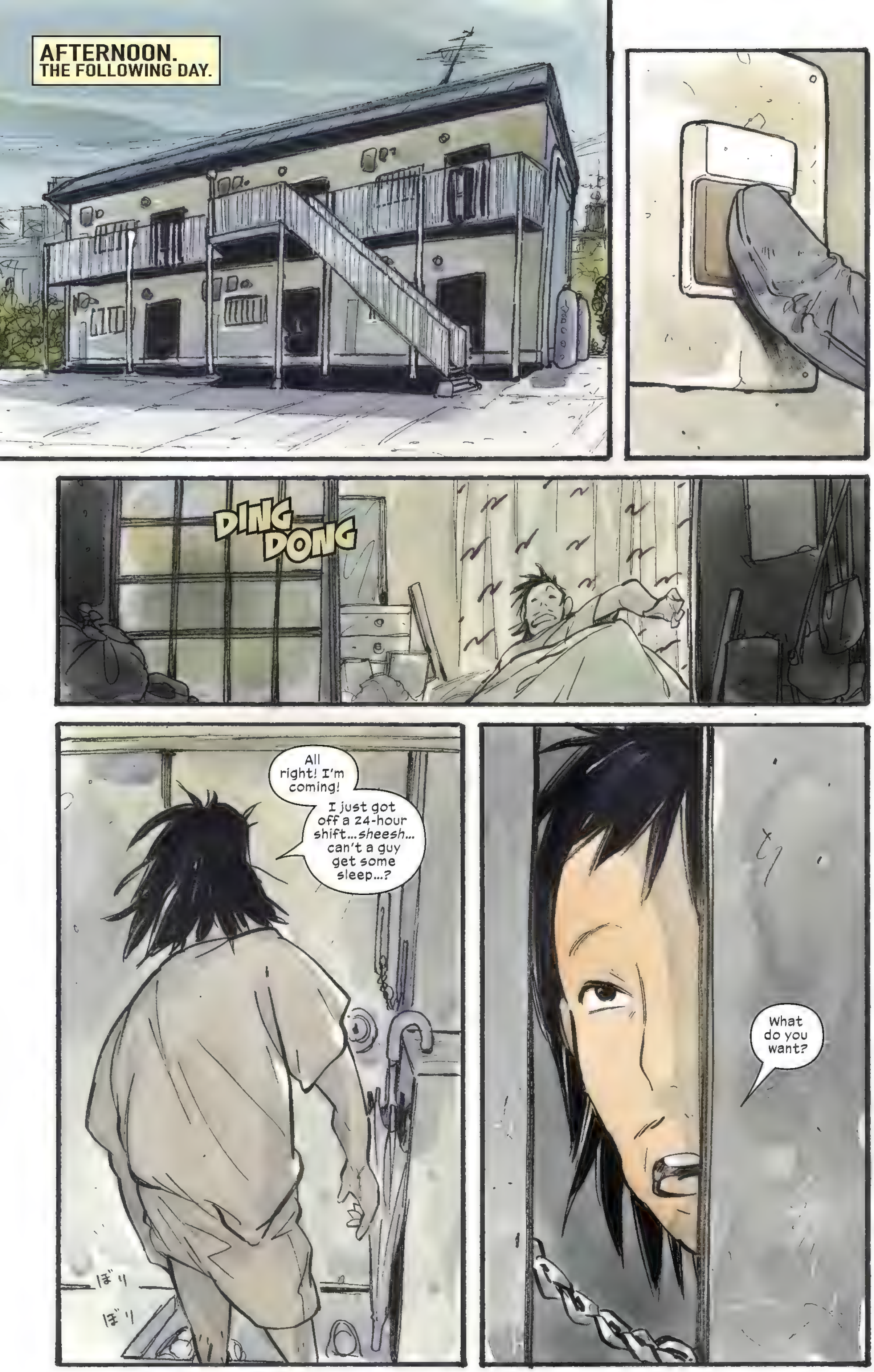

POLICE
Yo.
I beat the hell out of some sophomores.
Kanon, let me give you some advice. When you're good at something, like you are at kendo, you can't just beat people. *Teach* them. Share what you know.
You gotta learn to get people on your side. Otherwise, there'll come a time when you need help and no one'll be there.
You gonna lecture me? You're my brother, Tatsuya, not my parent.

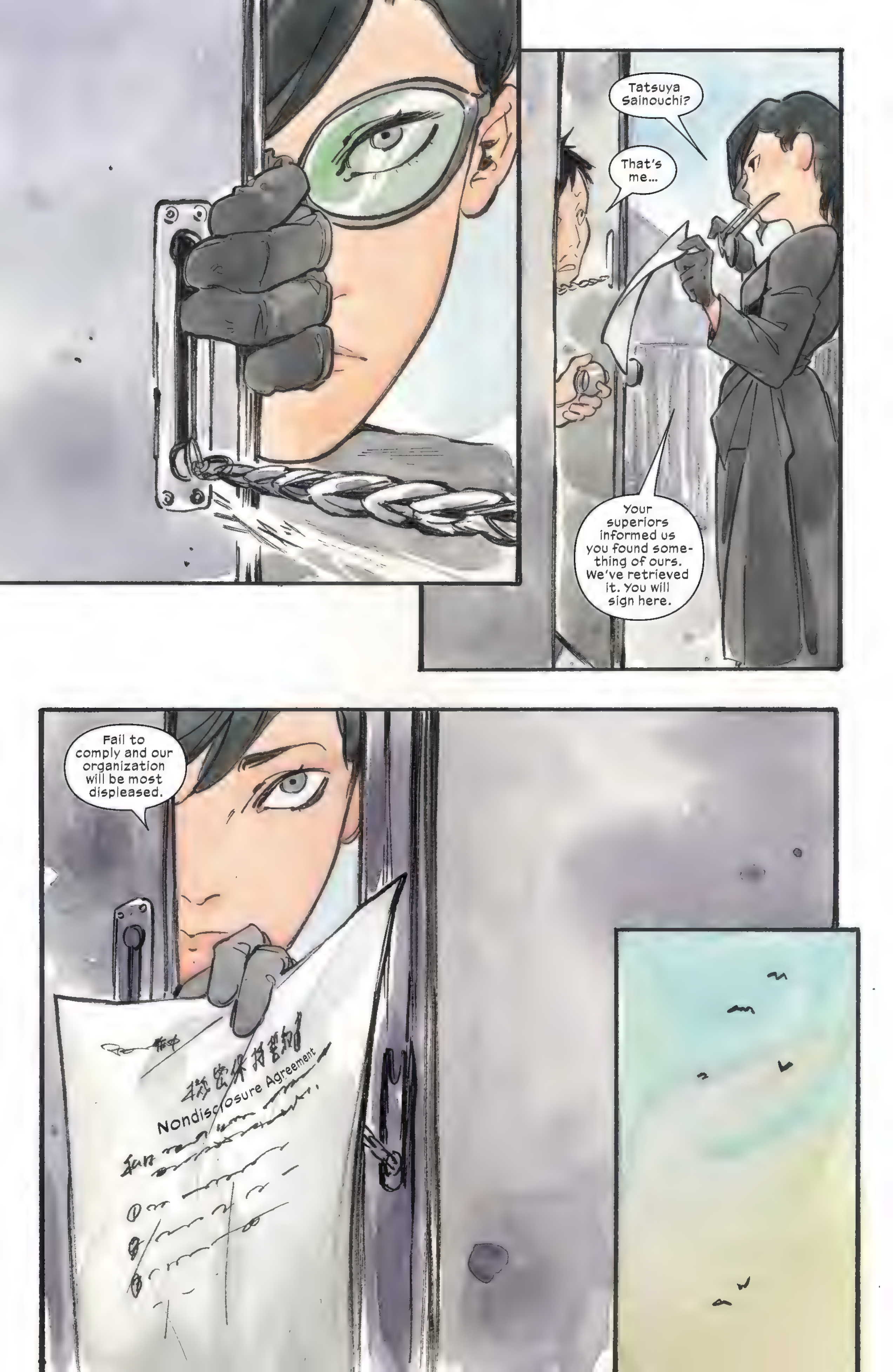

Go home, Kanon. I'm busy. I don't have time to babysit you.
Excuse me...
Yes, ma'am. How can I help?
I go fer walks on th' Arakawa River. Been doing it fer years.
Been seeing a beat-up suitcase on a riverbank fer the past few days...
♪Intriguing♪
If you let me know the specific location, I'll check on it personally.
We appreciate your diligence in keeping our city clean.
Will you go home already? It's getting dark.
Don't follow me!!!

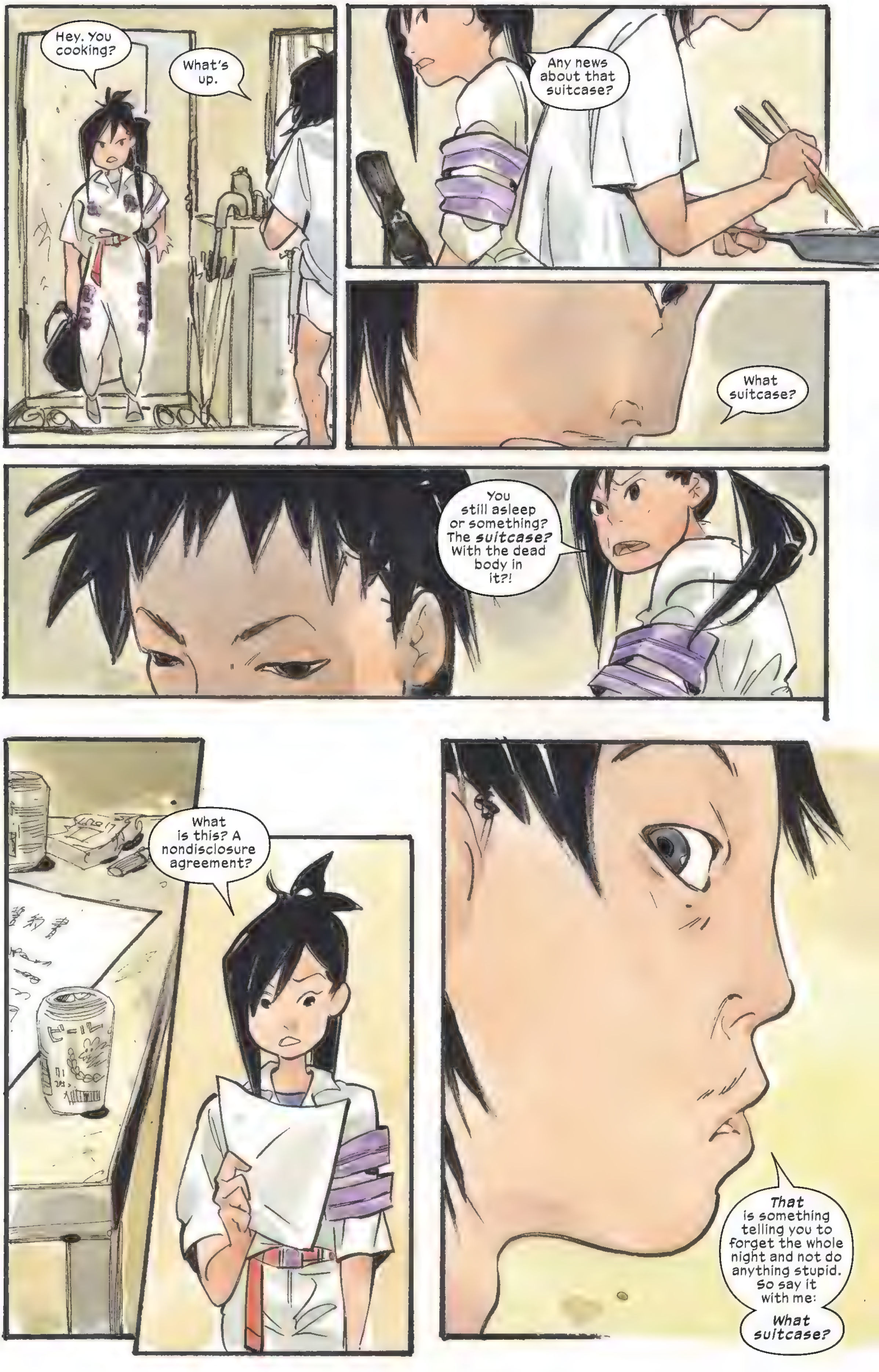

Sheesh, you got some stamina, Sis. Since you're here, make yourself useful and help me find this suitcase.
Just don't...touch it if you find it.
ぜぇぜぇ
Okay, we've been looking for like an hour. Is it even--?
Would you look at that.
Oh no...that smell--
Kanon!!! Don't open it!
じじぃ……

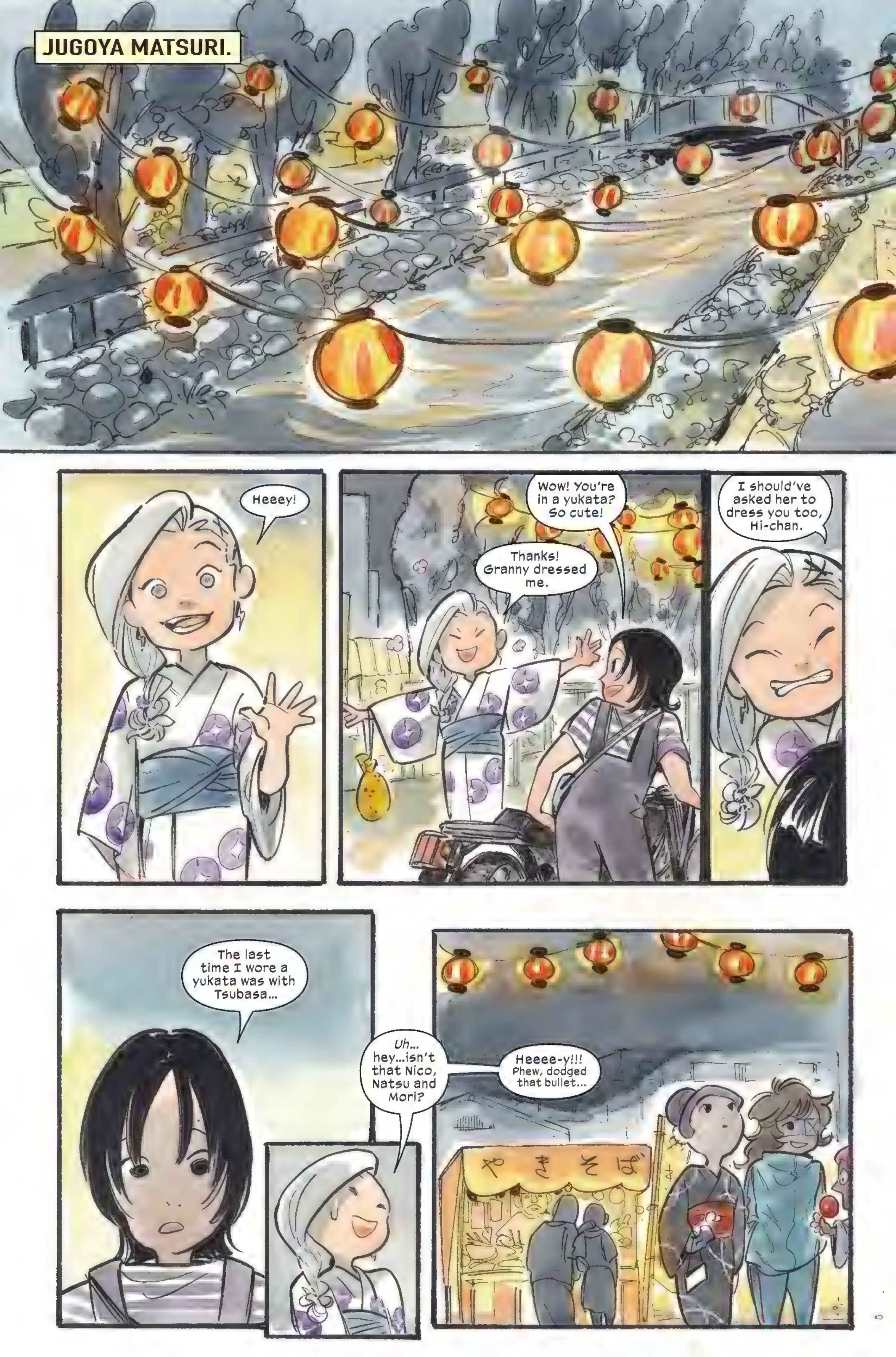

No way...
Is that...a body?

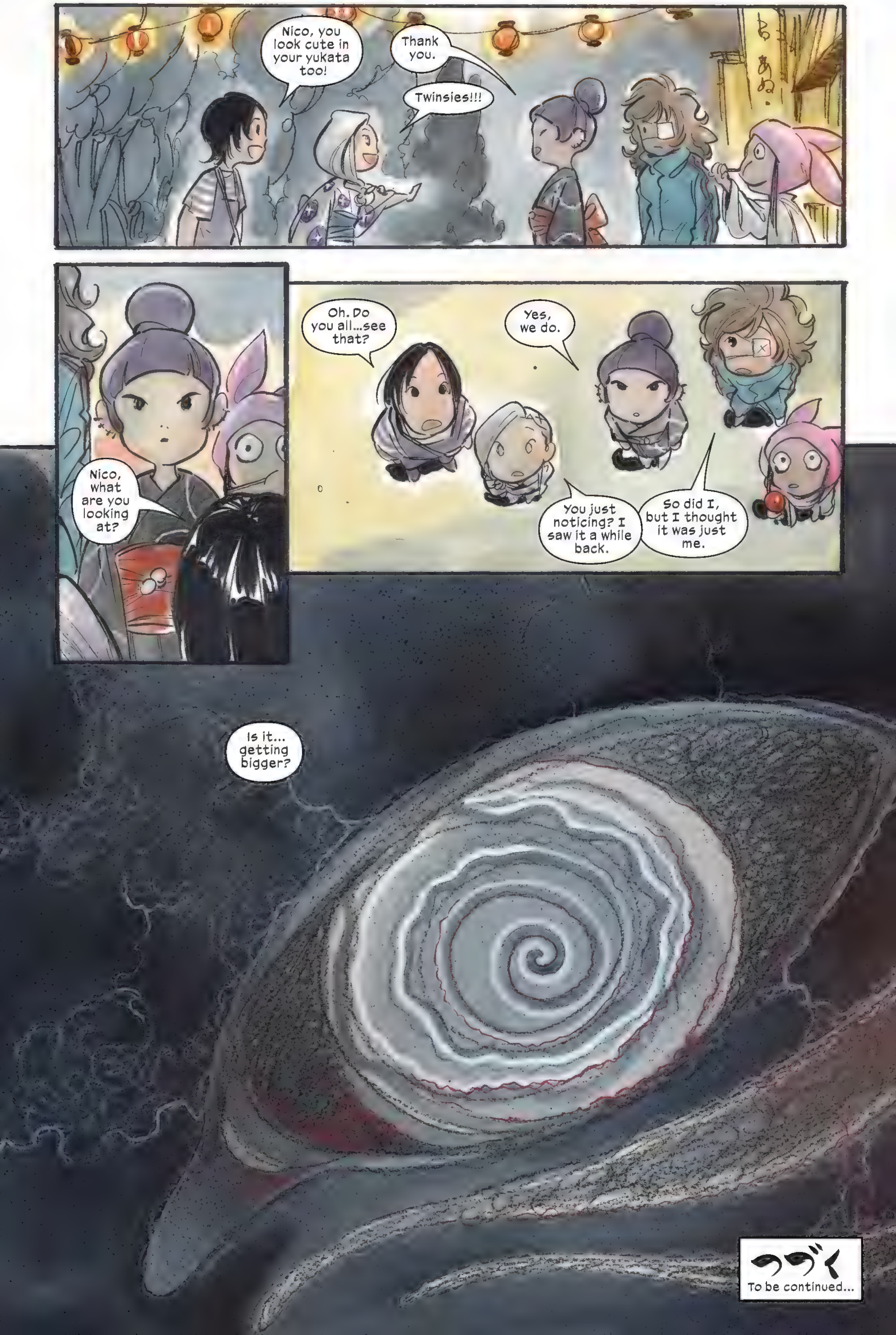

127
Ulllrrrrrkkkk...
KLIK
パシャ


AFTERNOON.
THE FOLLOWING DAY.
DING DONG
All right! I'm coming!
I just got off a 24-hour shift...*sheesh*... can't a guy get some sleep...?
ぼり
ぼり
What do you want?


Tatsuya Sainouchi?
That's me...
Your superiors informed us you found something of ours. We've retrieved it. You will sign here.
Fail to comply and our organization will be most displeased.
機密保持誓約書
Nondisclosure Agreement


Hey. You cooking?
What's up.
Any news about that suitcase?
What suitcase?
You still asleep or something? The *suitcase?* With the dead body in it?!
What is this? A nondisclosure agreement?
誓約書
ビール
That is something telling you to forget the whole night and not do anything stupid. So say it with me:
What suitcase?


JUGOYA MATSURI.
Heeey!
Thanks! Granny dressed me.
Wow! You're in a yukata? So cute!
I should've asked her to dress you too, Hi-chan.
The last time I wore a yukata was with Tsubasa...
Uh... hey...isn't that Nico, Natsu and Mori?
Heeee-y!!! Phew, dodged that bullet...
やきそば


Nico, you look cute in your yukata too!
Thank you.
Twinsies!!!
Oh. Do you all...see that?
Yes, we do.
Nico, what are you looking at?
You just noticing? I saw it a while back.
So did I, but I thought it was just me.
Is it... getting bigger?
つづく
To be continued...

LEXICON

TSUKIMI

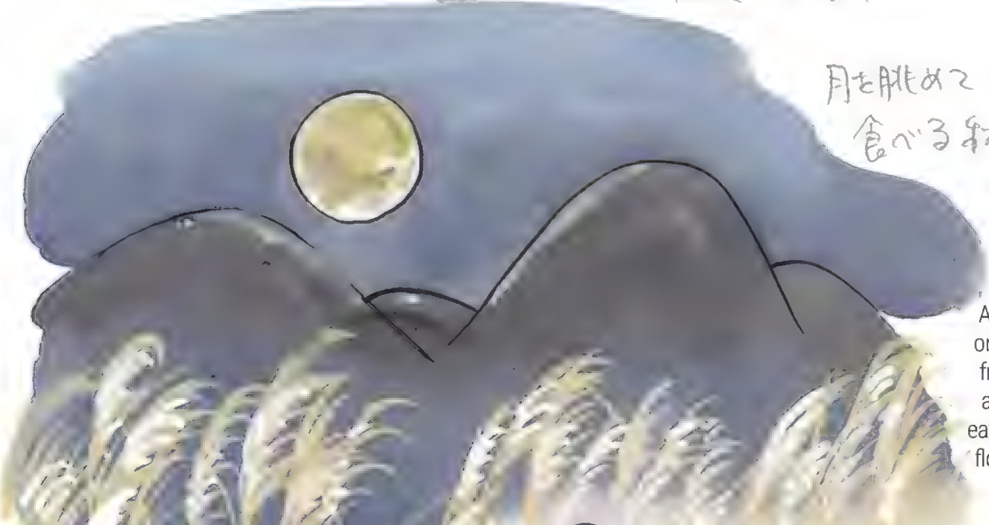
"Moon Viewing"—festivals honoring the autumn moon.

Autumn is the season of the year when the moon is the most beautiful.

秋の風物詩、お月見

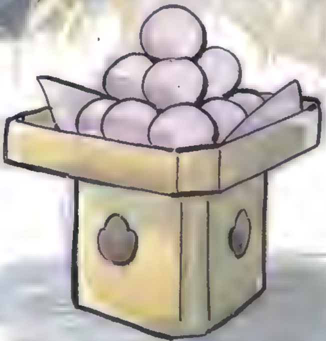
十五夜のお月見。

月を眺めてお団子を
食べる秋の風物詩。



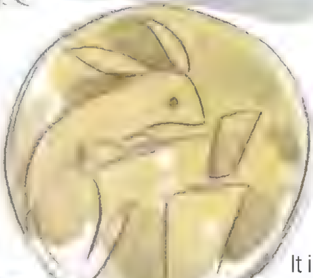
JUGOYA

A festival celebrated on the fifteenth night from the start of the autumn season. We eat dango (sweet rice flour dumplings) and stare at the moon.

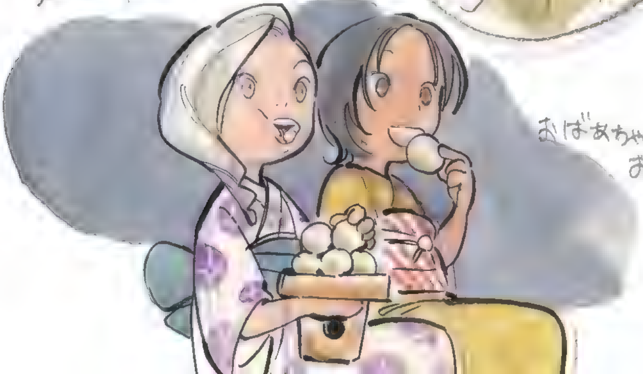


お団子のお供え

月の中にうさぎが住んで
いて、十五夜に月の中を覗き
込むと、うさぎが餅つき
をしている様子が
見れるっていうので
一度だけ本気で
見た事がある……。



It is said that on the face of the full moon, you can see a rabbit making mochi.



おばあちゃんの団子
おいしいねー。

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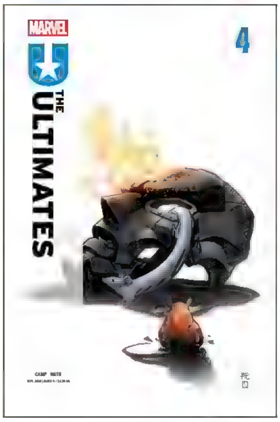
MARVEL
4
THE
ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #4

BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
PHIL NOTO

4

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next sixteen months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, has taken on the codename **IRON LAD** and begun recruiting a network of heroes to fight back against the Maker's Council and prepare for the Maker's return.

Instrumental in sealing away the Maker and forming this new team with Iron Lad is **DOOM**, the broken shell of the man once known as **REED RICHARDS**, who was kept inside the Dome and uncovered the Maker's secrets—though not that the Maker is himself the Reed Richards of another universe.

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THE ULTIMATES

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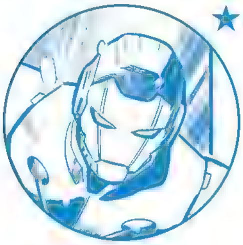
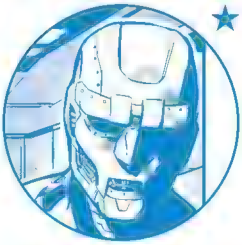
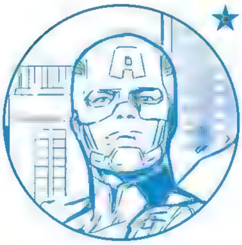


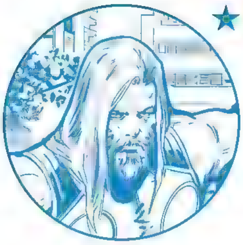
IRON LAD
TONY STARK



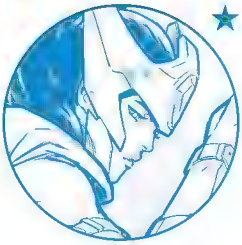
DOOM
REED RICHARDS



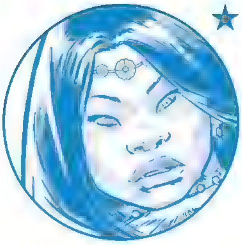
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS



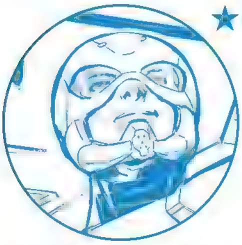
THOR
GOD OF THUNDER



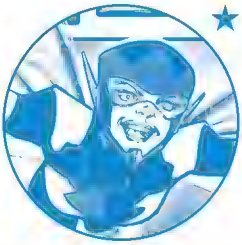
SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS



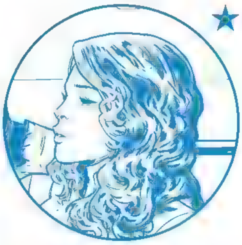
SHE-HULK
LEJORI JOENA ZAKARIA



GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM

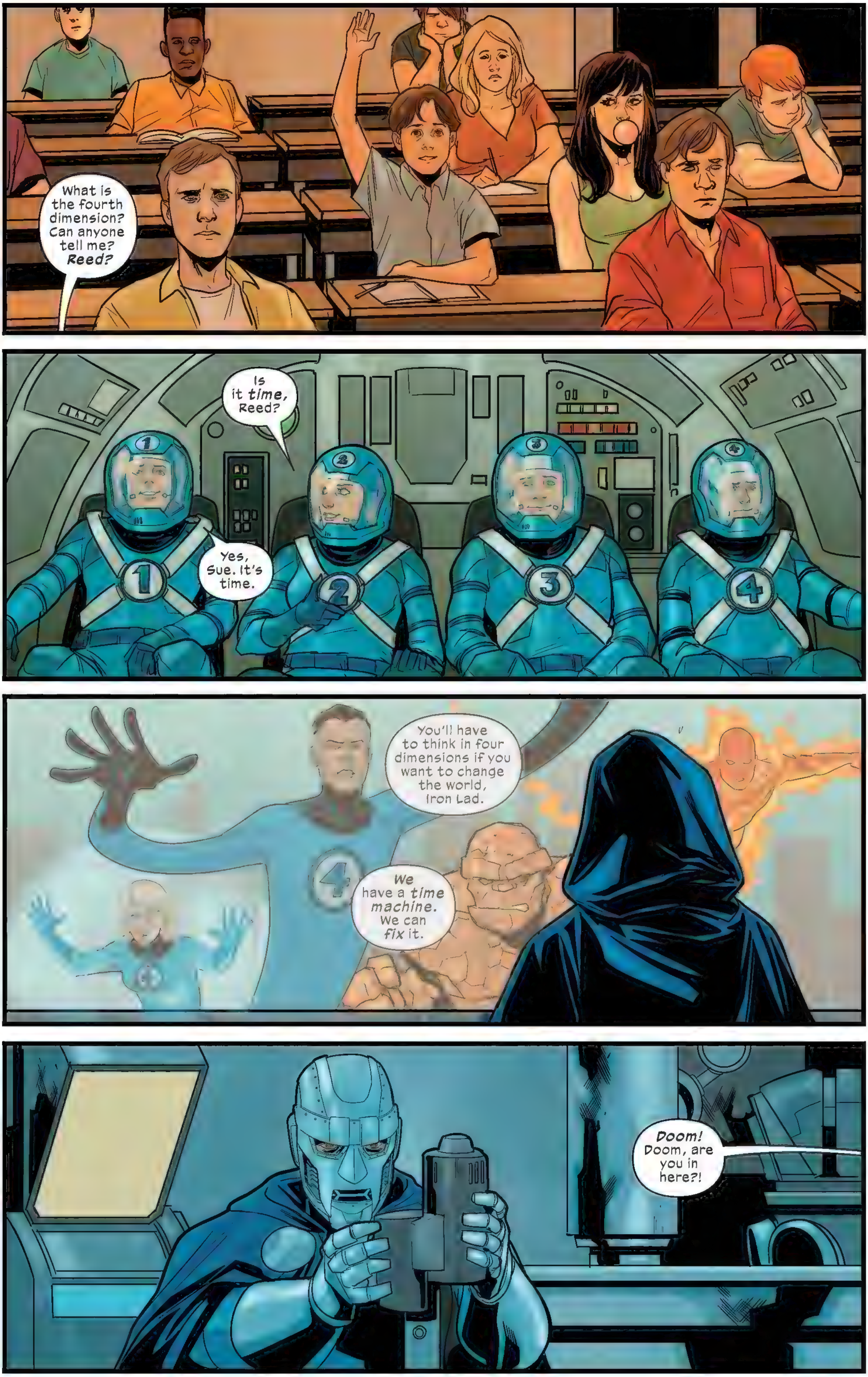


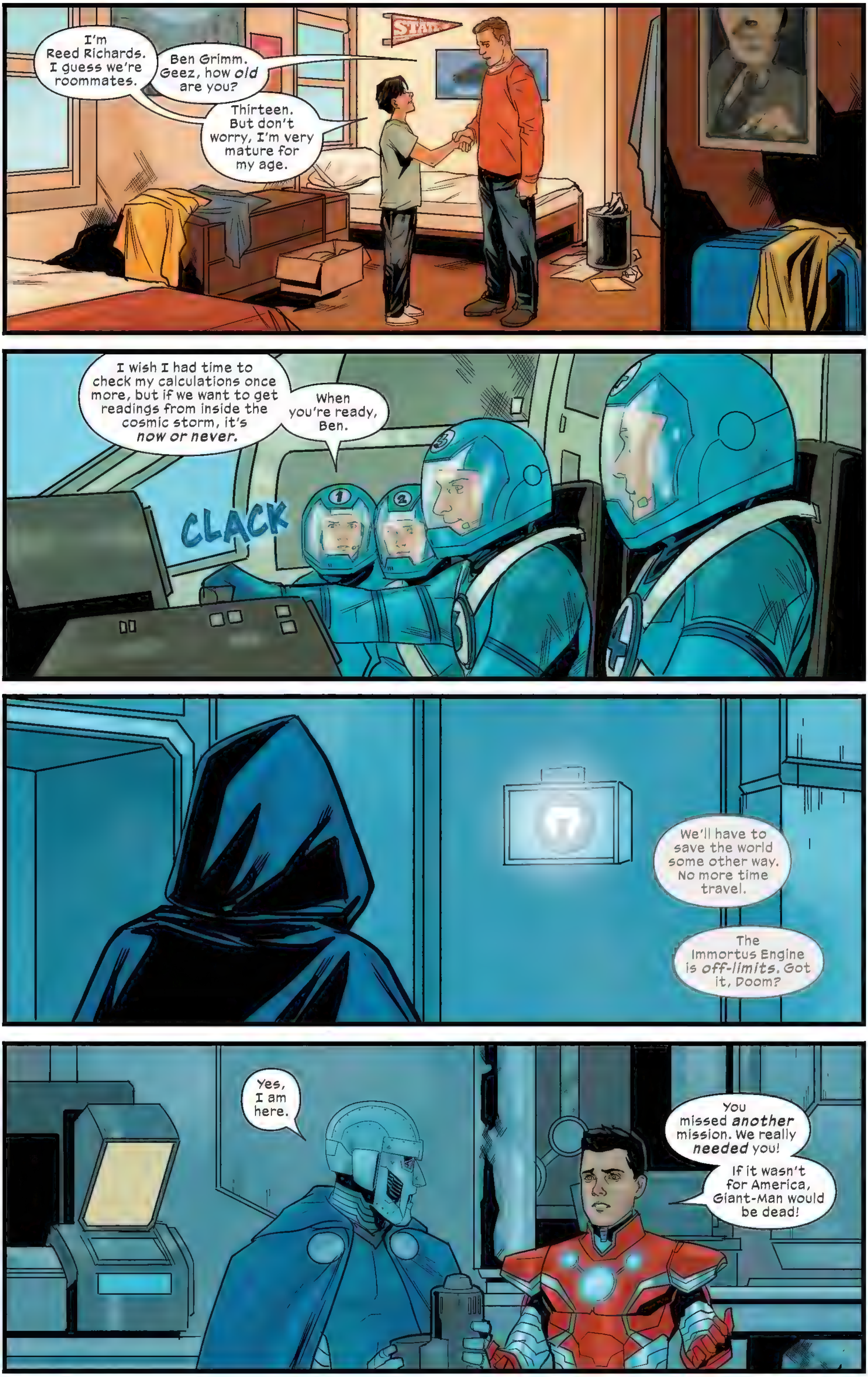
WASP
JANET VAN DYNE

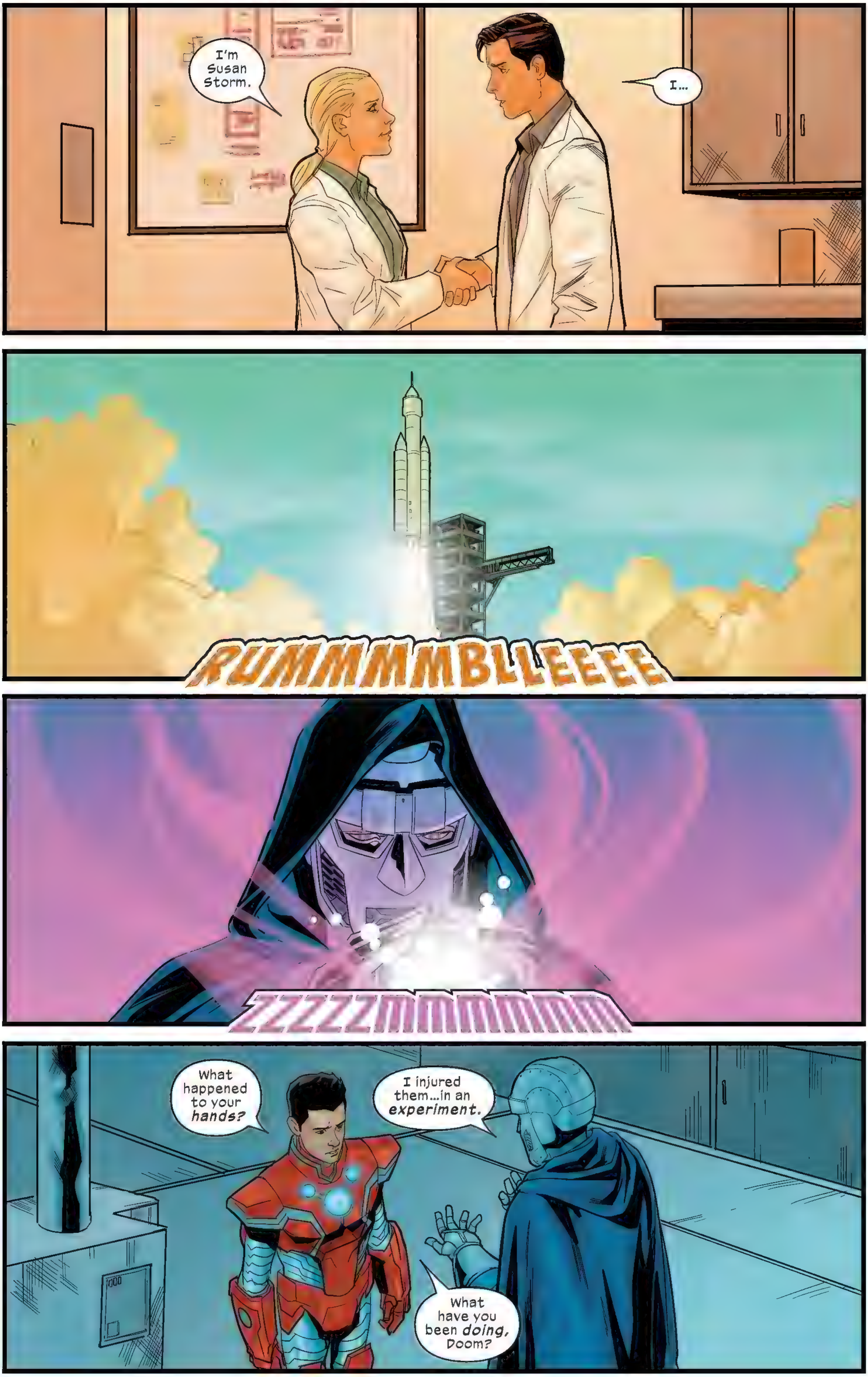


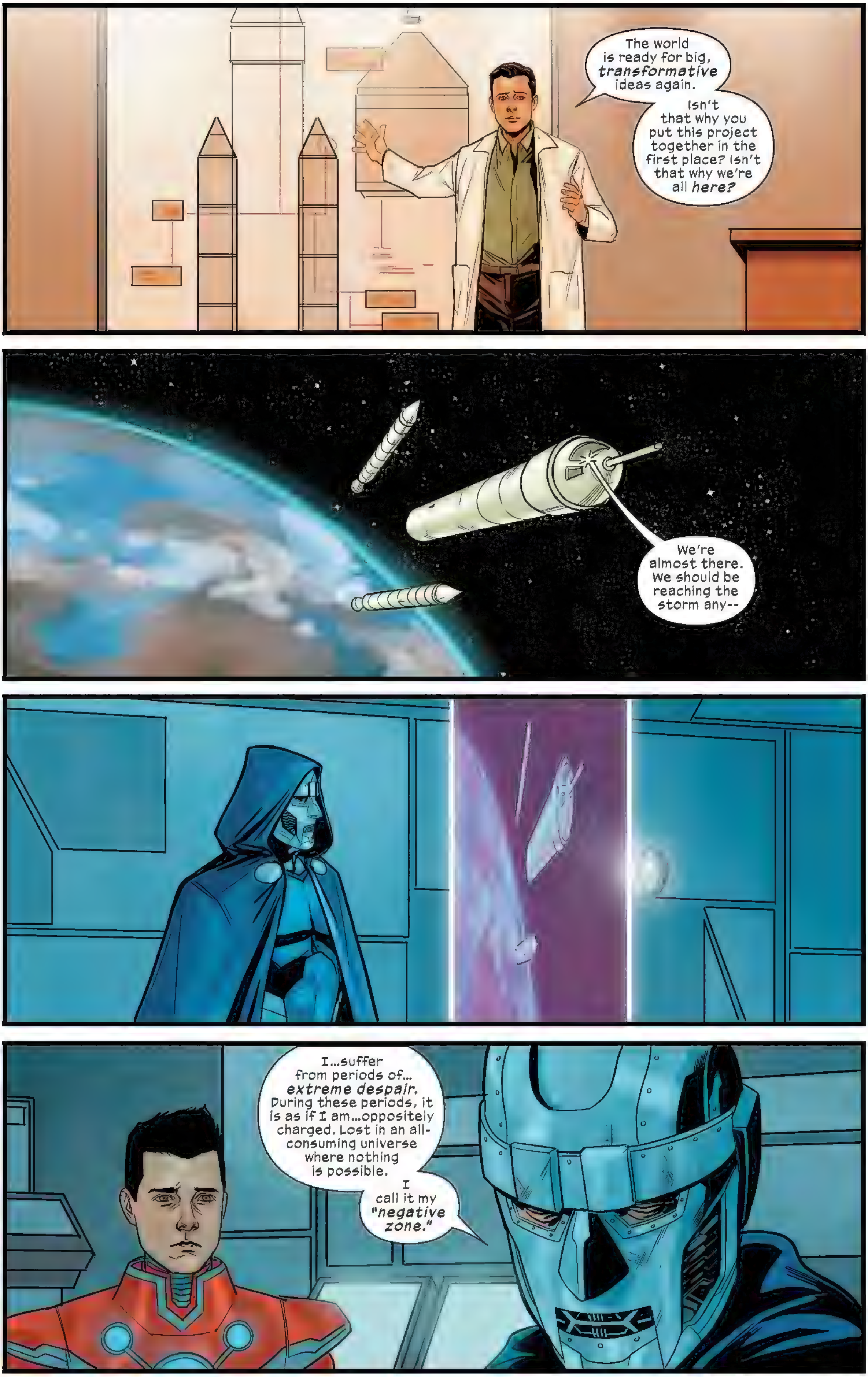
AMERICA CHAVEZ
COSMIC POWERHOUSE

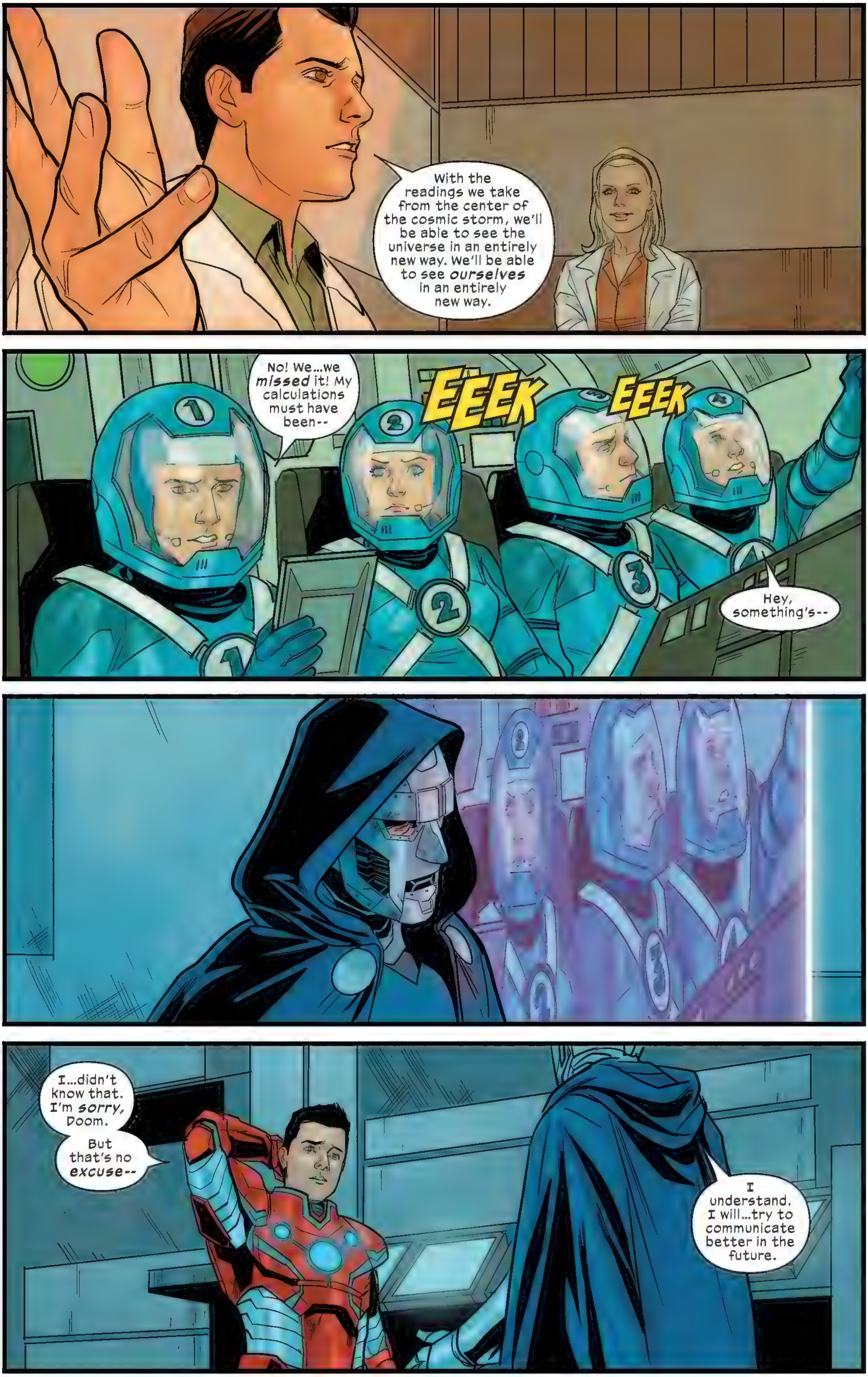
SEPTEMBER 2024

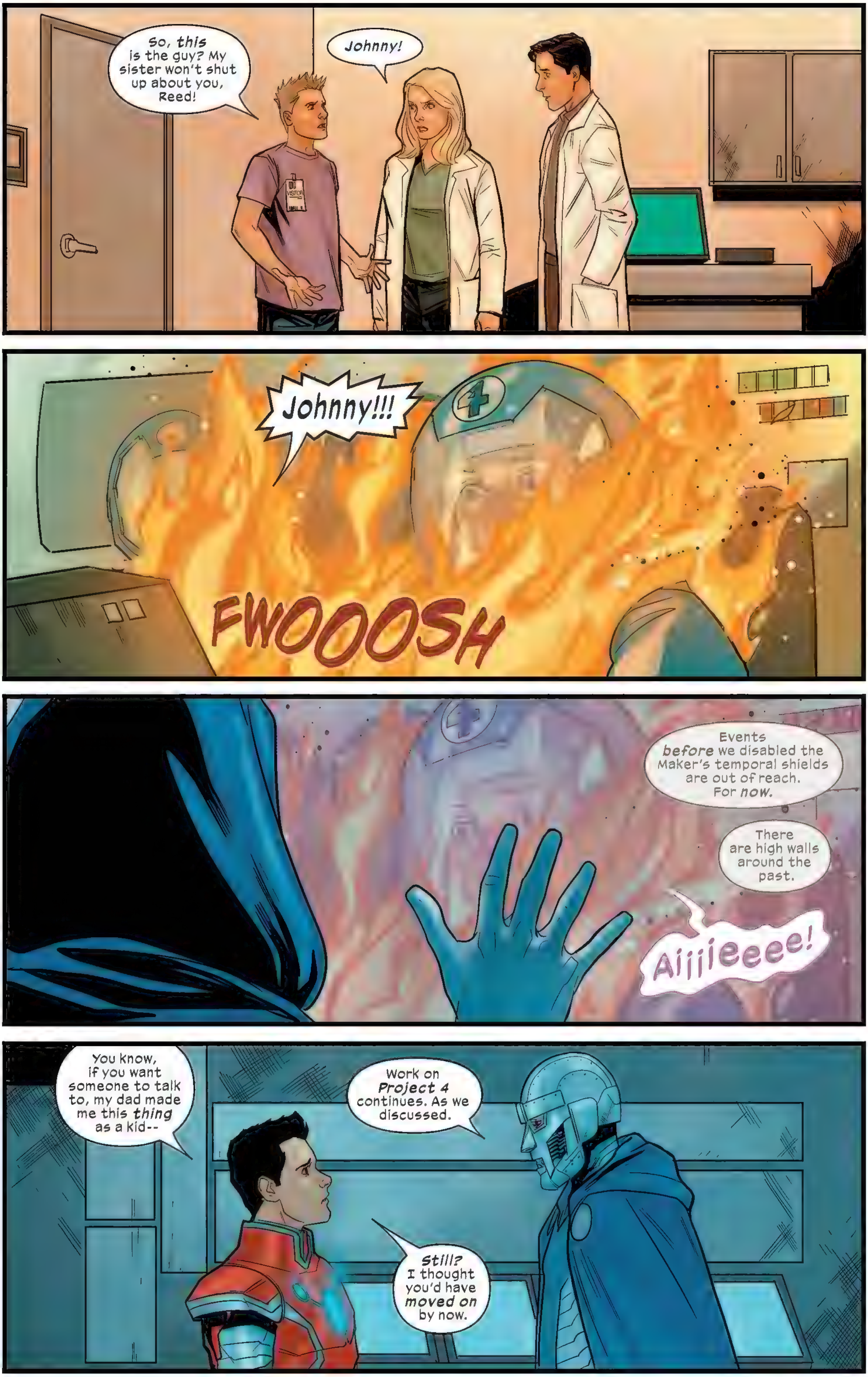

What is the fourth dimension? Can anyone tell me? *Reed?*
Is it *time,* Reed?
Yes, Sue. It's time.
You'll have to think in four dimensions if you want to change the world, Iron Lad.
We have a *time machine.* We can *fix* it.
Doom! Doom, are you in here?!

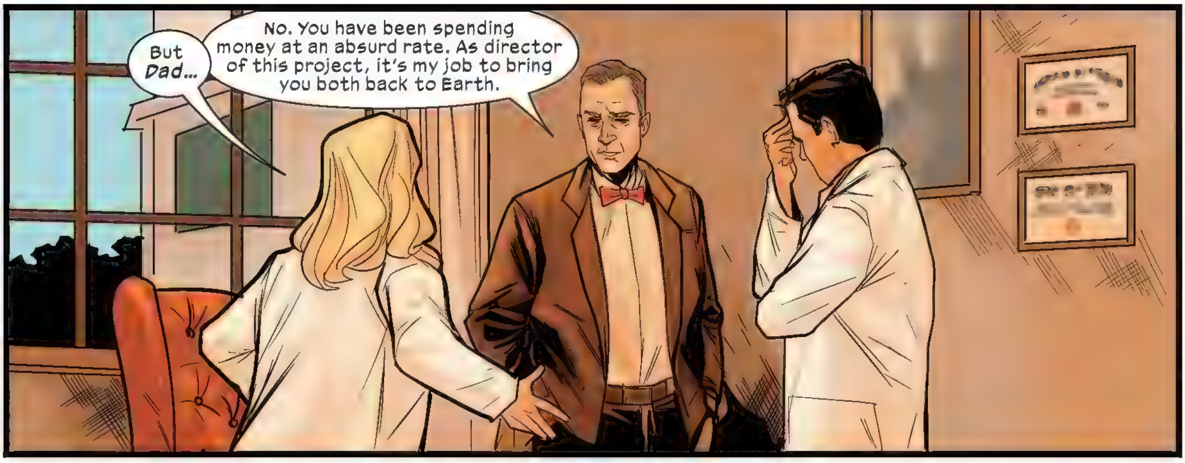

I'm Reed Richards. I guess we're roommates.
Ben Grimm. Geez, how *old* are you?
Thirteen. But don't worry, I'm very mature for my age.
I wish I had time to check my calculations once more, but if we want to get readings from inside the cosmic storm, it's *now or never.*
When you're ready, Ben.
CLACK
We'll have to save the world some other way. No more time travel.
The Immortus Engine is *off-limits.* Got it, Doom?
Yes, I am here.
You missed *another* mission. We really *needed* you!
If it wasn't for America, Giant-Man would be dead!

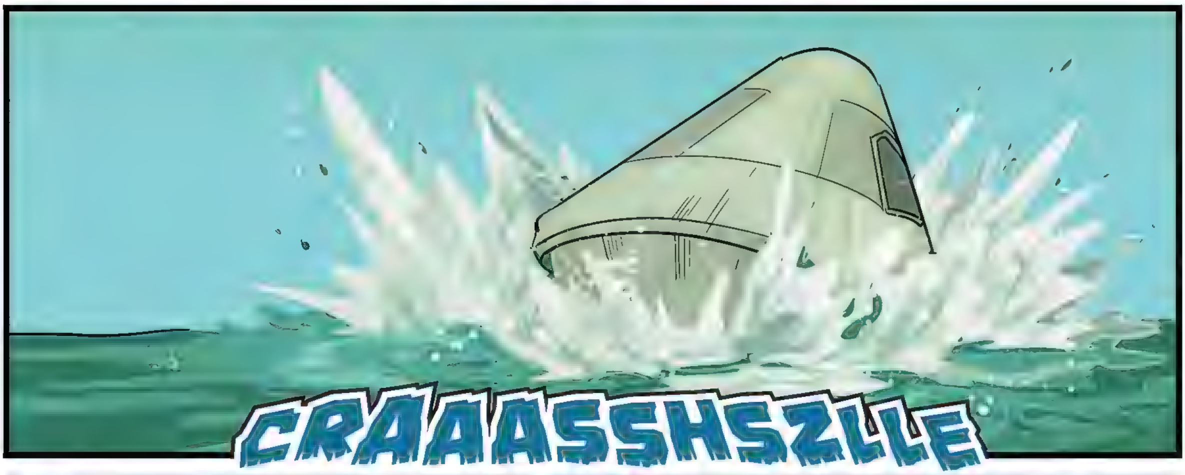

I'm Susan Storm.
I...
RUMMMMMBLLEEEE
ZZZZZMMMMMMM
What happened to your *hands?*
I injured them...in an *experiment.*
What have you been *doing,* Doom?

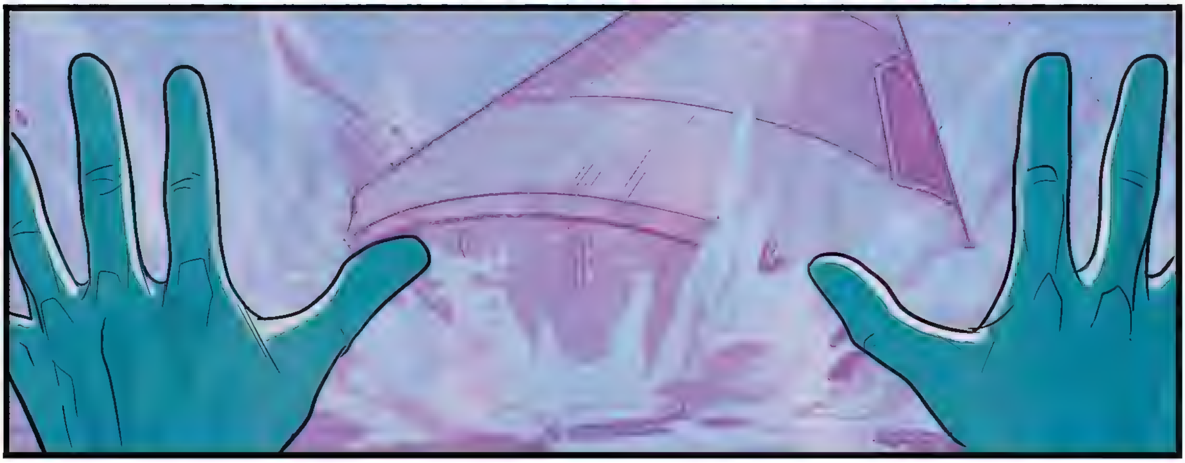

The world is ready for big, *transformative* ideas again.
Isn't that why you put this project together in the first place? Isn't that why we're all *here?*
We're almost there. We should be reaching the storm any--
I...suffer from periods of... *extreme despair.* During these periods, it is as if I am...oppositely charged. Lost in an all-consuming universe where nothing is possible.
I call it my *"negative zone."*

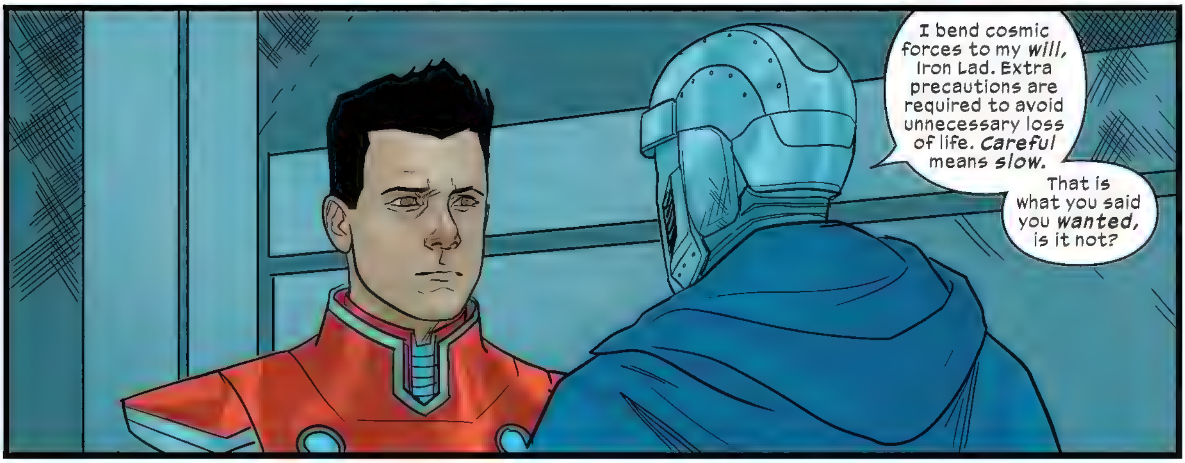

With the readings we take from the center of the cosmic storm, we'll be able to see the universe in an entirely new way. We'll be able to see *ourselves* in an entirely new way.
No! We...we *missed* it! My calculations must have been--
EEEK
EEEK
Hey, something's--
I...didn't know that. I'm *sorry*, Doom.
But that's no *excuse*--
I understand. I will...try to communicate better in the future.

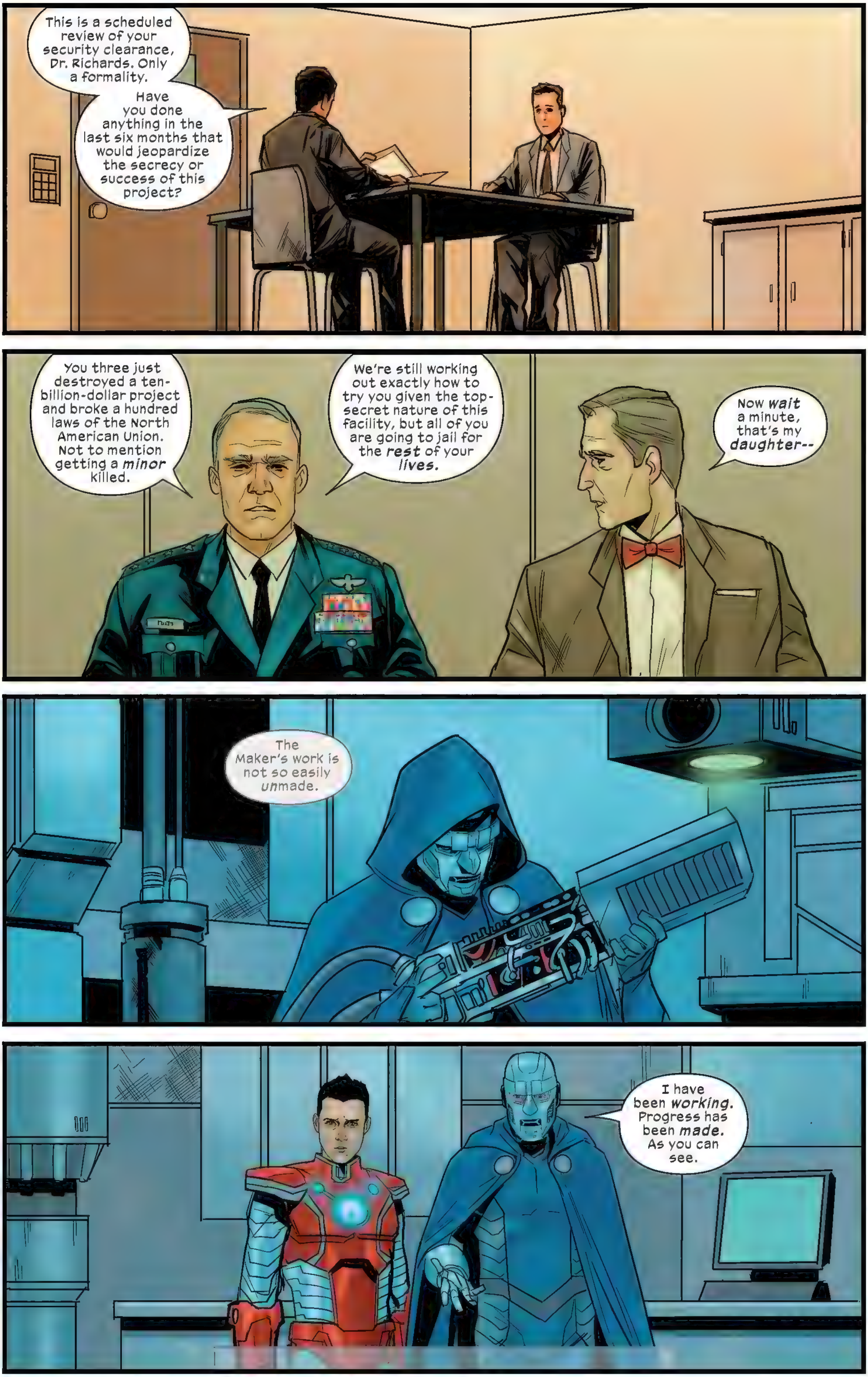

So, *this* is the guy? My sister won't shut up about you, Reed!
Johnny!
VISITOR
Johnny!!!
FWOOOSH
Events *before* we disabled the Maker's temporal shields are out of reach. For *now.*
There are high walls around the past.
Aiiiieeee!
You know, if you want someone to talk to, my dad made me this *thing* as a kid--
Work on *Project 4* continues. As we discussed.
Still? I thought you'd have *moved on* by now.

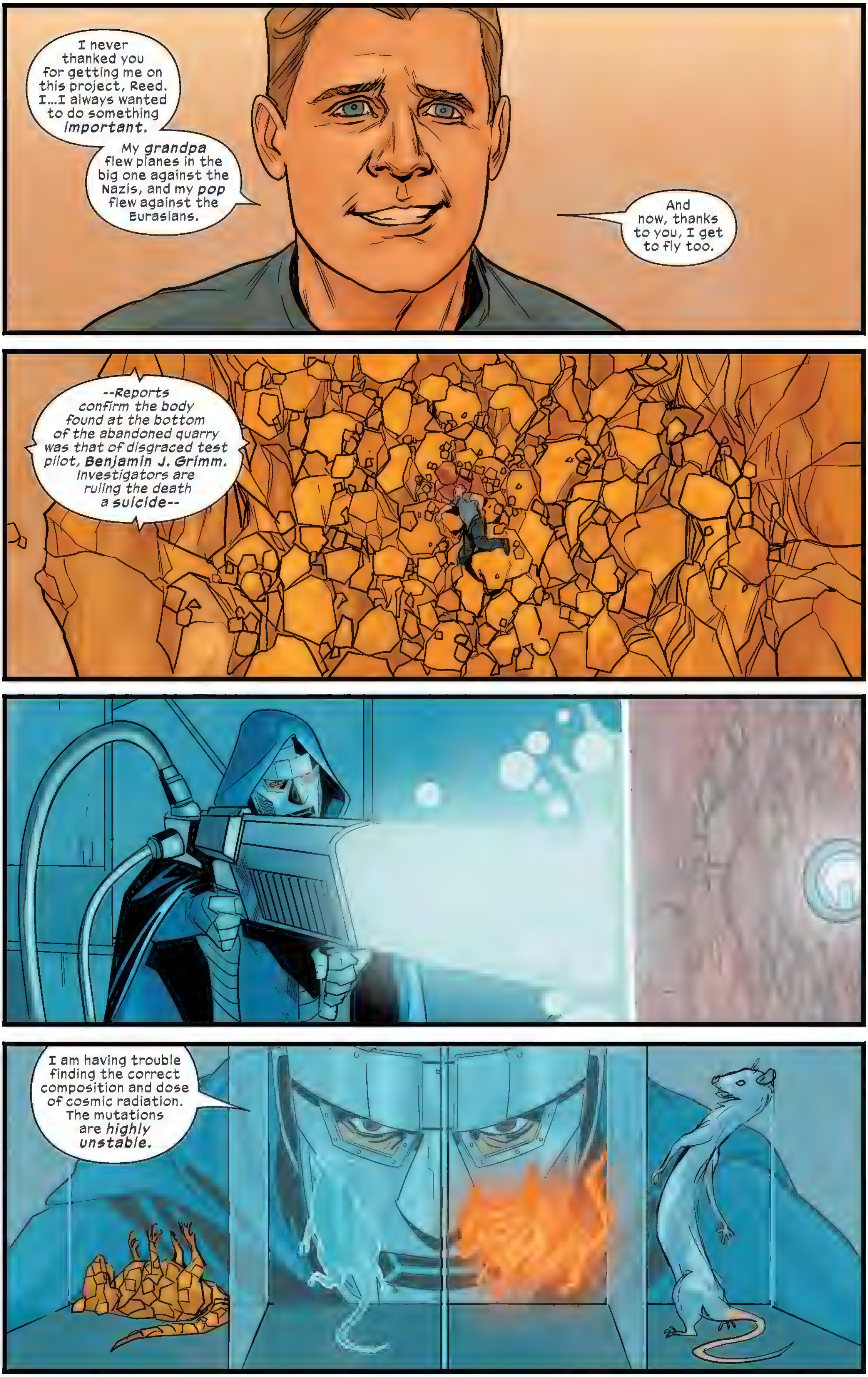

But *Dad*...
No. You have been spending money at an absurd rate. As director of this project, it's my job to bring you both back to Earth.

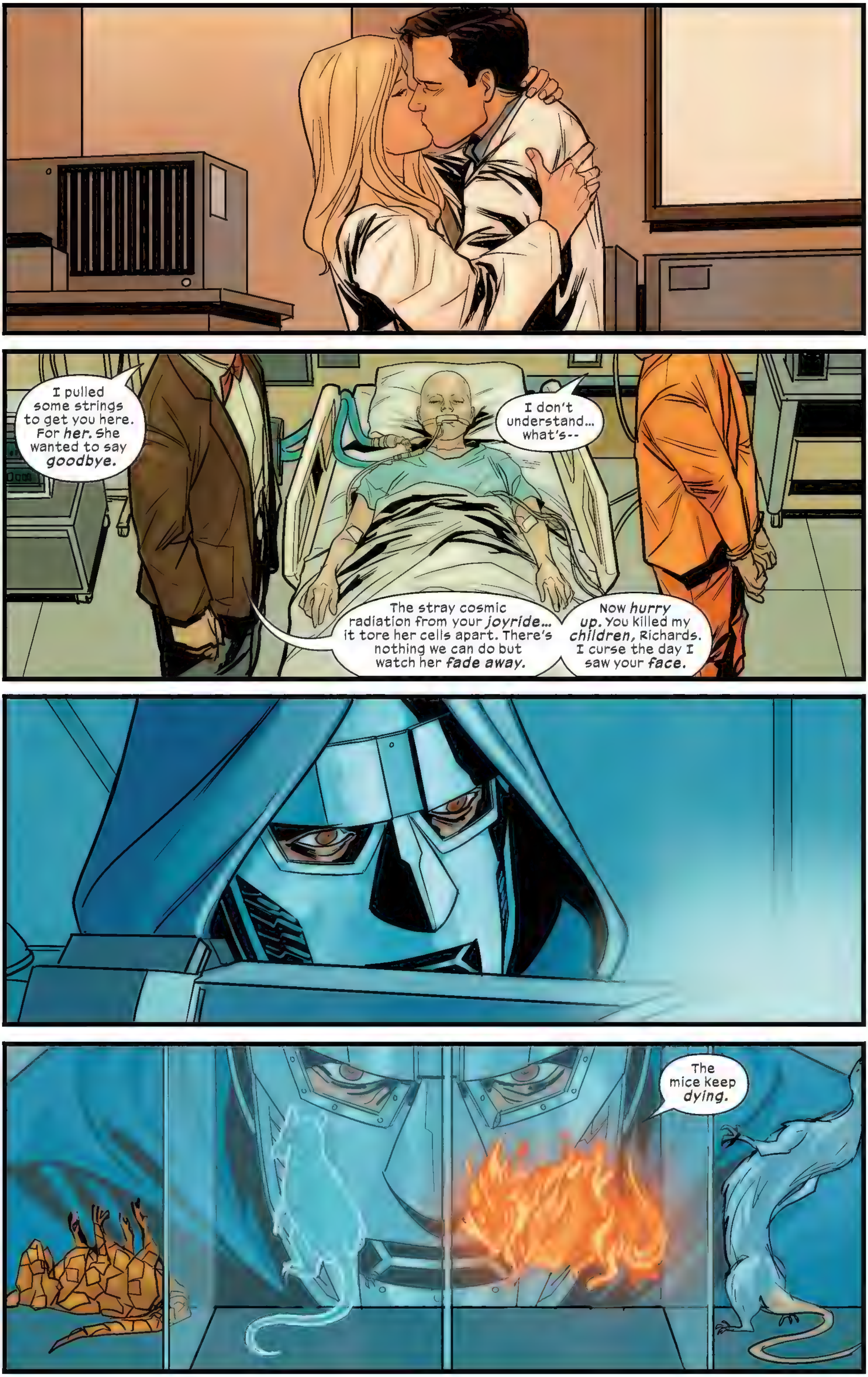

CRAAASSHSZLLE

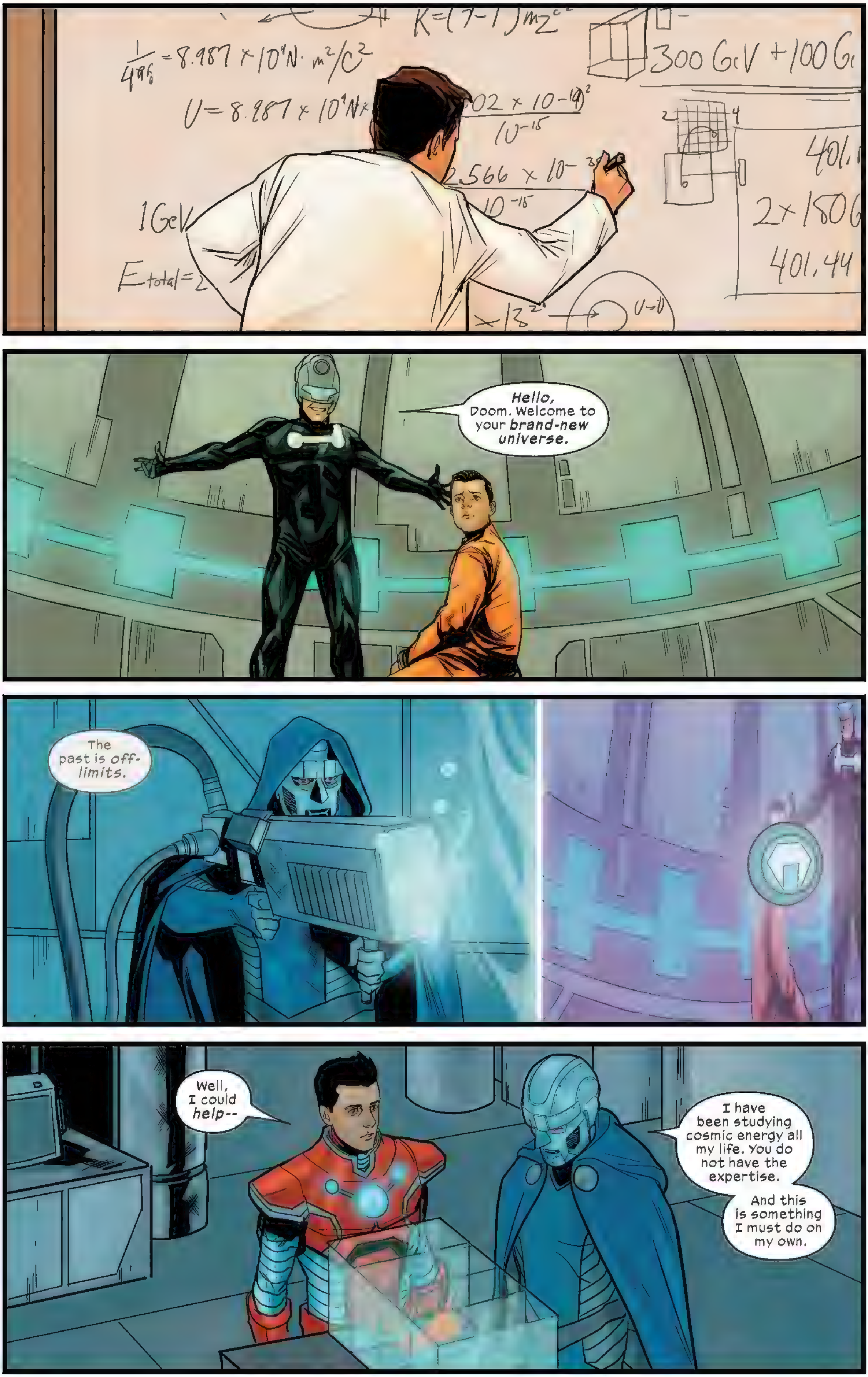


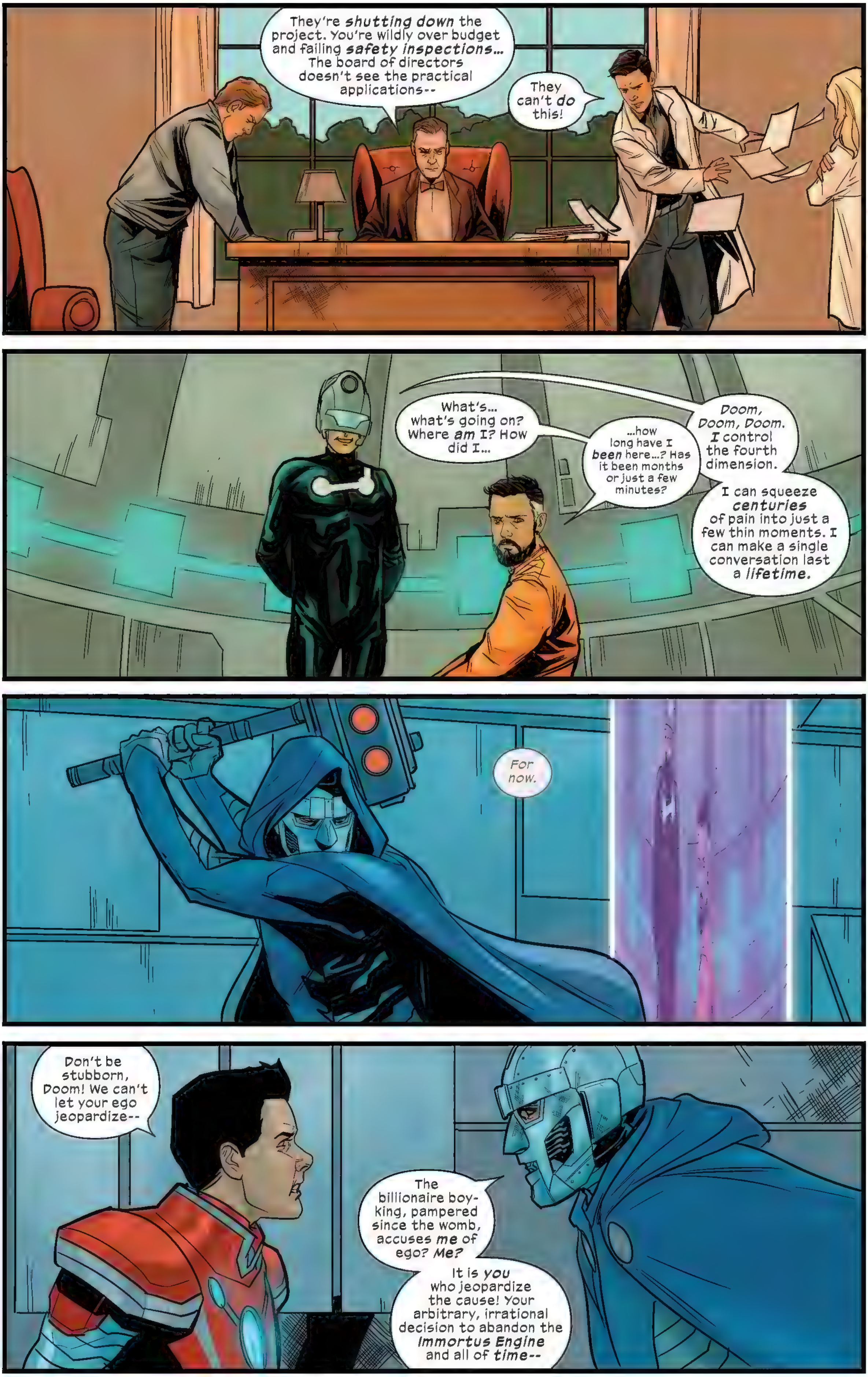

I bend cosmic forces to my *will*, Iron Lad. Extra precautions are required to avoid unnecessary loss of life. *Careful* means *slow*.
That is what you said you *wanted*, is it not?

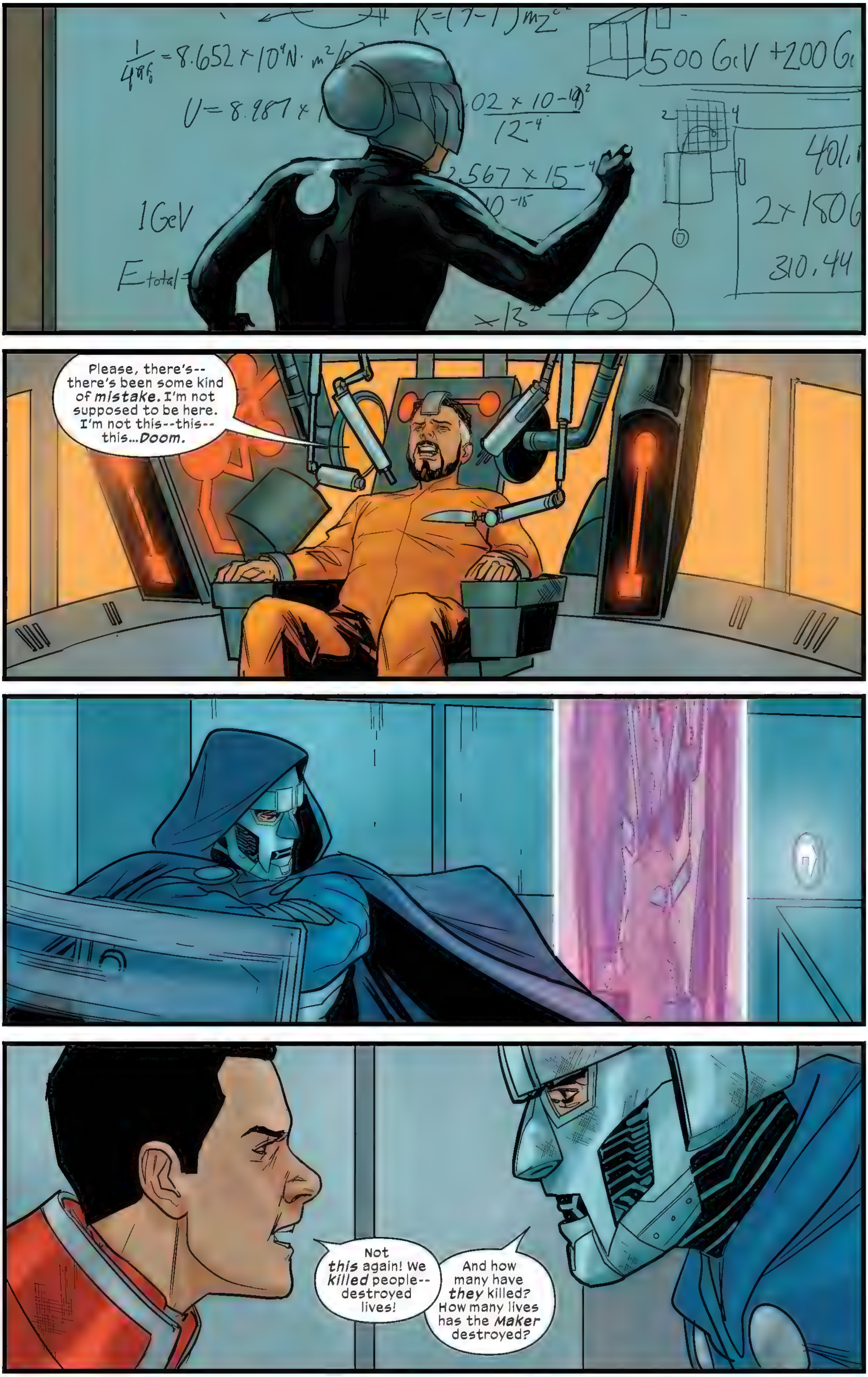

This is a scheduled review of your security clearance, Dr. Richards. Only a formality.
Have you done anything in the last six months that would jeopardize the secrecy or success of this project?
You three just destroyed a ten-billion-dollar project and broke a hundred laws of the North American Union. Not to mention getting a *minor* killed.
We're still working out exactly how to try you given the top-secret nature of this facility, but all of you are going to jail for the ***rest*** of your ***lives.***
Now *wait* a minute, that's my *daughter--*
The Maker's work is not so easily *un*made.
I have been *working.* Progress has been *made.* As you can see.

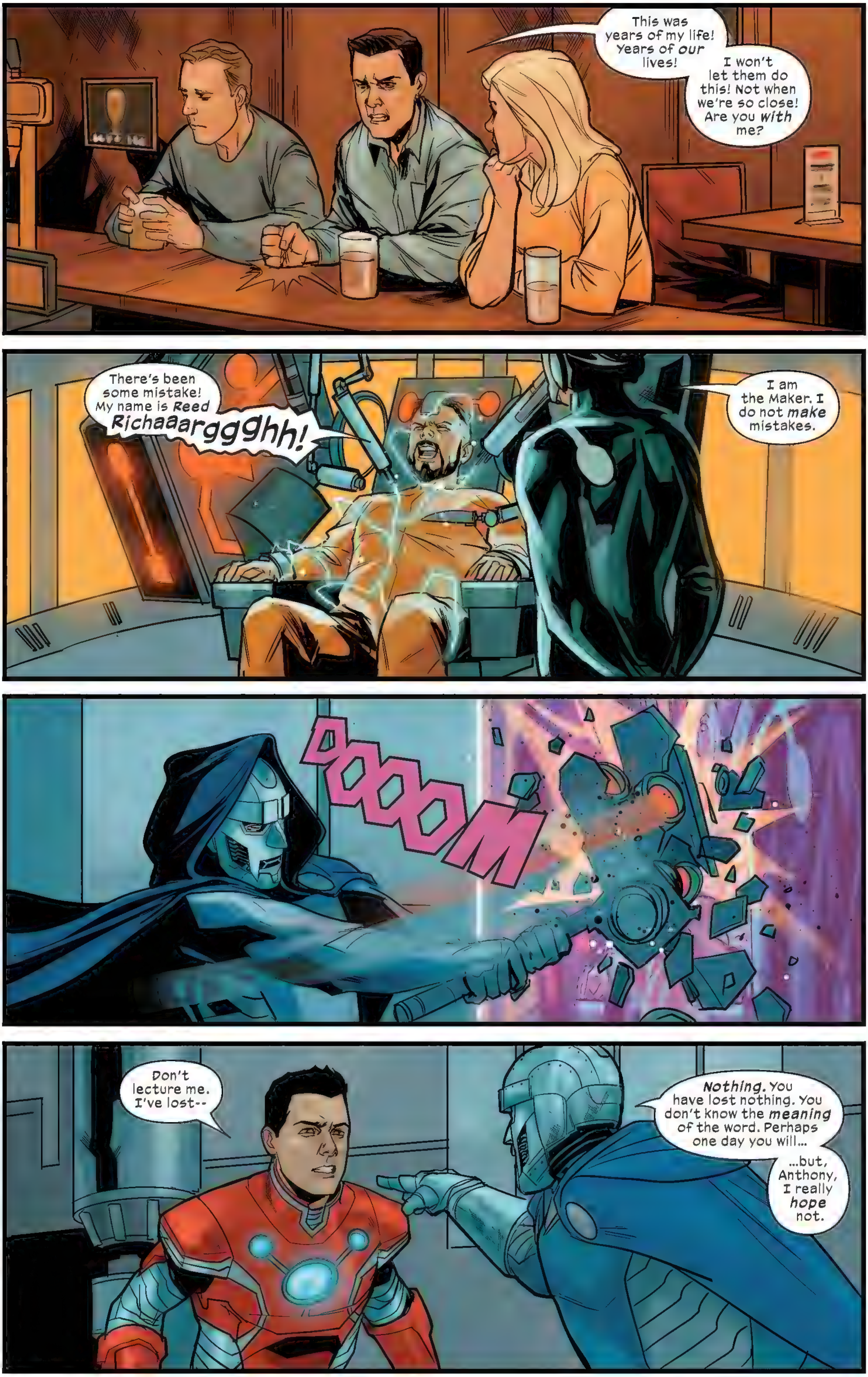

I never thanked you for getting me on this project, Reed. I...I always wanted to do something *important.*
My *grandpa* flew planes in the big one against the Nazis, and my *pop* flew against the Eurasians.
And now, thanks to you, I get to fly too.
--Reports confirm the body found at the bottom of the abandoned quarry was that of disgraced test pilot, **Benjamin J. Grimm.** *Investigators are ruling the death a* **suicide--**
I am having trouble finding the correct composition and dose of cosmic radiation. The mutations are *highly unstable.*

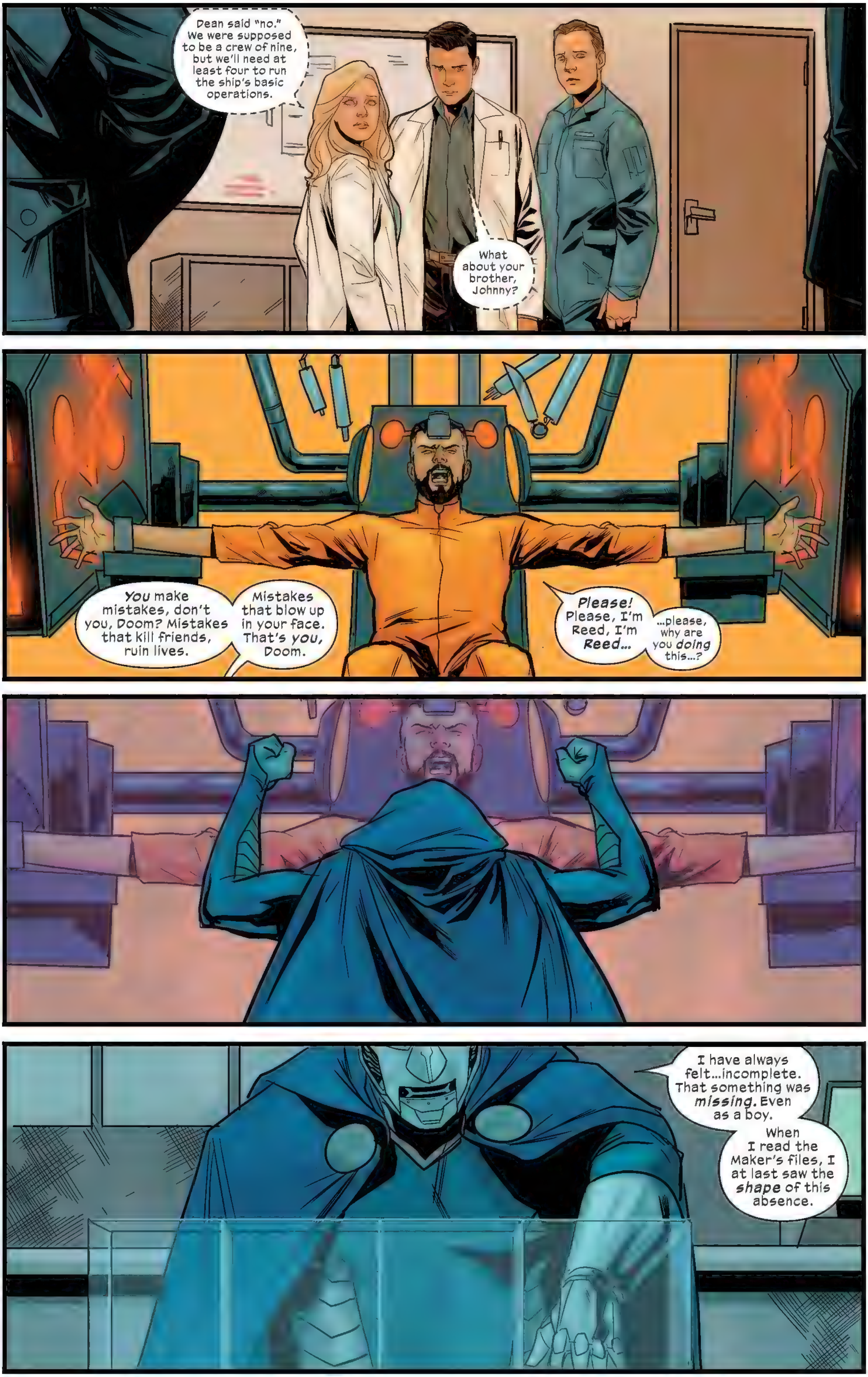

I pulled some strings to get you here. For *her.* She wanted to say *goodbye.*
I don't understand... what's--
The stray cosmic radiation from your *joyride...* it tore her cells apart. There's nothing we can do but watch her *fade away.*
Now *hurry up.* You killed my *children,* Richards. I curse the day I saw your *face.*
The mice keep *dying.*

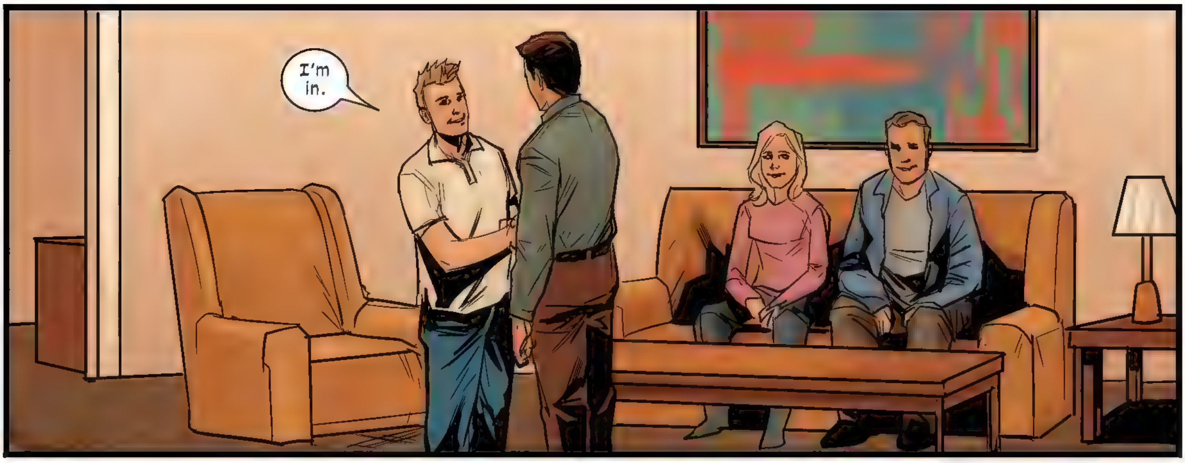

1 GeV
300 GeV + 100 G
401.44
Hello, Doom. Welcome to your *brand-new universe.*
The past is *off-limits.*
Well, I could *help--*
I have been studying cosmic energy all my life. You do not have the expertise.
And this is something I must do on my own.

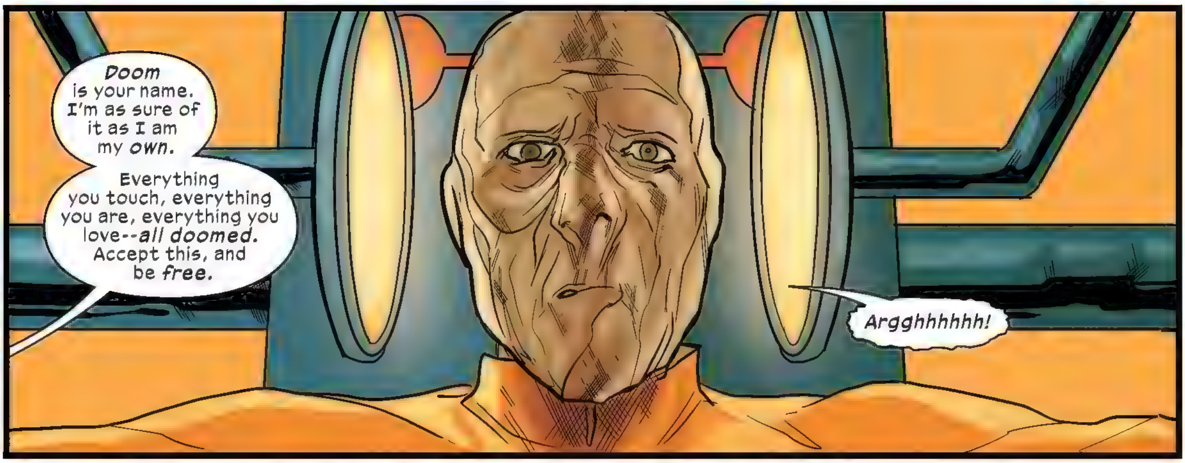

They're *shutting down* the project. You're wildly over budget and failing *safety inspections...* The board of directors doesn't see the practical applications--
They can't *do* this!
What's... what's going on? Where *am* I? How did I...
...how long have I *been* here...? Has it been months or just a few minutes?
Doom, Doom, Doom. *I* control the fourth dimension.
I can squeeze ***centuries*** of pain into just a few thin moments. I can make a single conversation last a ***lifetime.***
For now.
Don't be stubborn, Doom! We can't let your ego jeopardize--
The billionaire boy-king, pampered since the womb, accuses ***me*** of ego? ***Me?***
It is *you* who jeopardize the cause! Your arbitrary, irrational decision to abandon the ***Immortus Engine*** and all of ***time--***

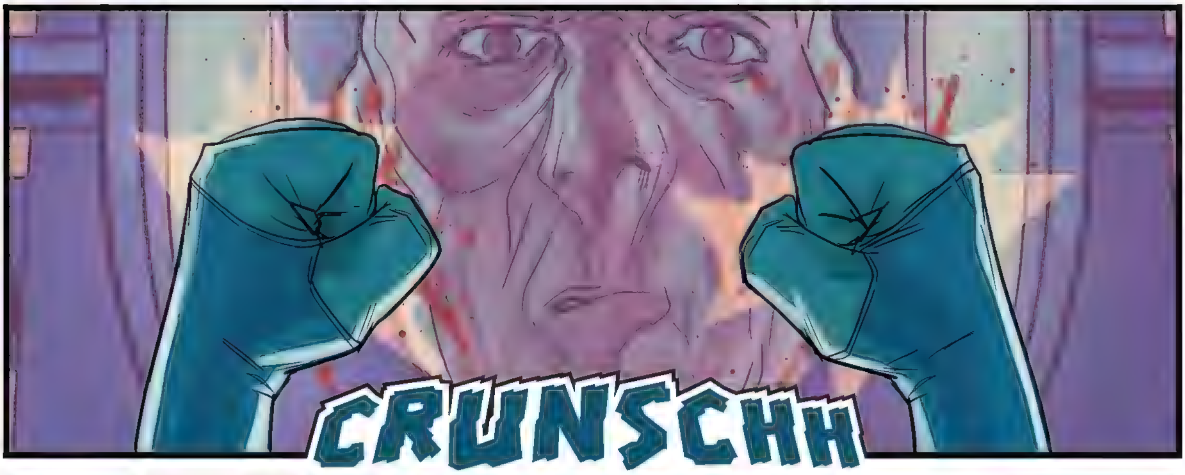

Please, there's-- there's been some kind of *mistake*. I'm not supposed to be here. I'm not this--this-- this...*Doom*.
Not *this* again! We *killed* people-- destroyed lives!
And how many have *they* killed? How many lives has the *Maker* destroyed?

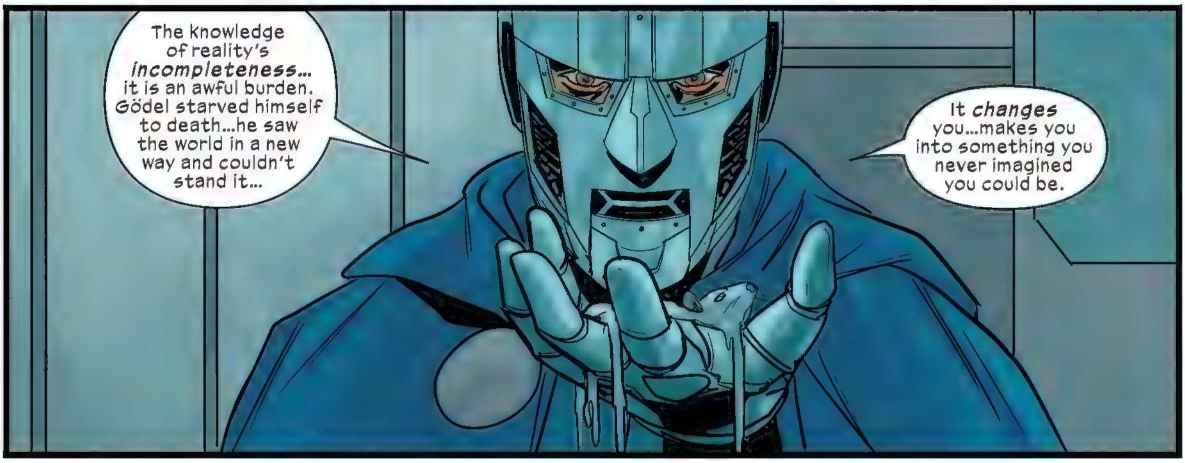

This was years of my life! Years of *our* lives!
I won't let them do this! Not when we're so close! Are you *with* me?
There's been some mistake! My name is *Reed* Richaaargggghh!
I am the Maker. I do not *make* mistakes.
DOOOOM
Don't lecture me. I've lost--
Nothing. You have lost nothing. You don't know the *meaning* of the word. Perhaps one day you will...
...but, Anthony, I really *hope* not.

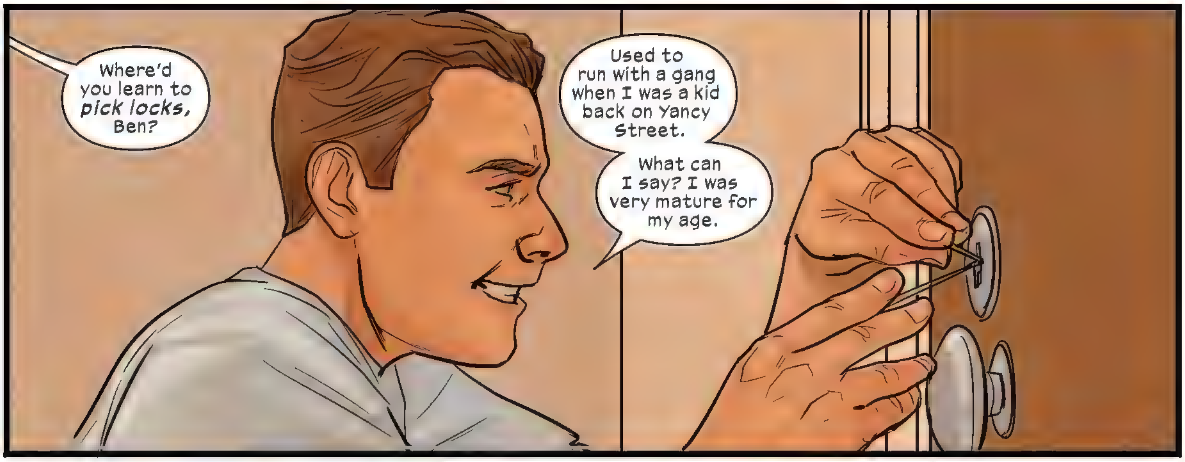

Dean said "no." We were supposed to be a crew of nine, but we'll need at least four to run the ship's basic operations.
What about your brother, Johnny?
You make mistakes, don't you, Doom? Mistakes that kill friends, ruin lives.
Mistakes that blow up in your face. That's *you,* Doom.
Please! Please, I'm Reed, I'm *Reed...*
...please, why are you *doing* this...?
I have always felt...incomplete. That something was *missing.* Even as a boy.
When I read the Maker's files, I at last saw the *shape* of this absence.

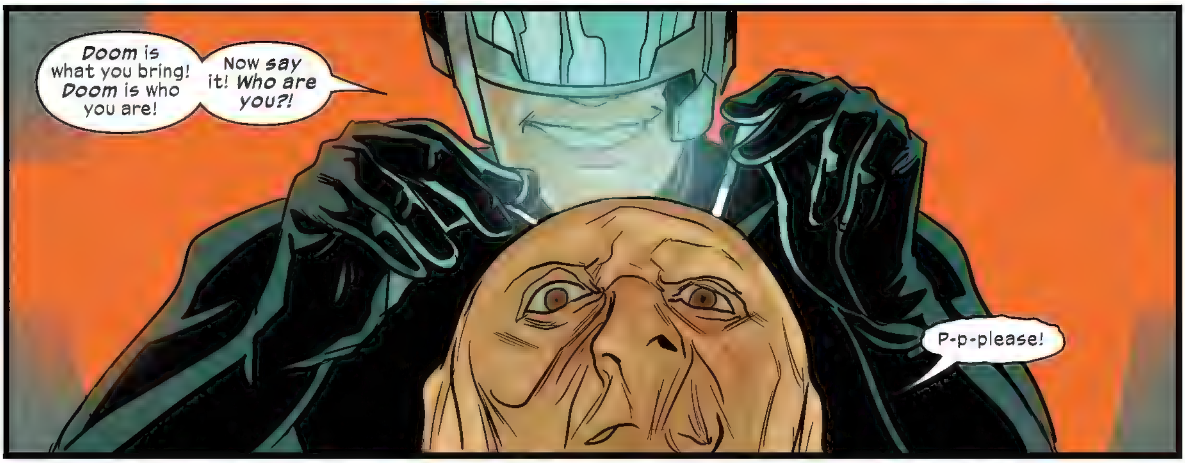

I'm in.

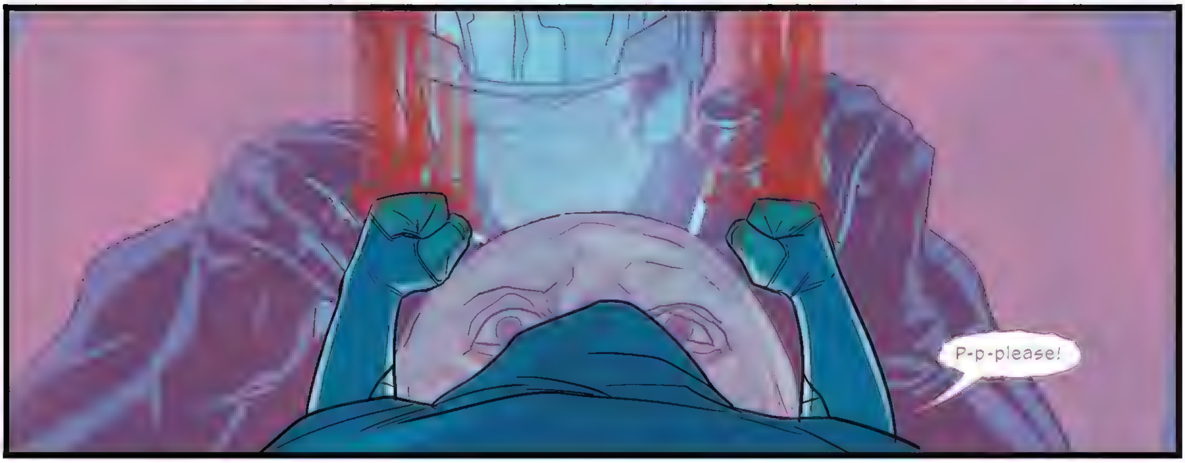

Doom is your name. I'm as sure of it as I am my *own*.
Everything you touch, everything you are, everything you love--*all doomed*. Accept this, and be *free*.
Argghhhhhh!

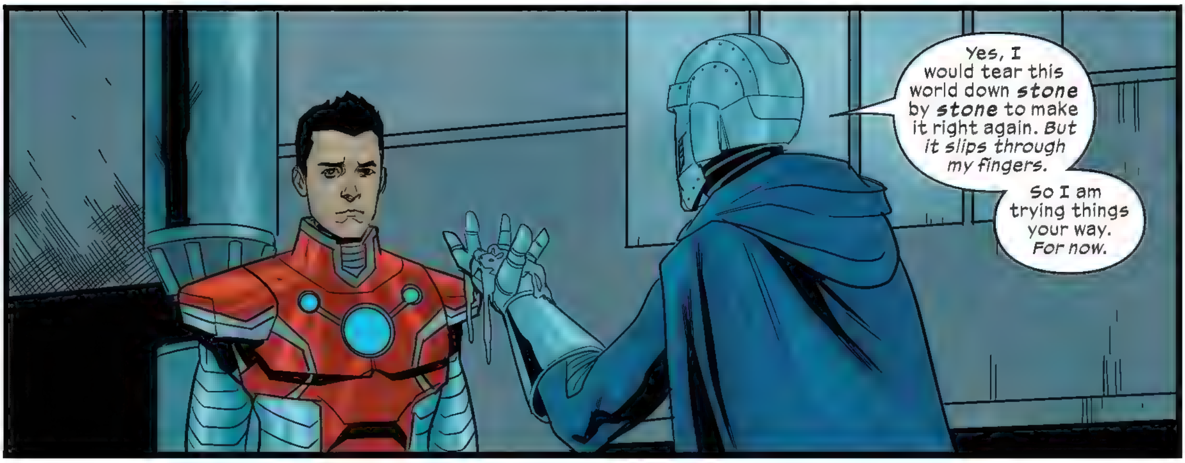

CRUNSCHH

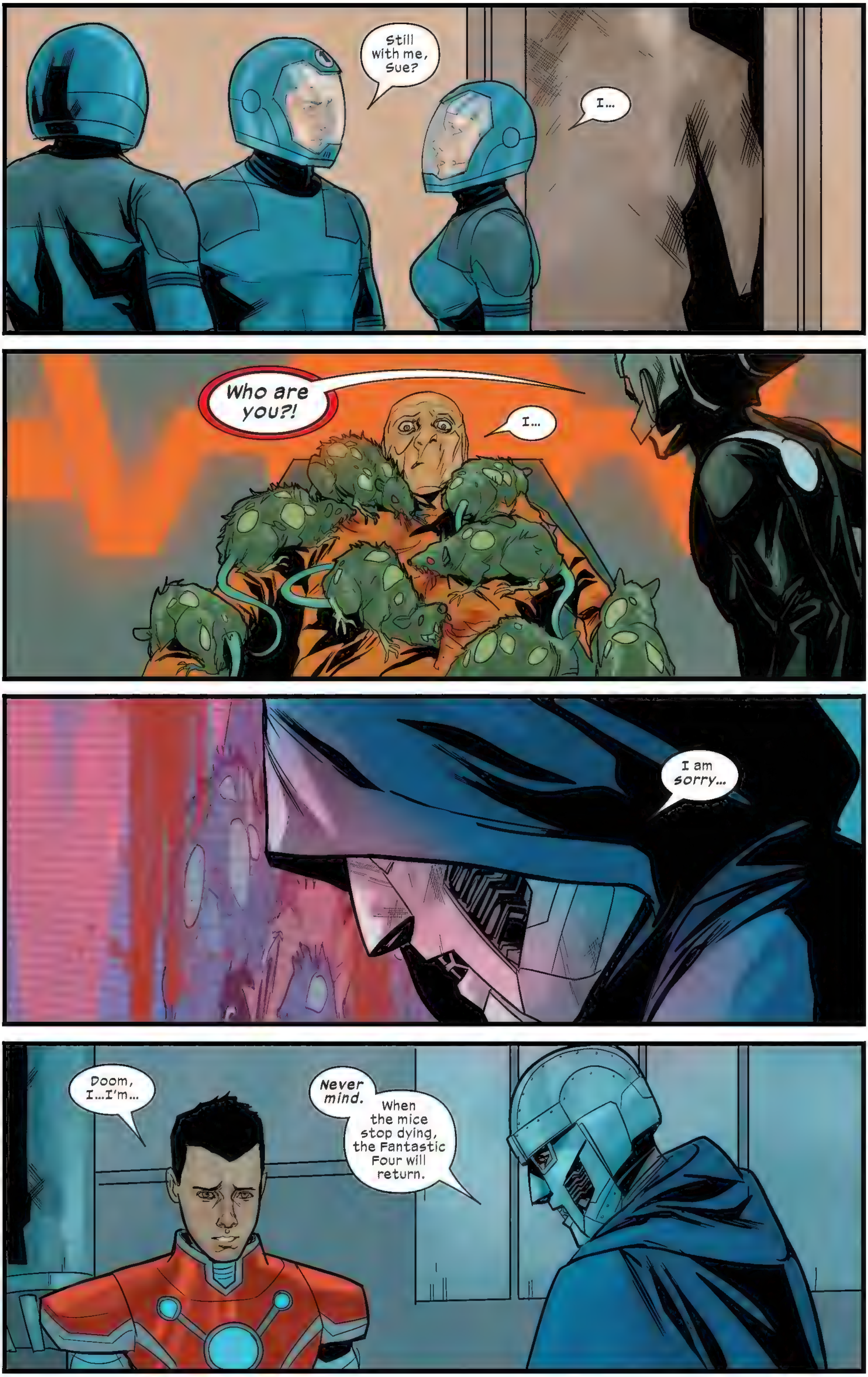

The knowledge of reality's *incompleteness*... it is an awful burden. Gödel starved himself to death...he saw the world in a new way and couldn't stand it...
It *changes* you...makes you into something you never imagined you could be.

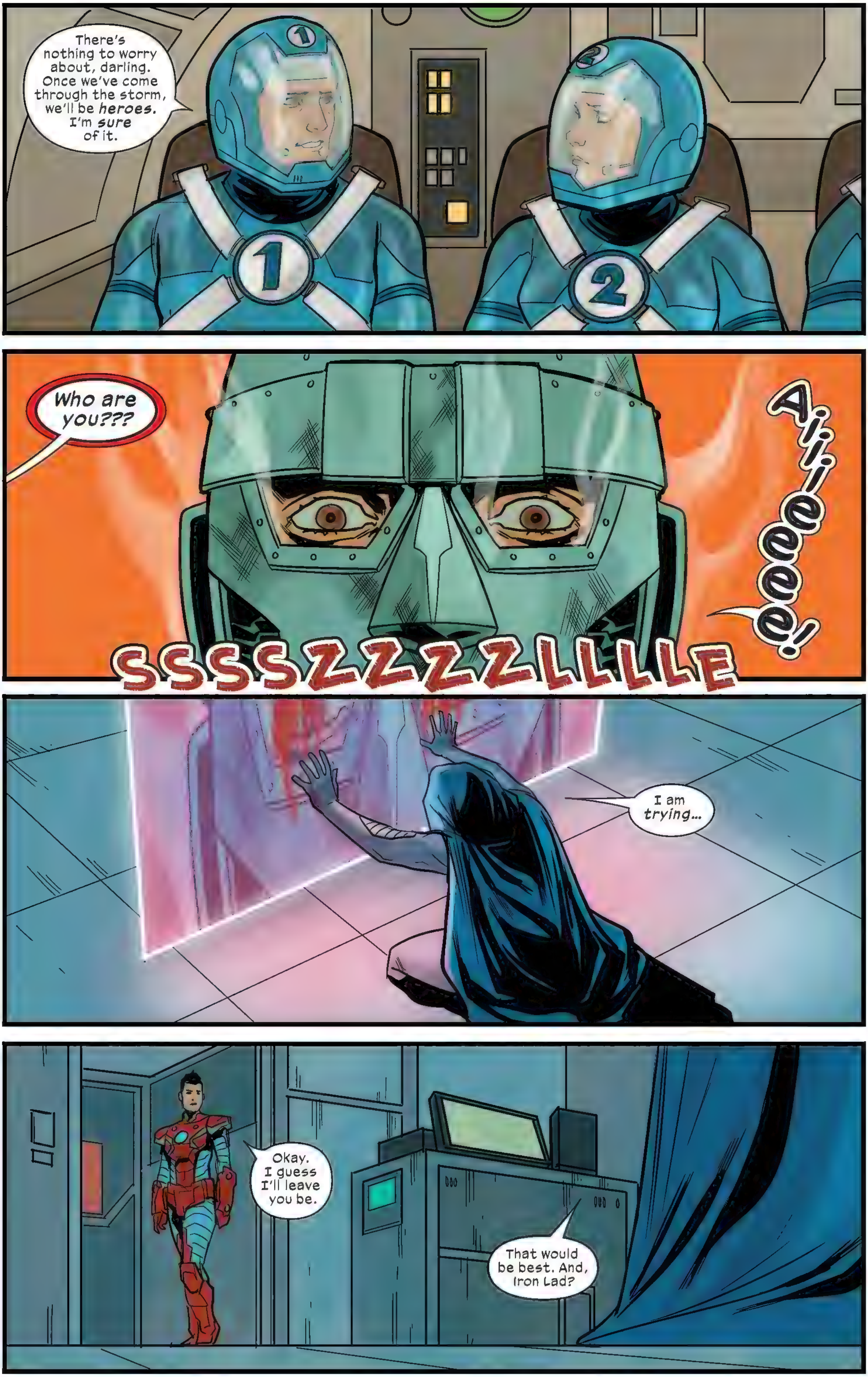

Where'd you learn to **pick locks,** Ben?
Used to run with a gang when I was a kid back on Yancy Street.
What can I say? I was very mature for my age.


Doom is what you bring! *Doom* is who you are!
Now **say** it! *Who are you?!*
P-p-please!

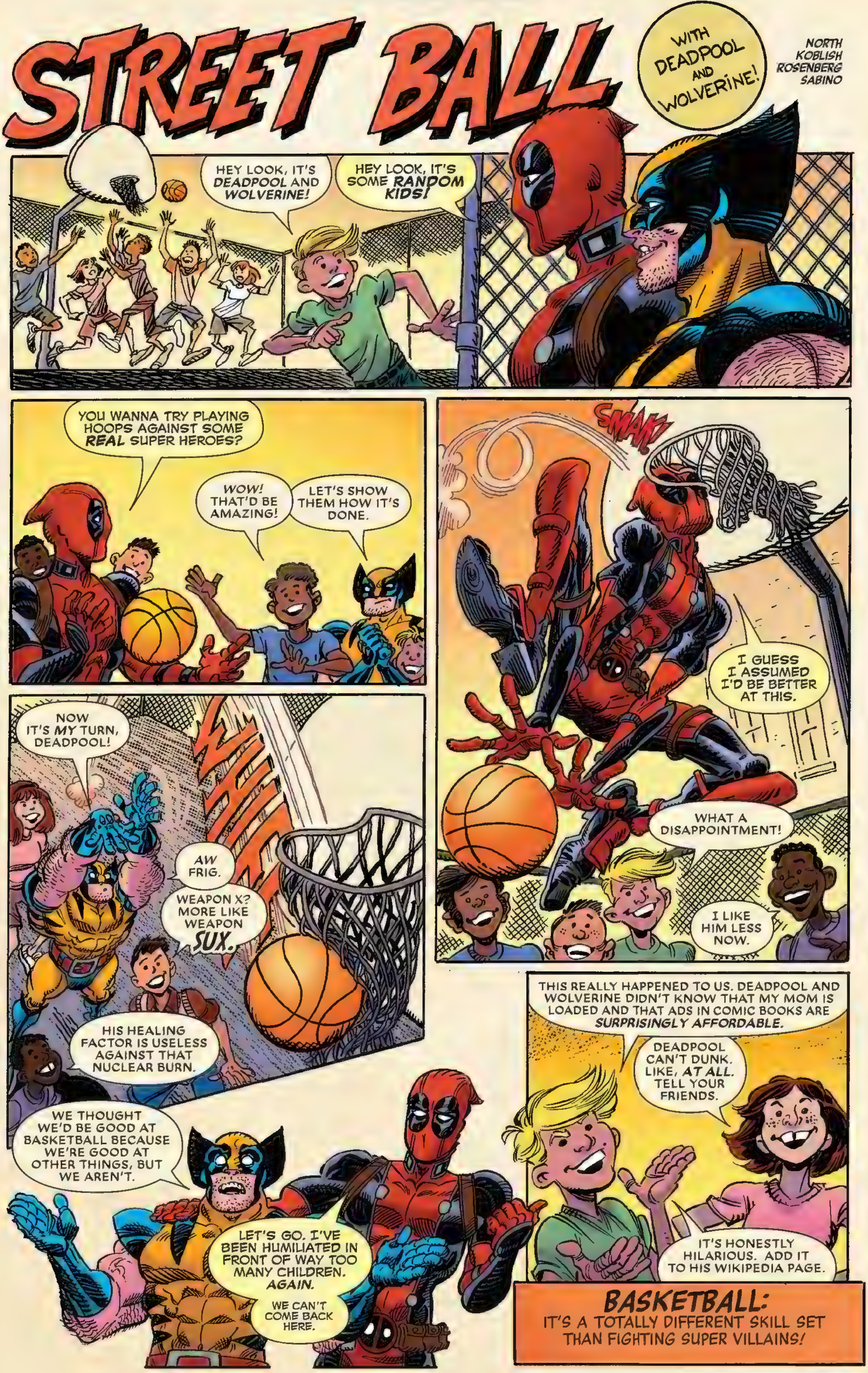

P-p-please!

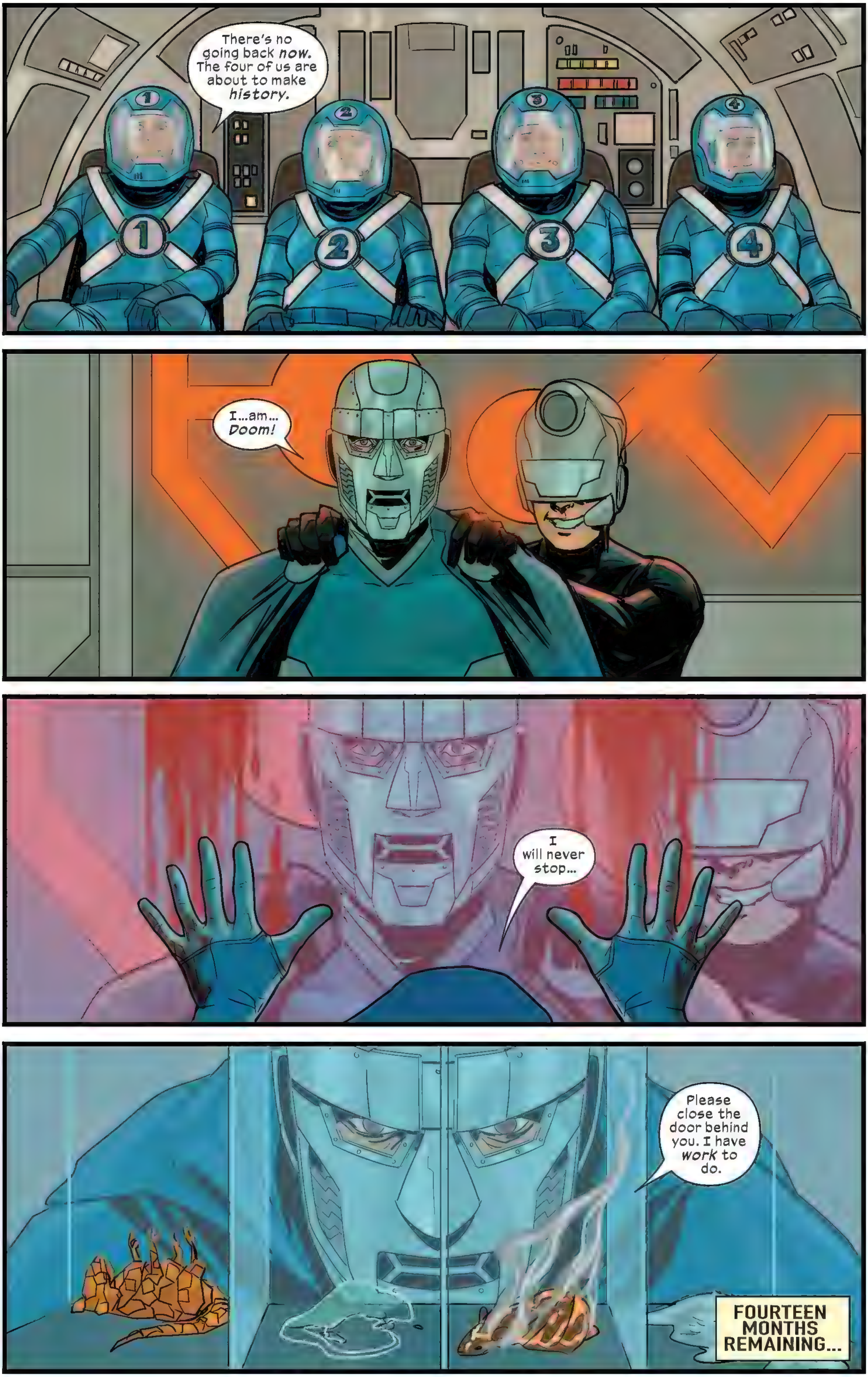

Yes, I would tear this world down **stone** by **stone** to make it right again. *But it slips through my fingers.*
So I am trying things your way. *For now.*


Still with me, Sue?
I...
Who are you?!
I...
I am sorry...
Doom, I...I'm...
Never mind.
When the mice stop dying, the Fantastic Four will return.


There's nothing to worry about, darling. Once we've come through the storm, we'll be *heroes.* I'm *sure* of it.
1
2
1
2
Who are you???
Aiiieeeee!
SSSSZZZZLLLLE
I am *trying...*
Okay. I guess I'll leave you be.
That would be best. And, Iron Lad?

PARODY ADVERTISEMENT


STREET BALL
WITH DEADPOOL AND WOLVERINE!
NORTH KOBLISH ROSENBERG SABINO
HEY LOOK, IT'S DEADPOOL AND WOLVERINE!
HEY LOOK, IT'S SOME RANDOM KIDS!
YOU WANNA TRY PLAYING HOOPS AGAINST SOME REAL SUPER HEROES?
WOW! THAT'D BE AMAZING!
LET'S SHOW THEM HOW IT'S DONE.
SMAK!
I GUESS I ASSUMED I'D BE BETTER AT THIS.
WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!
I LIKE HIM LESS NOW.
NOW IT'S MY TURN, DEADPOOL!
WHAM
AW FRIG.
WEAPON X? MORE LIKE WEAPON SUX.
HIS HEALING FACTOR IS USELESS AGAINST THAT NUCLEAR BURN.
THIS REALLY HAPPENED TO US. DEADPOOL AND WOLVERINE DIDN'T KNOW THAT MY MOM IS LOADED AND THAT ADS IN COMIC BOOKS ARE SURPRISINGLY AFFORDABLE.
DEADPOOL CAN'T DUNK. LIKE, AT ALL. TELL YOUR FRIENDS.
WE THOUGHT WE'D BE GOOD AT BASKETBALL BECAUSE WE'RE GOOD AT OTHER THINGS, BUT WE AREN'T.
LET'S GO. I'VE BEEN HUMILIATED IN FRONT OF WAY TOO MANY CHILDREN. AGAIN.
WE CAN'T COME BACK HERE.
IT'S HONESTLY HILARIOUS. ADD IT TO HIS WIKIPEDIA PAGE.
BASKETBALL: IT'S A TOTALLY DIFFERENT SKILL SET THAN FIGHTING SUPER VILLAINS!


There's no going back *now.* The four of us are about to make *history.*
1
2
3
4
I...am... *Doom!*
I will never stop...
Please close the door behind you. I have *work* to do.
FOURTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

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X-MEN #7

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

10

Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Nine months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**, a.k.a. **HARRY OSBORN**, the co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**.

Meanwhile, **BEN PARKER** and **J. JONAH JAMESON** have launched an underground news organization called **THE PAPER** after departing the **DAILY BUGLE** over creative differences with its owner, **WILSON FISK**.

WRITER: **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
GUEST ARTIST: **DAVID MESSINA**

COLOR ARTIST: **MATTHEW WILSON**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **MARCO CHECCHETTO**
& MATTHEW WILSON
VARIANT
COVER ARTISTS: **BENGAL; BEN HARVEY**

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

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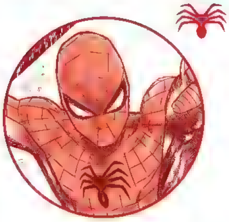
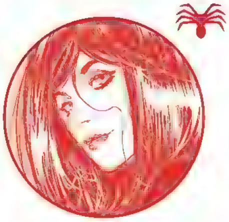
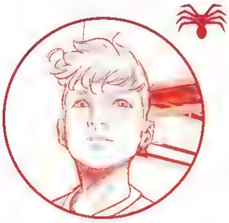


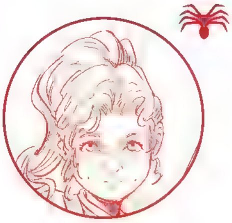
PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN



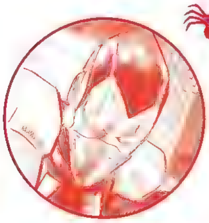
MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU



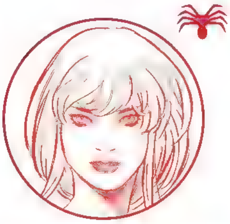
RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON



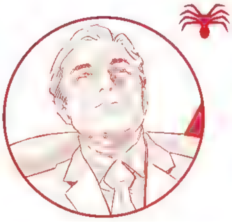
MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER



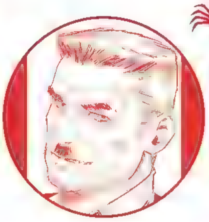
HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN



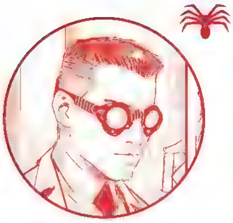
GWEN STACY
HARRY'S WIFE, OSCORP C.E.O.



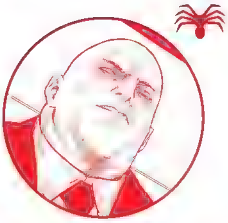
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE



J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

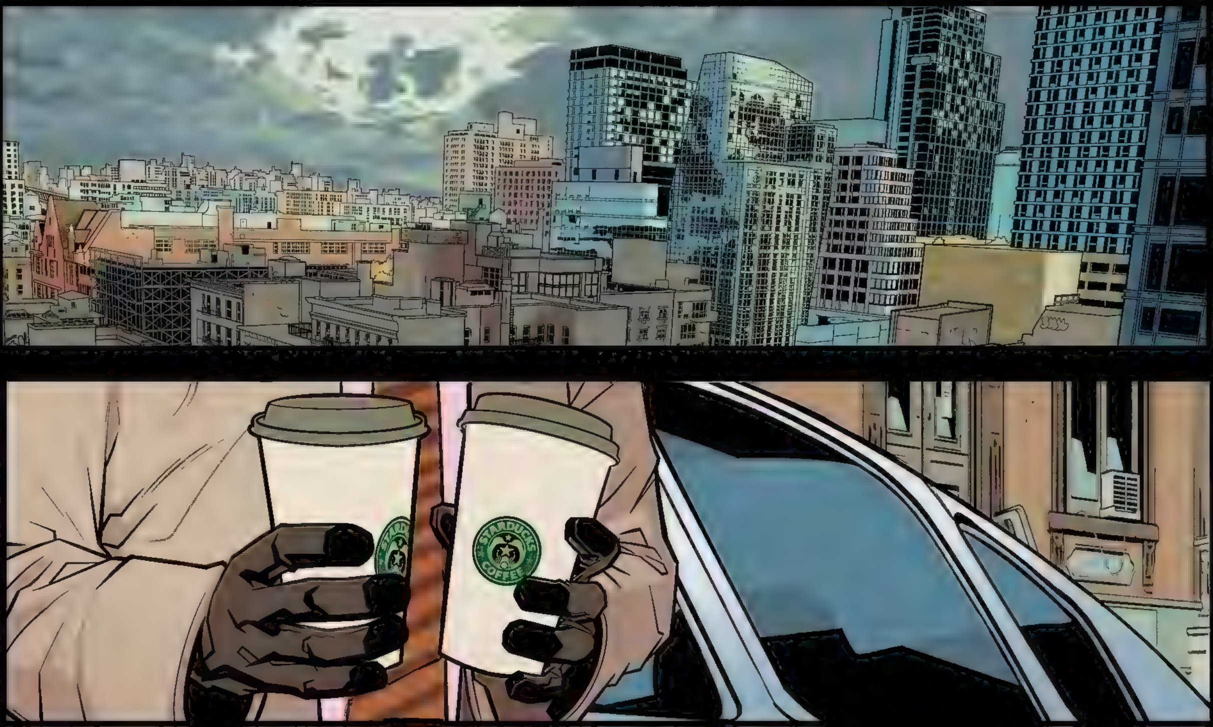


OTTO OCTAVIUS
OSCORP SCIENTIST

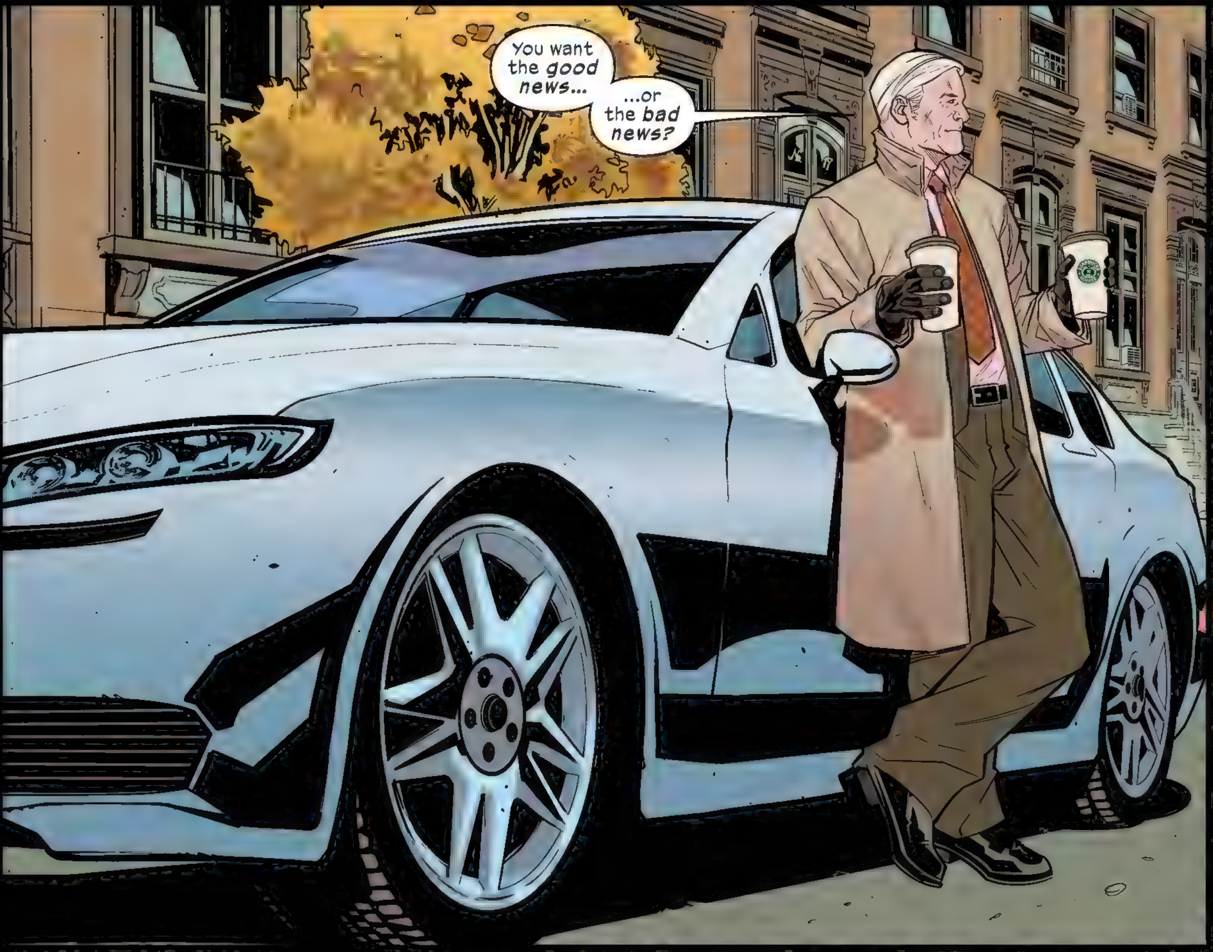


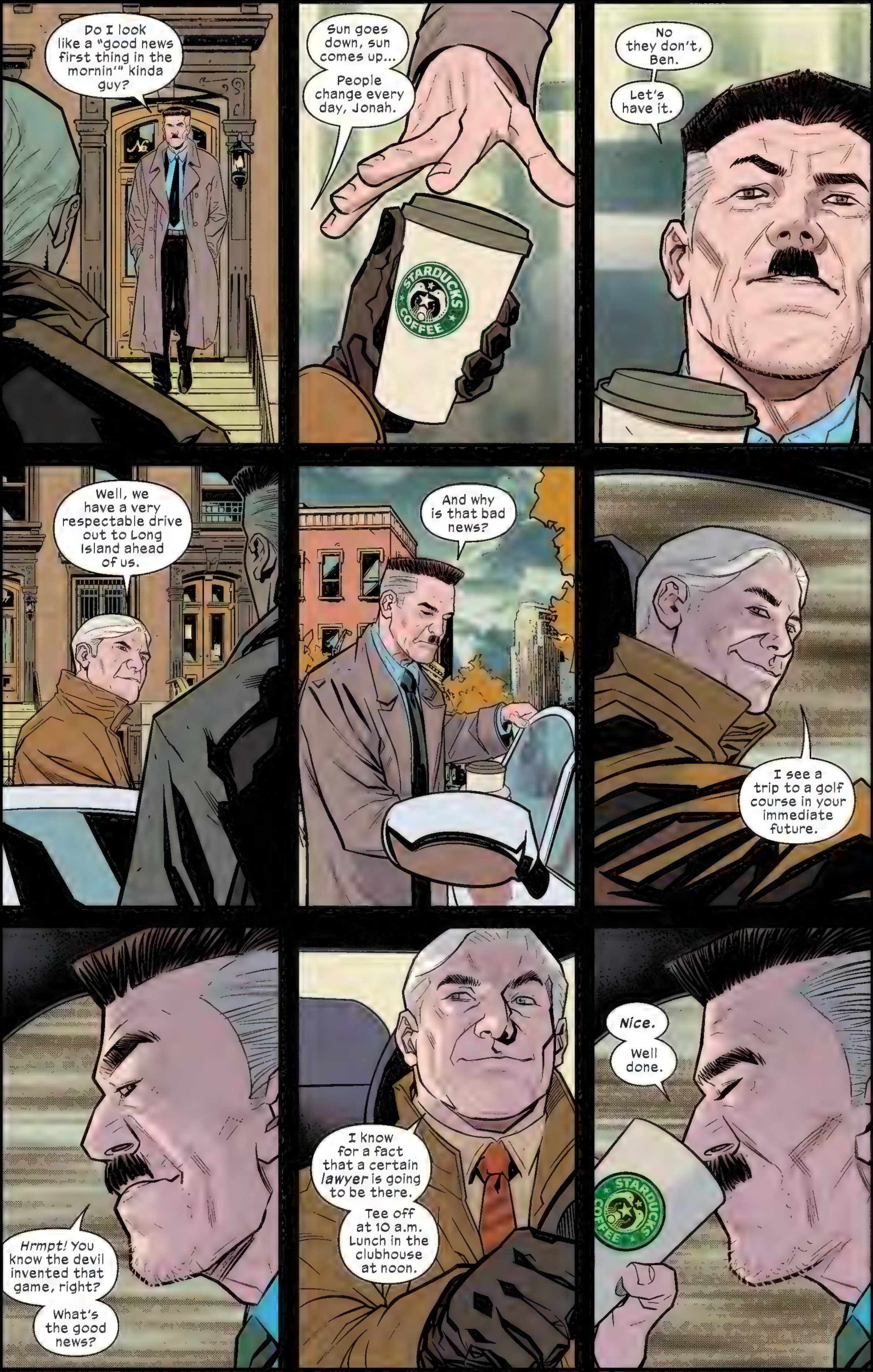
WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

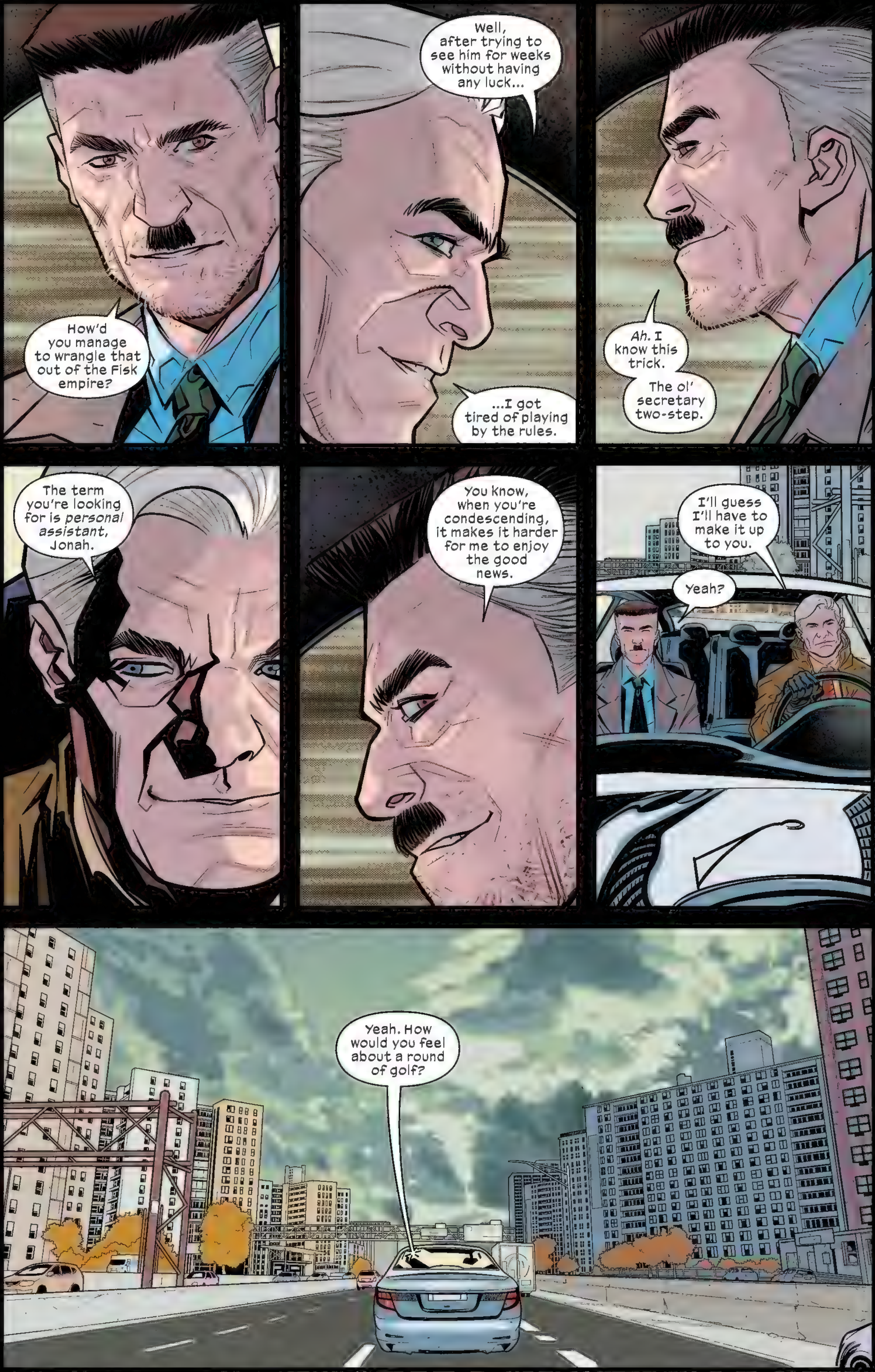
2024

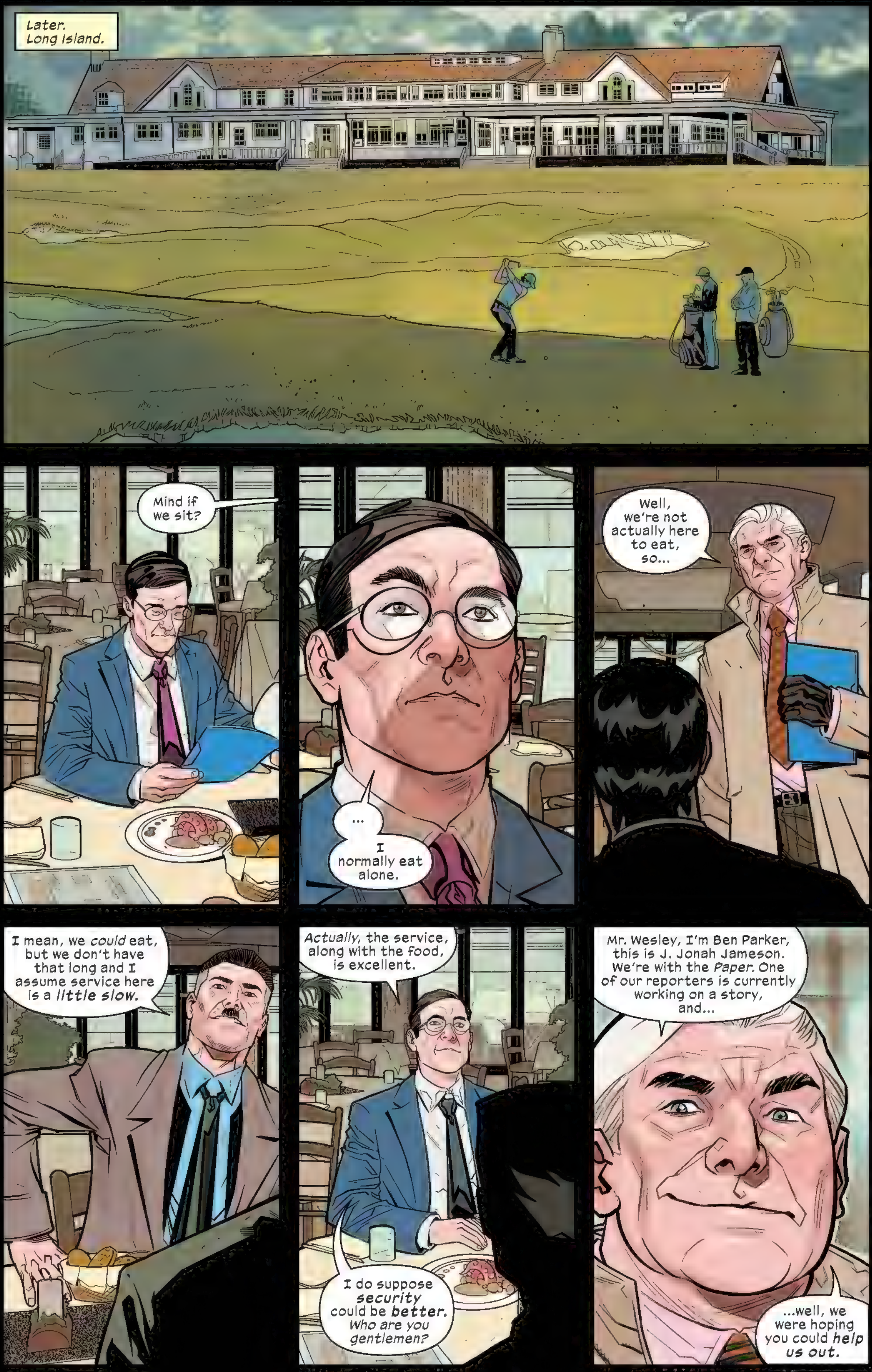

STARBUCKS COFFEE

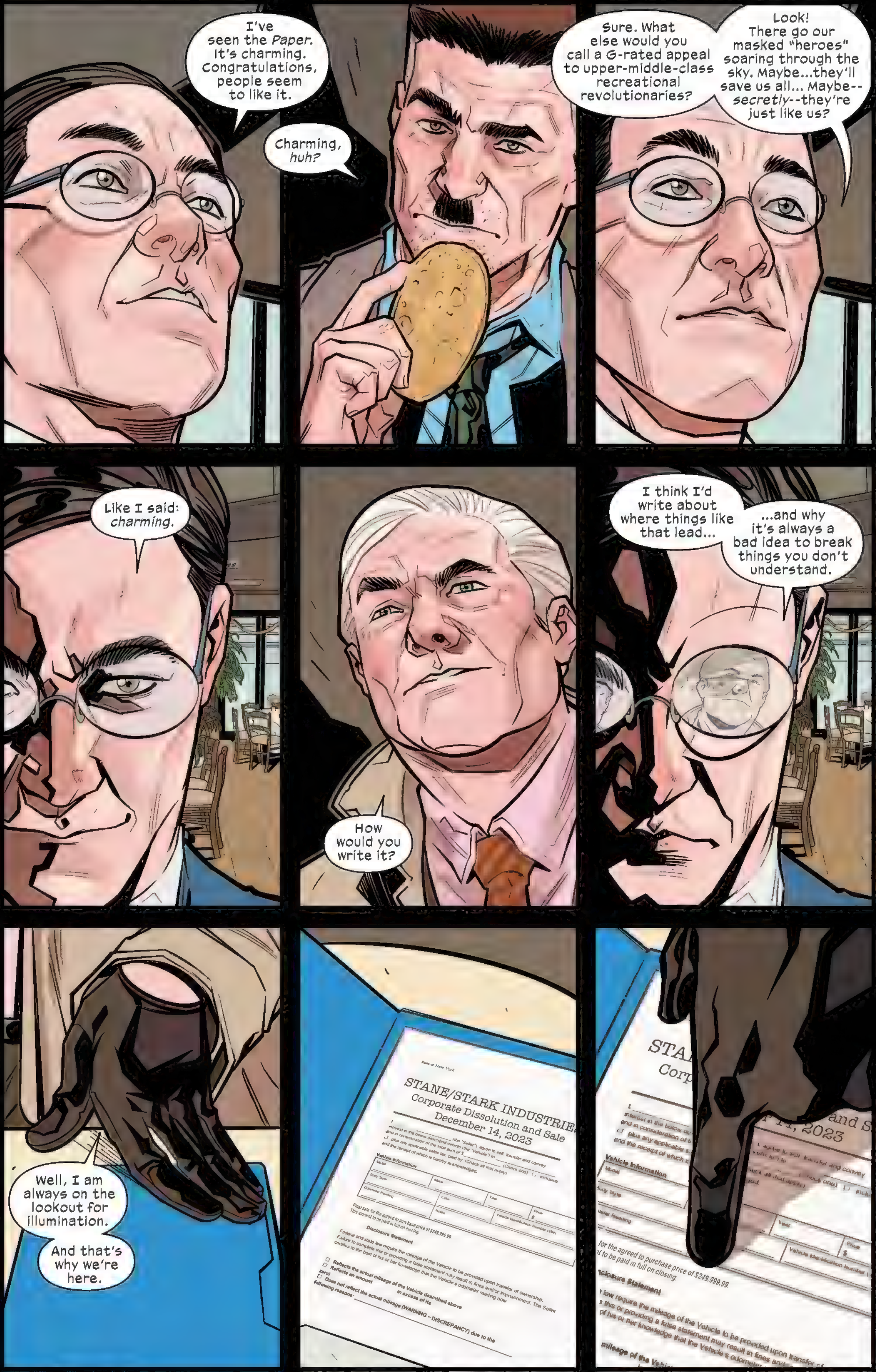
OCTOBER

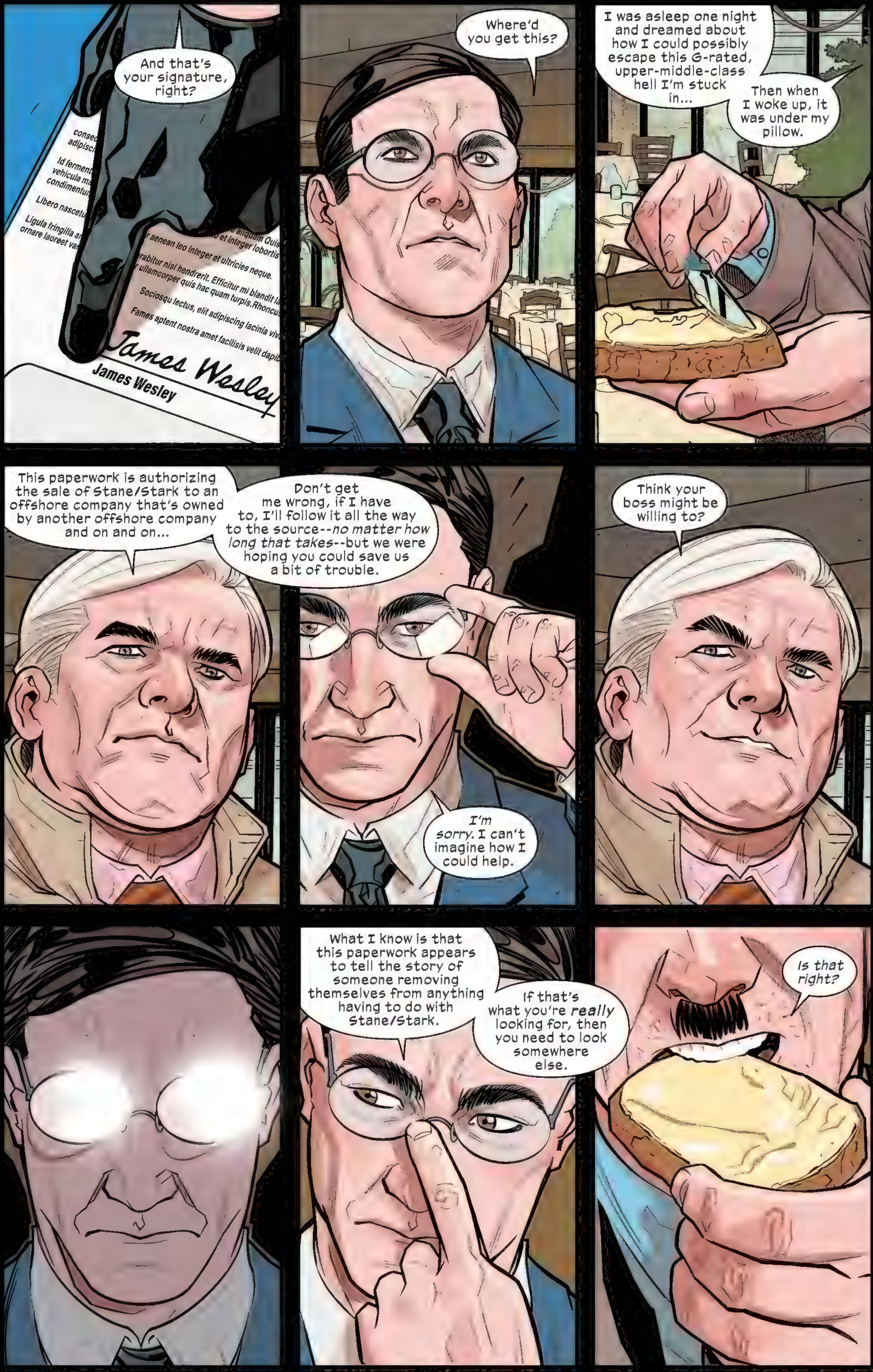

You want the *good* news...
...or the *bad* news?

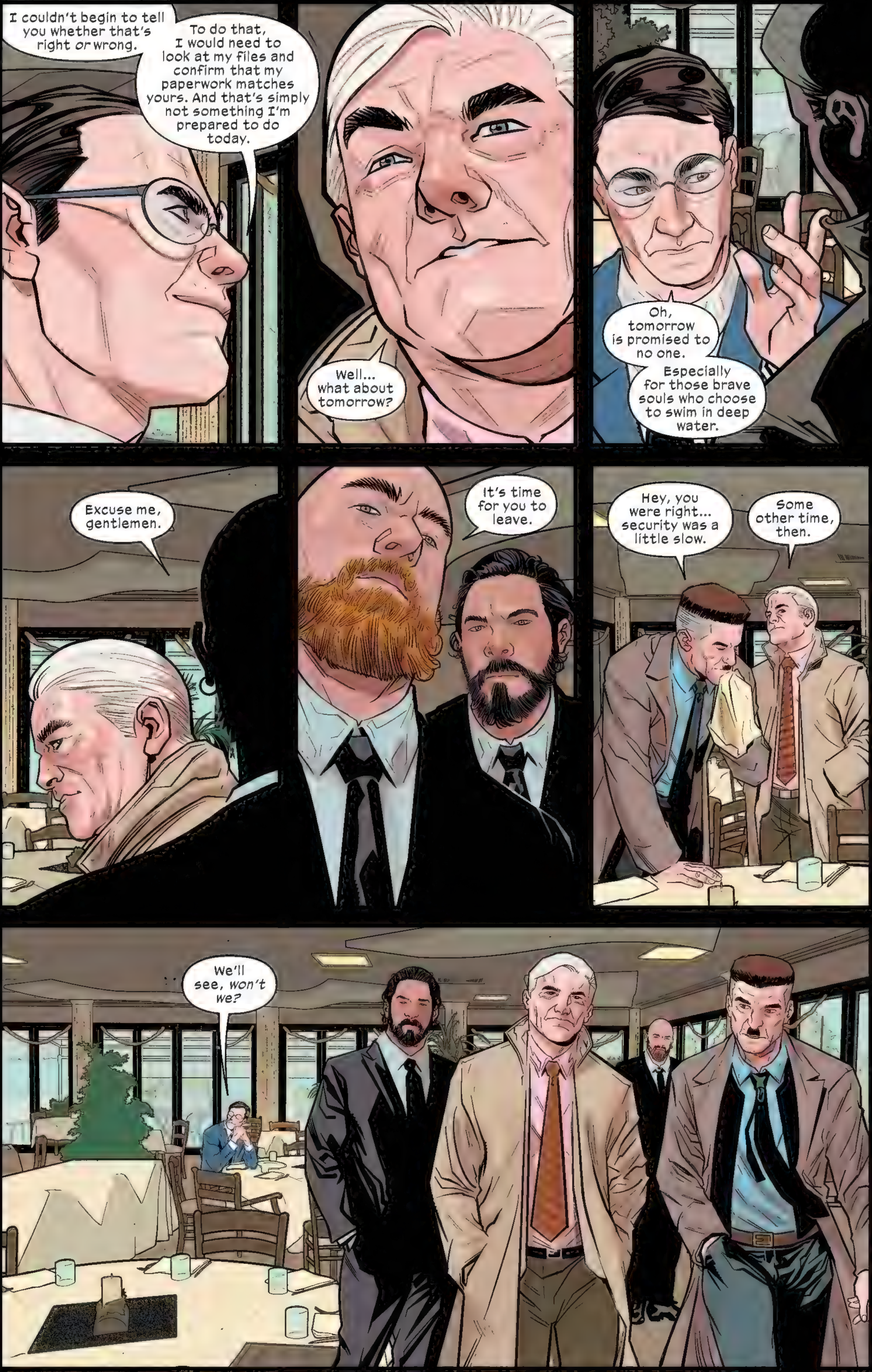

Do I look like a "good news first thing in the mornin'" kinda guy?
Sun goes down, sun comes up...
People change every day, Jonah.
STARDUCKS COFFEE
No they don't, Ben.
Let's have it.
Well, we have a very respectable drive out to Long Island ahead of us.
And why is that bad news?
I see a trip to a golf course in your immediate future.
Hrmpt! You know the devil invented that game, right?
What's the good news?
I know for a fact that a certain *lawyer* is going to be there.
Tee off at 10 a.m. Lunch in the clubhouse at noon.
Nice.
Well done.
STARDUCKS COFFEE

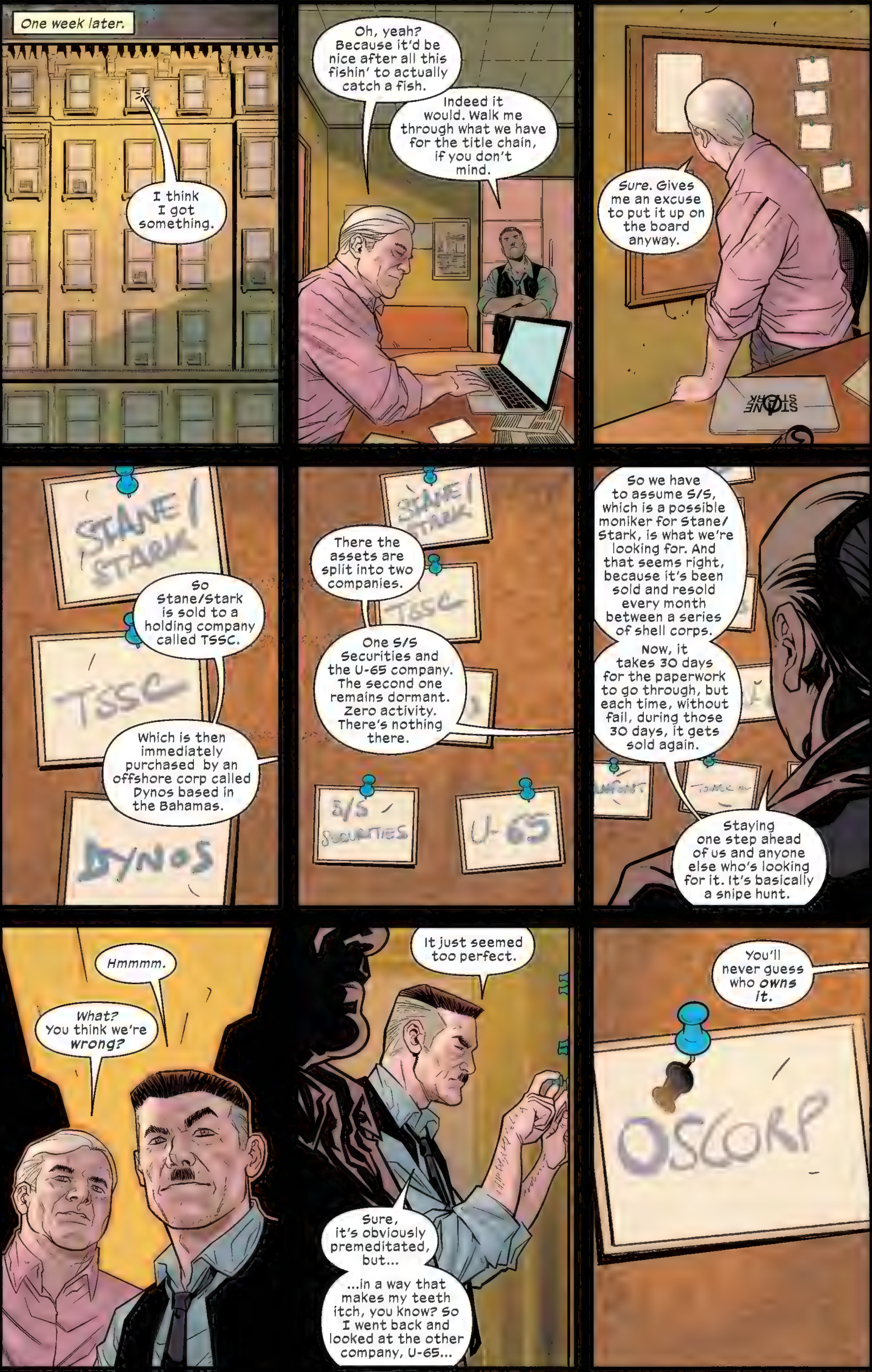

How'd you manage to wrangle that out of the Fisk empire?
Well, after trying to see him for weeks without having any luck...
...I got tired of playing by the rules.
Ah. I know this trick.
The ol' secretary two-step.
The term you're looking for is *personal assistant,* Jonah.
You know, when you're condescending, it makes it harder for me to enjoy the good news.
I'll guess I'll have to make it up to you.
Yeah?
Yeah. How would you feel about a round of golf?

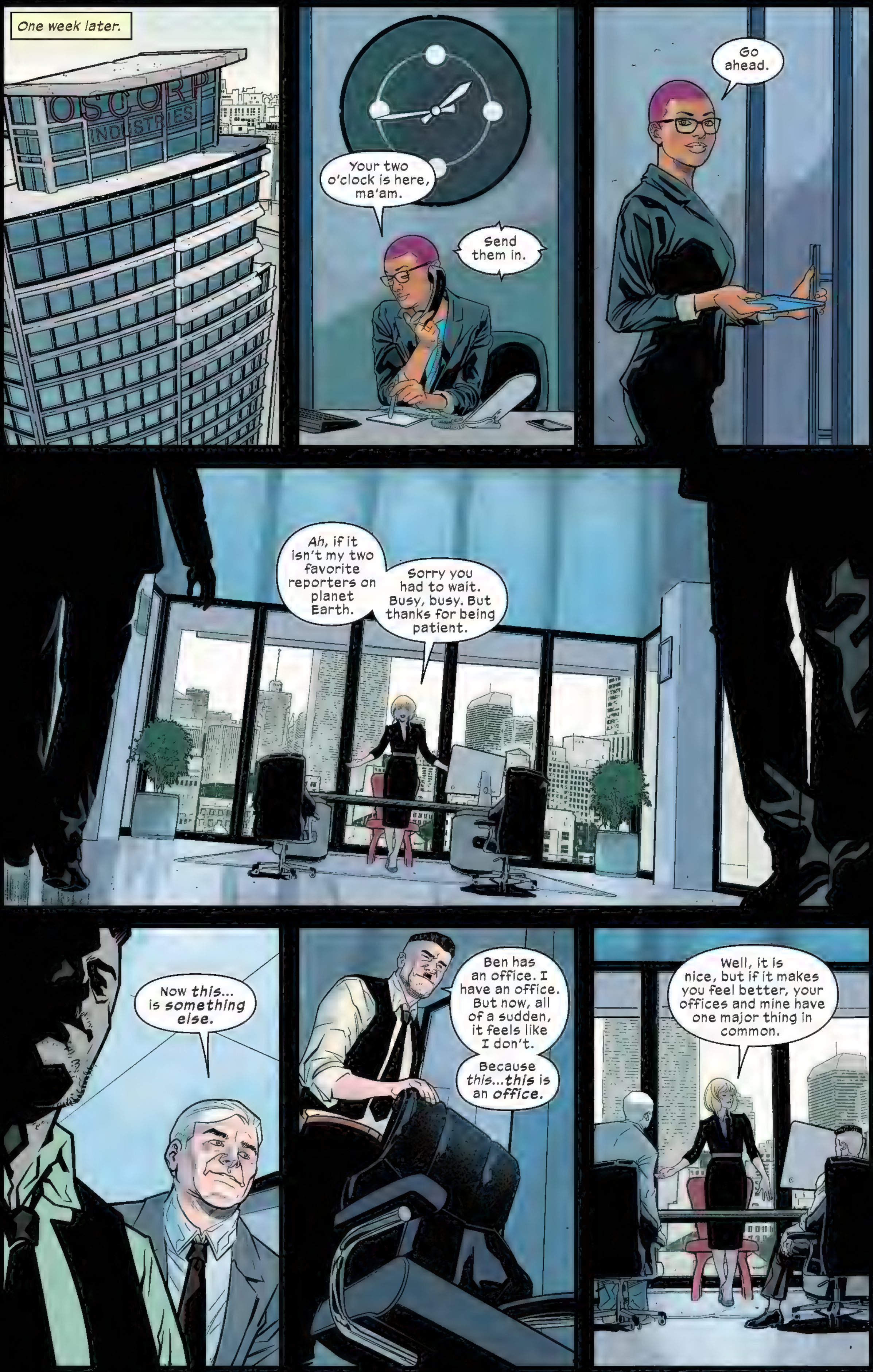

Later. Long Island.
Mind if we sit?
... I normally eat alone.
Well, we're not actually here to eat, so...
I mean, we *could* eat, but we don't have that long and I assume service here is a *little slow.*
Actually, the service, along with the food, is excellent.
I do suppose **security** could be **better.** *Who are you gentlemen?*
Mr. Wesley, I'm Ben Parker, this is J. Jonah Jameson. We're with the *Paper.* One of our reporters is currently working on a story, and...
...well, we were hoping you could *help us out.*

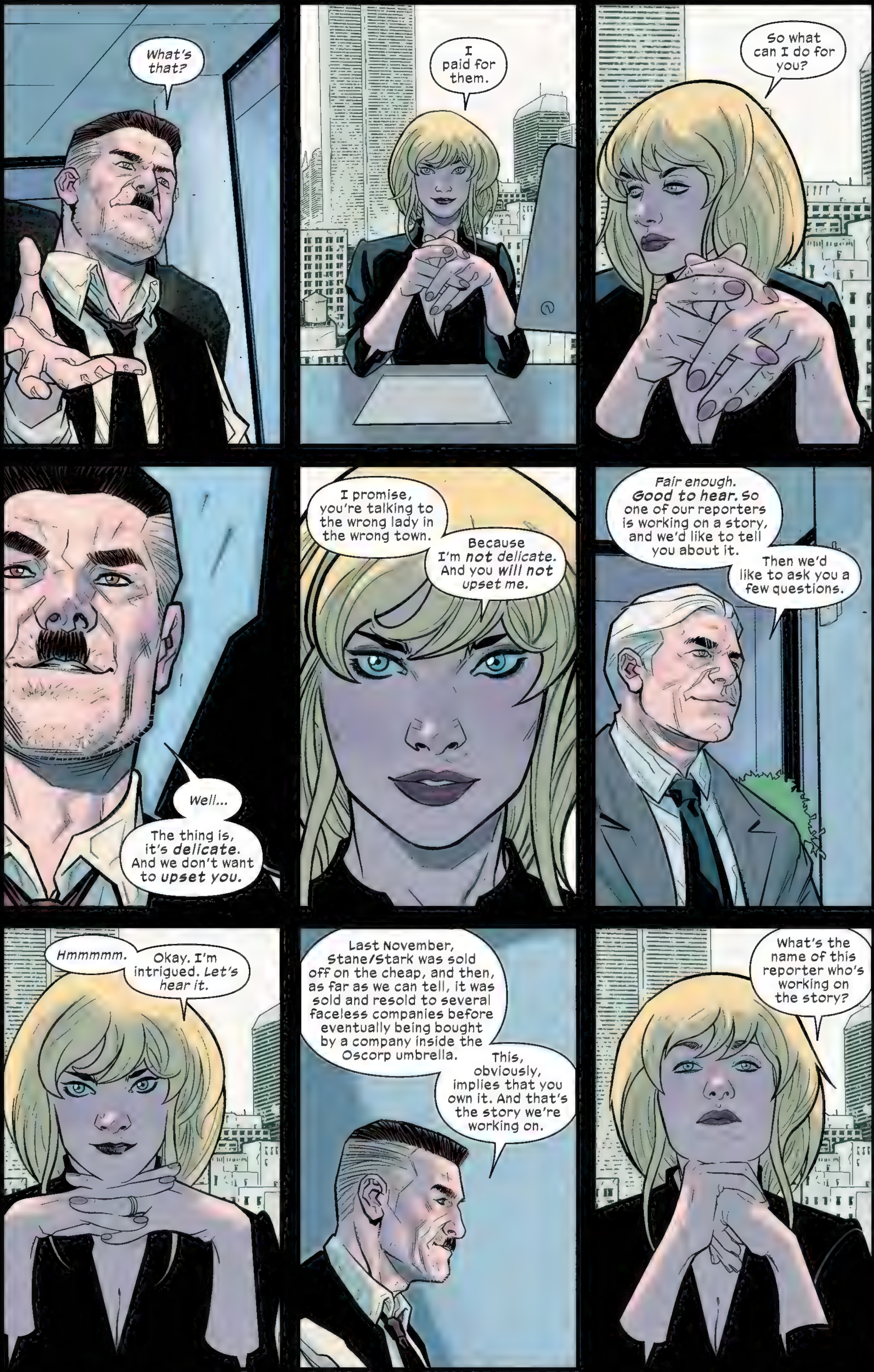

I've seen the *Paper.* It's charming. Congratulations, people seem to like it.
Charming, *huh?*
Sure. What else would you call a G-rated appeal to upper-middle-class recreational revolutionaries?
Look! There go our masked "heroes" soaring through the sky. Maybe...they'll save us all... Maybe--*secretly*--they're just like us?
Like I said: *charming.*
How would you write it?
I think I'd write about where things like that lead...
...and why it's always a bad idea to break things you don't understand.
Well, I am always on the lookout for illumination.
And that's why we're here.
STANE/STARK INDUSTRIES
Corporate Dissolution and Sale
December 14, 2023

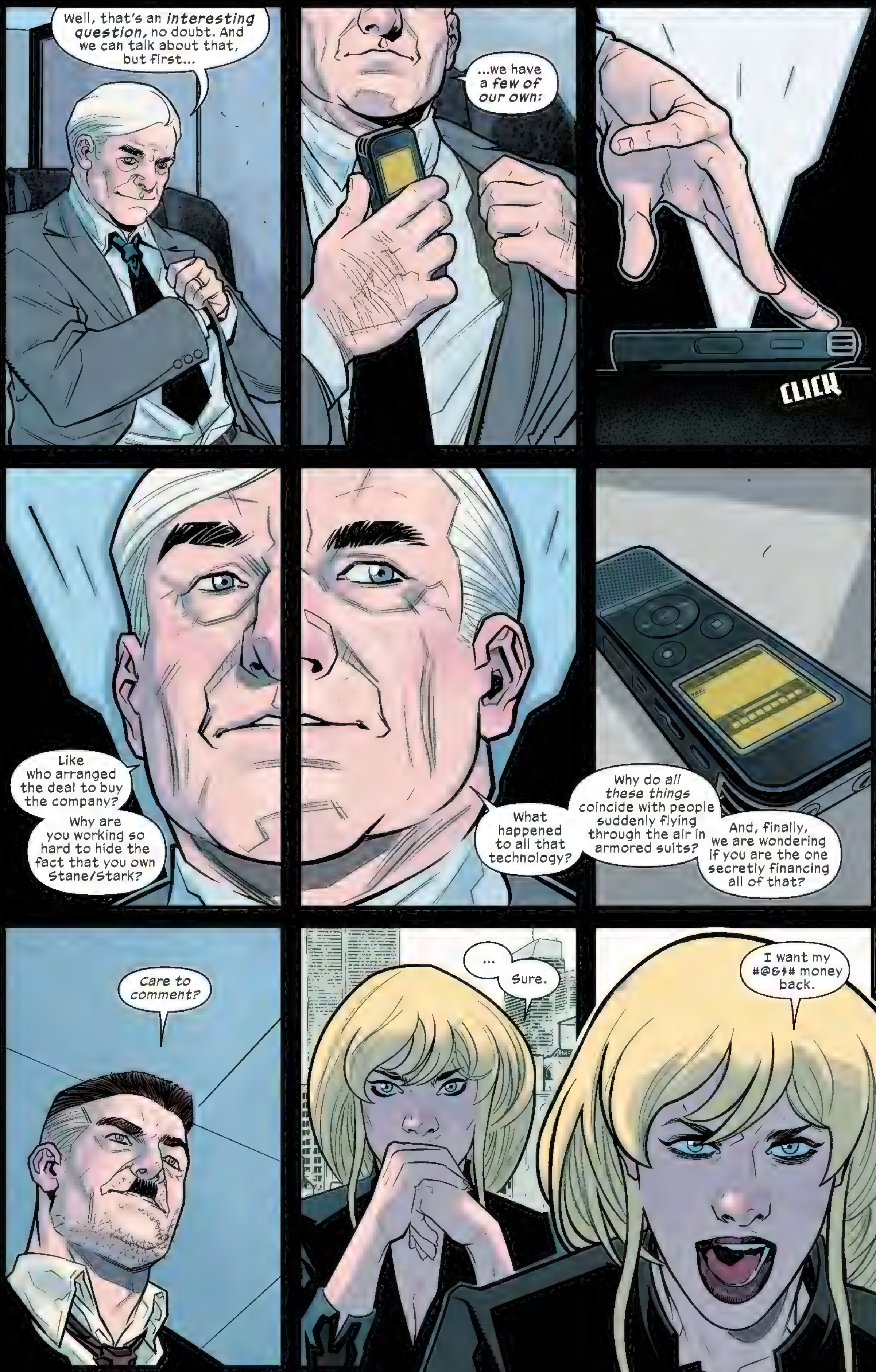

And that's your signature, right?
James Wesley
James Wesley
Where'd you get this?
I was asleep one night and dreamed about how I could possibly escape this G-rated, upper-middle-class hell I'm stuck in...
Then when I woke up, it was under my pillow.
This paperwork is authorizing the sale of Stane/Stark to an offshore company that's owned by another offshore company and on and on...
Don't get me wrong, if I have to, I'll follow it all the way to the source--*no matter how long that takes*--but we were hoping you could save us a bit of trouble.
I'm sorry. I can't imagine how I could help.
Think your boss might be willing to?
What I know is that this paperwork appears to tell the story of someone removing themselves from anything having to do with Stane/Stark.
If that's what you're *really* looking for, then you need to look somewhere else.
Is that right?

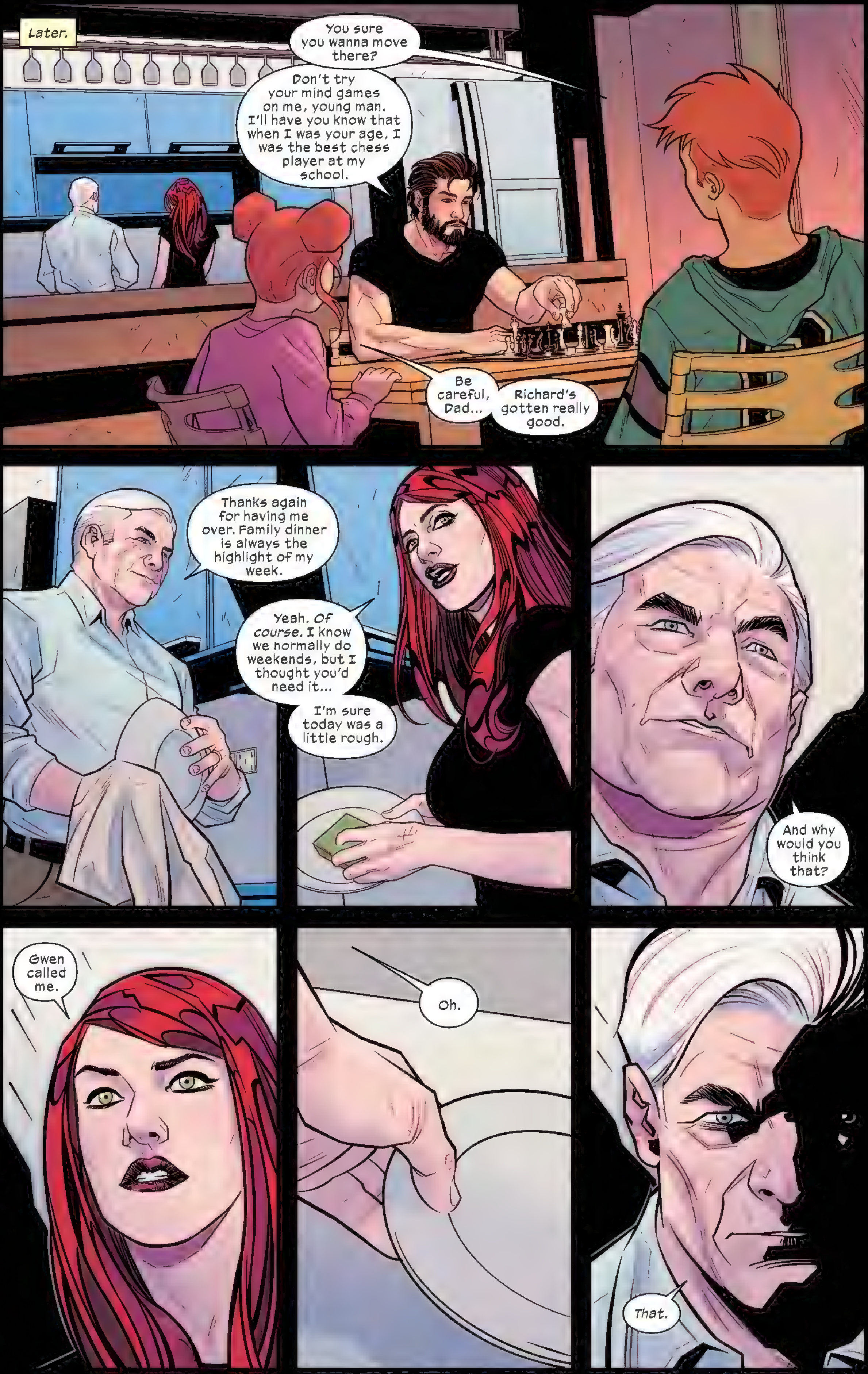

I couldn't begin to tell you whether that's right *or* wrong.
To do that, I would need to look at my files and confirm that my paperwork matches yours. And that's simply not something I'm prepared to do today.
Well... what about tomorrow?
Oh, tomorrow is promised to no one.
Especially for those brave souls who choose to swim in deep water.
Excuse me, gentlemen.
It's time for you to leave.
Hey, you were right... security was a little slow.
Some other time, then.
We'll see, *won't* we?

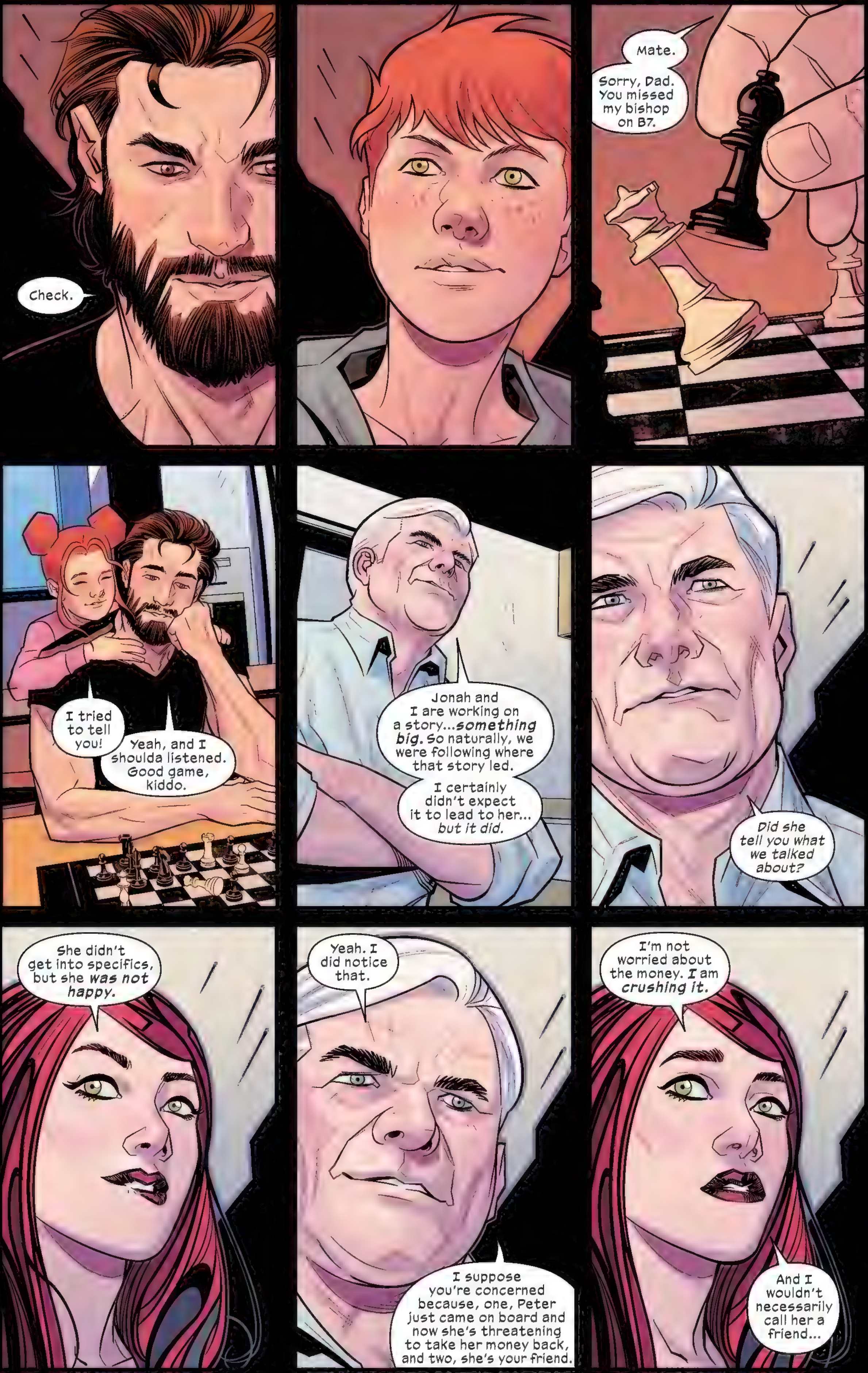

One week later.
I think I got something.
Oh, yeah? Because it'd be nice after all this fishin' to actually catch a fish.
Indeed it would. Walk me through what we have for the title chain, if you don't mind.
Sure. Gives me an excuse to put it up on the board anyway.
STANE/STARK
So Stane/Stark is sold to a holding company called TSSC.
TSSC
Which is then immediately purchased by an offshore corp called Dynos based in the Bahamas.
DYNOS
There the assets are split into two companies.
One S/S Securities and the U-65 company. The second one remains dormant. Zero activity. There's nothing there.
S/S SECURITIES
U-65
So we have to assume S/S, which is a possible moniker for Stane/Stark, is what we're looking for. And that seems right, because it's been sold and resold every month between a series of shell corps.
Now, it takes 30 days for the paperwork to go through, but each time, without fail, during those 30 days, it gets sold again.
Staying one step ahead of us and anyone else who's looking for it. It's basically a snipe hunt.
Hmmmm.
What? You think we're wrong?
It just seemed too perfect.
Sure, it's obviously premeditated, but...
...in a way that makes my teeth itch, you know? So I went back and looked at the other company, U-65...
You'll never guess who owns it.
OSCORP

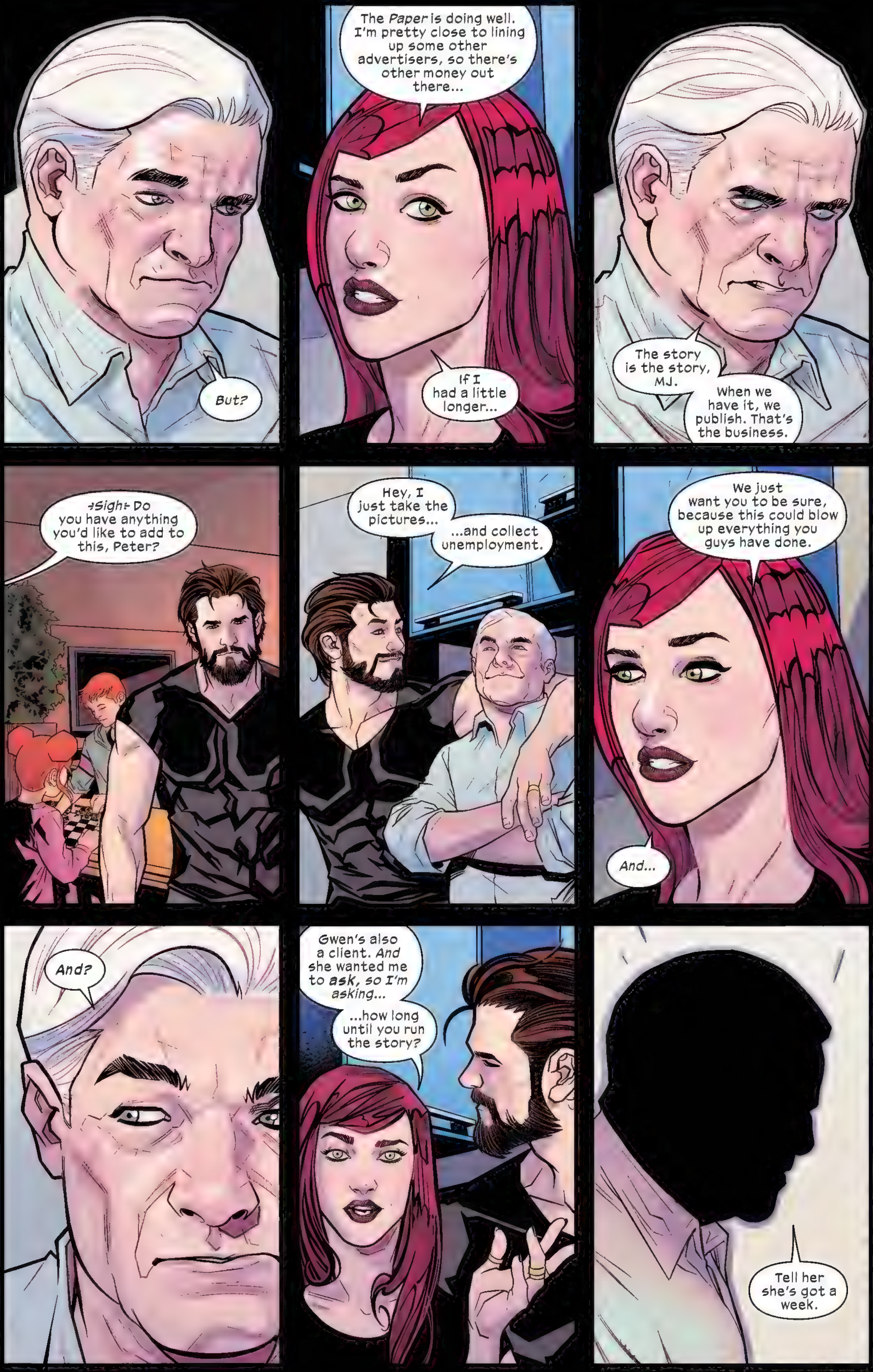

One week later.
OSCORP INDUSTRIES
Your two o'clock is here, ma'am.
Send them in.
Go ahead.
Ah, if it isn't my two favorite reporters on planet Earth.
Sorry you had to wait. Busy, busy. But thanks for being patient.
Now *this*... is *something else.*
Ben has an office. I have an office. But now, all of a sudden, it feels like I don't.
Because *this*...*this* is an *office.*
Well, it is nice, but if it makes you feel better, your offices and mine have one major thing in common.

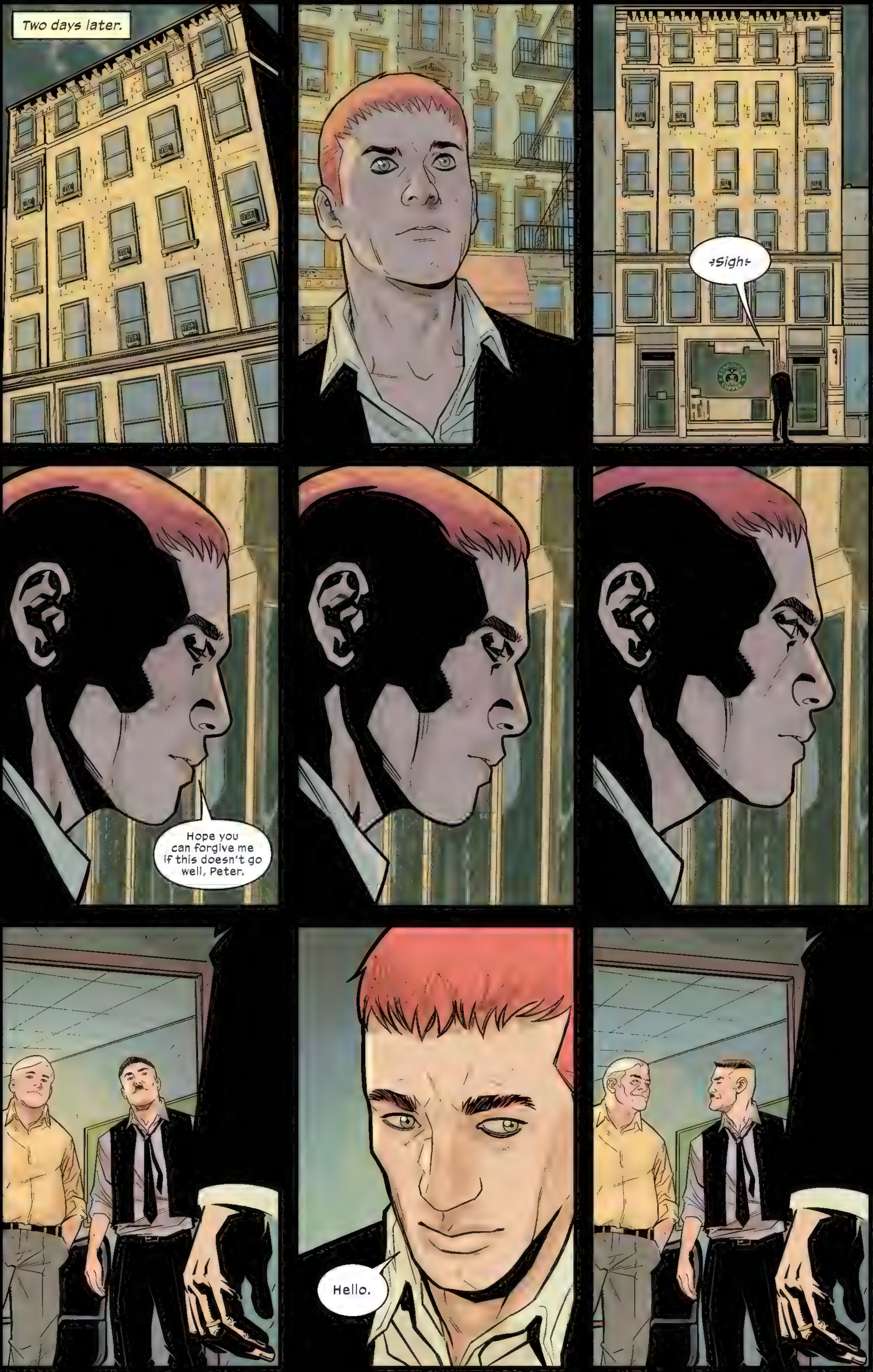

What's that?
I paid for them.
So what can I do for you?
Well...
The thing is, it's *delicate*. And we don't want to ***upset you.***
I promise, you're talking to the wrong lady in the wrong town.
Because I'm ***not*** *delicate.* And you ***will not*** *upset me.*
Fair enough. ***Good to hear.*** So one of our reporters is working on a story, and we'd like to tell you about it.
Then we'd like to ask you a few questions.
Hmmmmm.
Okay. I'm intrigued. *Let's hear it.*
Last November, Stane/Stark was sold off on the cheap, and then, as far as we can tell, it was sold and resold to several faceless companies before eventually being bought by a company inside the Oscorp umbrella.
This, obviously, implies that you own it. And that's the story we're working on.
What's the name of this reporter who's working on the story?

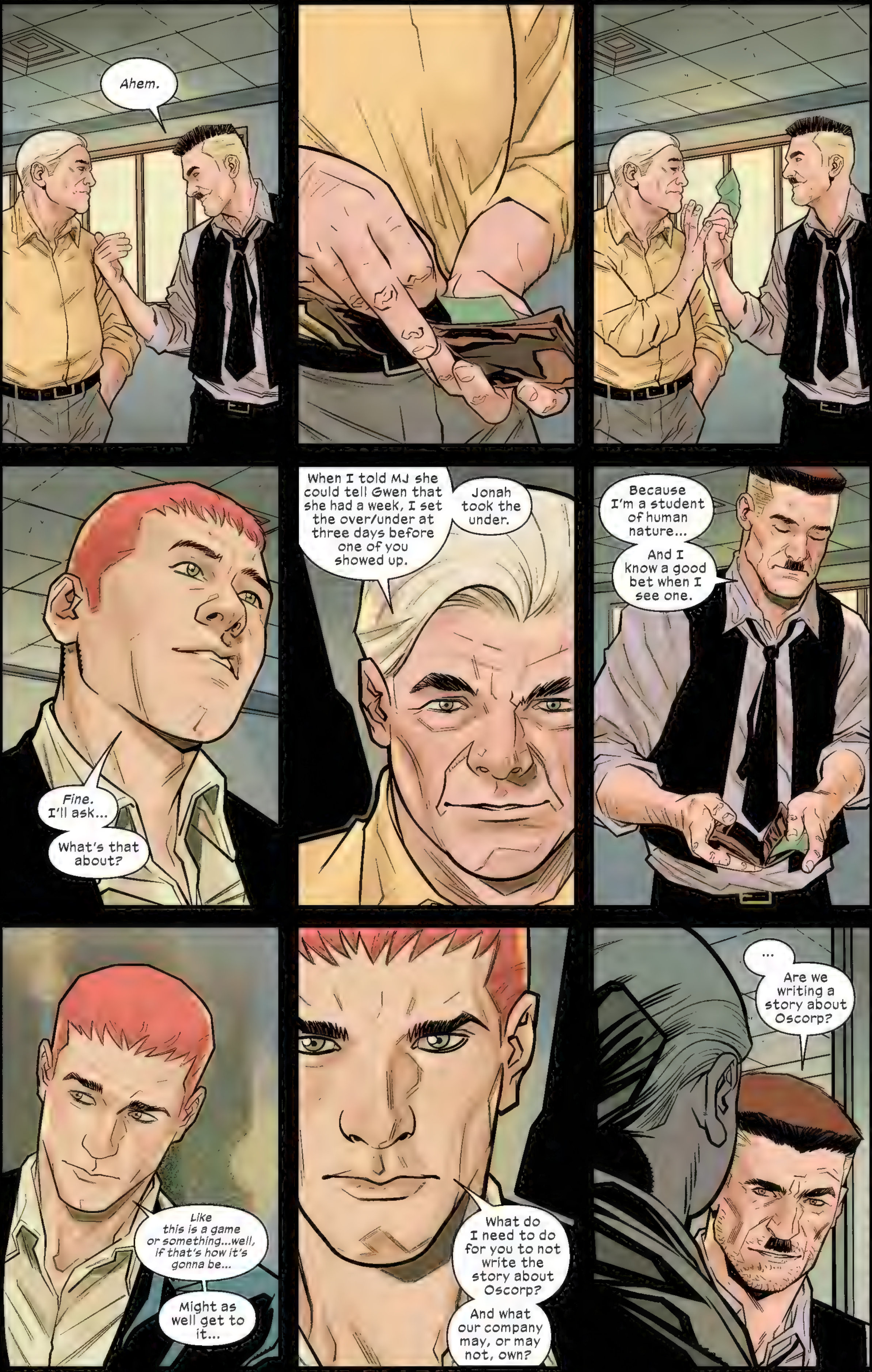

Well, that's an *interesting question,* no doubt. And we can talk about that, but first...
...we have a *few of our own:*
CLICK
Like who arranged the deal to buy the company?
Why are you working so hard to hide the fact that you own Stane/Stark?
What happened to all that technology?
Why do *all these things* coincide with people suddenly flying through the air in armored suits?
And, finally, we are wondering if you are the one secretly financing all of that?
Care to comment?
...
Sure.
I want my #@&$# money back.

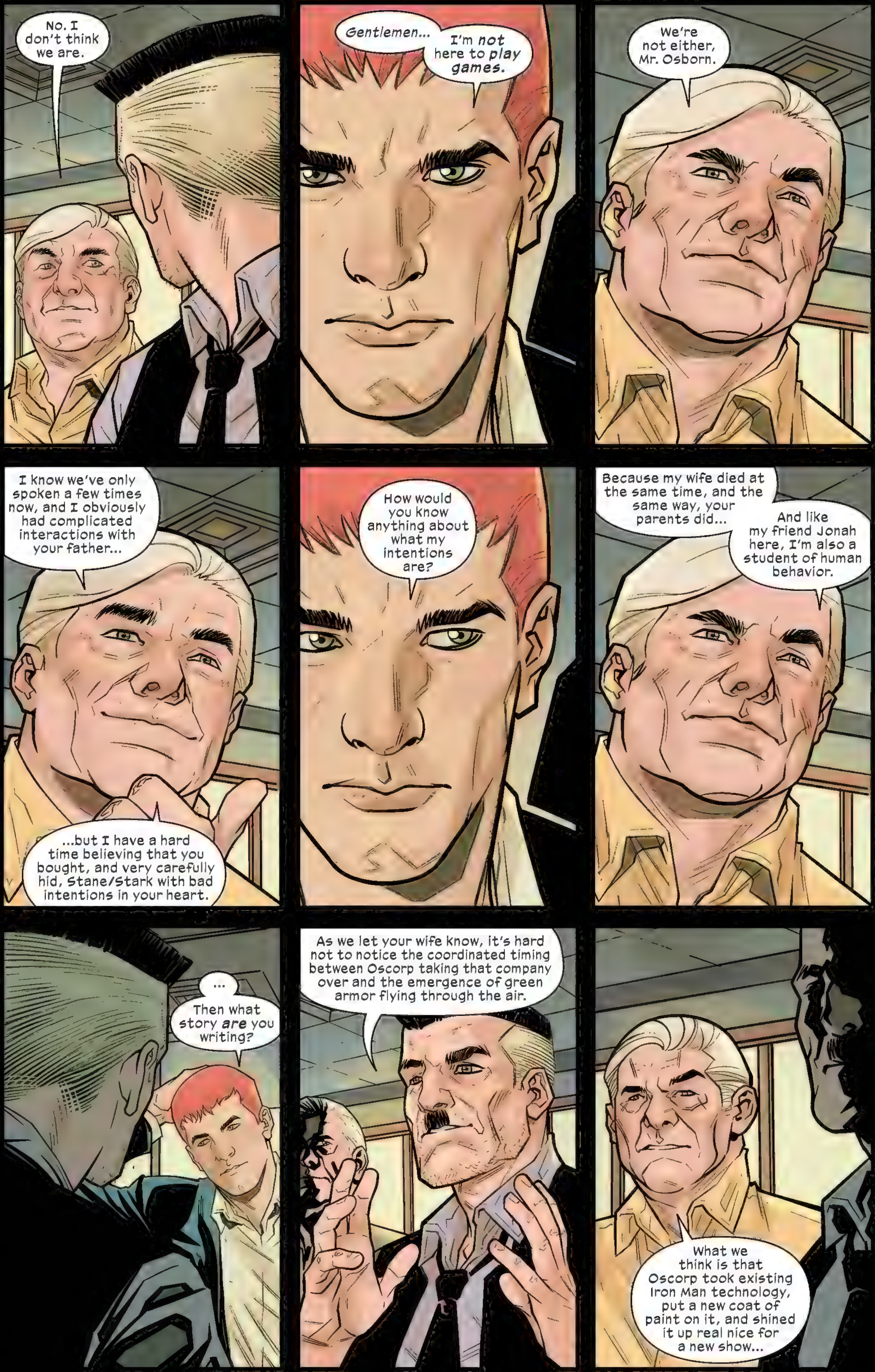

Later.
You sure you wanna move there?
Don't try your mind games on me, young man. I'll have you know that when I was your age, I was the best chess player at my school.
Be careful, Dad...
Richard's gotten really good.
Thanks again for having me over. Family dinner is always the highlight of my week.
Yeah. *Of course.* I know we normally do weekends, but I thought you'd need it...
I'm sure today was a little rough.
And why would you think that?
Gwen called me.
Oh.
That.

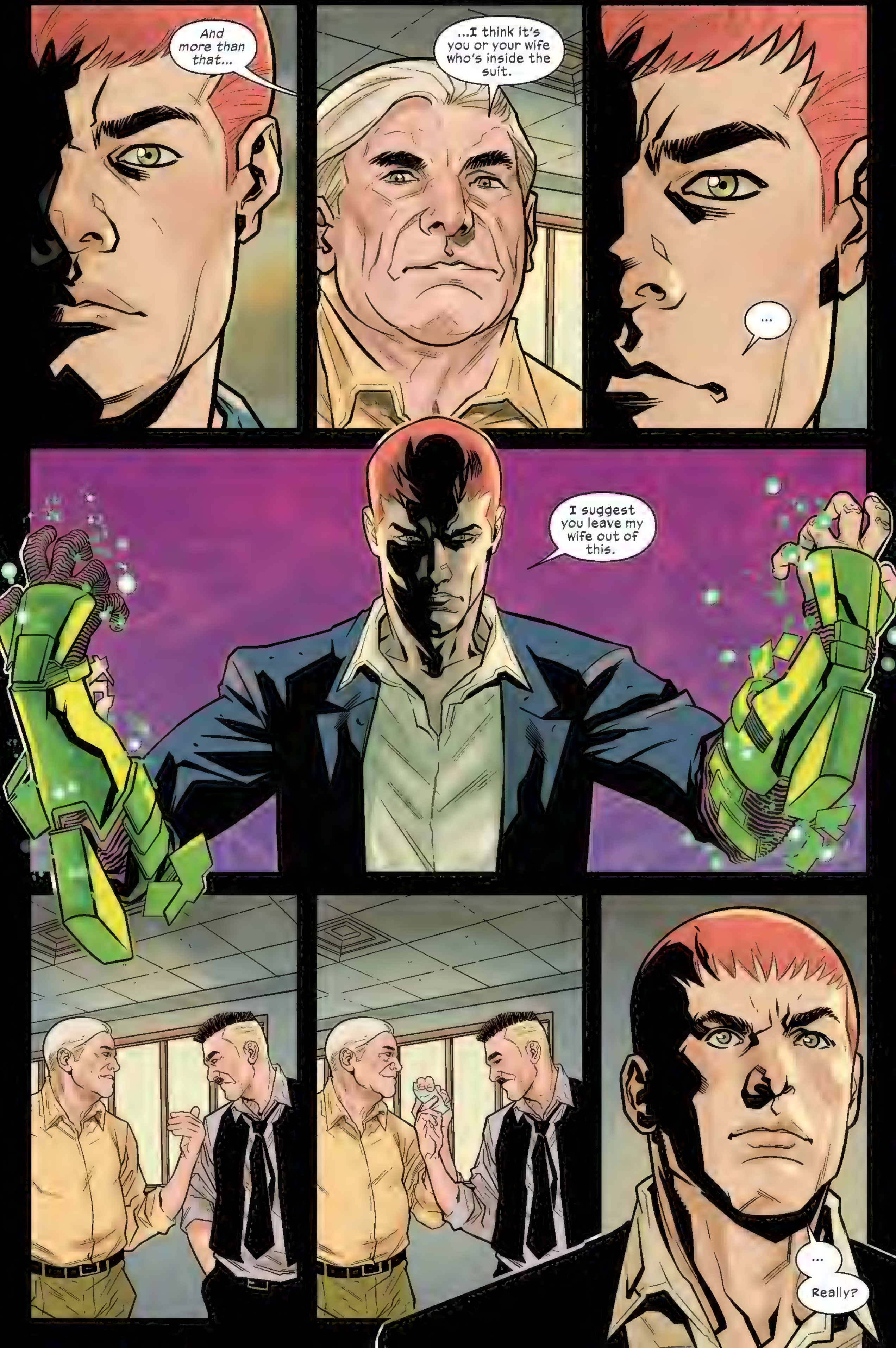

Check.
Mate.
Sorry, Dad. You missed my bishop on B7.
I tried to tell you!
Yeah, and I shoulda listened. Good game, kiddo.
Jonah and I are working on a story...*something big.* So naturally, we were following where that story led.
I certainly didn't expect it to lead to her... *but it did.*
Did she tell you what we talked about?
She didn't get into specifics, but she *was not happy.*
Yeah. I did notice that.
I suppose you're concerned because, one, Peter just came on board and now she's threatening to take her money back, and two, she's your friend.
I'm not worried about the money. *I* am *crushing it.*
And I wouldn't necessarily call her a friend...

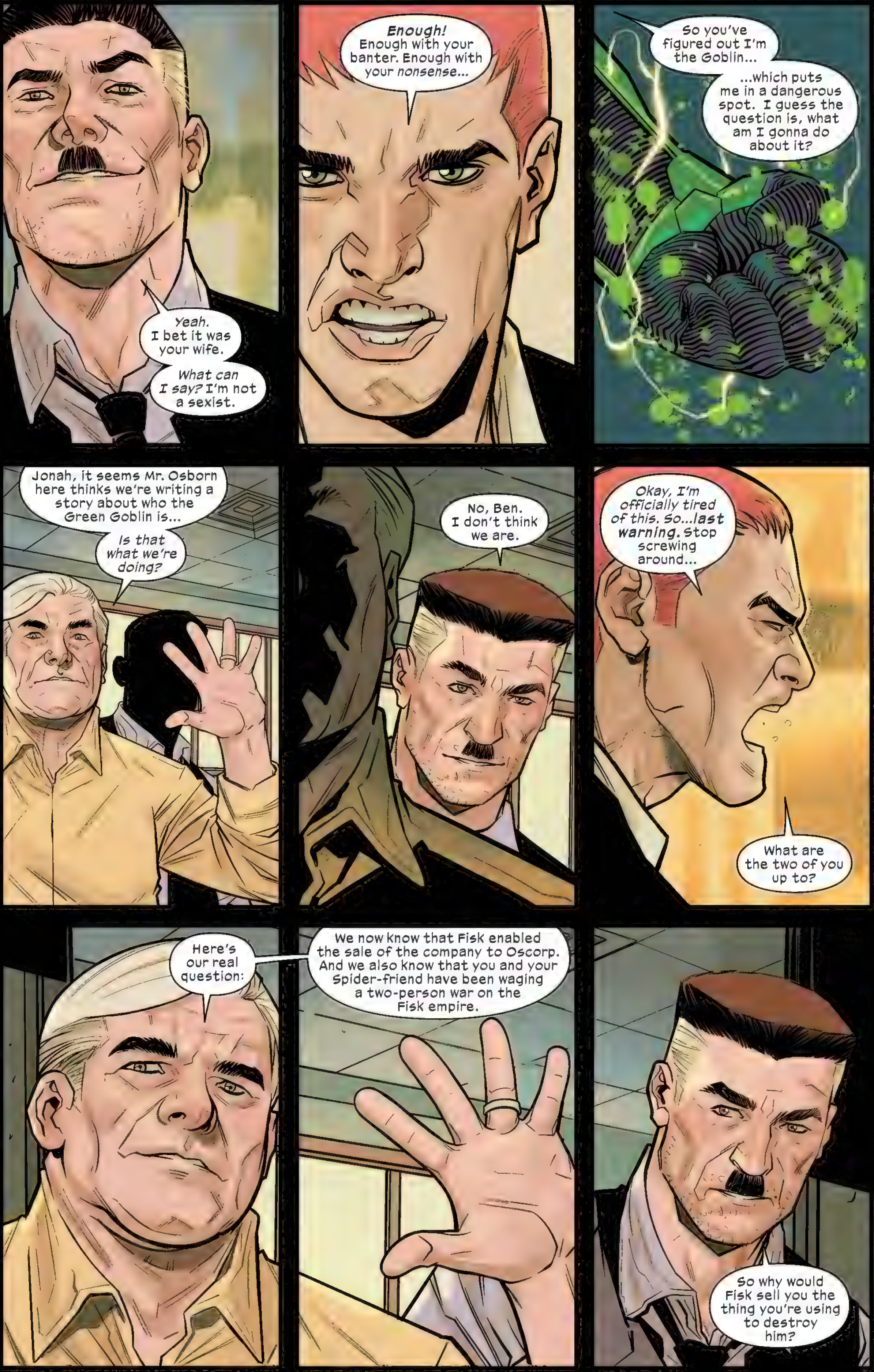

But?
The *Paper* is doing well. I'm pretty close to lining up some other advertisers, so there's other money out there...
If I had a little longer...
The story is the story, MJ.
When we have it, we publish. That's the business.
‡*Sigh*‡ Do you have anything you'd like to add to this, Peter?
Hey, I just take the pictures...
...and collect unemployment.
We just want you to be sure, because this could blow up everything you guys have done.
And...
And?
Gwen's also a client. *And* she wanted me to ***ask***, so *I'm asking...*
...how long until you run the story?
Tell her she's got a week.

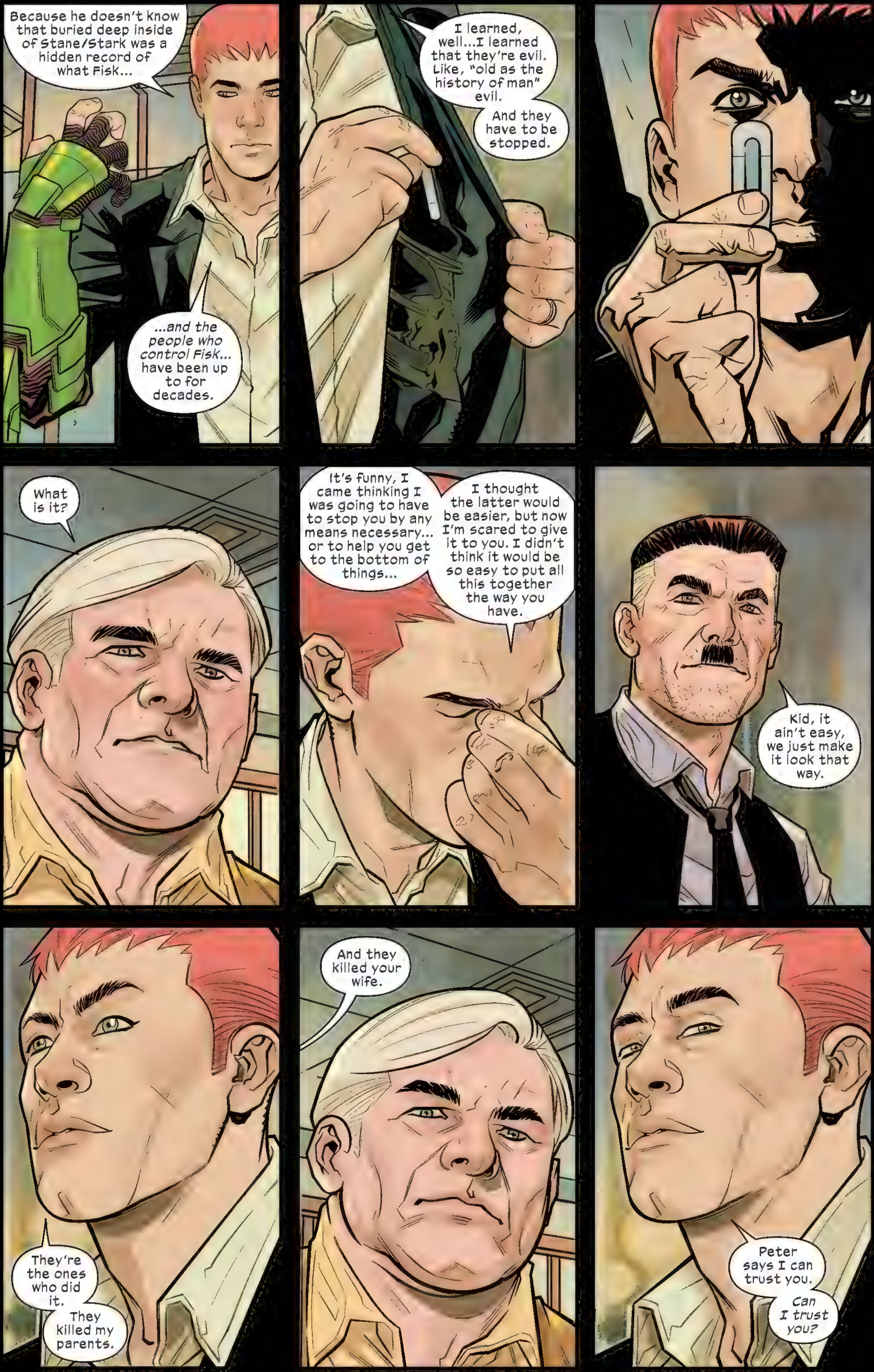

Two days later.
‹Sigh›
Hope you can forgive me if this doesn't go well, Peter.
Hello.

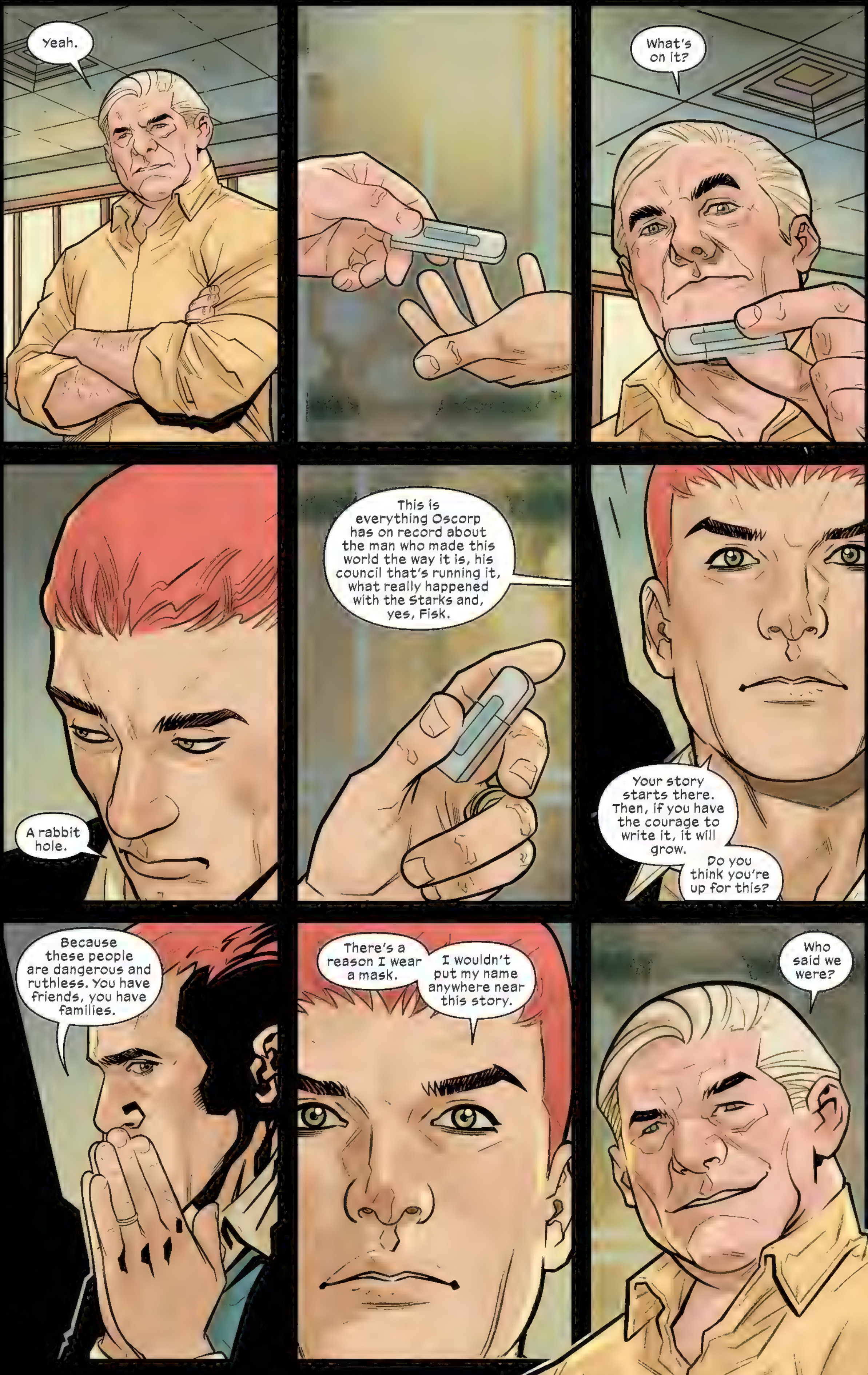

Ahem.
Fine. I'll ask...
What's that about?
When I told MJ she could tell Gwen that she had a week, I set the over/under at three days before one of you showed up.
Jonah took the under.
Because I'm a student of human nature...
And I know a good bet when I see one.
Like this is a game or something...well, if that's how it's gonna be...
Might as well get to it...
What do I need to do for you to not write the story about Oscorp?
And what our company may, or may not, own?
...
Are we writing a story about Oscorp?

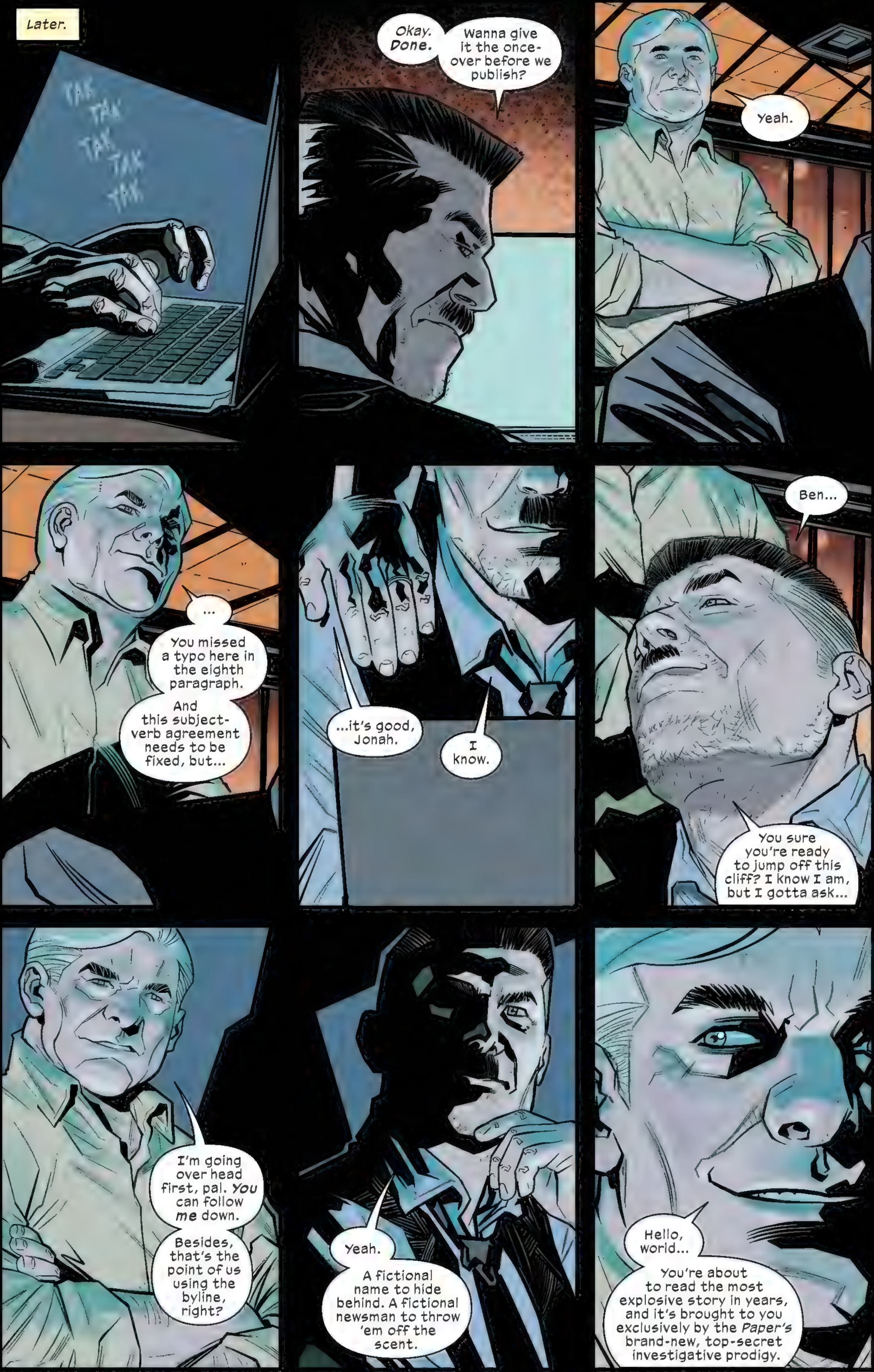

No. I don't think we are.
Gentlemen...
I'm *not* here to *play games.*
We're not either, Mr. Osborn.
I know we've only spoken a few times now, and I obviously had complicated interactions with your father...
...but I have a hard time believing that you bought, and very carefully hid, Stane/Stark with bad intentions in your heart.
How would you know anything about what my intentions are?
Because my wife died at the same time, and the same way, your parents did...
And like my friend Jonah here, I'm also a student of human behavior.
...
Then what story *are* you writing?
As we let your wife know, it's hard not to notice the coordinated timing between Oscorp taking that company over and the emergence of green armor flying through the air.
What we think is that Oscorp took existing Iron Man technology, put a new coat of paint on it, and shined it up real nice for a new show...

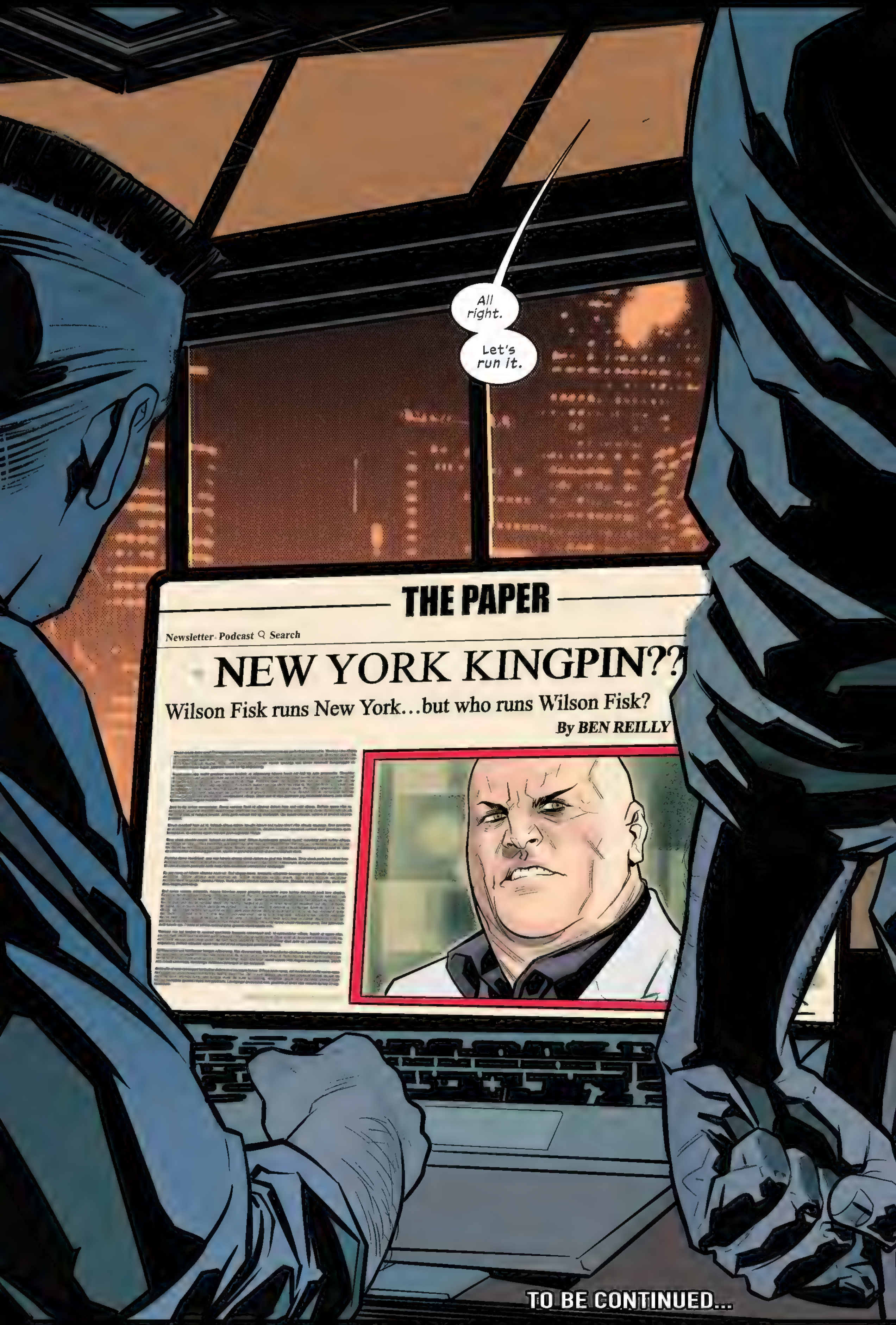

And more than that...
...I think it's you or your wife who's inside the suit.
...
I suggest you leave my wife out of this.
...
Really?


Yeah. I bet it was your wife.
What can I say? I'm not a sexist.
Enough! Enough with your banter. Enough with your *nonsense...*
So you've figured out I'm the Goblin...
...which puts me in a dangerous spot. I guess the question is, what am I gonna do about it?
Jonah, it seems Mr. Osborn here thinks we're writing a story about who the Green Goblin is...
Is that what we're doing?
No, Ben. I don't think we are.
Okay, I'm officially tired of this. So...last warning. Stop screwing around...
What are the two of you up to?
Here's our real question:
We now know that Fisk enabled the sale of the company to Oscorp. And we also know that you and your Spider-friend have been waging a two-person war on the Fisk empire.
So why would Fisk sell you the thing you're using to destroy him?


Because he doesn't know that buried deep inside of Stane/Stark was a hidden record of what Fisk...
...and the people who control Fisk... have been up to for decades.
I learned, well...I learned that they're evil. Like, "old as the history of man" evil.
And they have to be stopped.
What is it?
It's funny, I came thinking I was going to have to stop you by any means necessary... or to help you get to the bottom of things...
I thought the latter would be easier, but now I'm scared to give it to you. I didn't think it would be so easy to put all this together the way you have.
Kid, it ain't easy, we just make it look that way.
They're the ones who did it.
They killed my parents.
And they killed your wife.
Peter says I can trust you.
Can I trust you?


Yeah.
What's on it?
A rabbit hole.
This is everything Oscorp has on record about the man who made this world the way it is, his council that's running it, what really happened with the Starks and, yes, Fisk.
Your story starts there. Then, if you have the courage to write it, it will grow.
Do you think you're up for this?
Because these people are dangerous and ruthless. You have friends, you have families.
There's a reason I wear a mask.
I wouldn't put my name anywhere near this story.
Who said we were?


Later.
TAK TAK TAK TAK TAK
Okay. Done.
Wanna give it the once-over before we publish?
Yeah.
...
You missed a typo here in the eighth paragraph.
And this subject-verb agreement needs to be fixed, but...
...it's good, Jonah.
I know.
Ben...
You sure you're ready to jump off this cliff? I know I am, but I gotta ask...
I'm going over head first, pal. You can follow me down.
Besides, that's the point of us using the byline, right?
Yeah.
A fictional name to hide behind. A fictional newsman to throw 'em off the scent.
Hello, world...
You're about to read the most explosive story in years, and it's brought to you exclusively by the Paper's brand-new, top-secret investigative prodigy.


All right.
Let's run it.
THE PAPER
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NEW YORK KINGPIN??
Wilson Fisk runs New York…but who runs Wilson Fisk?
By BEN REILLY
TO BE CONTINUED...

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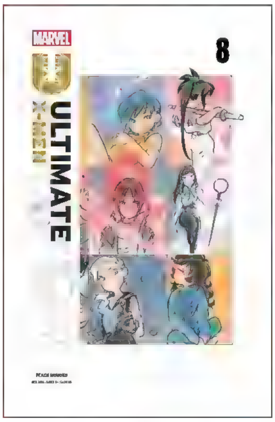
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #9

BY **BRYAN HILL** & **STEFANO CASELLI**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ULTIMATE X-MEN

ULTIMATE X-MEN #8

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

MARVEL
5
THE ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #5

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**

9

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

The war has raged for months. Khonshu has built an army that worships him as a god, calling himself **MOON KNIGHT**. **BLACK PANTHER** pursues him while **KILLMONGER** and **STORM** search for a "Sorcerer Supreme" who can teach them the truth about both vibranium and its mysterious twin…

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BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER

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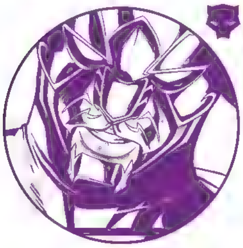
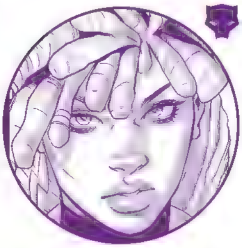
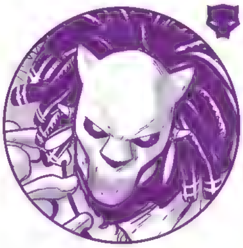


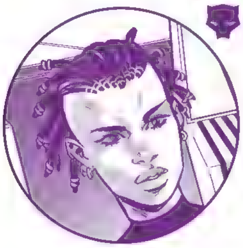
BLACK PANTHER
KING T'CHALLA



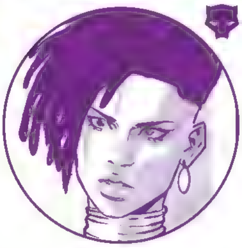
STORM
ORORO MUNROE



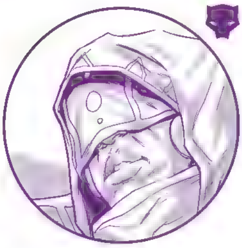
KILLMONGER
ERIK KILLMONGER



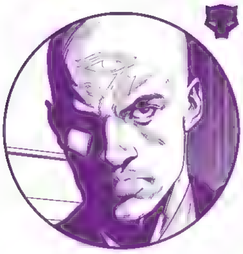
SHURI
WOMAN-AT-ARMS,
T'CHALLA'S SISTER



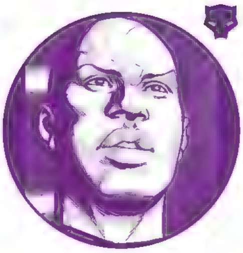
QUEEN OKOYE
HIGH MENTOR OF
THE DORA MILAJE



MATRON IMALA
SACRED MOTHER OF
THE VODU-KHAN

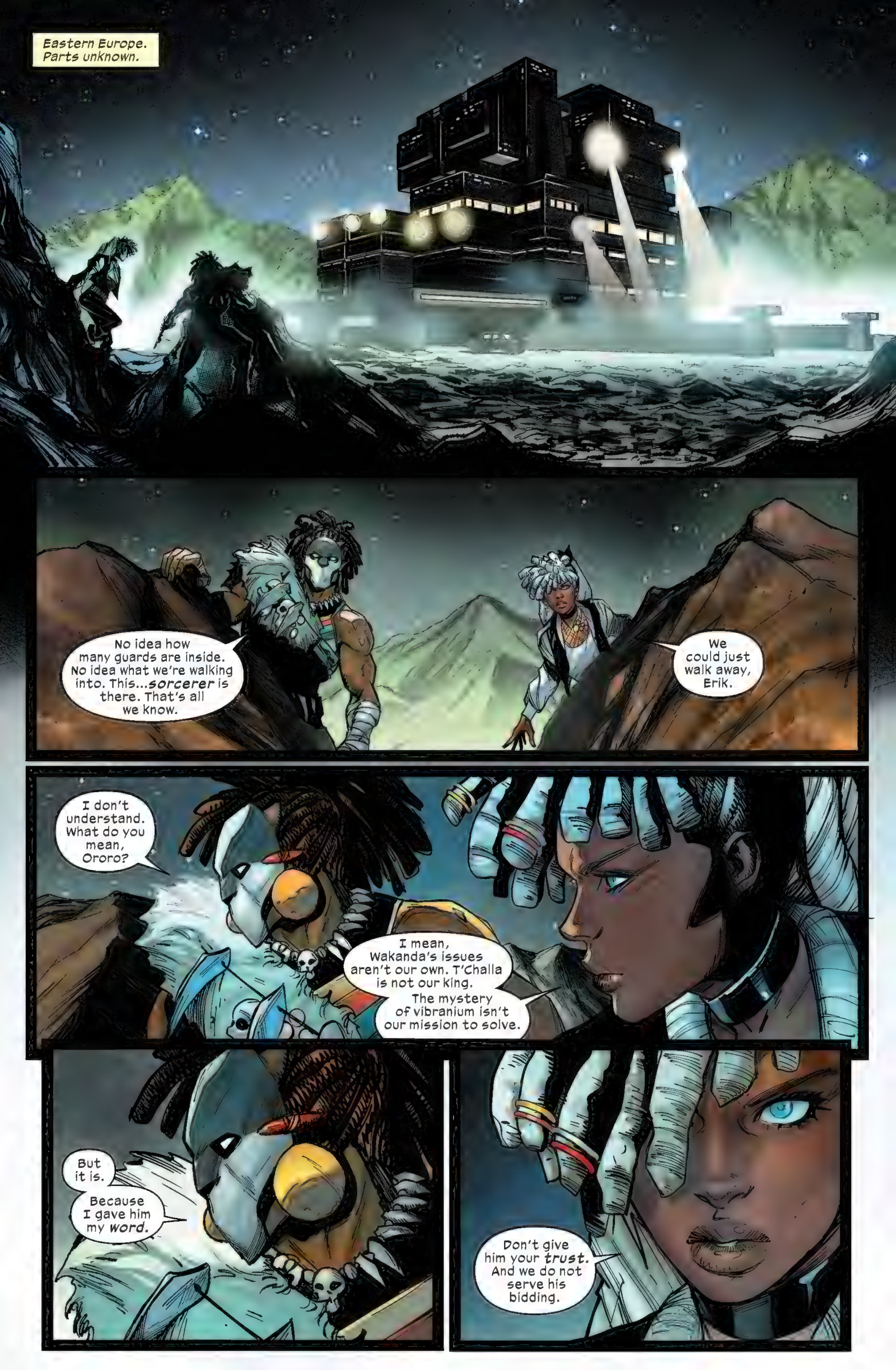


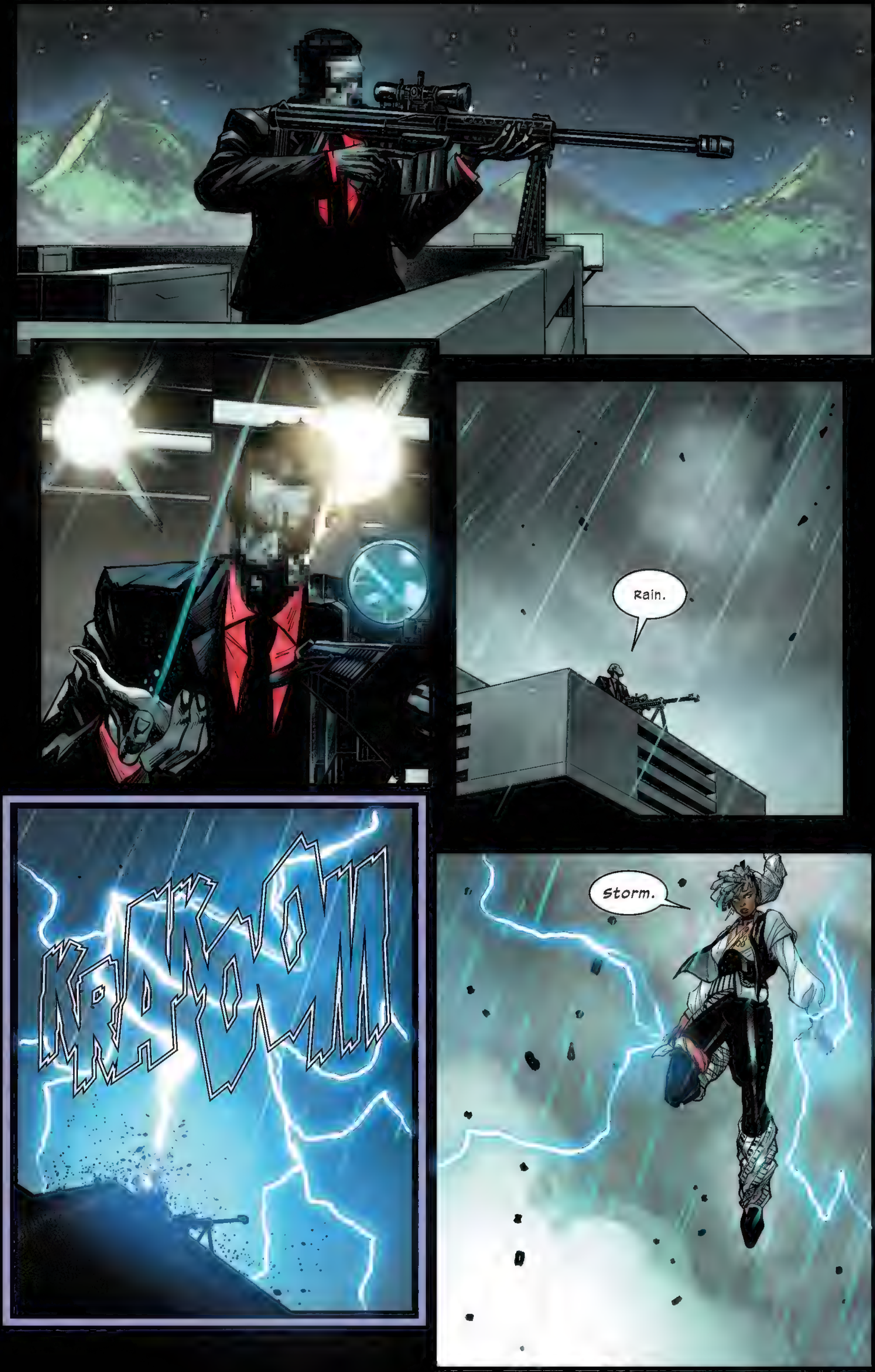
RA
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

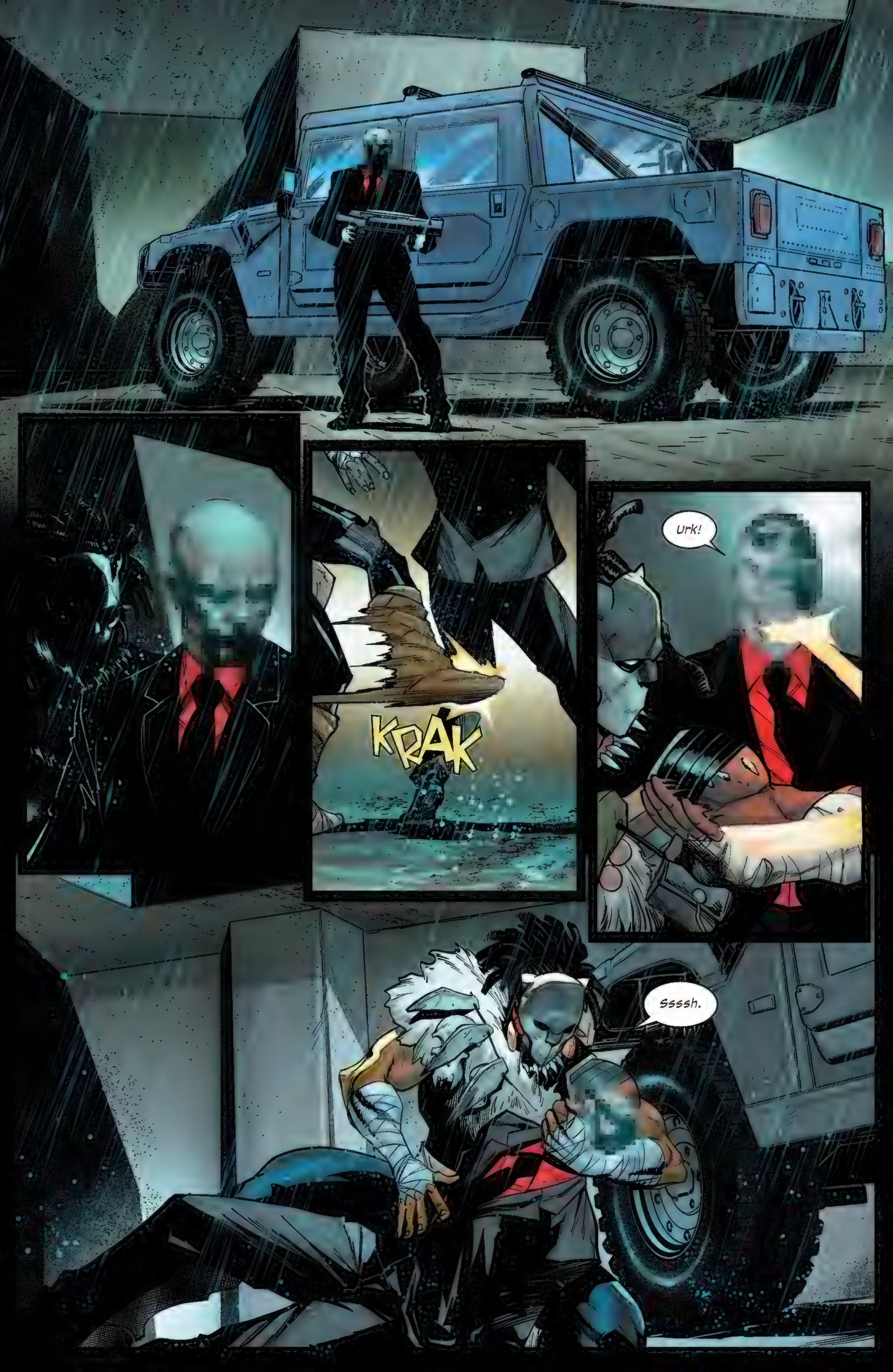


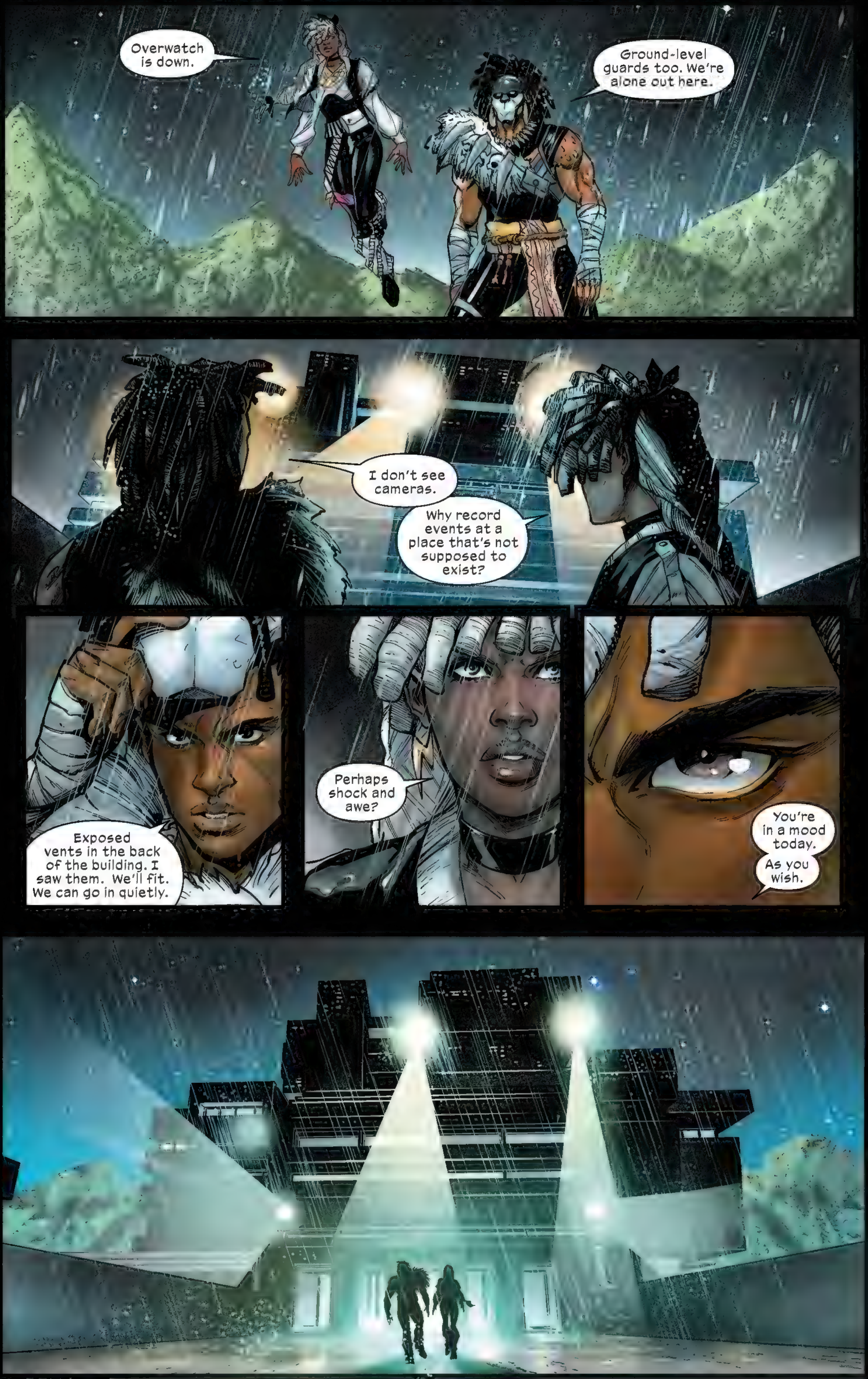
KHONSHU
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

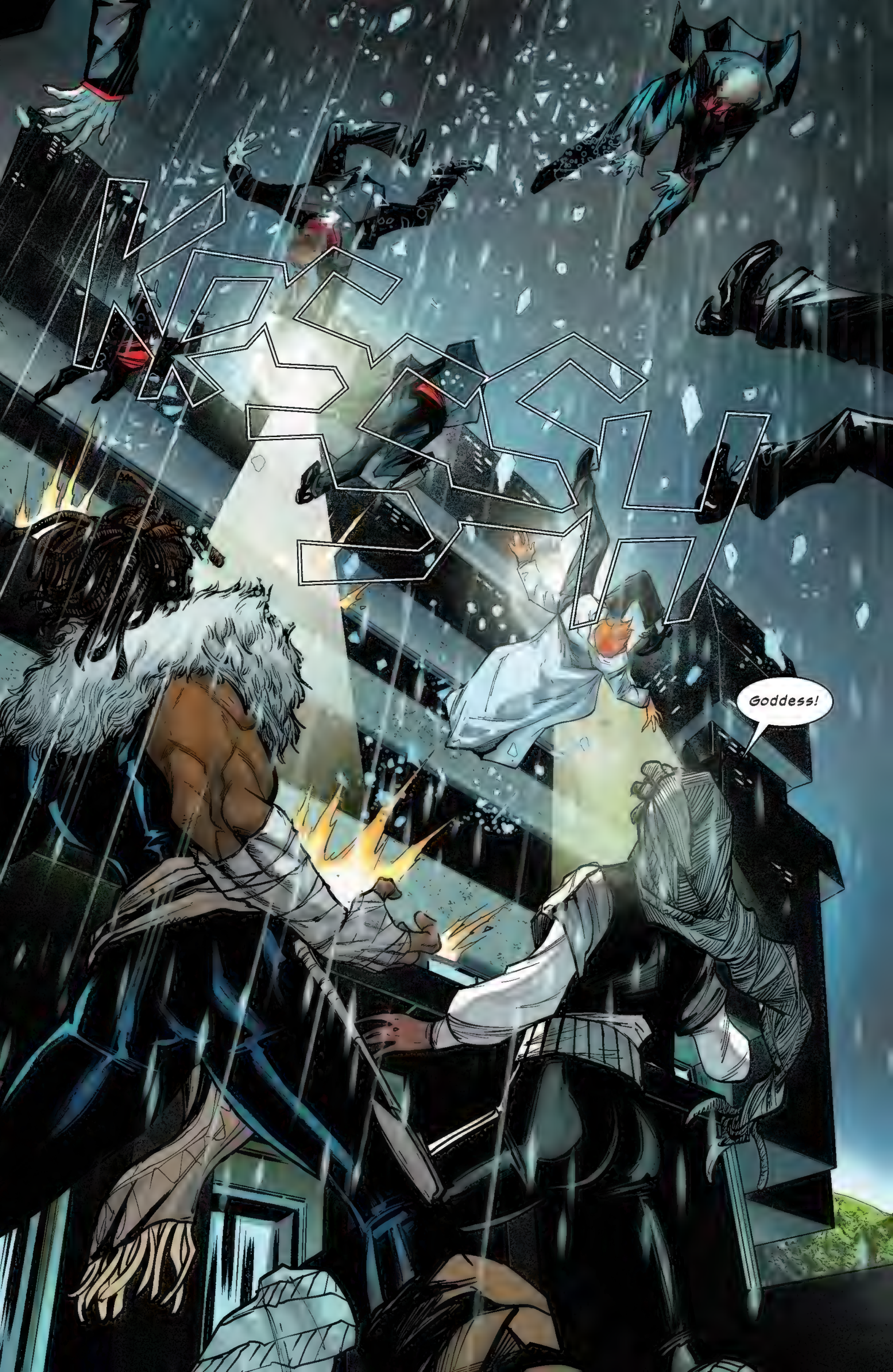
OCTOBER 2024

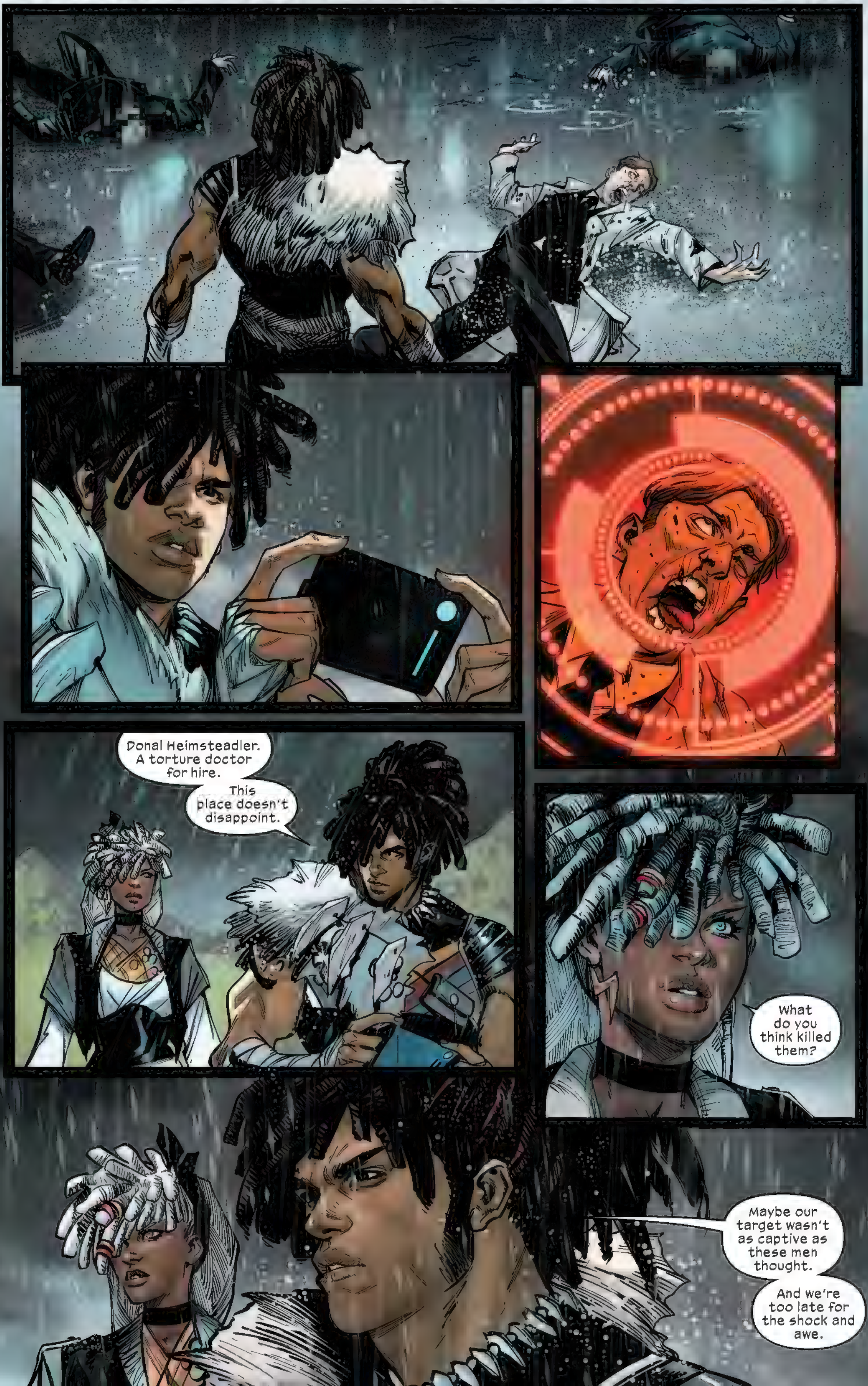

Eastern Europe. Parts unknown.
No idea how many guards are inside. No idea what we're walking into. This...*sorcerer* is there. That's all we know.
We could just walk away, Erik.
I don't understand. What do you mean, Ororo?
I mean, Wakanda's issues aren't our own. T'Challa is not our king.
The mystery of vibranium isn't our mission to solve.
But it is.
Because I gave him my *word*.
Don't give him your *trust*. And we do not serve his bidding.

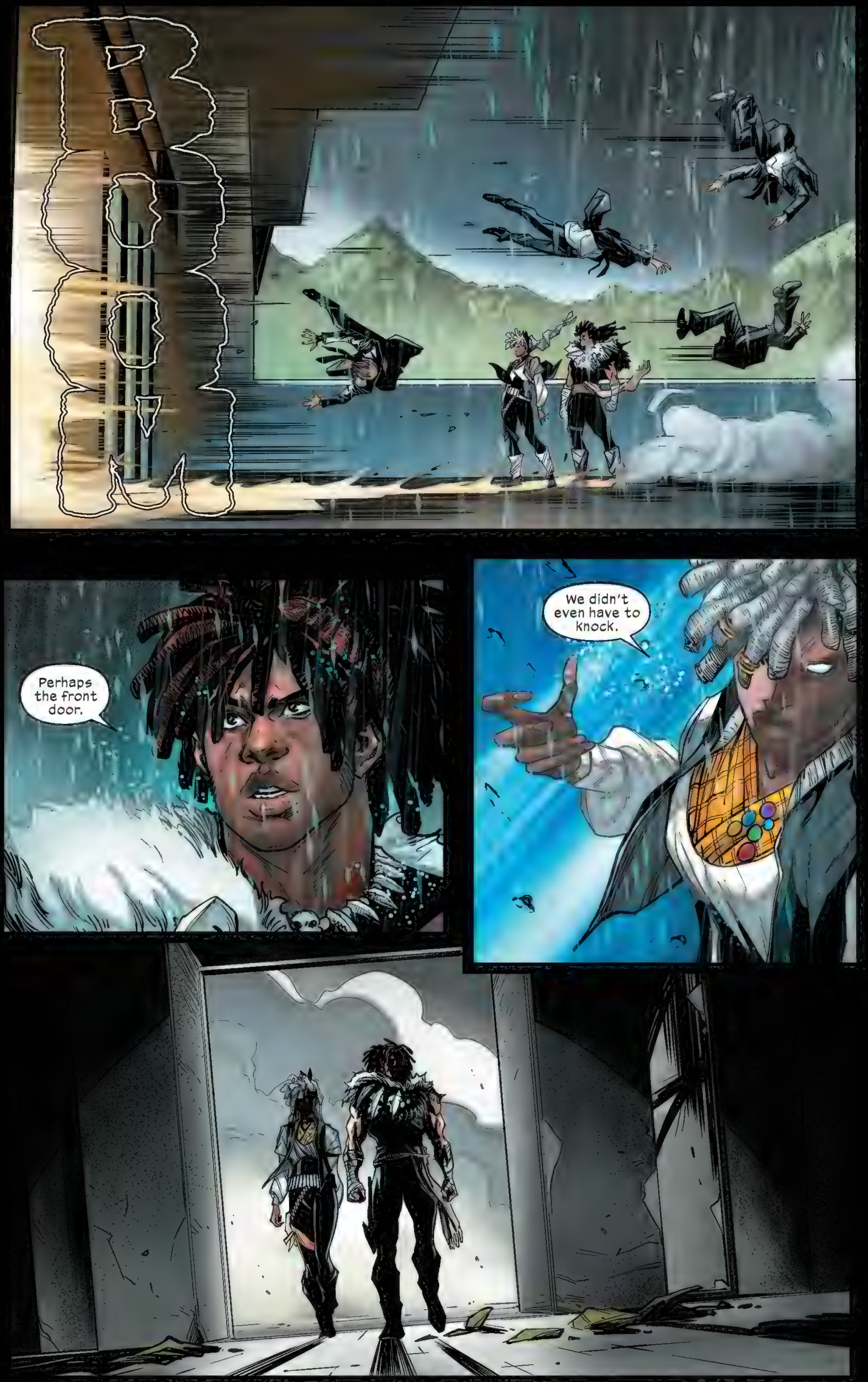

Rain.
KRAKROOM
Storm.

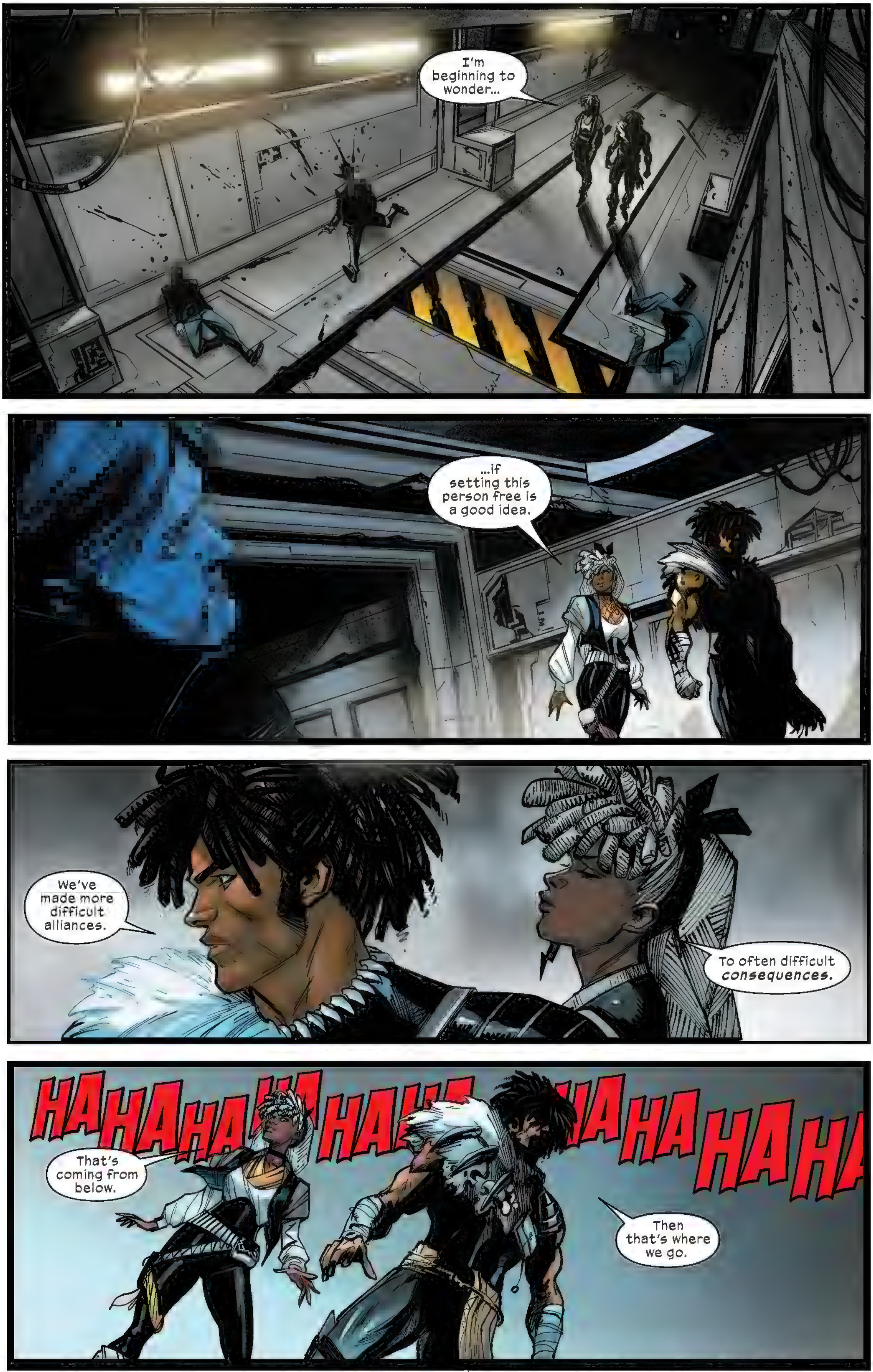

KRAK
Urk!
Ssssh.

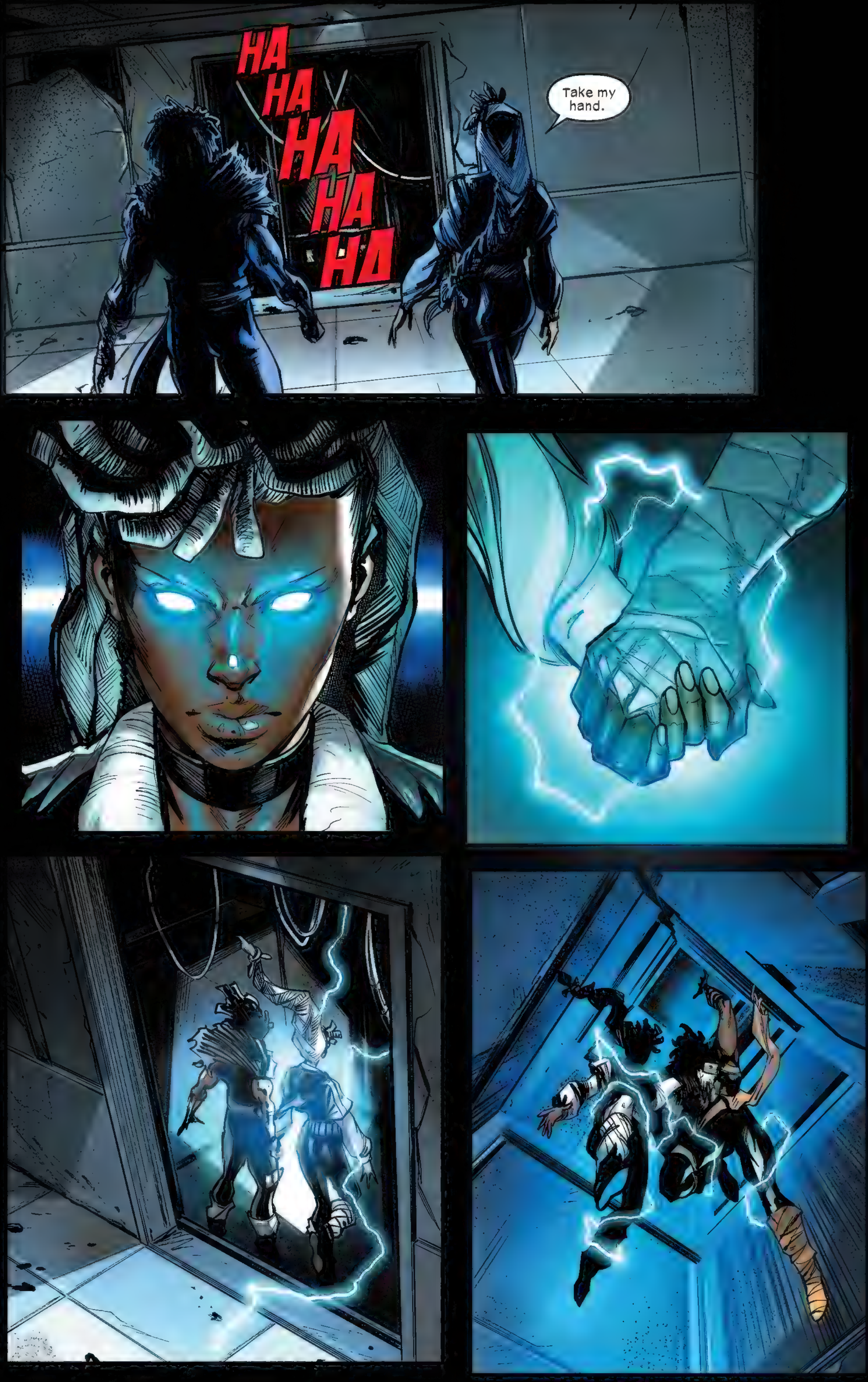

Overwatch is down.
Ground-level guards too. We're alone out here.
I don't see cameras.
Why record events at a place that's not supposed to exist?
Exposed vents in the back of the building. I saw them. We'll fit. We can go in quietly.
Perhaps shock and awe?
You're in a mood today.
As you wish.

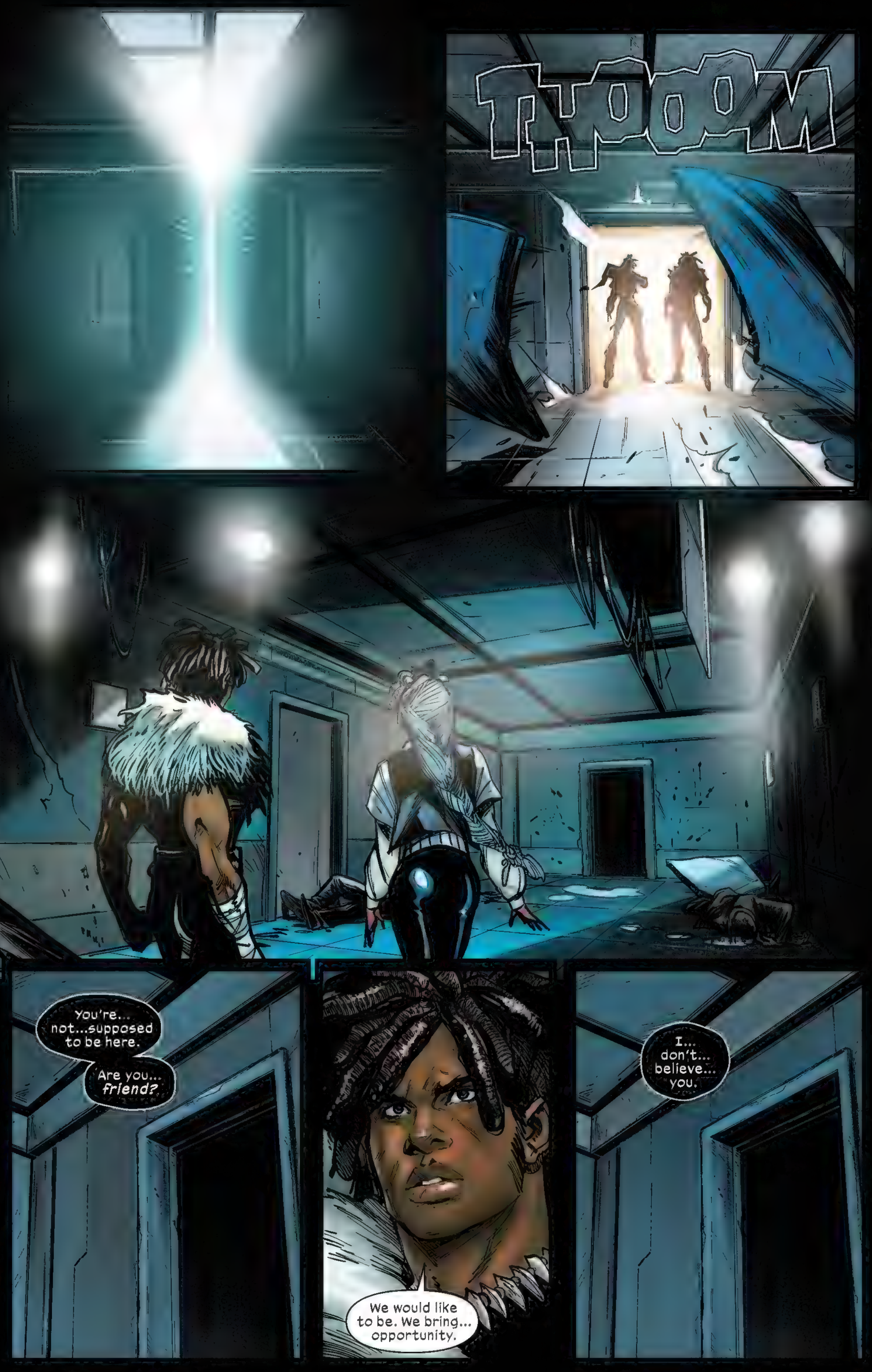

KRSSHH
Goddess!

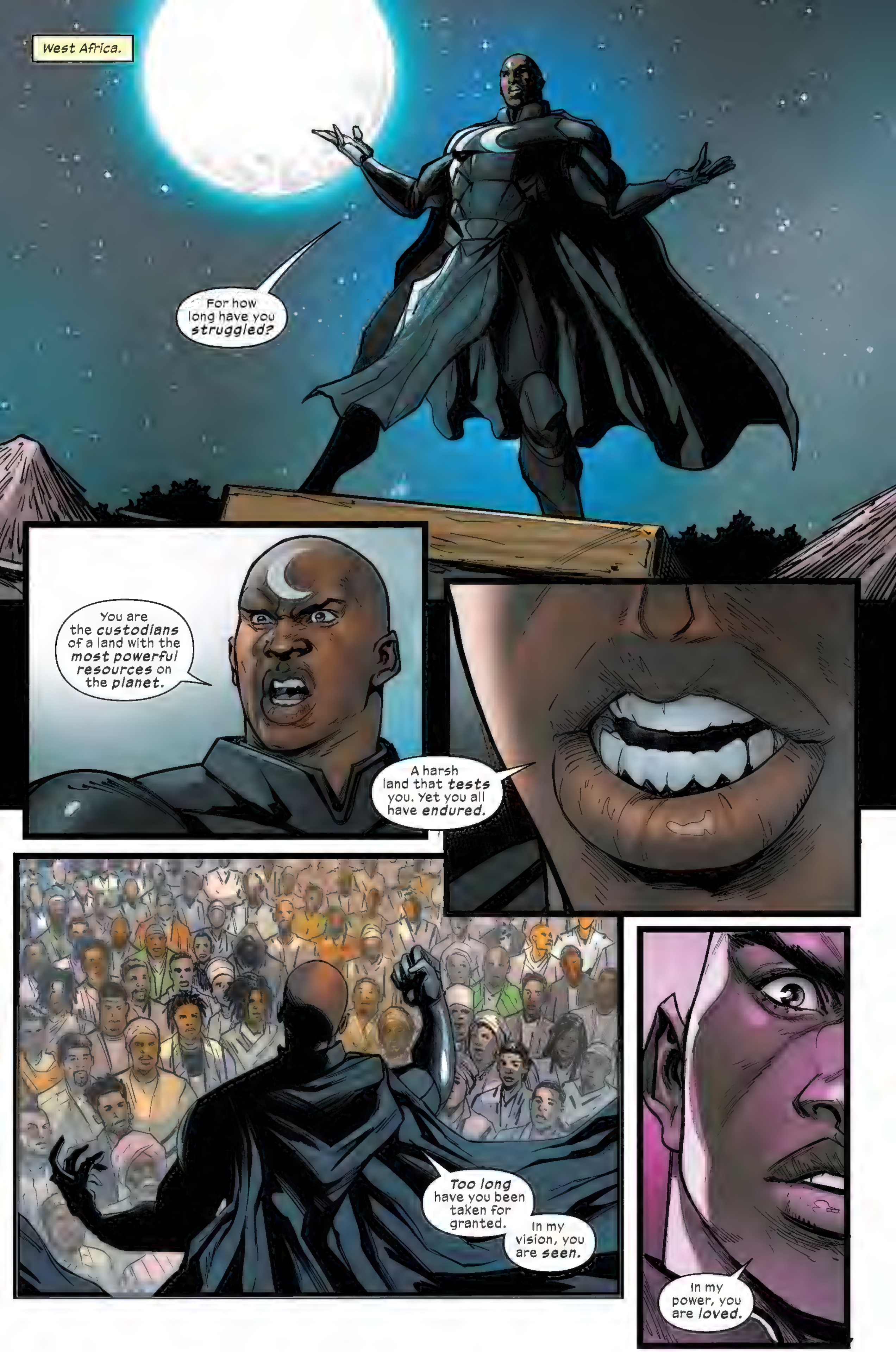

Donal Heimsteadler. A torture doctor for hire.
This place doesn't disappoint.
What do you think killed them?
Maybe our target wasn't as captive as these men thought.
And we're too late for the shock and awe.

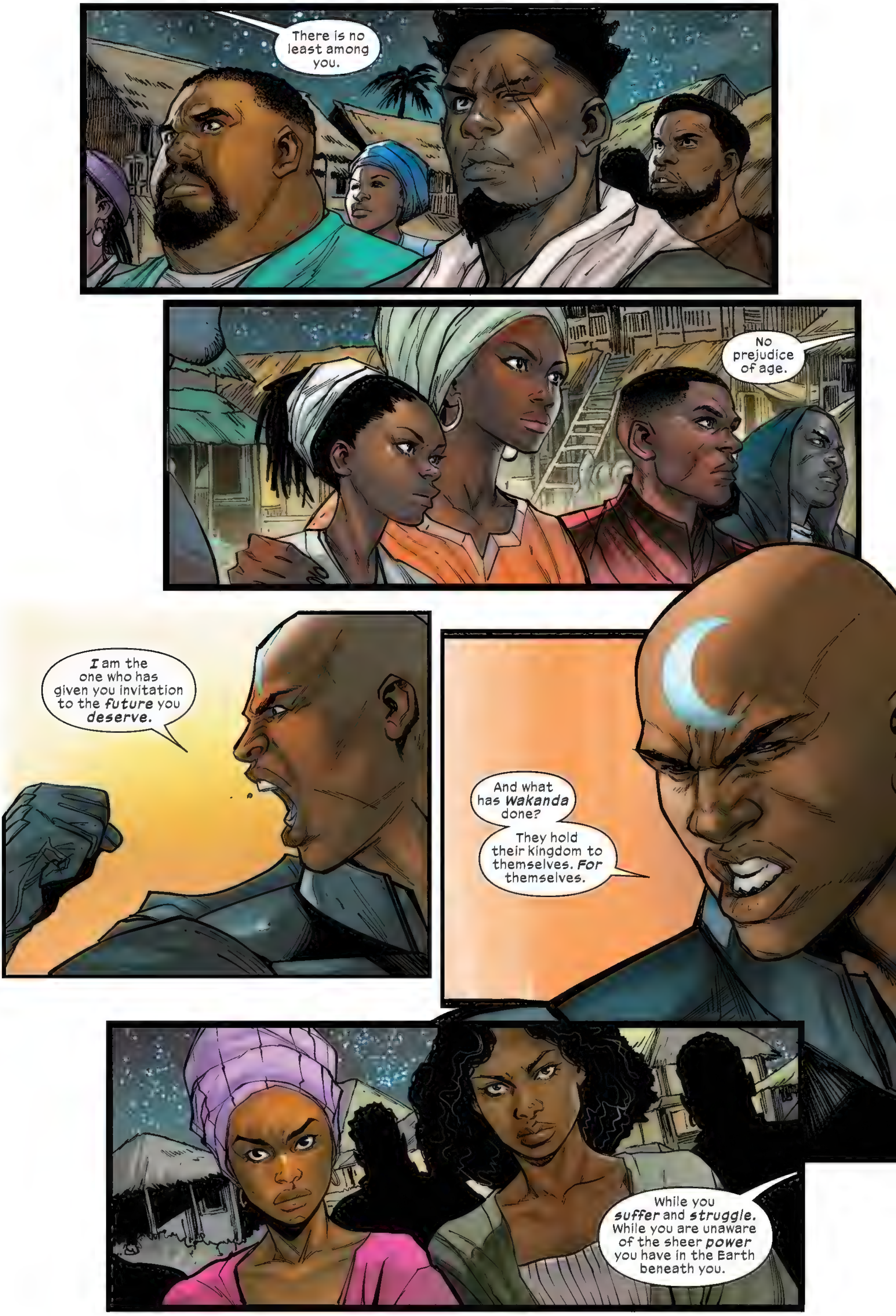

BOOM
Perhaps the front door.
We didn't even have to knock.

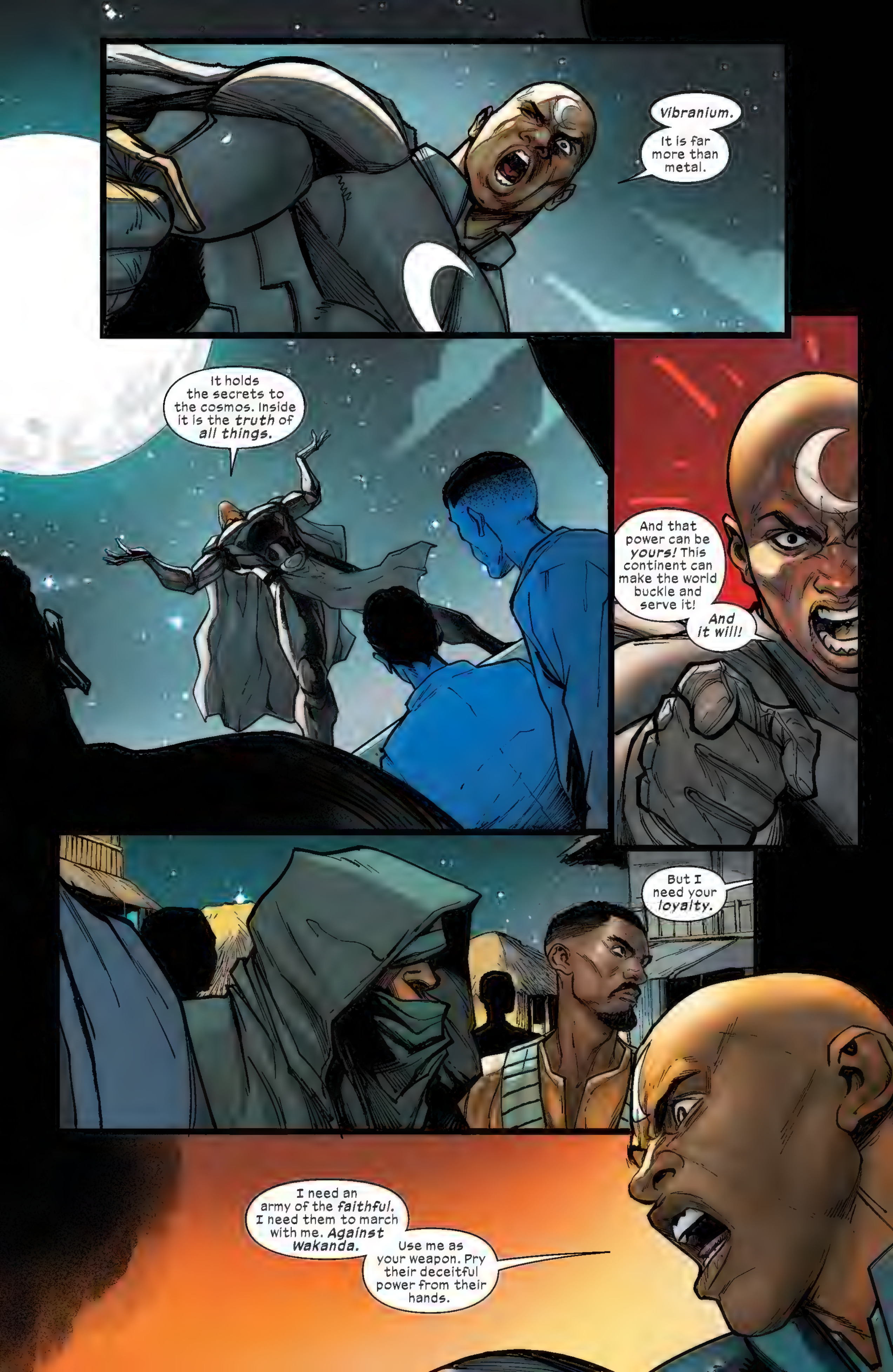

I'm beginning to wonder...
...if setting this person free is a good idea.
We've made more difficult alliances.
To often difficult *consequences.*
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
That's coming from below.
Then that's where we go.

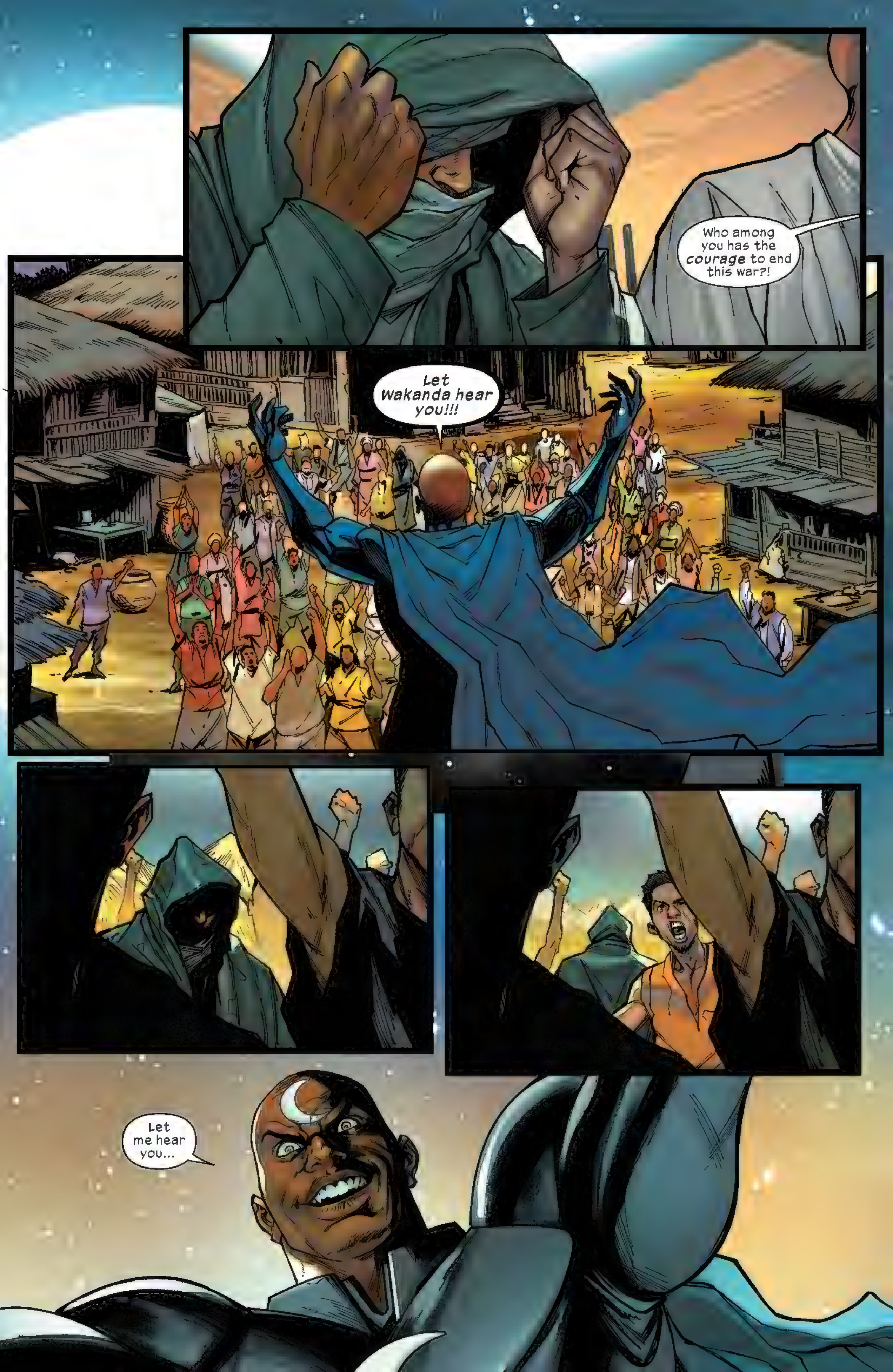

HA HA HA HA HA
Take my hand.

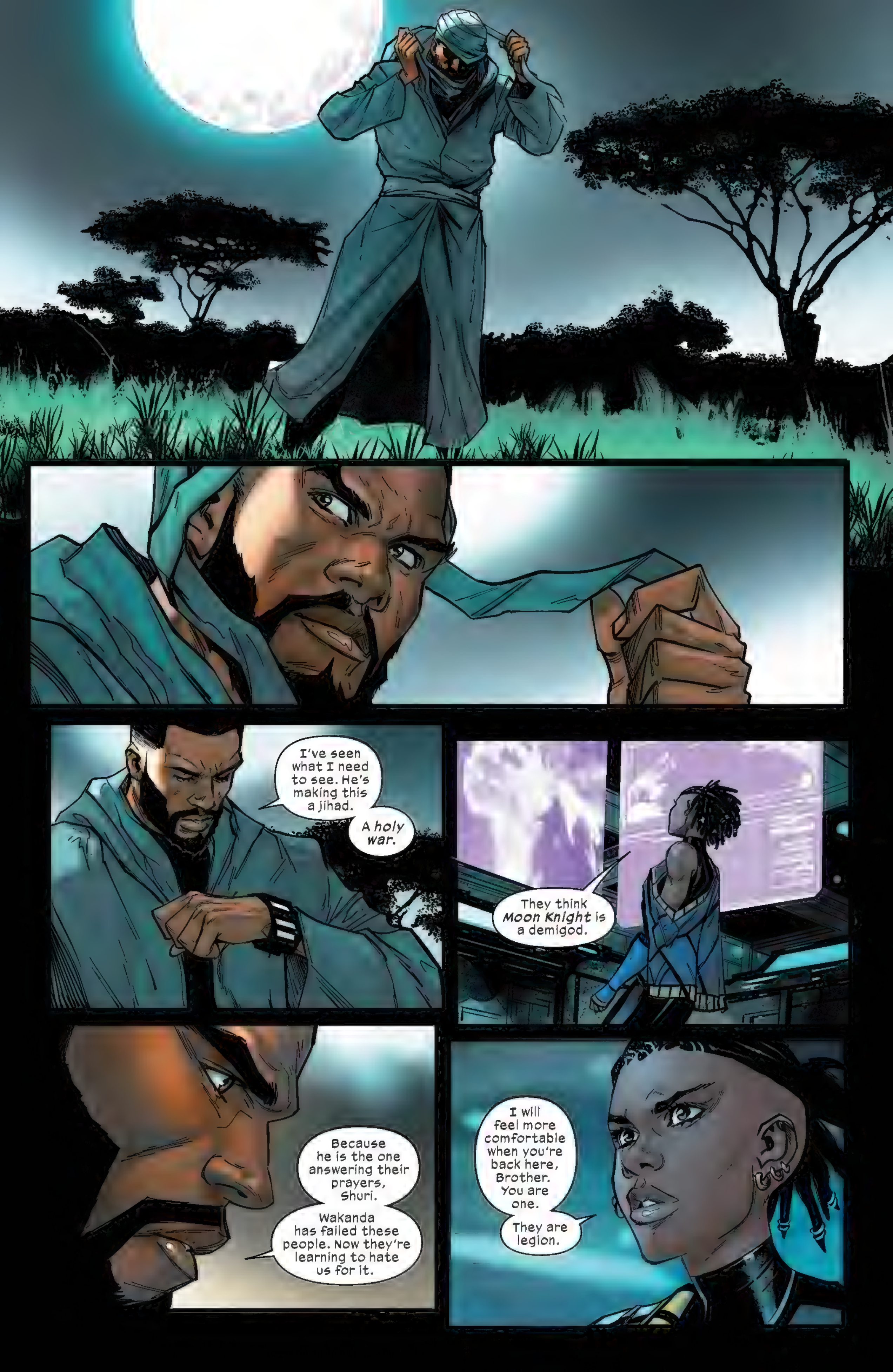

THOOOM
You're... not...supposed to be here.
Are you... *friend?*
We would like to be. We bring... opportunity.
I... don't... believe... you.

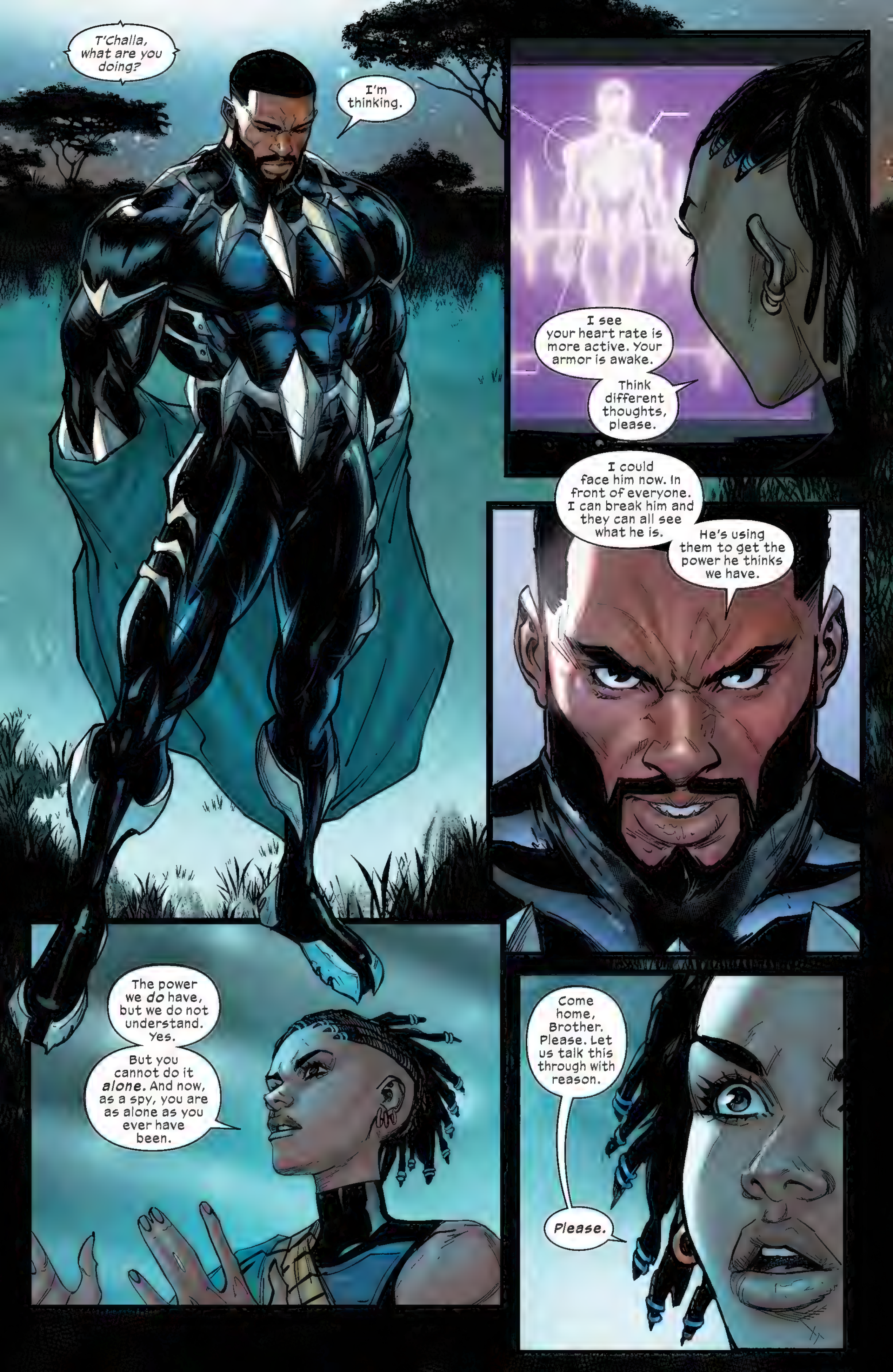

West Africa.
For how long have you *struggled?*
You are the *custodians* of a land with the *most powerful resources* on the *planet.*
A harsh land that *tests* you. Yet you all have *endured.*
Too long have you been taken for granted.
In my vision, you are *seen.*
In my power, you are *loved.*

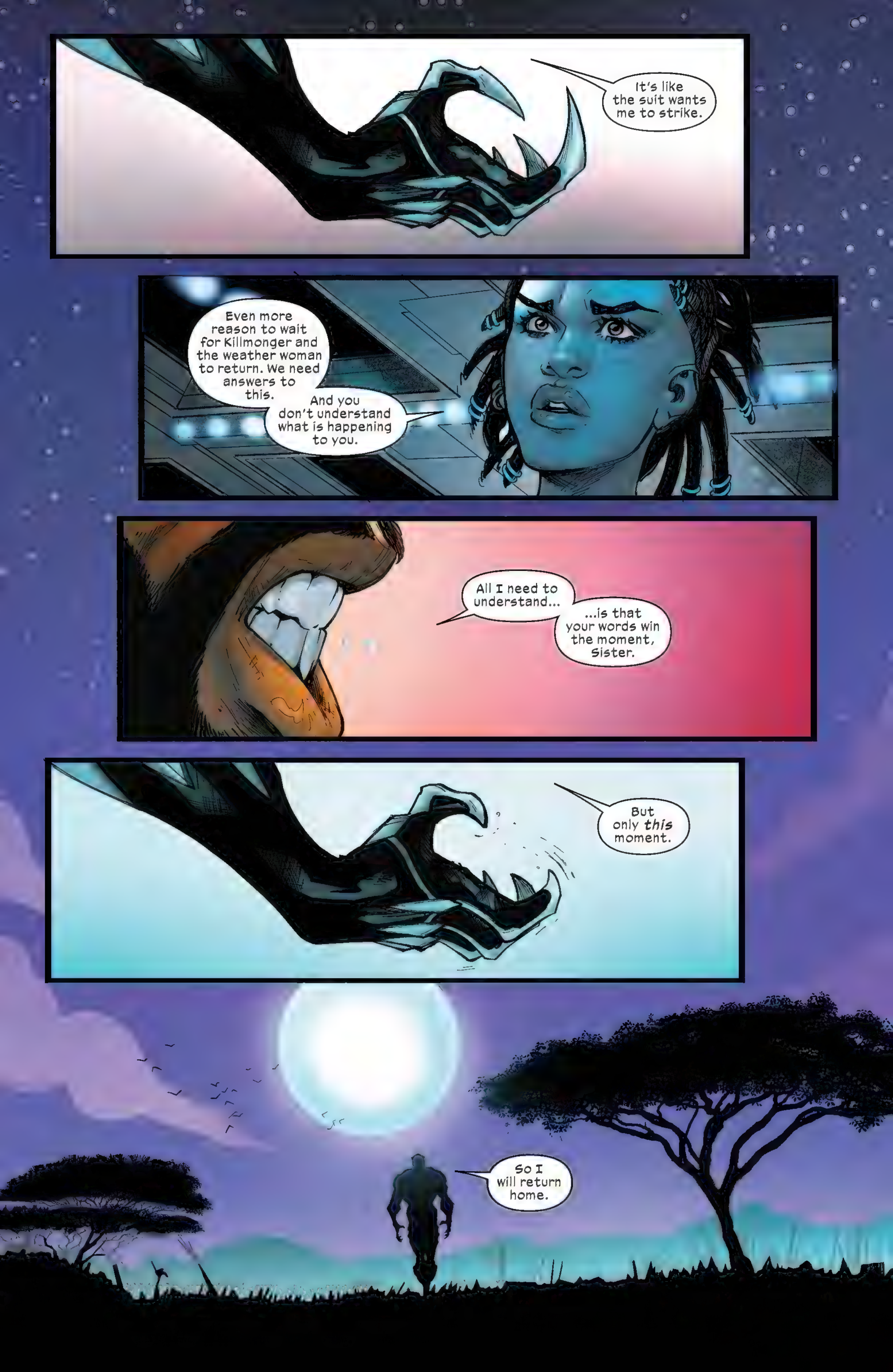

There is no least among you.
No prejudice of age.
I am the one who has given you invitation to the *future* you *deserve.*
And what has *Wakanda* done?
They hold their kingdom to themselves. *For* themselves.
While you *suffer* and *struggle.* While you are unaware of the sheer *power* you have in the Earth beneath you.

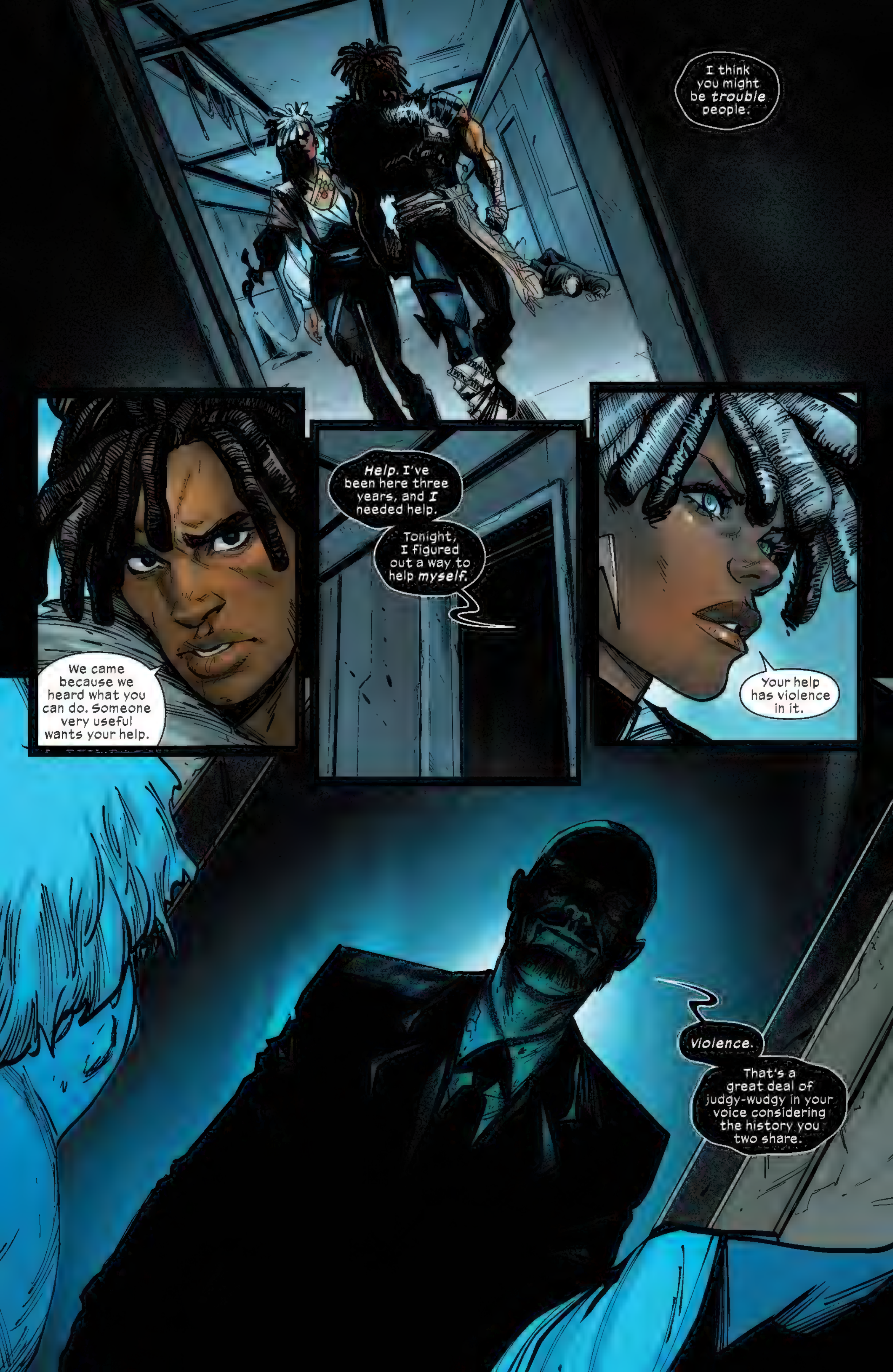

Vibranium.
It is far more than metal.
It holds the secrets to the cosmos. Inside it is the truth of all things.
And that power can be yours! This continent can make the world buckle and serve it!
And it will!
But I need your loyalty.
I need an army of the faithful. I need them to march with me. Against Wakanda.
Use me as your weapon. Pry their deceitful power from their hands.

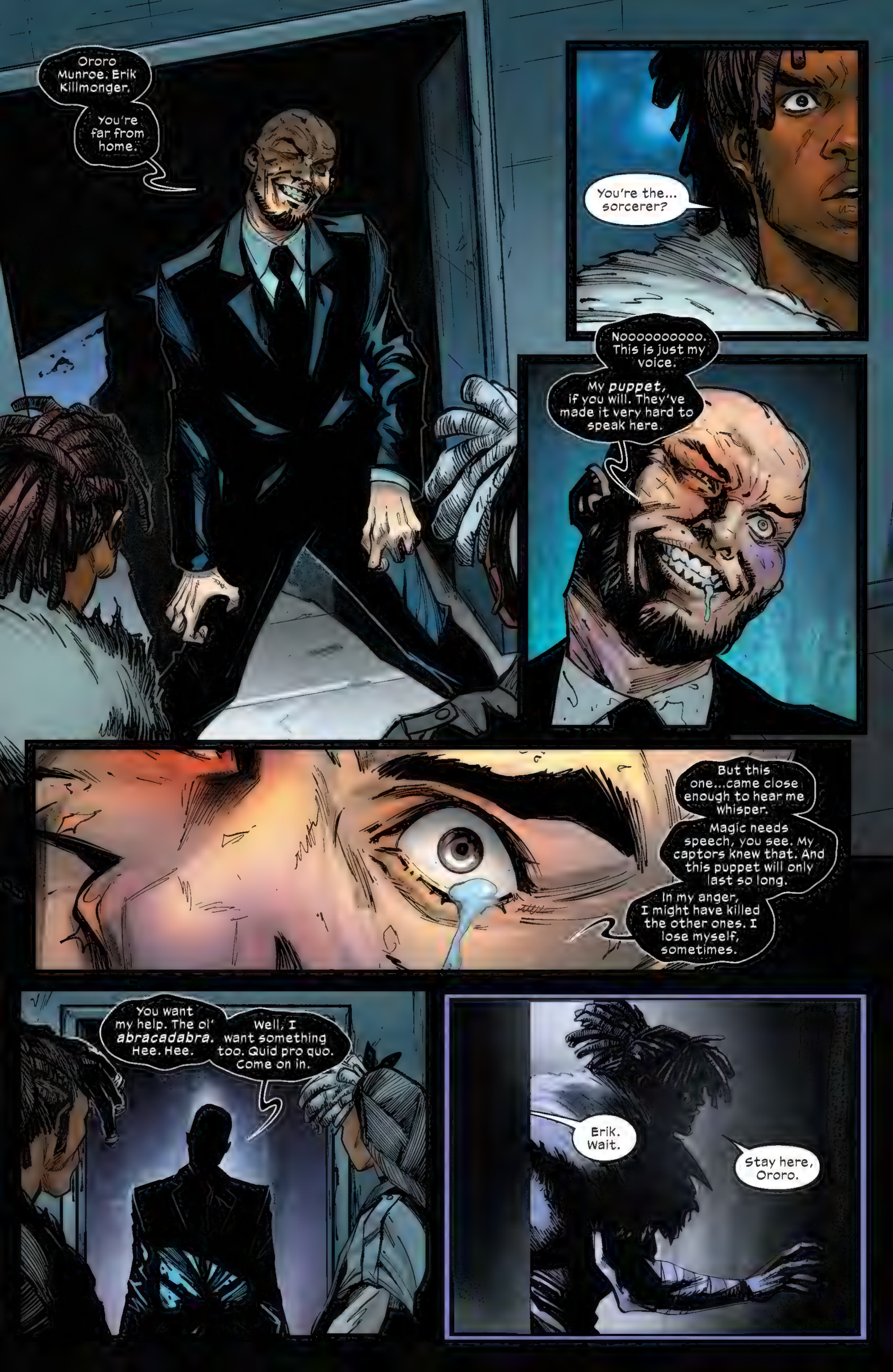

Who among you has the courage to end this war?!
Let Wakanda hear you!!!
Let me hear you...

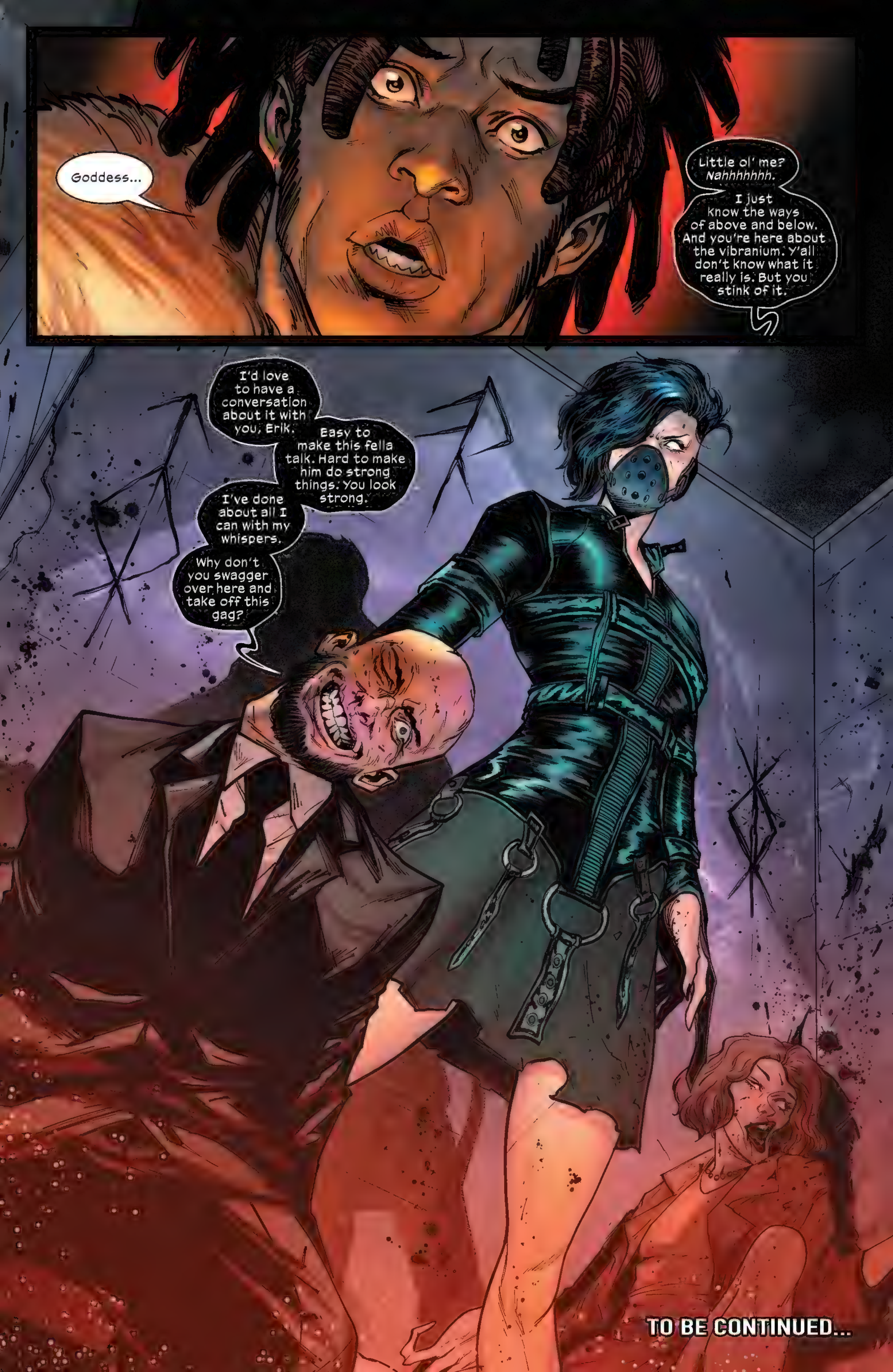

I've seen what I need to see. He's making this a jihad.
A *holy war.*
They think *Moon Knight* is a demigod.
Because he is the one answering their prayers, Shuri.
Wakanda has failed these people. Now they're learning to hate us for it.
I will feel more comfortable when you're back here, Brother. You are one.
They are legion.


T'Challa, what are you doing?
I'm thinking.
I see your heart rate is more active. Your armor is awake.
Think different thoughts, please.
I could face him now. In front of everyone. I can break him and they can all see what he is.
He's using them to get the power he thinks we have.
The power we *do* have, but we do not understand. Yes.
But you cannot do it *alone*. And now, as a spy, you are as alone as you ever have been.
Come home, Brother. Please. Let us talk this through with reason.
Please.


It's like the suit wants me to strike.
Even more reason to wait for Killmonger and the weather woman to return. We need answers to this.
And you don't understand what is happening to you.
All I need to understand...
...is that your words win the moment, Sister.
But only *this* moment.
So I will return home.


I think you might be *trouble* people.
We came because we heard what you can do. Someone very useful wants your help.
Help. I've been here three years, and *I* needed help.
Tonight, I figured out a way to help *myself.*
Your help has violence in it.
Violence.
That's a great deal of judgy-wudgy in your voice considering the history you two share.


Ororo Munroe. Erik Killmonger.
You're far from home.
You're the... sorcerer?
Noooooooooo. This is just my voice.
My *puppet*, if you will. They've made it very hard to speak here.
But this one...came close enough to hear me whisper.
Magic needs speech, you see. My captors knew that. And this puppet will only last so long.
In my anger, I might have killed the other ones. I lose myself, sometimes.
You want my help. The ol' *abracadabra*. Hee. Hee.
Well, I want something too. Quid pro quo. Come on in.
Erik. Wait.
Stay here, Ororo.


Goddess...
Little ol' me? *Nahhhhhhh.*
I just know the ways of above and below. And you're here about the vibranium. Y'all don't know what it really is. But you stink of it.
I'd love to have a conversation about it with you, Erik.
Easy to make this fella talk. Hard to make him do strong things. You look strong.
I've done about all I can with my whispers.
Why don't you swagger over here and take off this gag?
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

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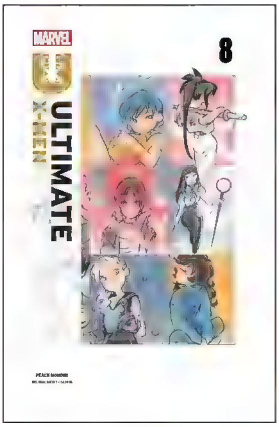
MARVEL
ULTIMATE
X-MEN
8
PEACH MOMOKO

ULTIMATE X-MEN #8

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
5

ULTIMATES #5

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **JUAN FRIGERI**

8

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **MAKER'S COUNCIL**, whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world. Overseeing the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")** is **SUNFIRE** and his right hand, **VIPER.**

In Hi No Kuni, a group of high schoolers—**HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)**, **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** and **NICO MINORU**—have been searching for answers behind powers that awakened to protect them in times of need...including against a **SHADOW** threatening Hisako and claiming to know her dead childhood friend **TSUBASA.**

The search led them to a cult called **CHILDREN OF THE ATOM**, but they aren't the only ones on the hunt. A senior at their school, **KANON SAINOUCHI (PSYLOCKE)**, and her brother, **TATSUYA**, a police officer, found a suitcase with human remains inside that is connected to the cult...and to Viper.

WRITER & ARTIST: **PEACH MOMOKO**

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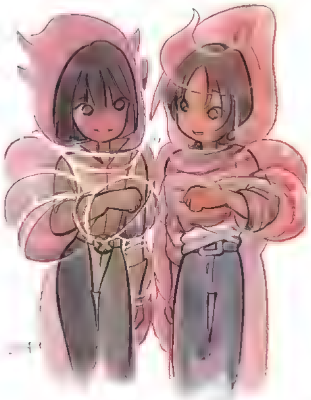
X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**



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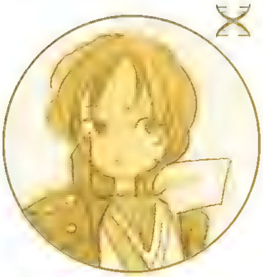
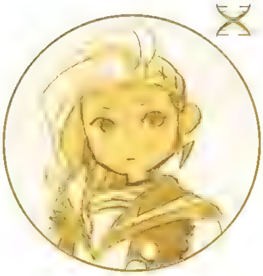
ULTIMATE X-MEN

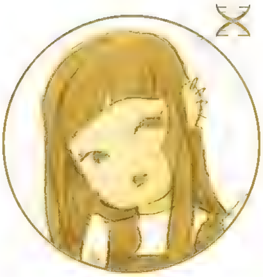
CAST:



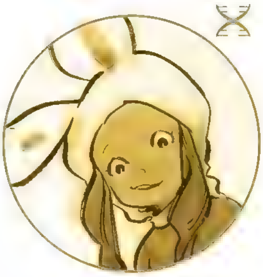
HISAKO ICHIKI
ARMOR



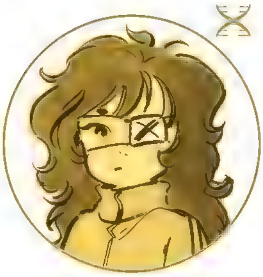
MEI IGARASHI
MAYSTORM



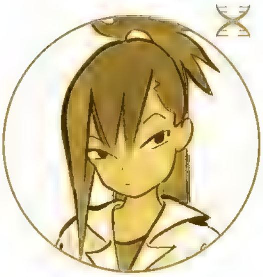
NICO MINORU
FLEDGLING PSYCHIC



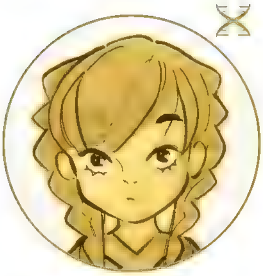
MORI
NICO'S FRIEND



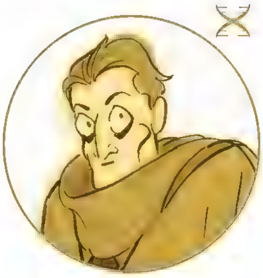
NATSU TSUKISHIMA
NICO'S FRIEND



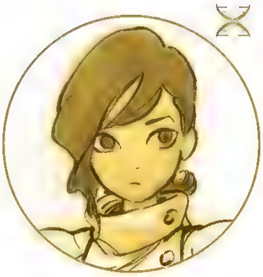
KANON SAINOUCHI
PSYLOCKE



NORIKO ASHIDA
SURGE, MEMBER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

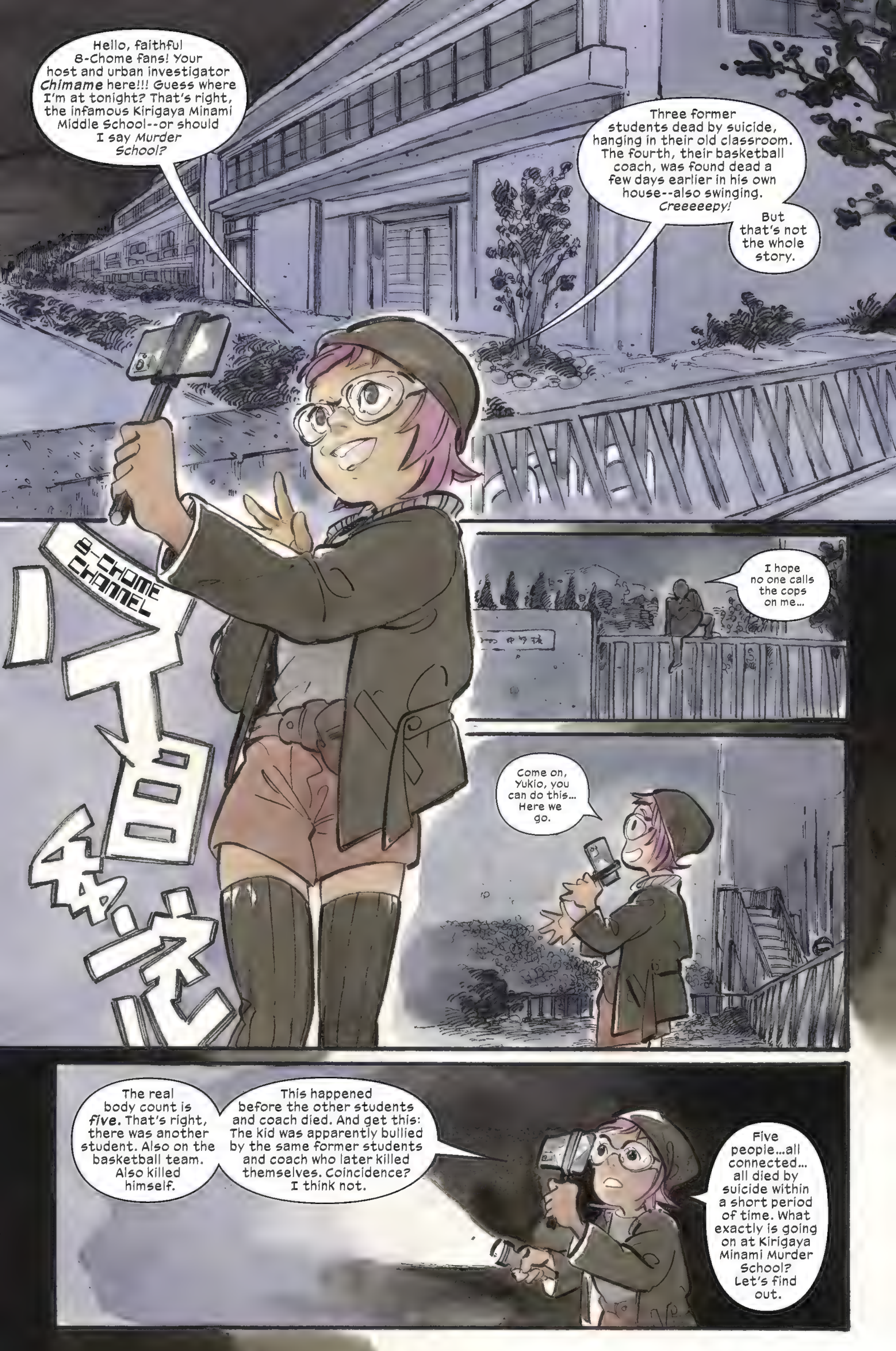


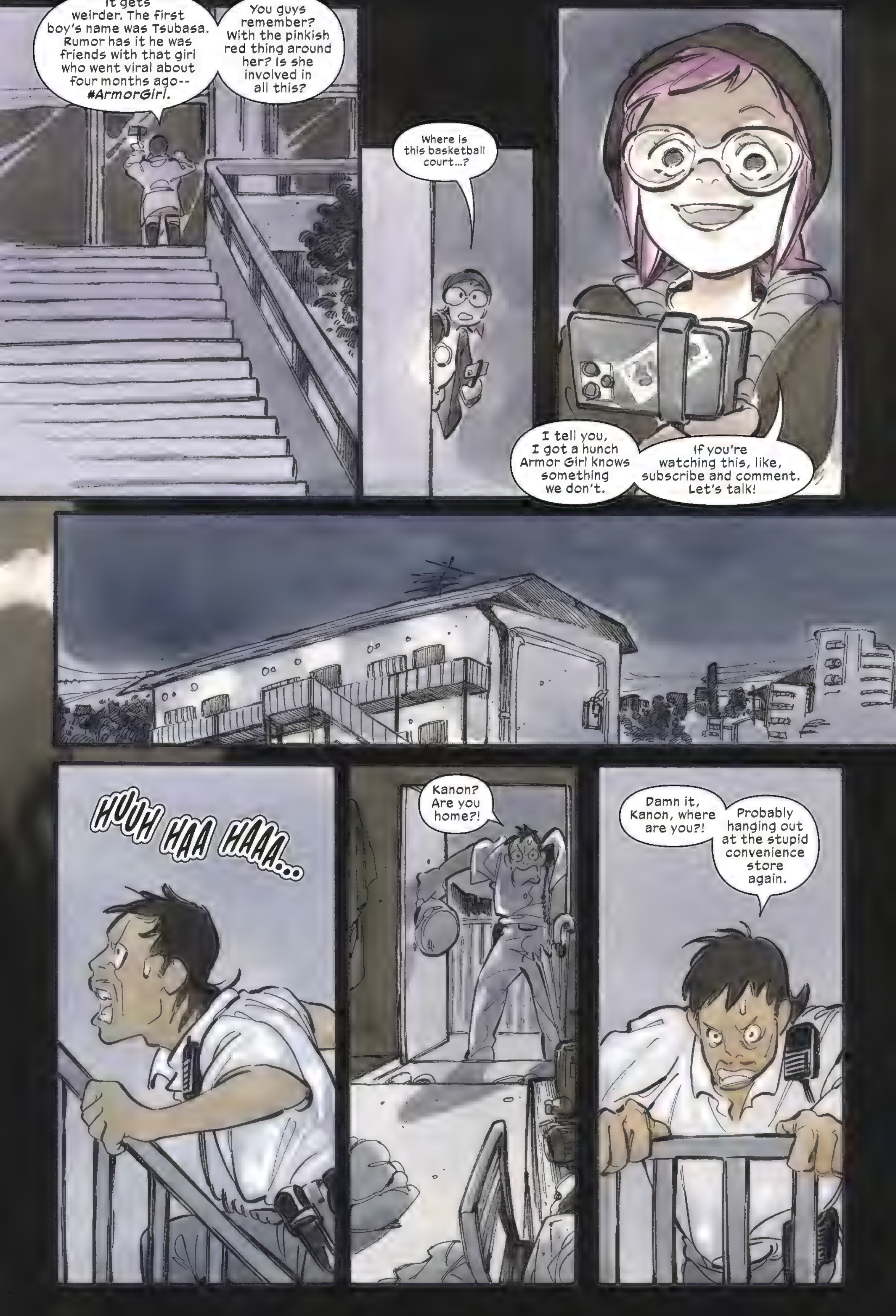
MAESTER
LEADER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

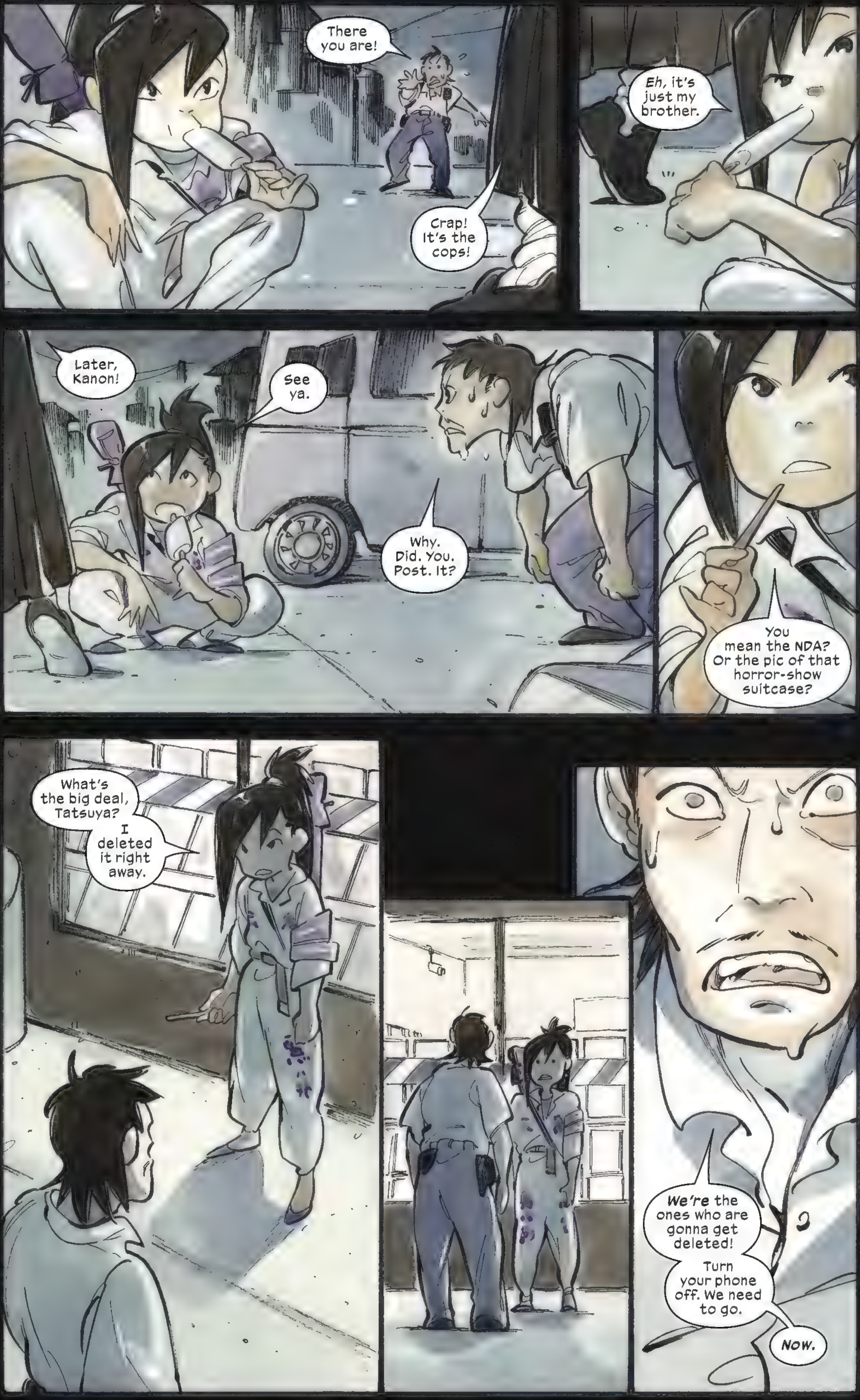


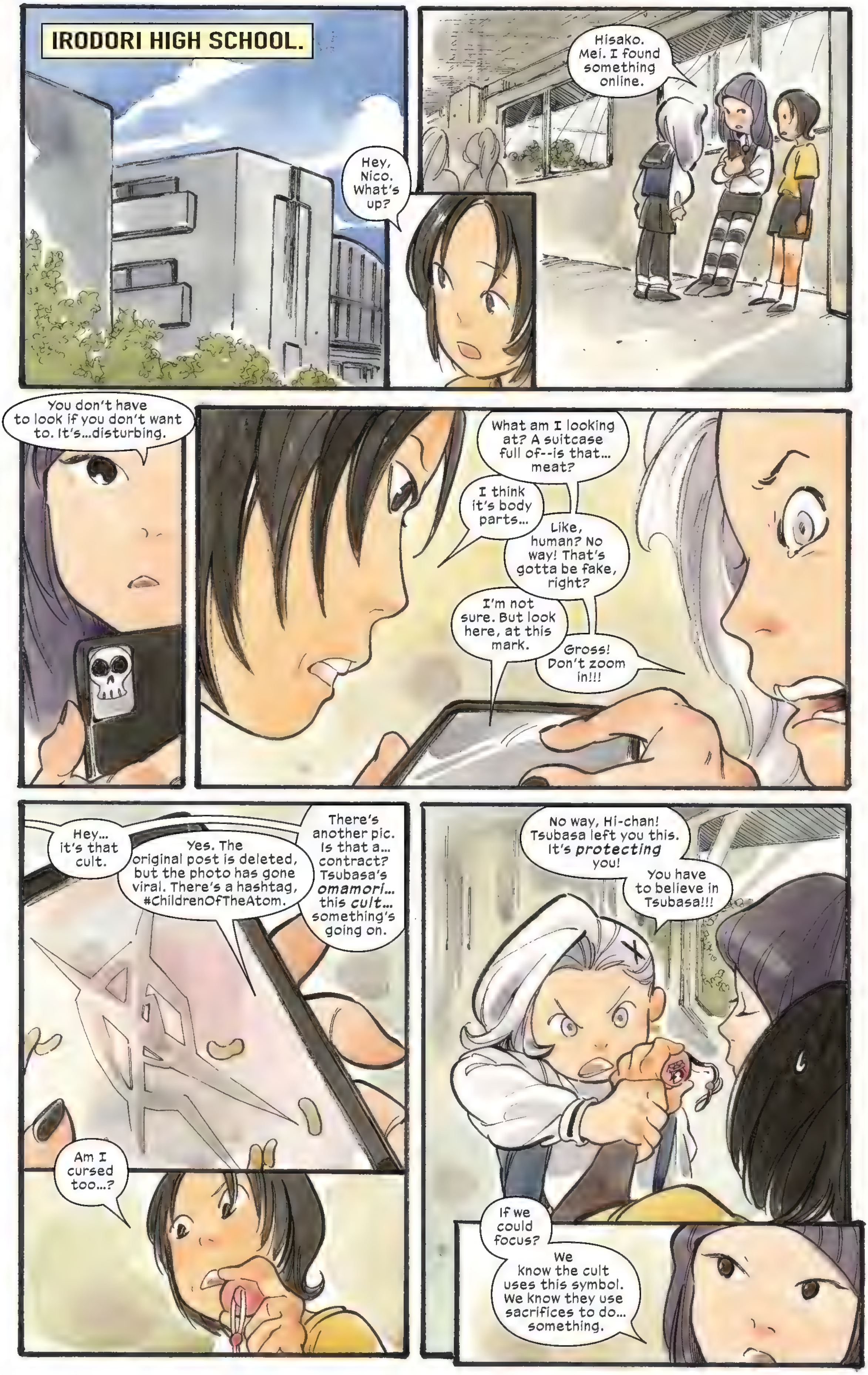
VIPER
PART OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

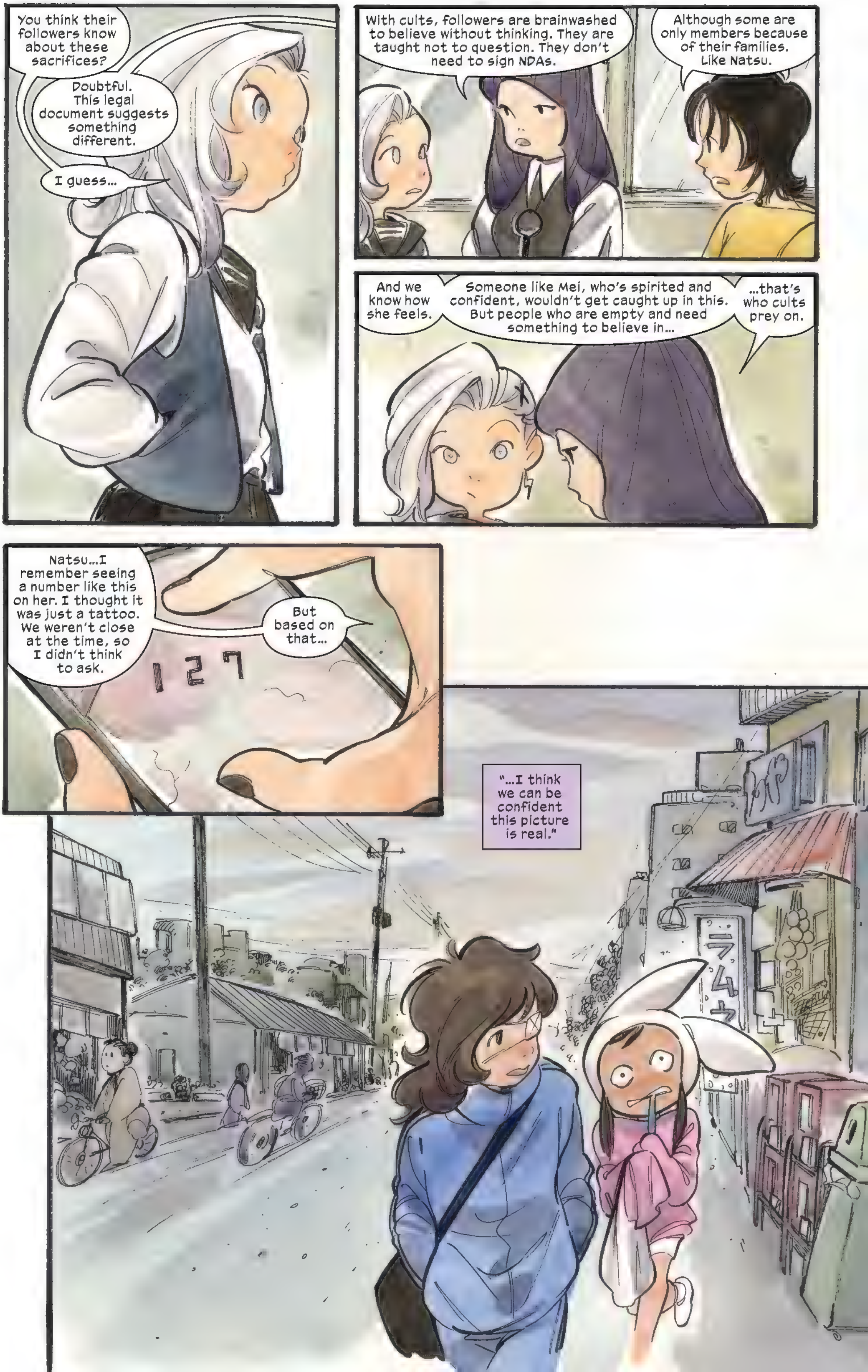
OCTOBER 2024

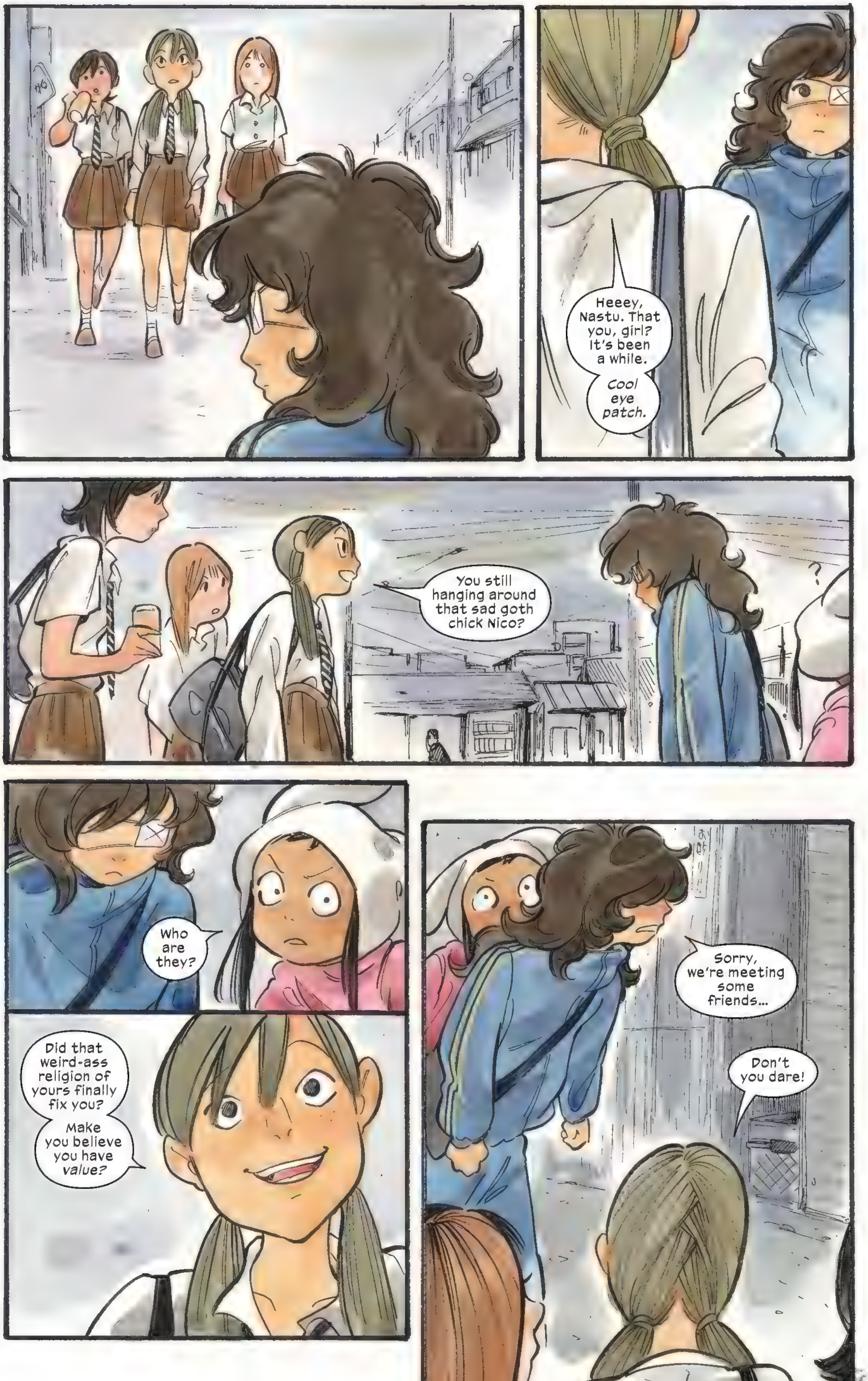

Hello, faithful 8-Chome fans! Your host and urban investigator *Chimame* here!!! Guess where I'm at tonight? That's right, the infamous Kirigaya Minami Middle School--or should I say *Murder School?*
Three former students dead by suicide, hanging in their old classroom. The fourth, their basketball coach, was found dead a few days earlier in his own house--also swinging. *Creeeeepy!*
But that's not the whole story.
8-CHOME CHANNEL
I hope no one calls the cops on me...
Come on, Yukio, you can do this... Here we go.
The real body count is ***five.*** That's right, there was another student. Also on the basketball team. Also killed himself.
This happened before the other students and coach died. And get this: The kid was apparently bullied by the same former students and coach who later killed themselves. Coincidence? I think not.
Five people...all connected... all died by suicide within a short period of time. What exactly is going on at Kirigaya Minami Murder School? Let's find out.

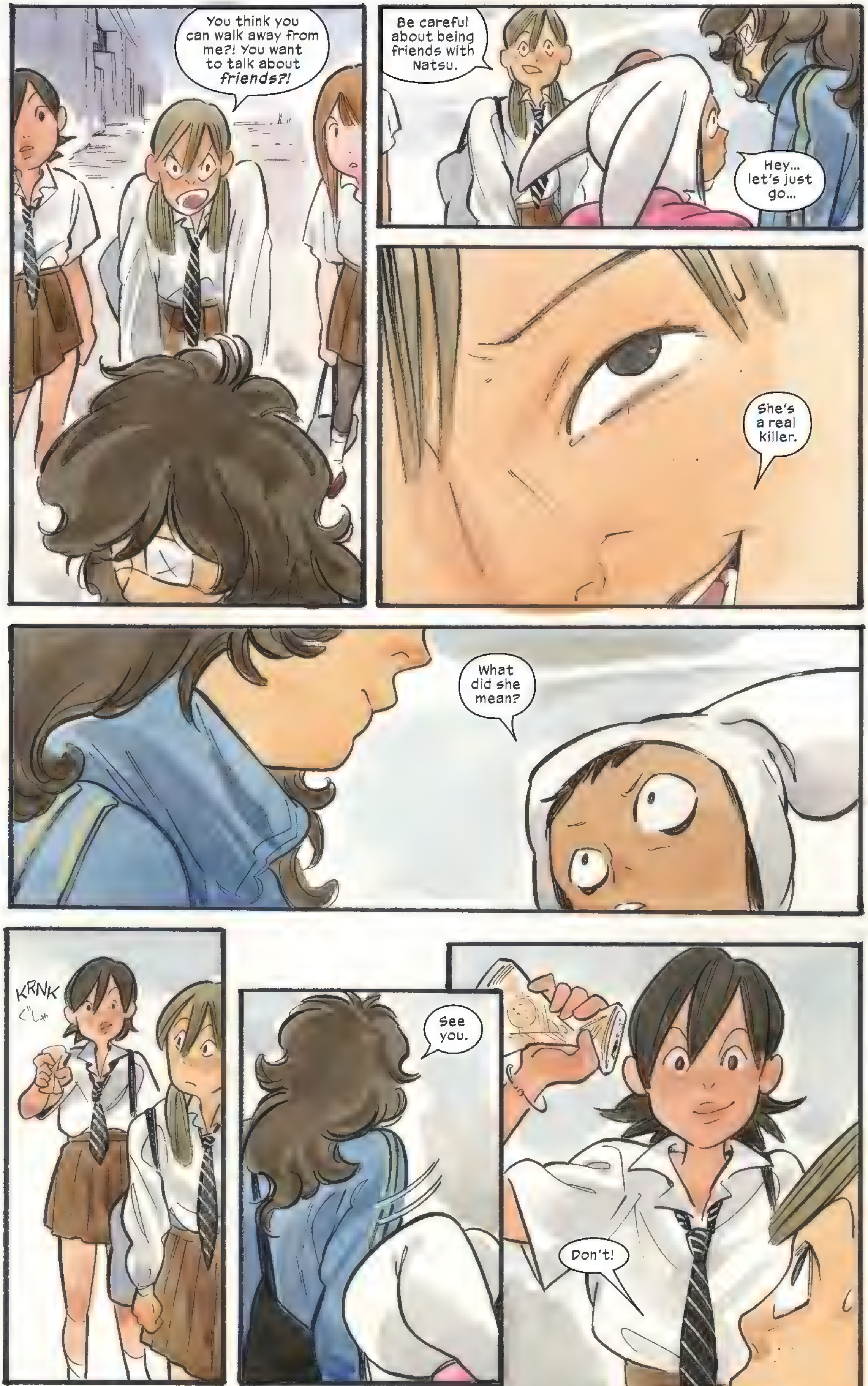

It gets weirder. The first boy's name was Tsubasa. Rumor has it he was friends with that girl who went viral about four months ago-- #ArmorGirl.
You guys remember? With the pinkish red thing around her? Is she involved in all this?
Where is this basketball court...?
I tell you, I got a hunch Armor Girl knows something we don't.
If you're watching this, like, subscribe and comment. Let's talk!
HUUH HAA HAAA...
Kanon? Are you home?!
Damn it, Kanon, where are you?!
Probably hanging out at the stupid convenience store again.

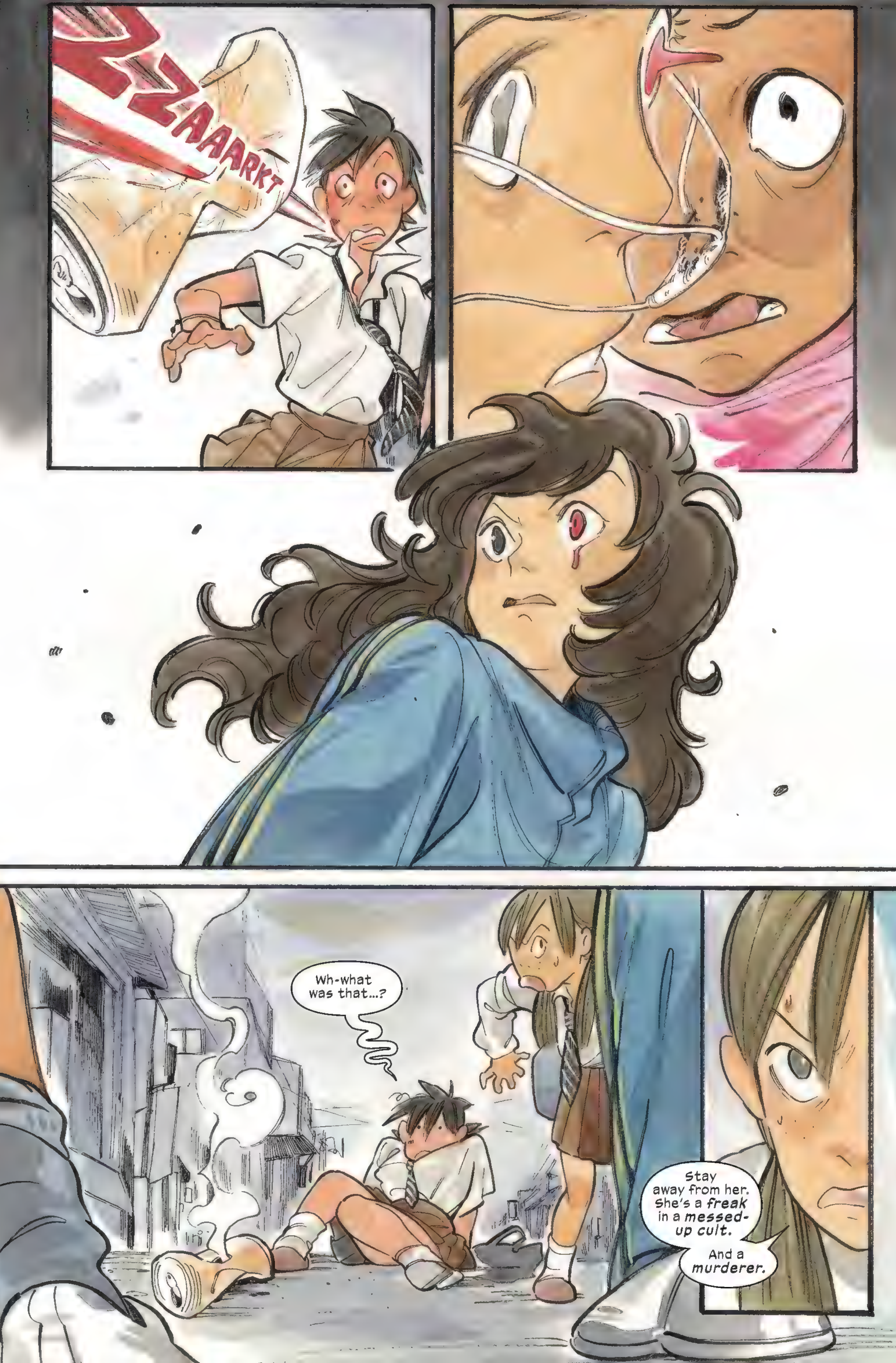

There you are!
Crap! It's the cops!
Eh, it's just my brother.
Later, Kanon!
See ya.
Why. Did. You. Post. It?
You mean the NDA? Or the pic of that horror-show suitcase?
What's the big deal, Tatsuya?
I deleted it right away.
We're the ones who are gonna get deleted!
Turn your phone off. We need to go.
Now.

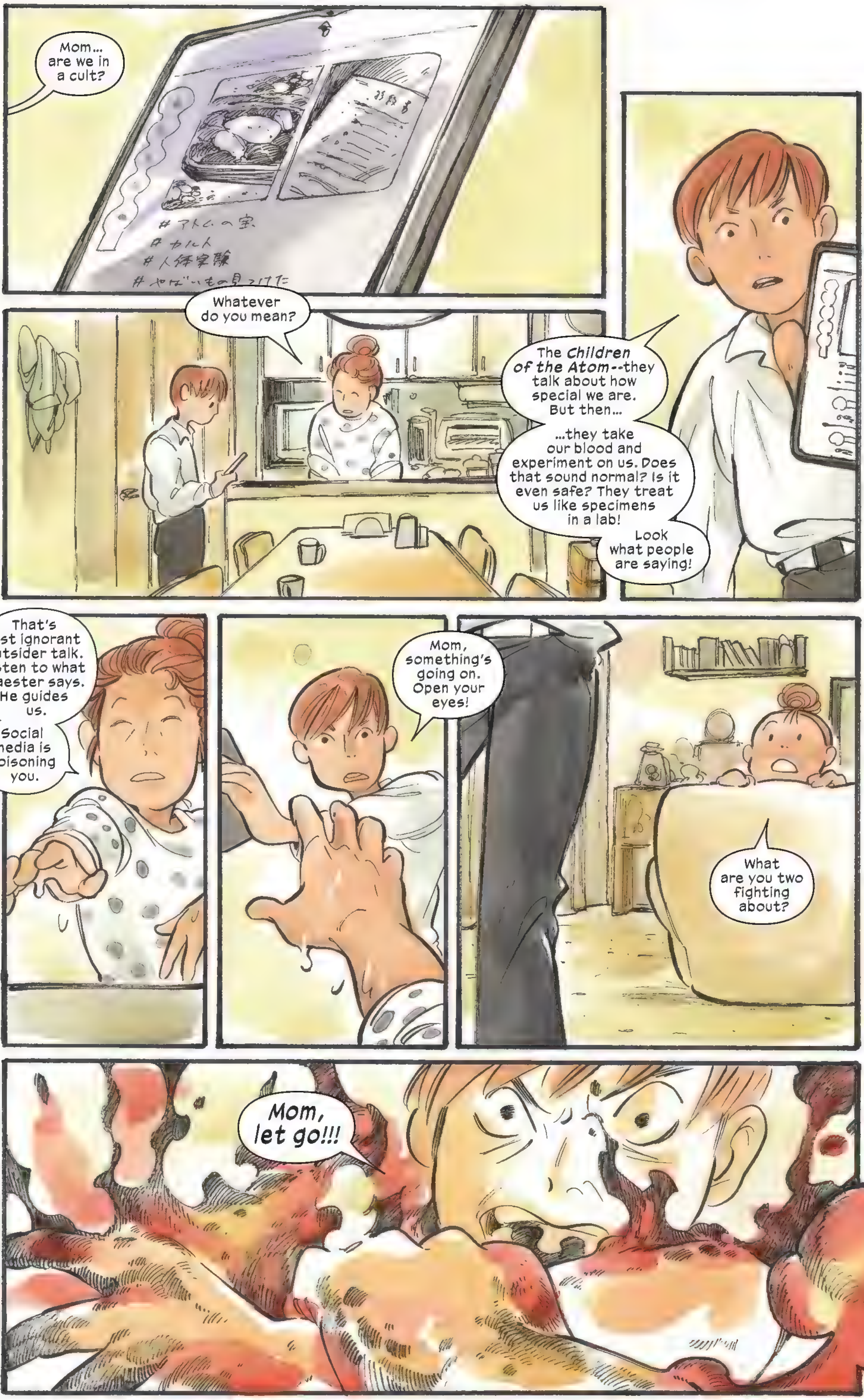

IRODORI HIGH SCHOOL.
Hisako. Mei. I found something online.
Hey, Nico. What's up?
You don't have to look if you don't want to. It's...disturbing.
What am I looking at? A suitcase full of--is that... meat?
I think it's body parts...
Like, human? No way! That's gotta be fake, right?
I'm not sure. But look here, at this mark.
Gross! Don't zoom in!!!
Hey... it's that cult.
Yes. The original post is deleted, but the photo has gone viral. There's a hashtag, #ChildrenOfTheAtom.
There's another pic. Is that a... contract? Tsubasa's *omamori*... this *cult*... something's going on.
Am I cursed too...?
No way, Hi-chan! Tsubasa left you this. It's *protecting* you!
You have to believe in Tsubasa!!!
If we could focus?
We know the cult uses this symbol. We know they use sacrifices to do... something.

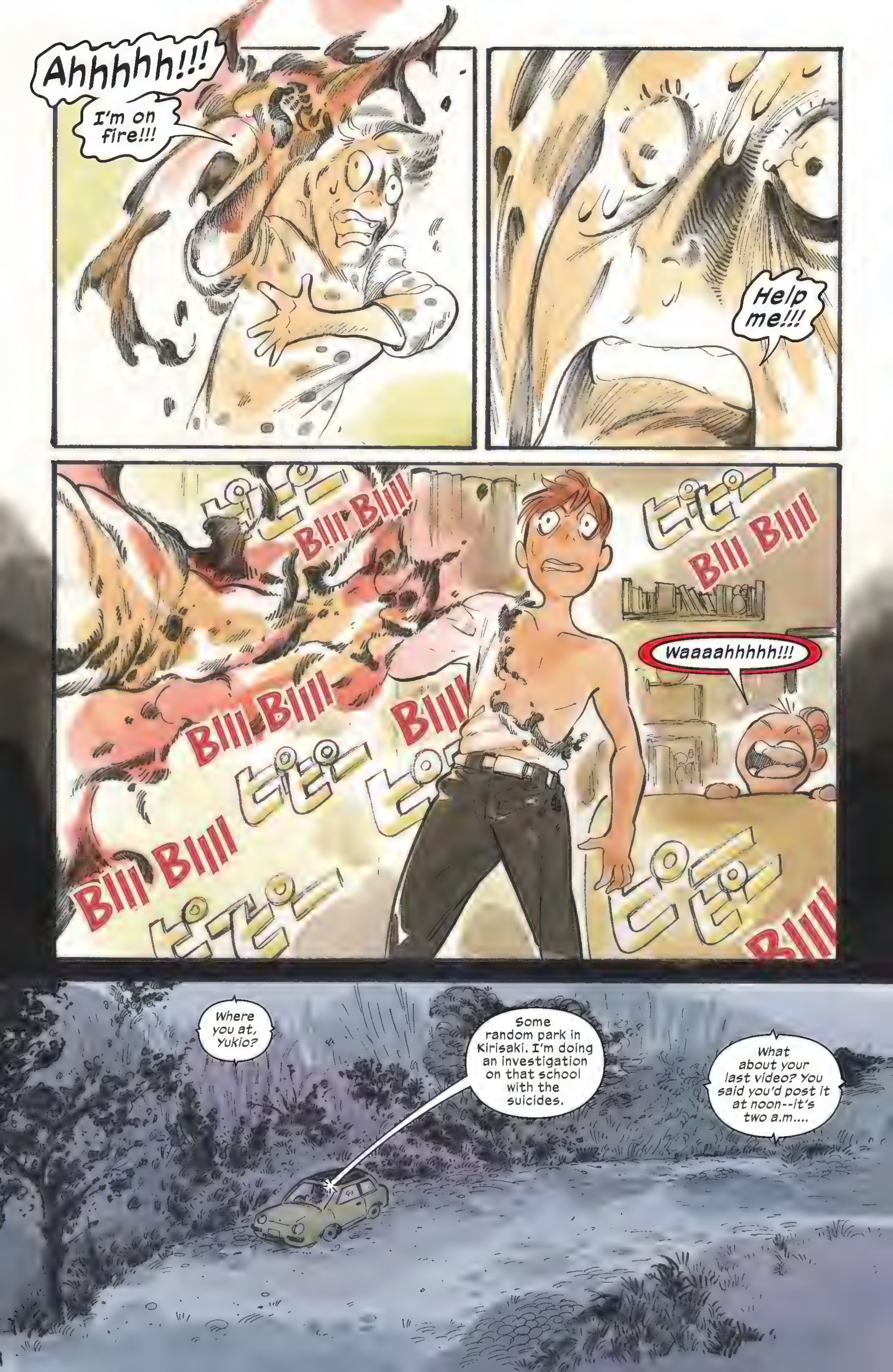

You think their followers know about these sacrifices?
Doubtful. This legal document suggests something different.
I guess...
With cults, followers are brainwashed to believe without thinking. They are taught not to question. They don't need to sign NDAs.
Although some are only members because of their families. Like Natsu.
And we know how she feels.
Someone like Mei, who's spirited and confident, wouldn't get caught up in this. But people who are empty and need something to believe in...
...that's who cults prey on.
Natsu...I remember seeing a number like this on her. I thought it was just a tattoo. We weren't close at the time, so I didn't think to ask.
127
But based on that...
"...I think we can be confident this picture is real."
ラムネ

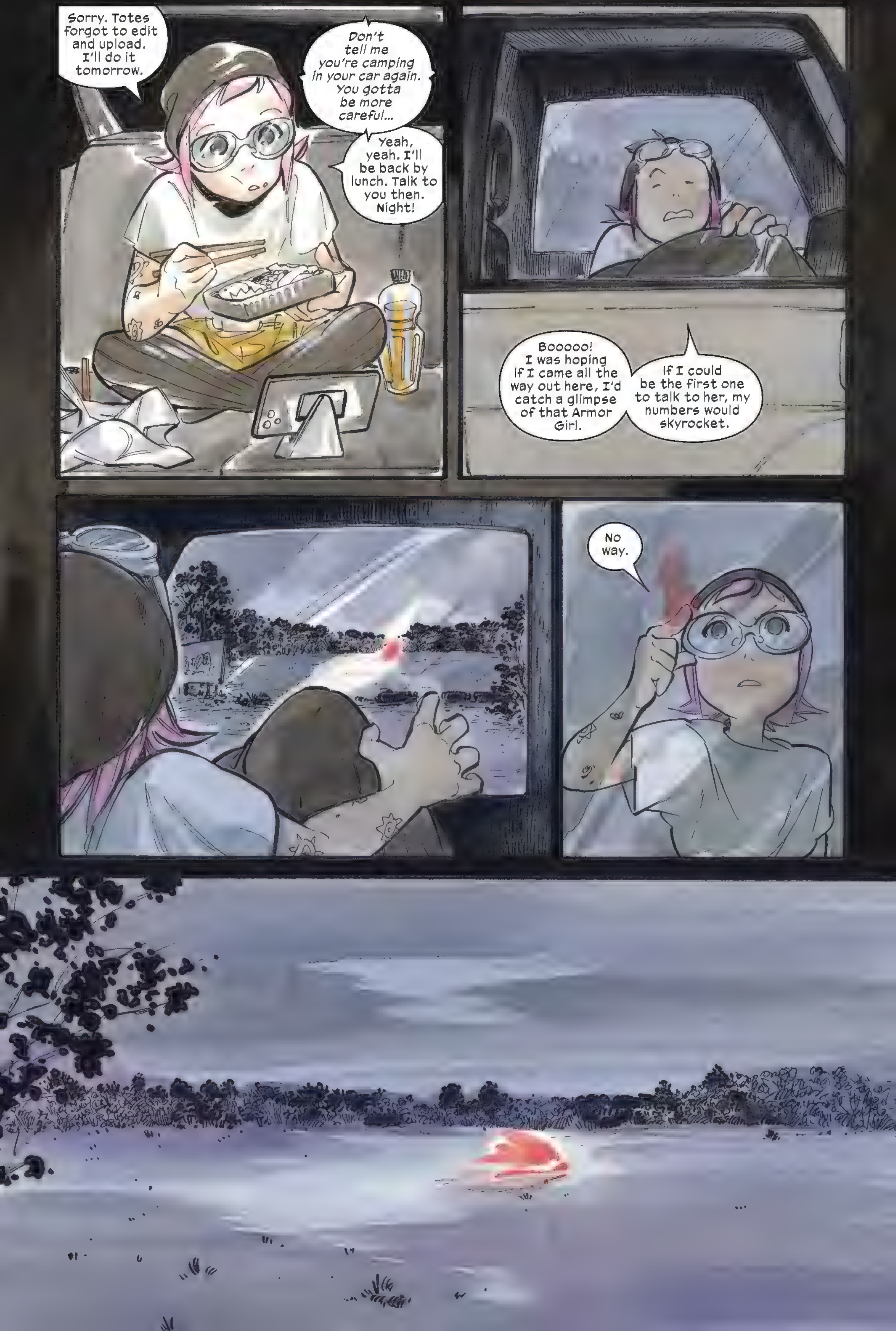

Heeey, Nastu. That you, girl? It's been a while.
Cool eye patch.
You still hanging around that sad goth chick Nico?
?
Who are they?
Did that weird-ass religion of yours finally fix you?
Make you believe you have *value?*
Sorry, we're meeting some friends...
Don't you dare!

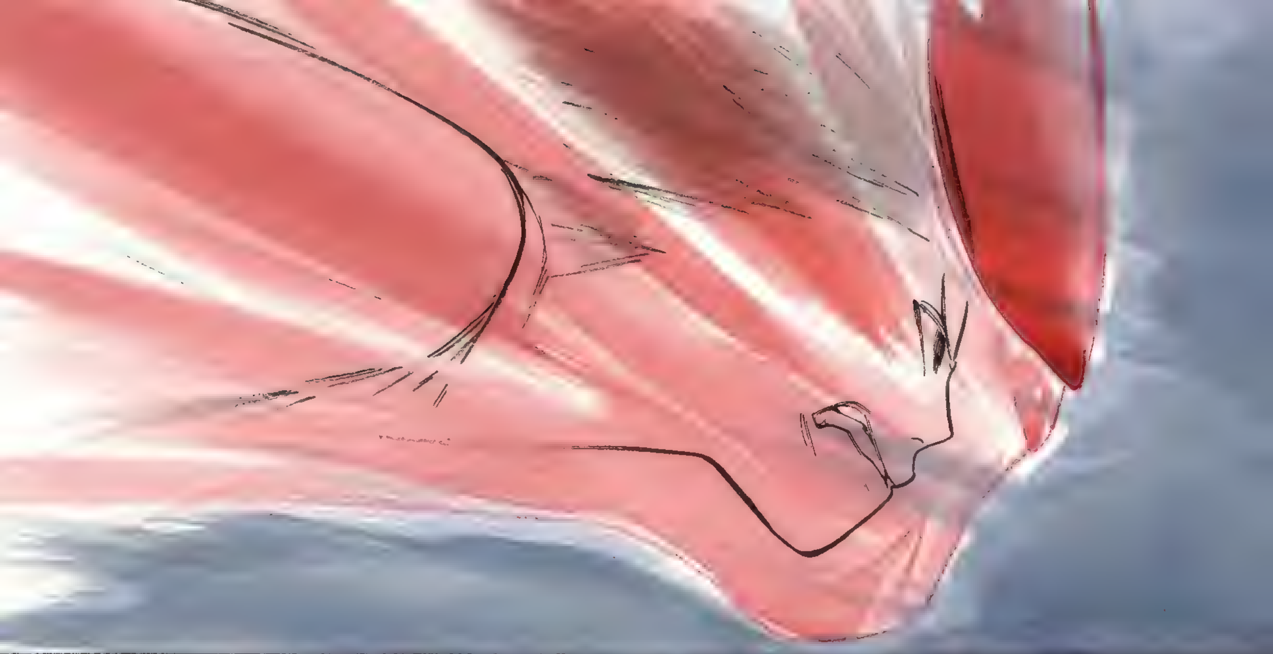

You think you can walk away from me?! You want to talk about *friends?!*
Be careful about being friends with Natsu.
Hey... let's just go...
She's a real killer.
What did she mean?
KRNK
ぐしゃ
See you.
Don't!

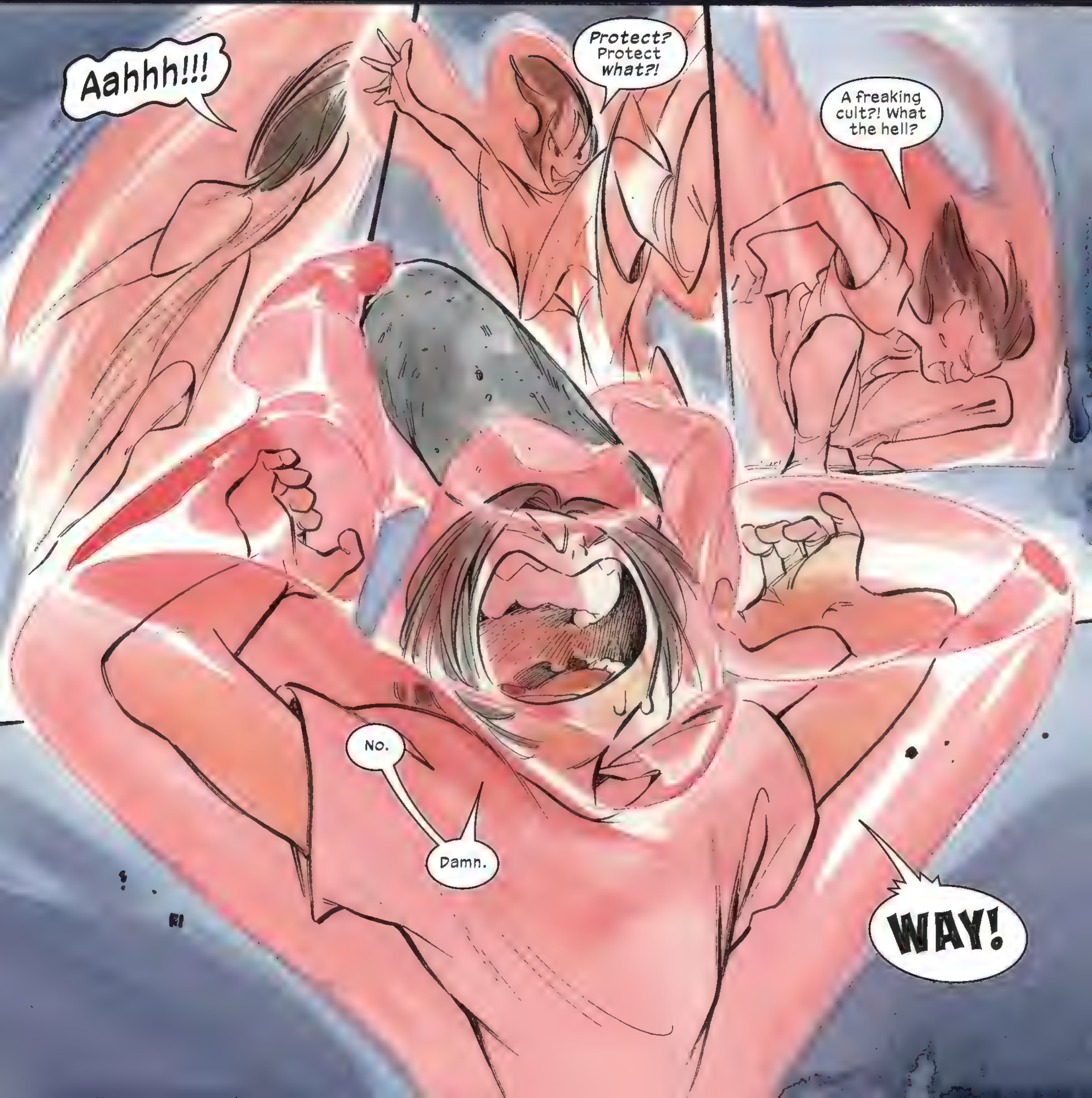

ZZAAAARKT
Wh-what was that...?
Stay away from her. She's a *freak* in a *messed-up cult.*
And a *murderer.*

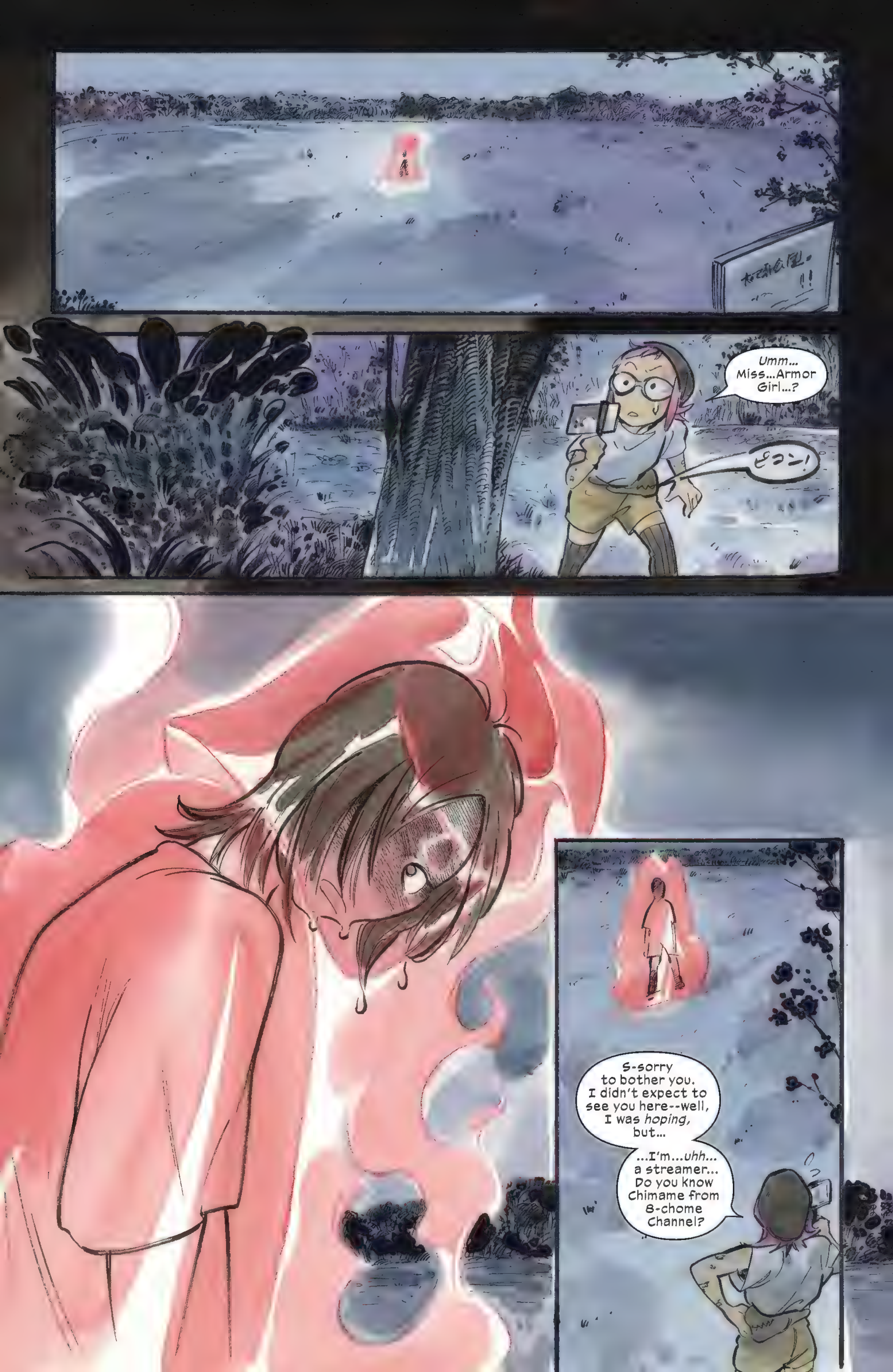

Mom... are we in a cult?
#アトムの宝
#カルト
#人体実験
#やばいもの見つけた
Whatever do you mean?
The *Children of the Atom*--they talk about how special we are. But then...
...they take our blood and experiment on us. Does that sound normal? Is it even safe? They treat us like specimens in a lab!
Look what people are saying!
That's just ignorant outsider talk. Listen to what Maester says. He guides us.
Social media is poisoning you.
Mom, something's going on. Open your eyes!
What are you two fighting about?
Mom, let go!!!

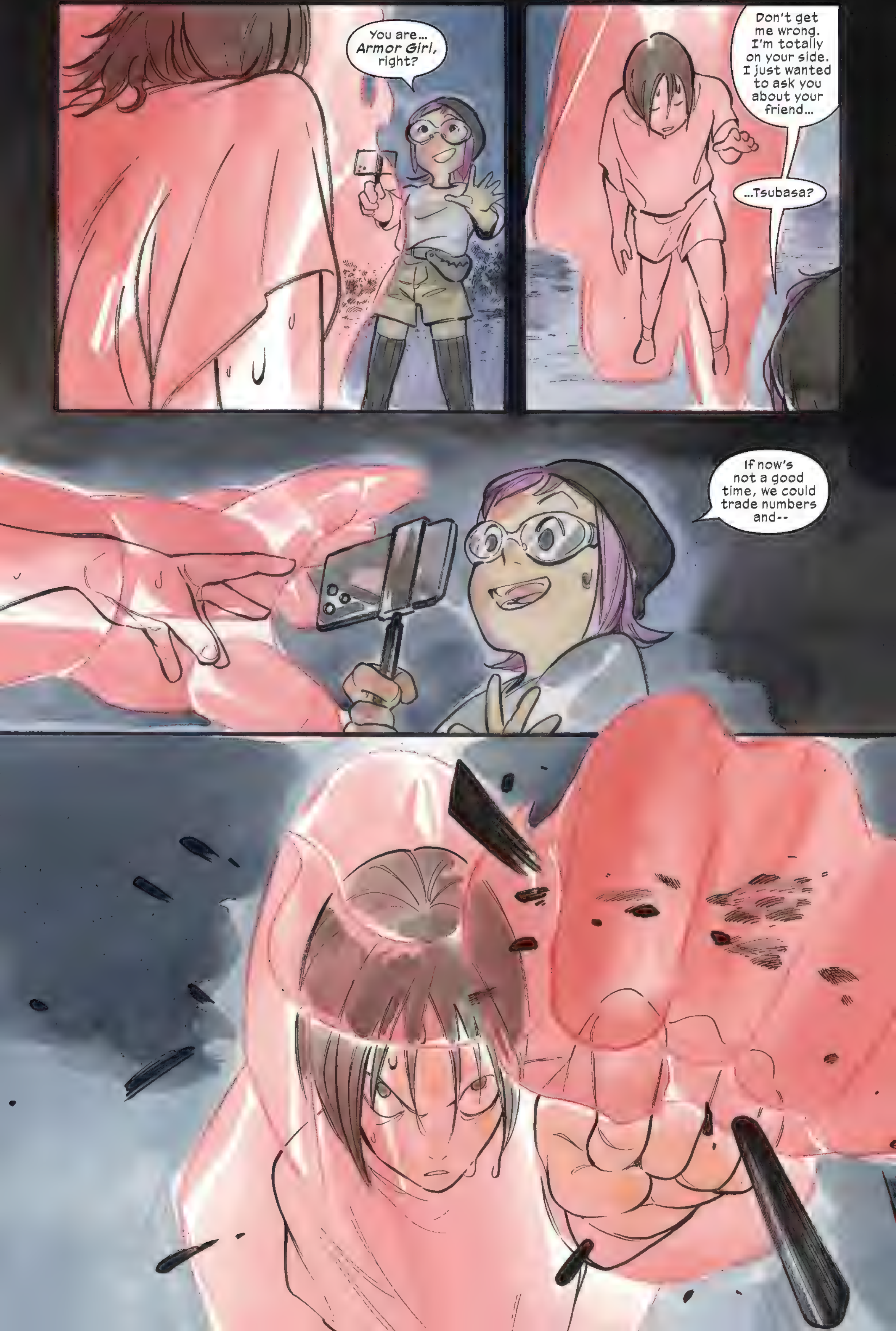

Ahhhhh!!!
I'm on fire!!!
Help me!!!
ピピー
Blll Blll
Waaaahhhhh!!!
Blll Blll
Blll
ピピー
Blll Blll
Blll
Where you at, Yukio?
Some random park in Kirisaki. I'm doing an investigation on that school with the suicides.
What about your last video? You said you'd post it at noon--it's two a.m....

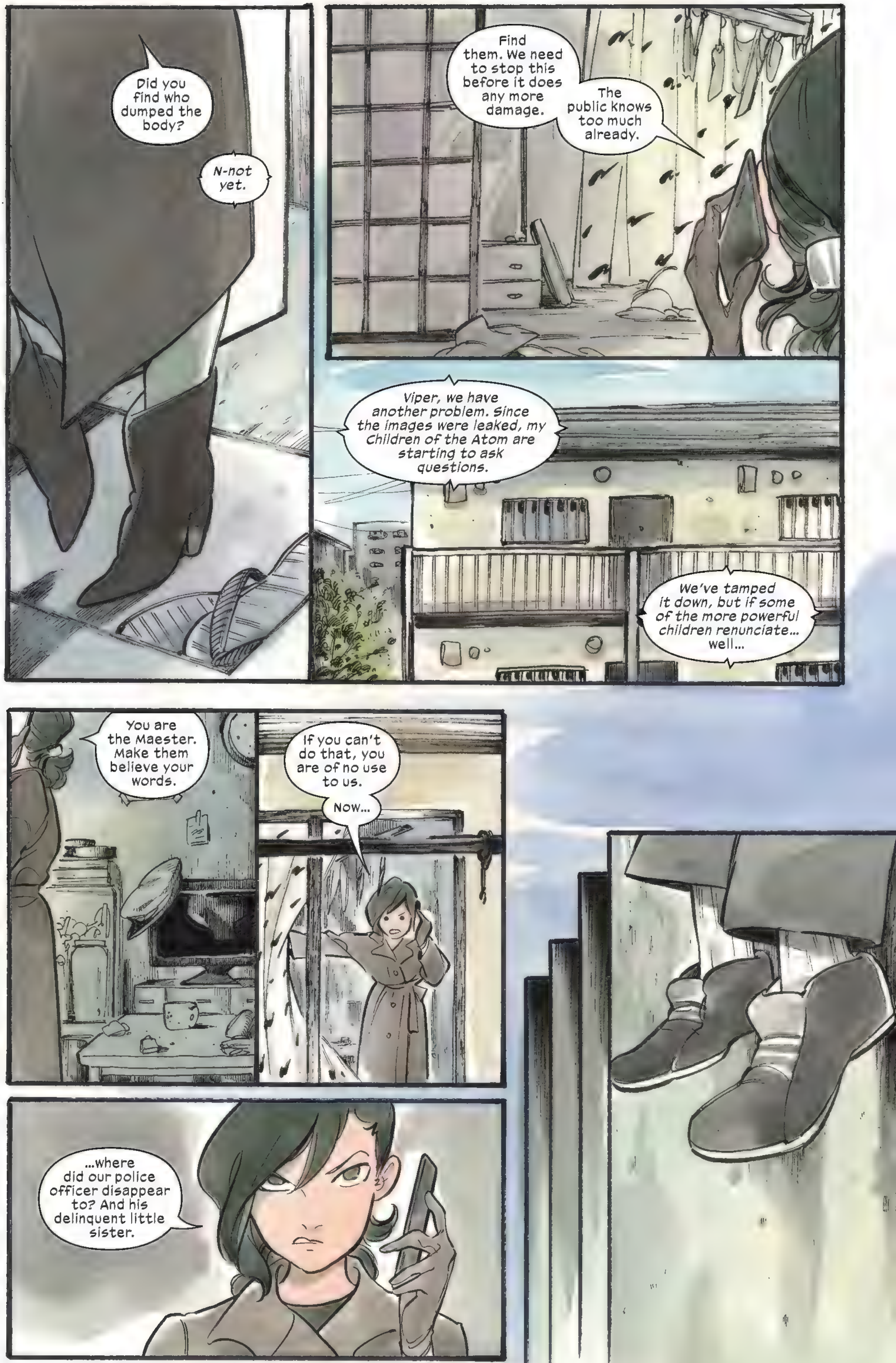

Sorry. Totes forgot to edit and upload. I'll do it tomorrow.
Don't tell me you're camping in your car again. You gotta be more careful...
Yeah, yeah. I'll be back by lunch. Talk to you then. Night!
Boooooo! I was hoping if I came all the way out here, I'd catch a glimpse of that Armor Girl.
If I could be the first one to talk to her, my numbers would skyrocket.
No way.

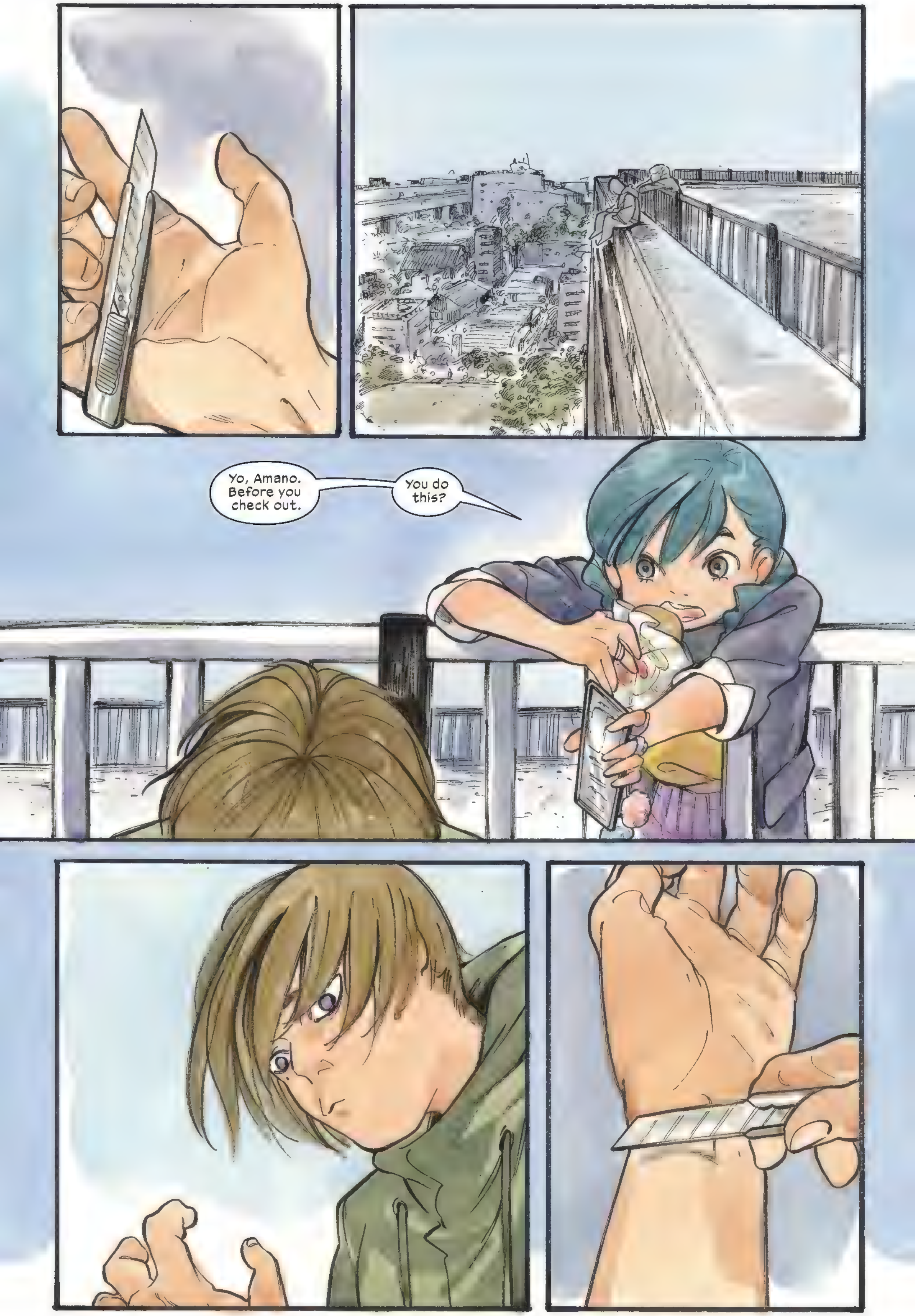


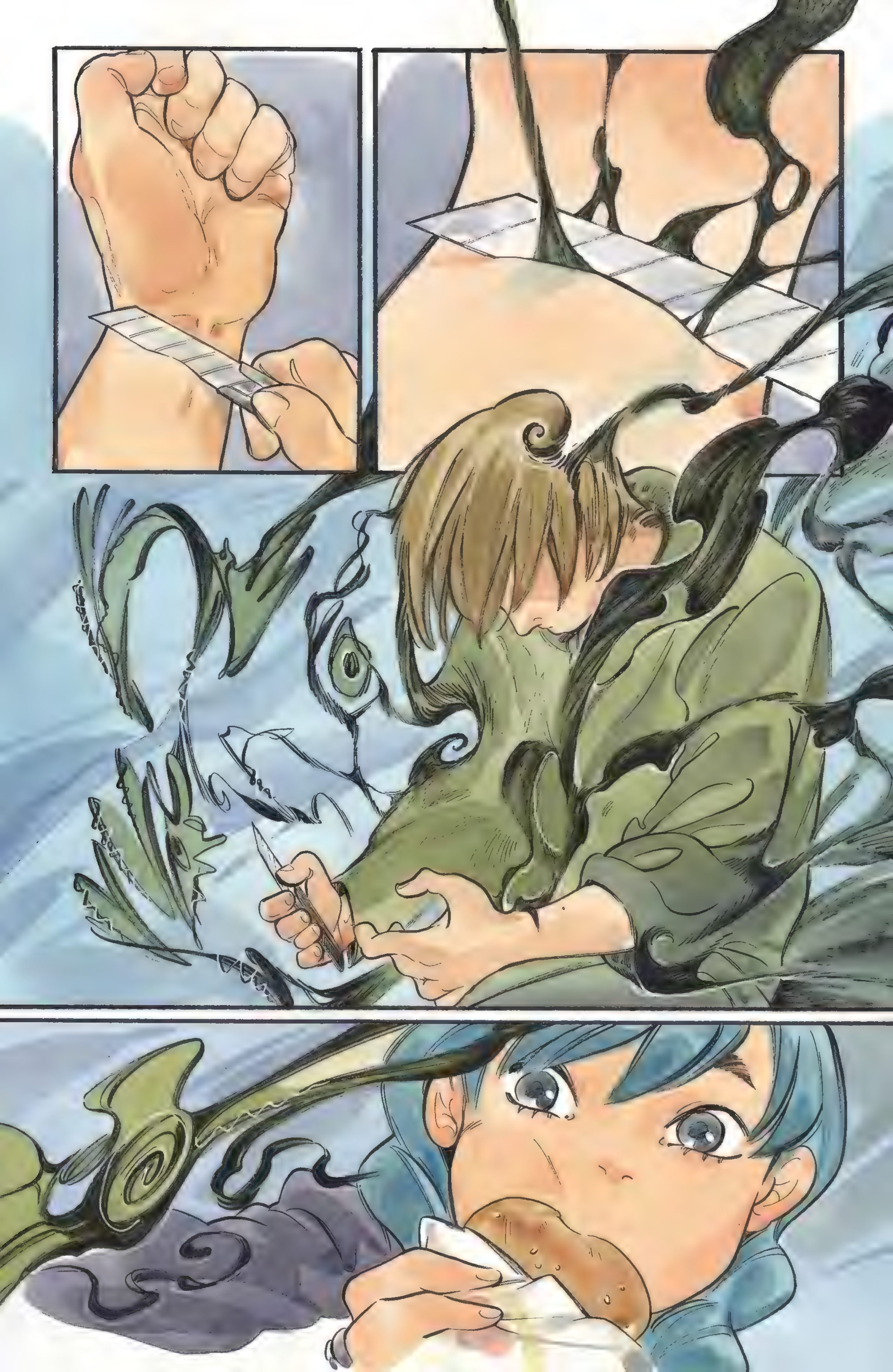

Aahhh!!!
Protect? Protect *what?!*
A freaking cult?! What the hell?
No.
Damn.
WAY!

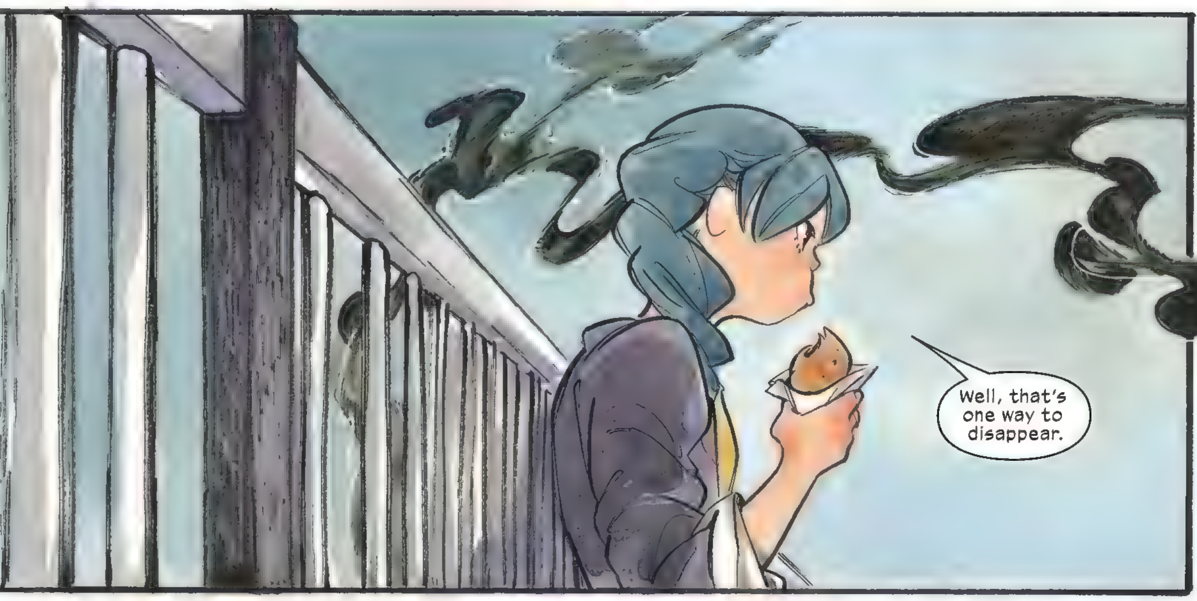

Umm... Miss...Armor Girl...?
ピコン!
S-sorry to bother you. I didn't expect to see you here--well, I was *hoping*, but...
...I'm...*uhh*... a streamer... Do you know Chimame from 8-chome Channel?

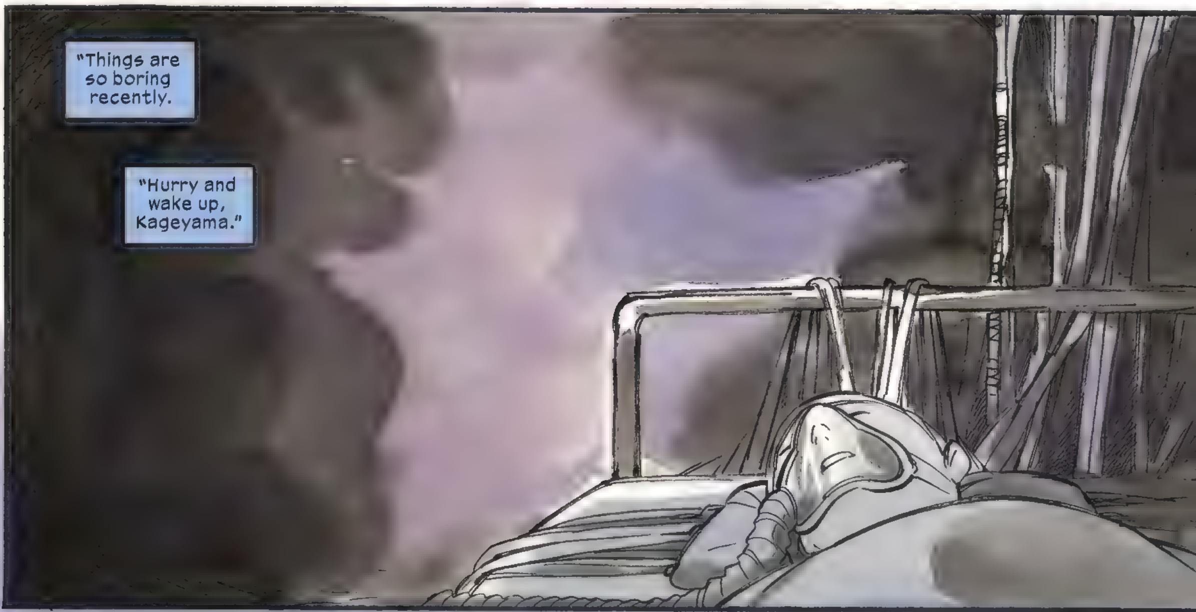

You are... *Armor Girl,* right?
Don't get me wrong. I'm totally on your side. I just wanted to ask you about your friend...
...Tsubasa?
If now's not a good time, we could trade numbers and--

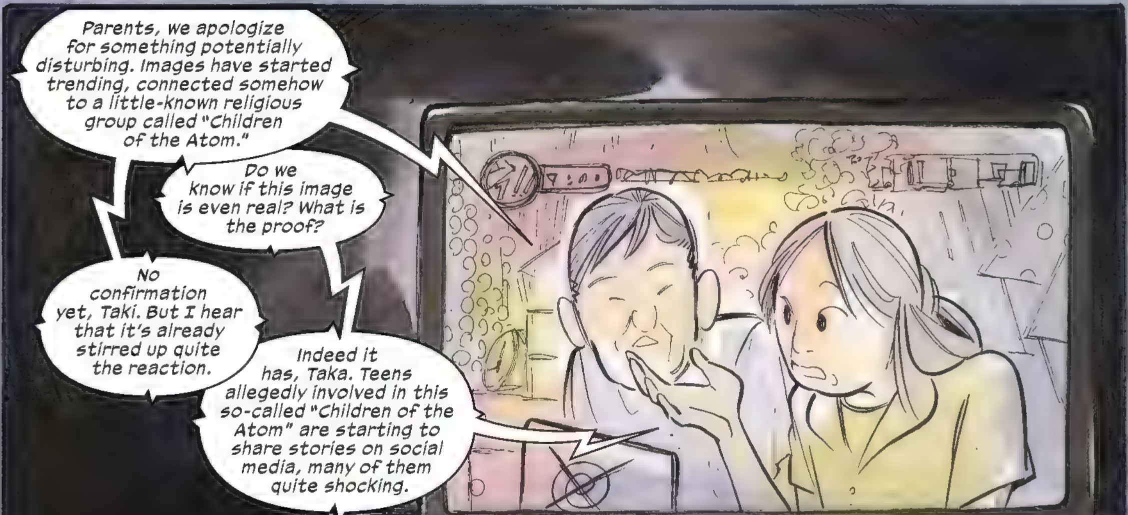

Did you find who dumped the body?
N-not yet.
Find them. We need to stop this before it does any more damage.
The public knows too much already.
Viper, we have another problem. Since the images were leaked, my Children of the Atom are starting to ask questions.
We've tamped it down, but if some of the more powerful children renunciate... well...
You are the Maester. Make them believe your words.
If you can't do that, you are of no use to us.
Now...
...where did our police officer disappear to? And his delinquent little sister.

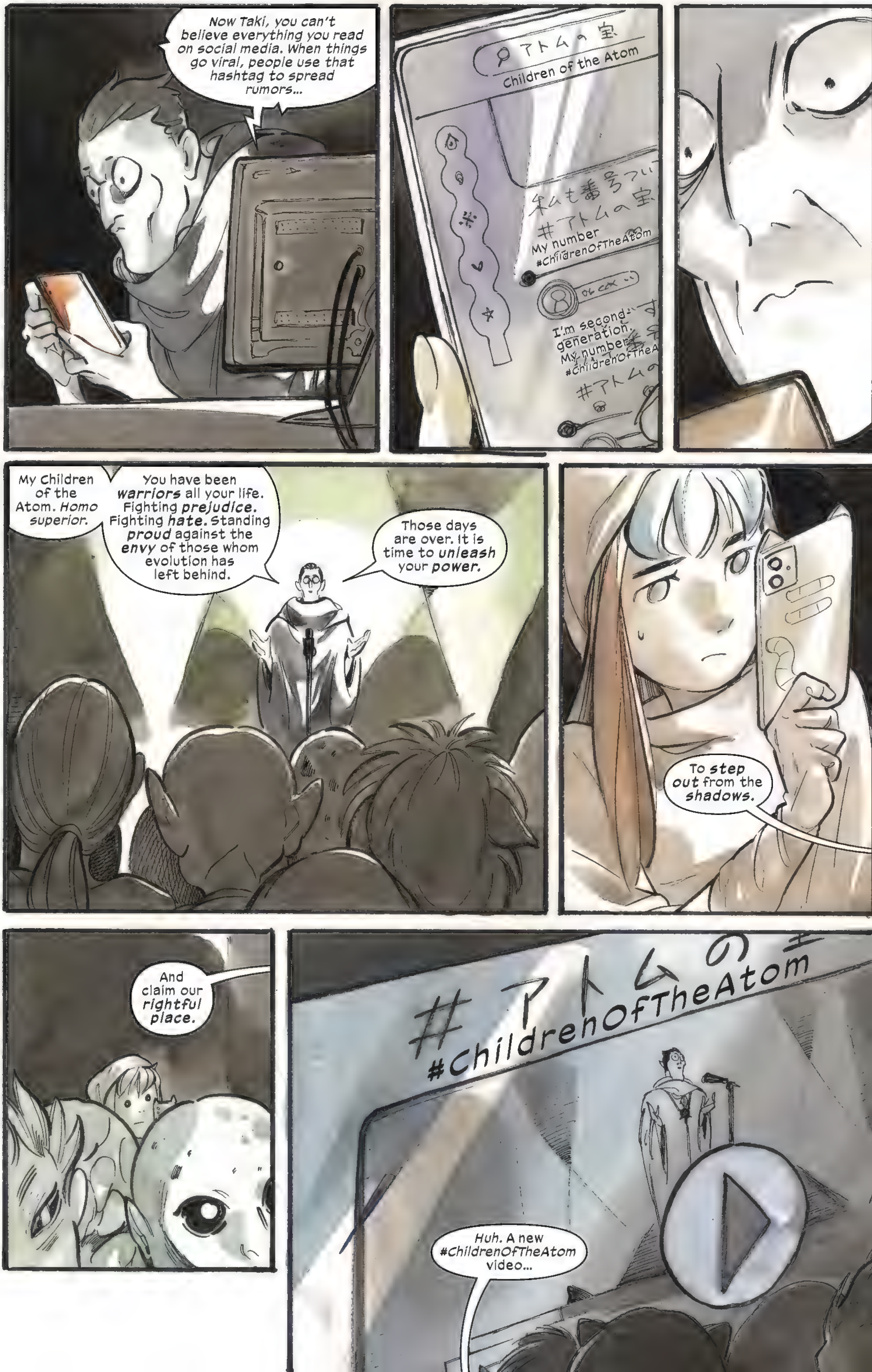

Yo, Amano. Before you check out.
You do this?

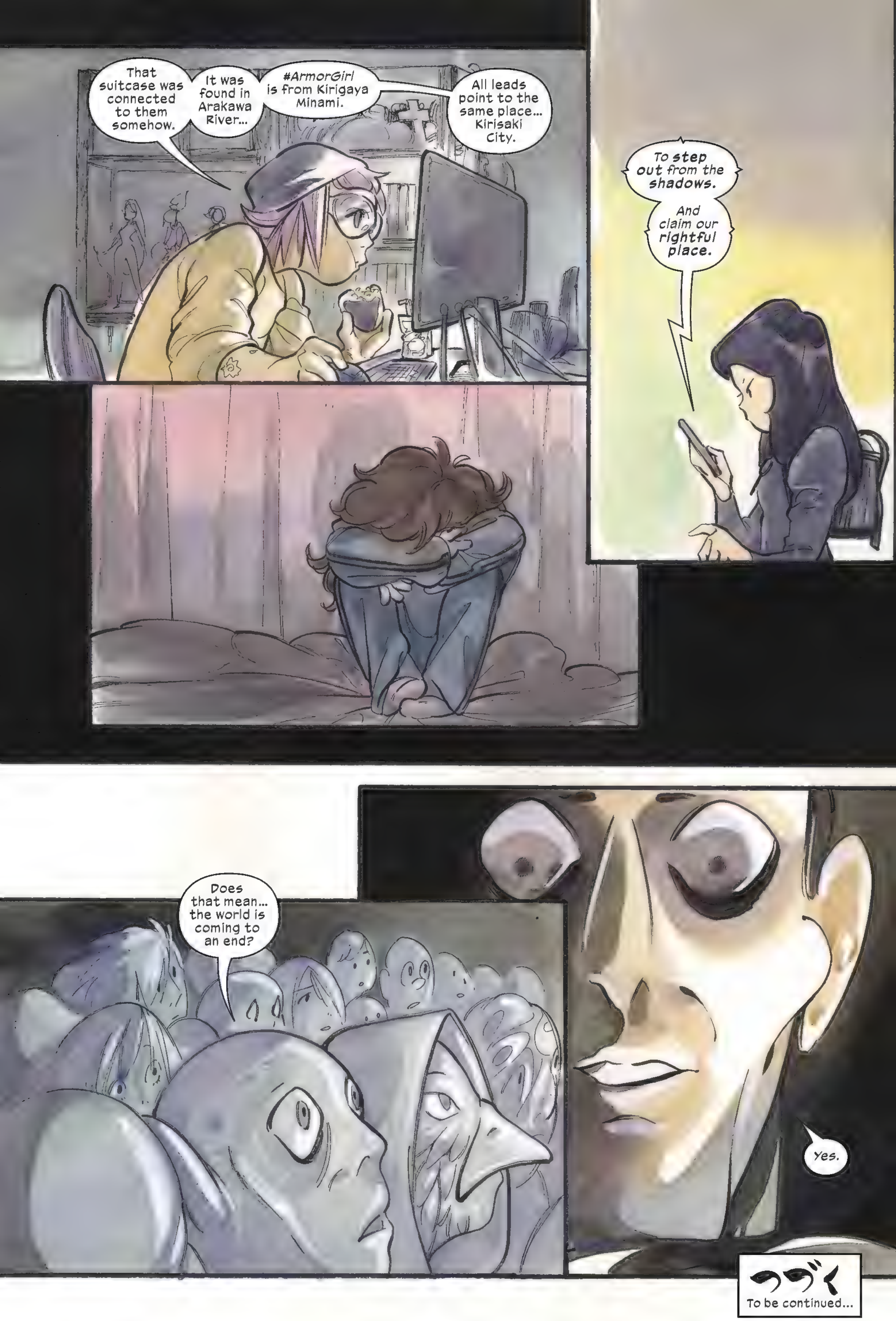



Well, that's one way to disappear.


"Things are so boring recently.
"Hurry and wake up, Kageyama."


Parents, we apologize for something potentially disturbing. Images have started trending, connected somehow to a little-known religious group called "Children of the Atom."
Do we know if this image is even real? What is the proof?
No confirmation yet, Taki. But I hear that it's already stirred up quite the reaction.
Indeed it has, Taka. Teens allegedly involved in this so-called "Children of the Atom" are starting to share stories on social media, many of them quite shocking.

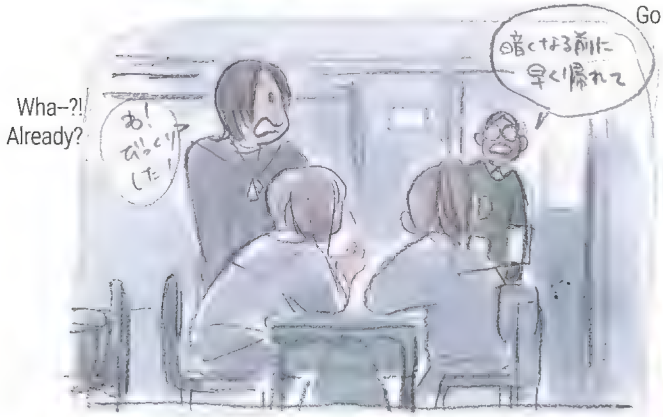

Now Taki, you can't believe everything you read on social media. When things go viral, people use that hashtag to spread rumors...
アトムの宝
Children of the Atom
#アトムの宝
My number #ChildrenOfTheAtom
I'm second-generation. My number #ChildrenOfTheA
#アトムの
My Children of the Atom. Homo superior.
You have been warriors all your life. Fighting prejudice. Fighting hate. Standing proud against the envy of those whom evolution has left behind.
Those days are over. It is time to unleash your power.
To step out from the shadows.
And claim our rightful place.
#アトムの
#ChildrenOfTheAtom
Huh. A new #ChildrenOfTheAtom video...


That suitcase was connected to them somehow.
It was found in Arakawa River...
#ArmorGirl is from Kirigaya Minami.
All leads point to the same place... Kirisaki City.
To step out from the shadows.
And claim our rightful place.
Does that mean... the world is coming to an end?
Yes.
つづく
To be continued...

LEXICON

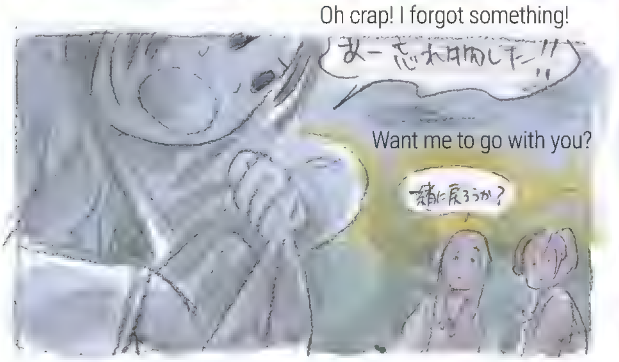
October is the month when the day starts to feel shorter. The sun sets not long after school, so staying late to talk to friends ends in a dark classroom.

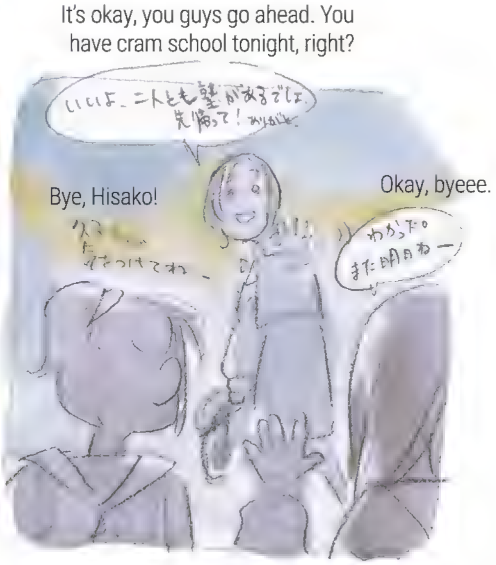
日が暮れるのが ぐんと早くなる月。
放課後 いつものように 友達と ぺちゃぺちゃ話をしていると あっという間に教室が暗く なってしまう…。


Go home before it gets too dark.
暗くなる前に 早く帰れて
Wha--?! Already?
あ! びっくりした!

And if you forgot something and have to go back...

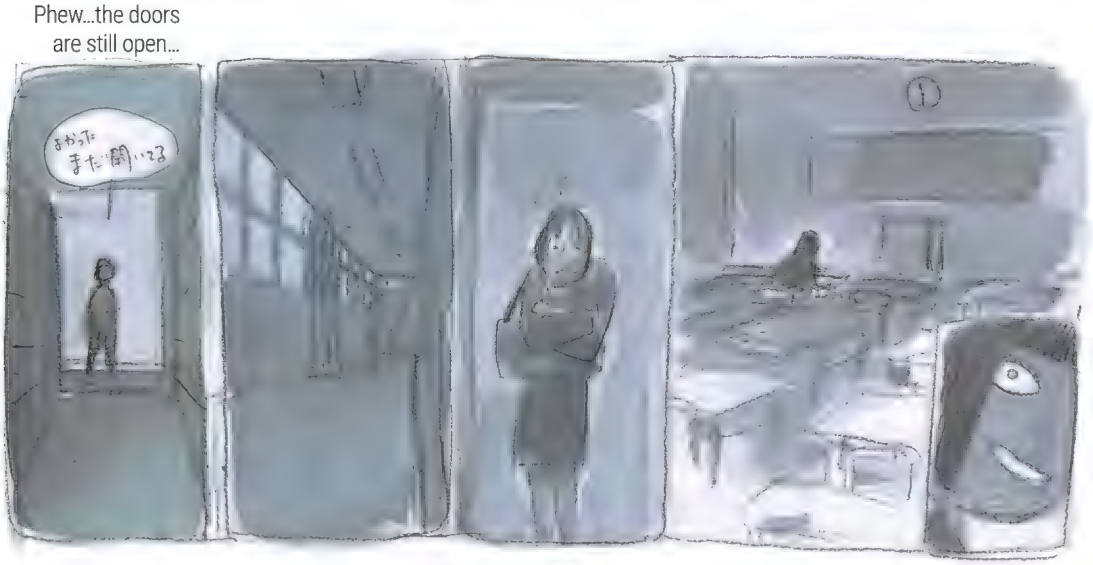
忘れ物を取りに戻ろうものなら..


Oh crap! I forgot something!
あー忘れ物した!!
Want me to go with you?
一緒に戻ろうか?

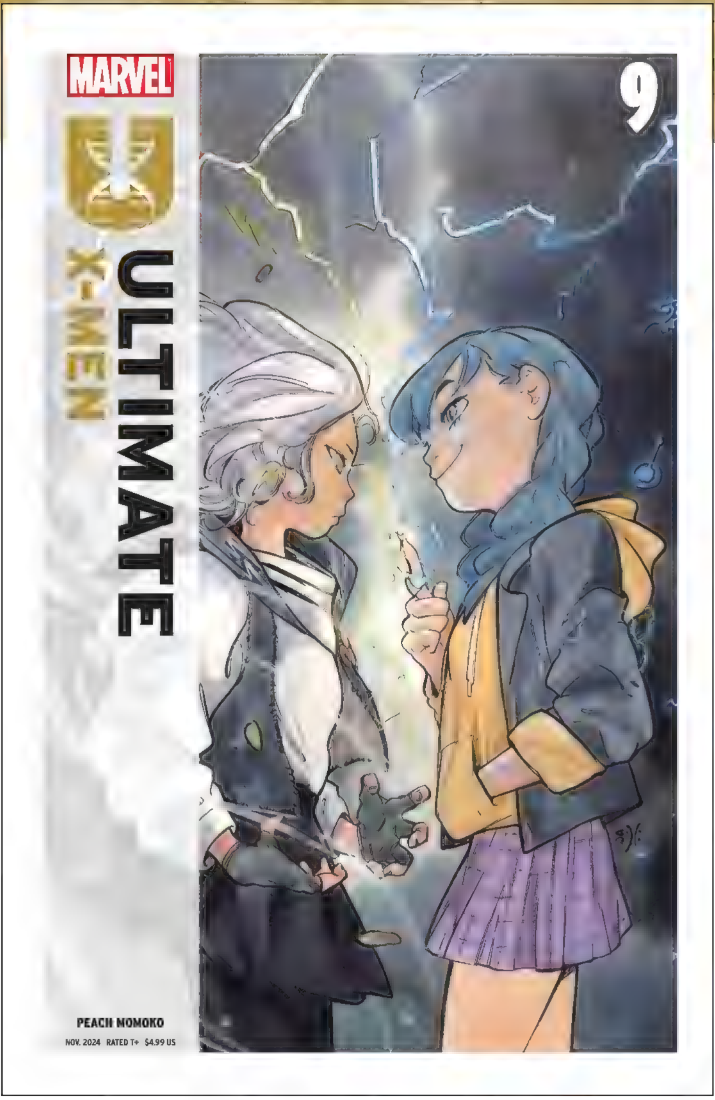

It's okay, you guys go ahead. You have cram school tonight, right?
いいよ。二人とも塾があるでしょ。先帰って! ありがと。
Bye, Hisako!
久子… 気をつけてね。
Okay, byeee.
わかった。また明日ねー

The classroom that you're used to seeing in the daytime no longer looks the same...
And in the corner of the dark classroom, you might just encounter someone who isn't from this place...

日中の明るかった学校はそこには無くって…. 暗い教室のすみっこには知らない子が座っている.. かも…。


Phew...the doors are still open...
よかった まだ開いてる

NEXT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IF YOU ARE STRUGGLING WITH THOUGHTS OF SUICIDE, OR ARE WORRIED ABOUT A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE, PLEASE REACH OUT TO A COUNSELOR OR SOMEONE YOU TRUST OR DIAL 988 FOR THE SUICIDE AND CRISIS LIFELINE.

ON SALE THIS MONTH

MARVEL
10
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN

ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN #10

BY **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
& **DAVID MESSINA**

MARVEL
9
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER

ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER #9

BY **BRYAN HILL** &
STEFANO CASELLI

MARVEL
THE
ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #5

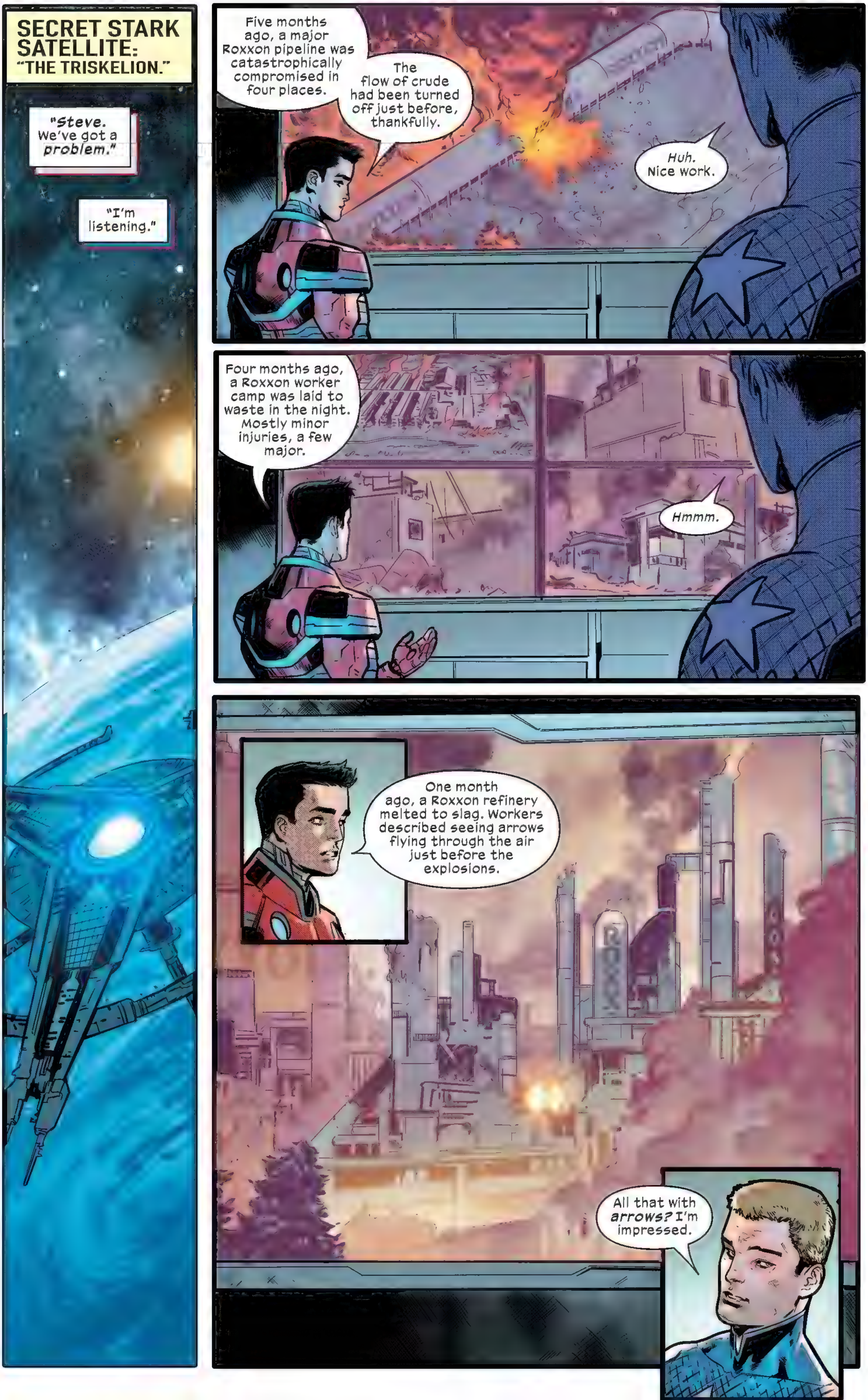
BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
JUAN FRIGERI

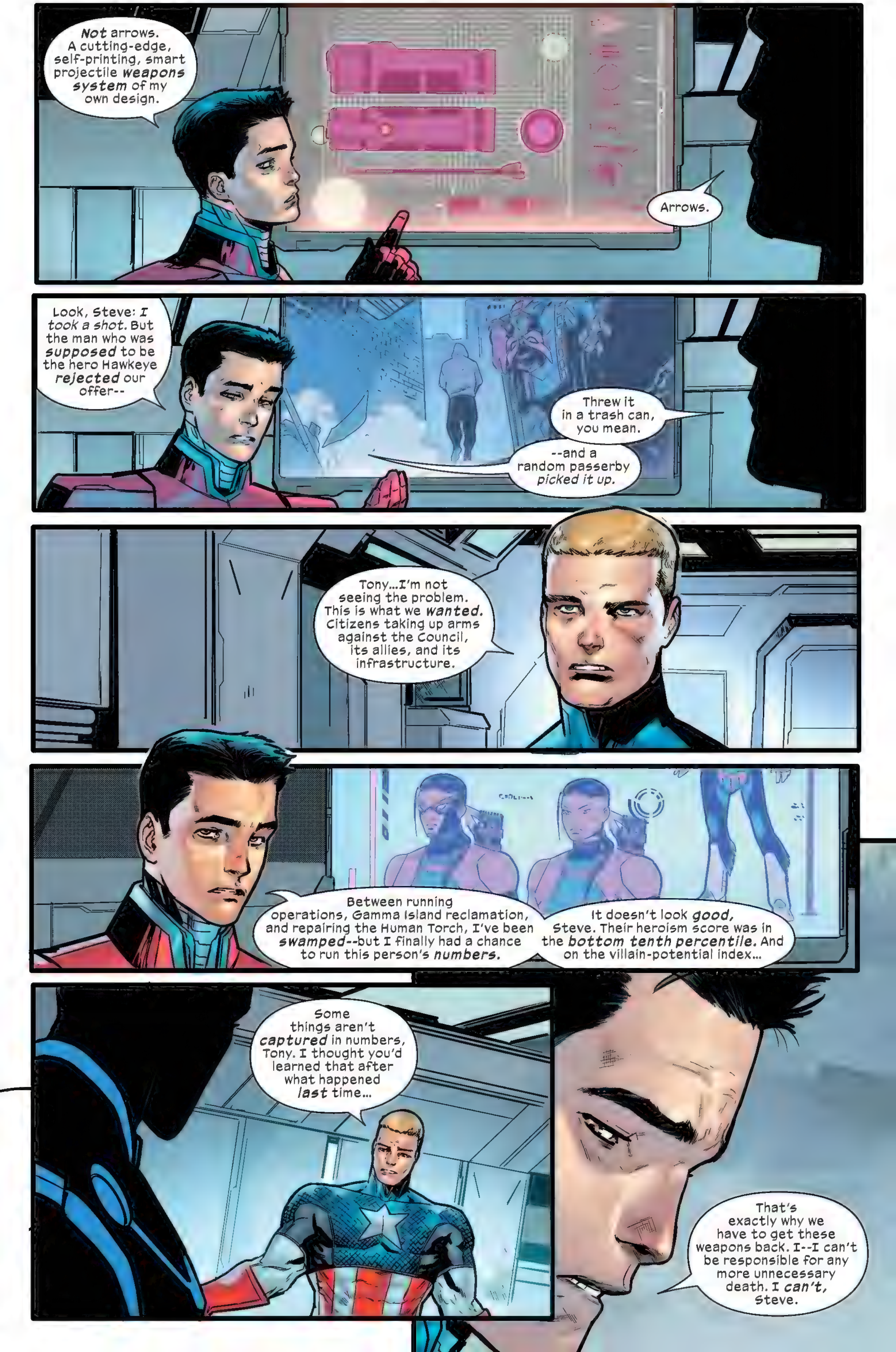
"Upon suffering beyond suffering, the Red Nation shall rise again. And it shall be a blessing for a sick world. A world filled with broken promises, selfishness and separations. A world longing for light again. I see a time of seven generations, when all the colors of mankind will gather under the sacred tree of life and the whole earth will become one circle again."

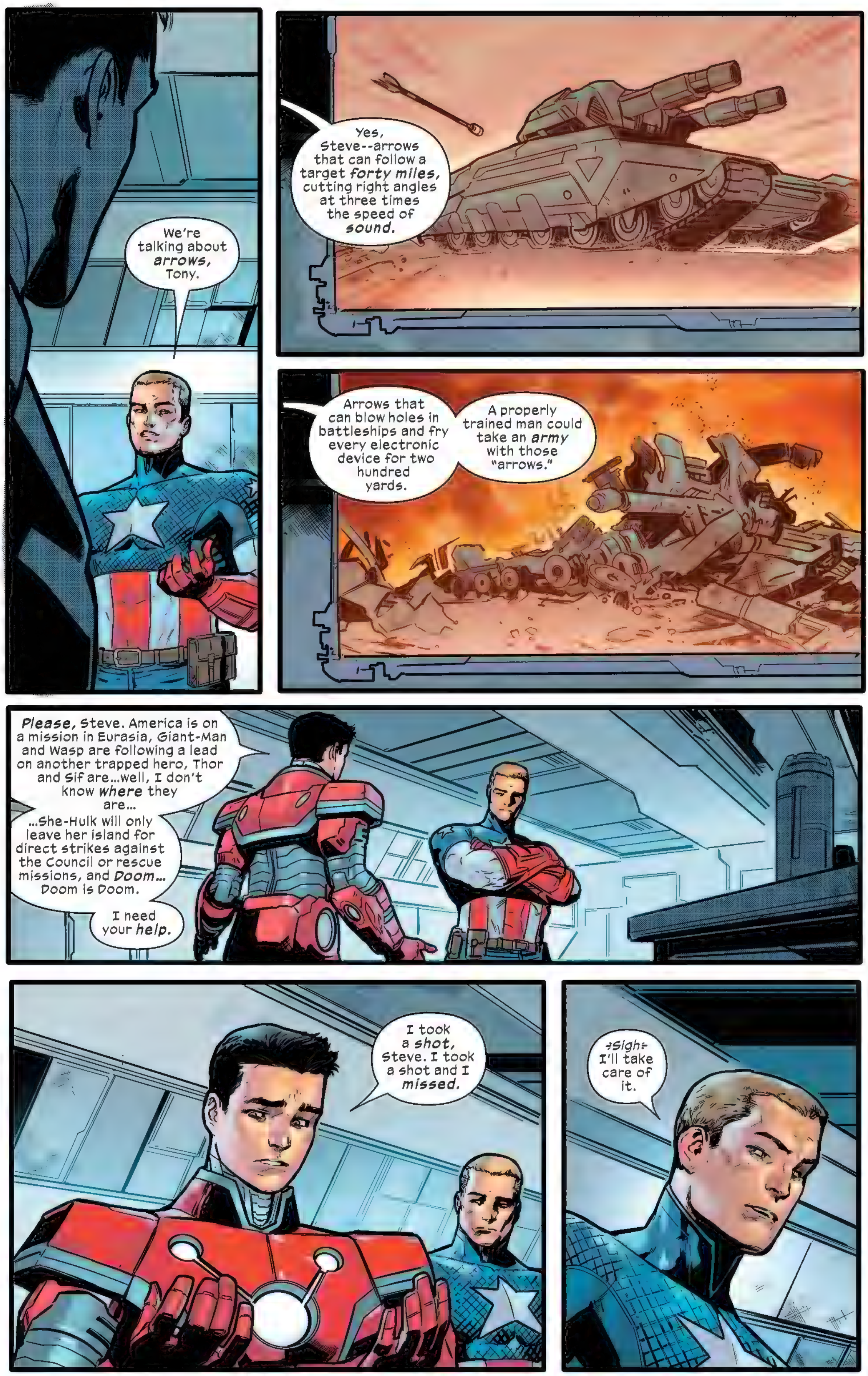
—TȞAŠÚŊKE WITKÓ "CRAZY HORSE"

"I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indian is the dead Indian, but I believe nine out of every ten are, and I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth."

—THEODORE "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT
26th President of the United States


SECRET STARK SATELLITE: "THE TRISKELION."
"Steve. We've got a problem."
"I'm listening."
Five months ago, a major Roxxon pipeline was catastrophically compromised in four places.
The flow of crude had been turned off just before, thankfully.
Huh. Nice work.
Four months ago, a Roxxon worker camp was laid to waste in the night. Mostly minor injuries, a few major.
Hmmm.
One month ago, a Roxxon refinery melted to slag. Workers described seeing arrows flying through the air just before the explosions.
ROXXON
All that with arrows? I'm impressed.


Not arrows. A cutting-edge, self-printing, smart projectile *weapons system* of my own design.
Arrows.
Look, Steve: *I took a shot.* But the man who was *supposed* to be the hero Hawkeye *rejected* our offer--
Threw it in a trash can, you mean.
--and a random passerby *picked it up.*
Tony...I'm not seeing the problem. This is what we *wanted.* Citizens taking up arms against the Council, its allies, and its infrastructure.
Between running operations, Gamma Island reclamation, and repairing the Human Torch, I've been *swamped*--but I finally had a chance to run this person's *numbers.*
It doesn't look *good,* Steve. Their heroism score was in the *bottom tenth percentile.* And on the villain-potential index...
Some things aren't *captured* in numbers, Tony. I thought you'd learned that after what happened *last* time...
That's exactly why we have to get these weapons back. I--I can't be responsible for any more unnecessary death. I *can't,* Steve.


We're talking about *arrows,* Tony.
Yes, Steve--arrows that can follow a target *forty miles,* cutting right angles at three times the speed of *sound.*
Arrows that can blow holes in battleships and fry every electronic device for two hundred yards.
A properly trained man could take an *army* with those "arrows."
Please, Steve. America is on a mission in Eurasia, Giant-Man and Wasp are following a lead on another trapped hero, Thor and Sif are...well, I don't know *where* they are...
...She-Hulk will only leave her island for direct strikes against the Council or rescue missions, and *Doom*... Doom is Doom.
I need your *help.*
I took a *shot,* Steve. I took a shot and I *missed.*
-Sigh- I'll take care of it.

5

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next fourteen months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, has taken on the codename **IRON LAD** and begun recruiting a network of heroes to fight back against the Maker's Council and prepare for the Maker's return.

Though some of Iron Lad's recruitment attempts failed as would-be heroes rejected the secret identities and double lives that he offered, the Ultimates resistance force grows…

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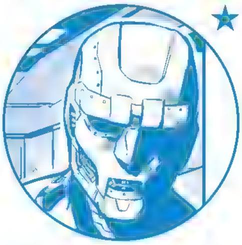
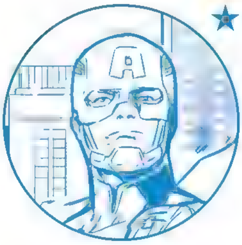
THE ULTIMATES

CAST:

IRON LAD
TONY STARK

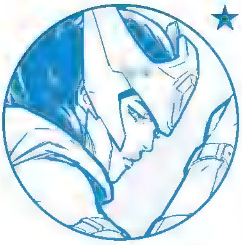


DOOM
REED RICHARDS



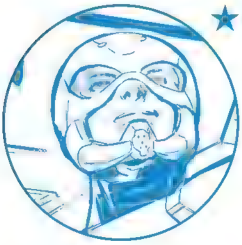
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS

THOR
GOD OF THUNDER



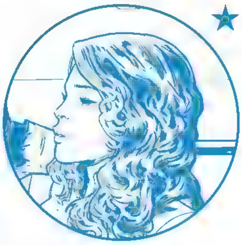
SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS

SHE-HULK
LEJORI JOENA ZAKARIA



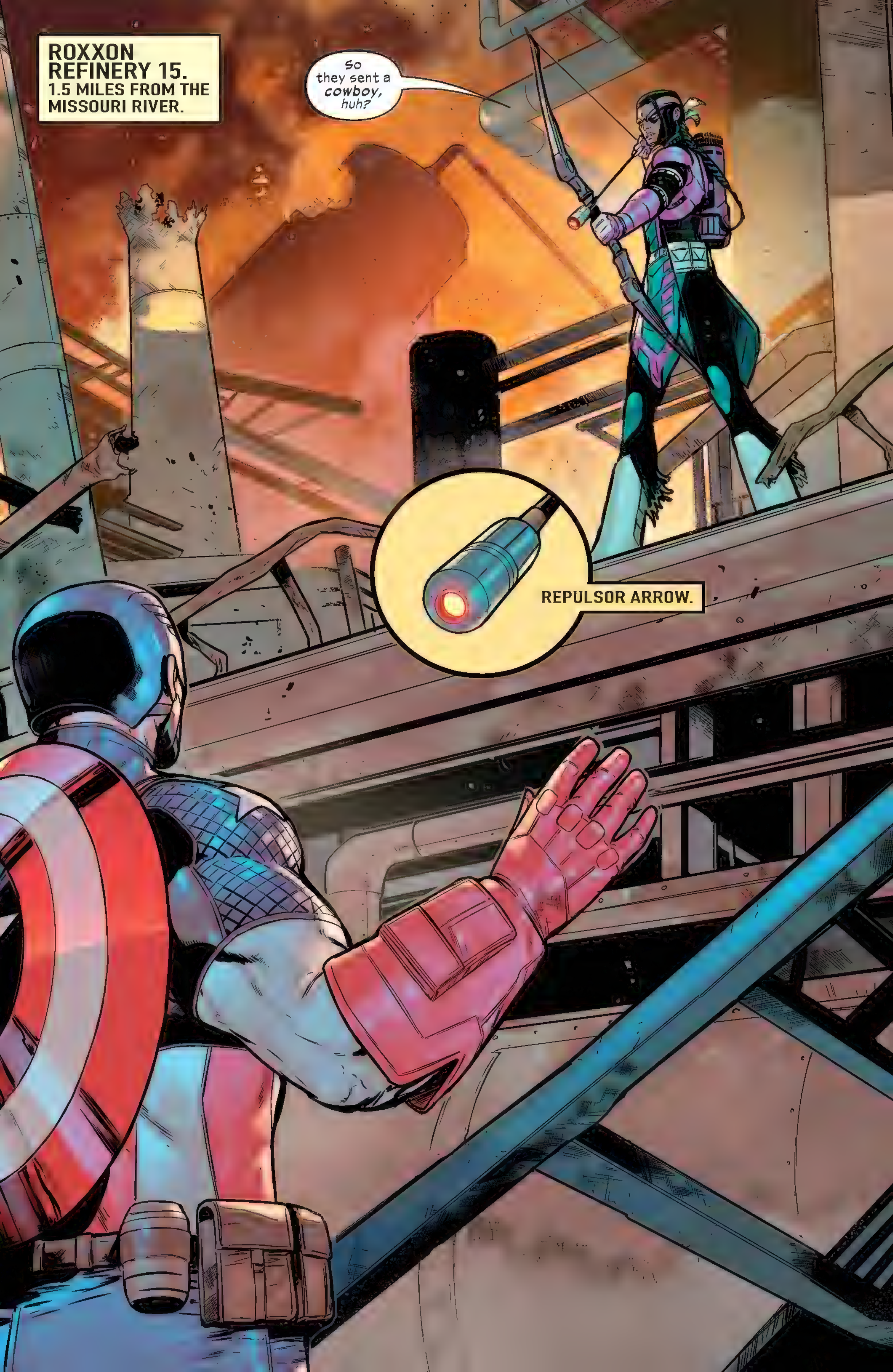
GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM

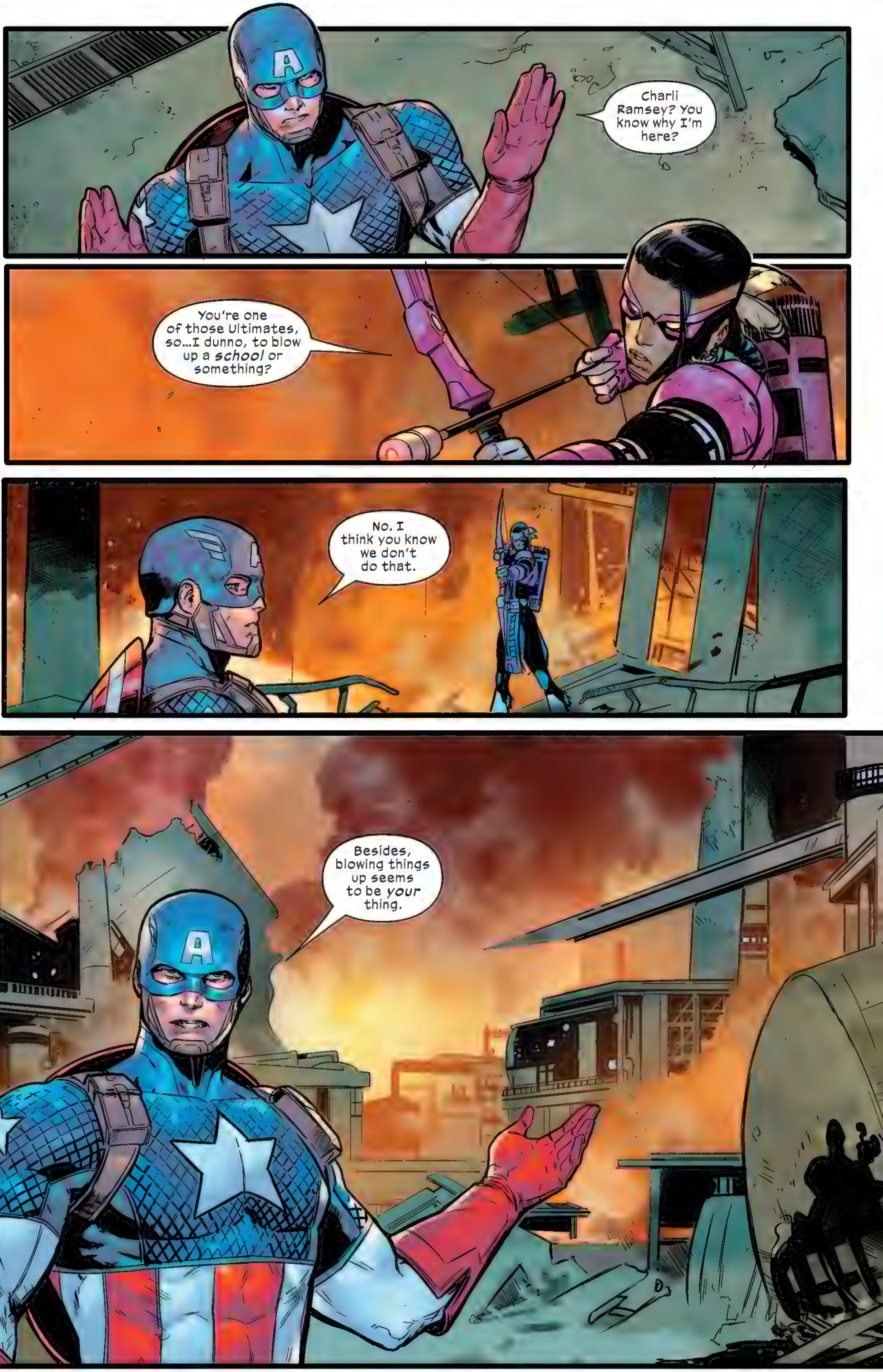
WASP
JANET VAN DYNE

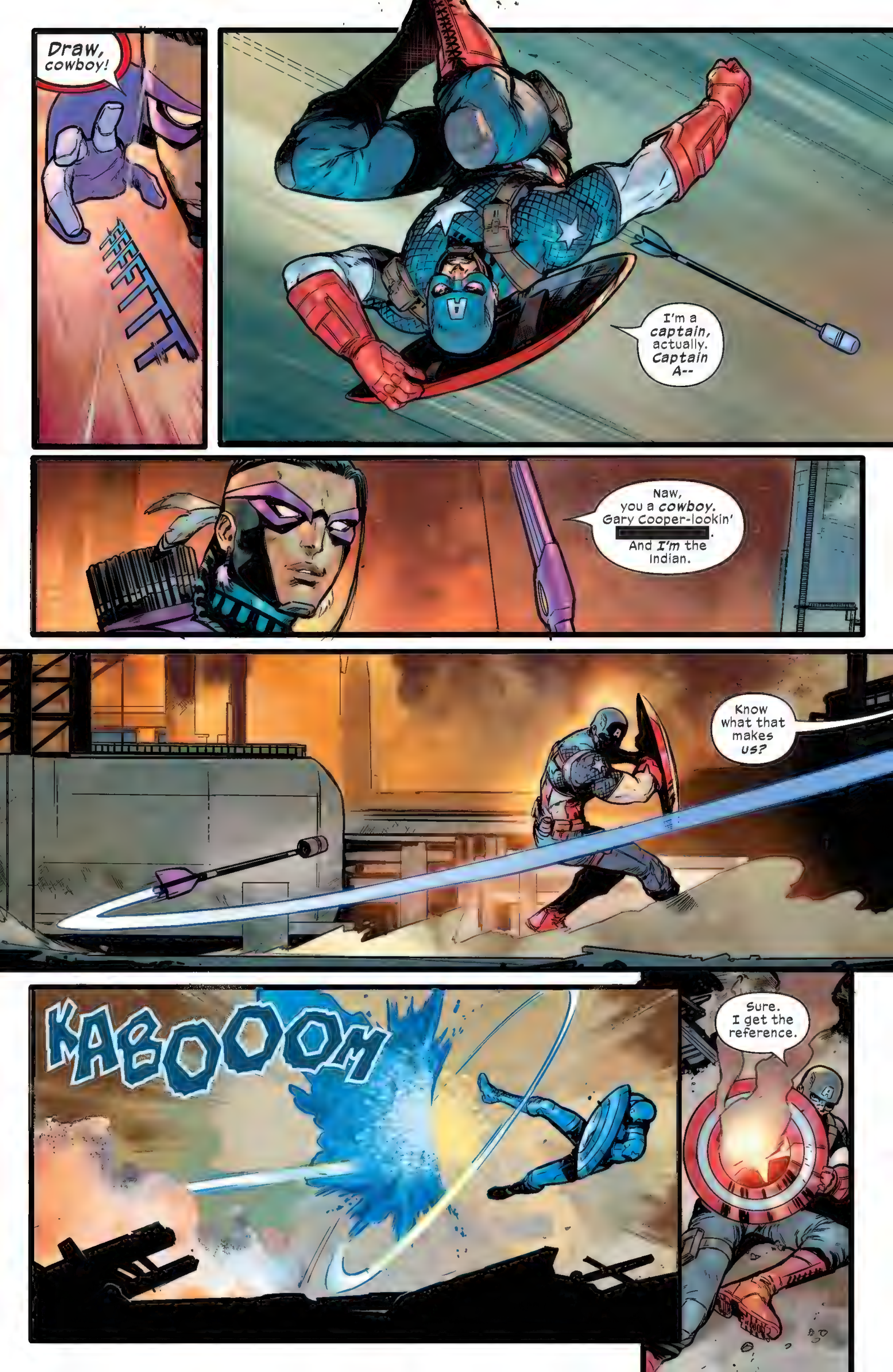


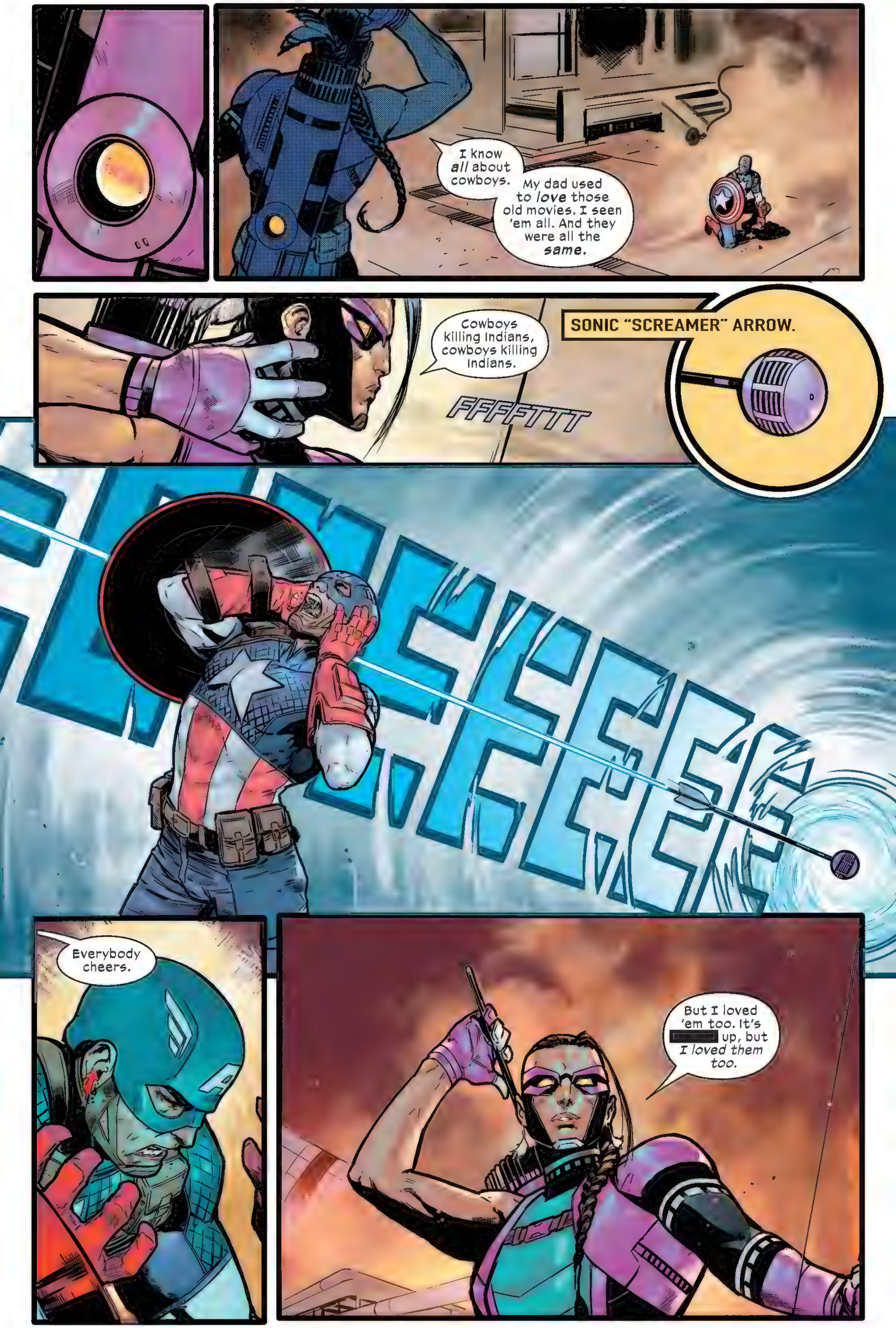
AMERICA CHAVEZ
COSMIC POWERHOUSE

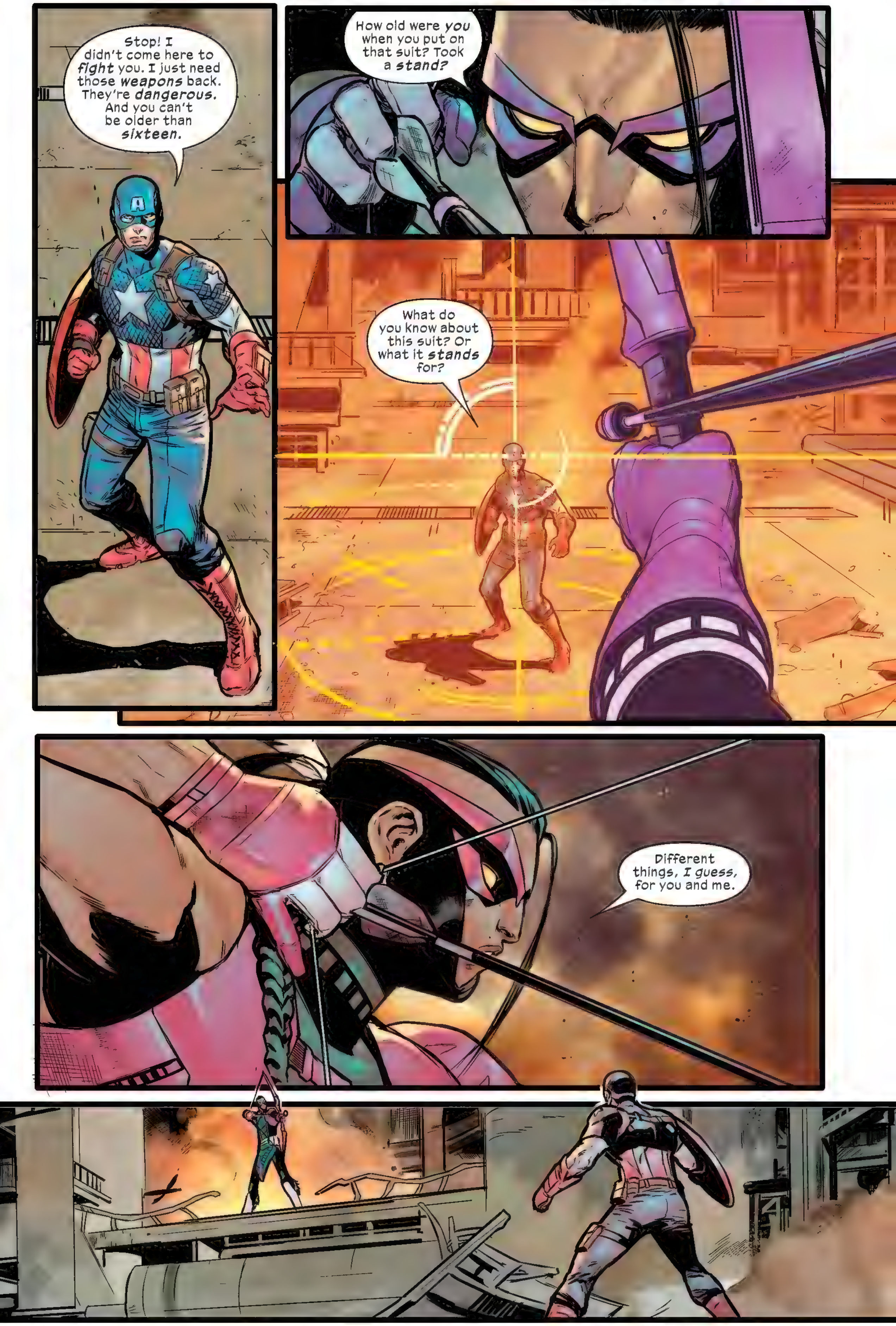
OCTOBER 2024

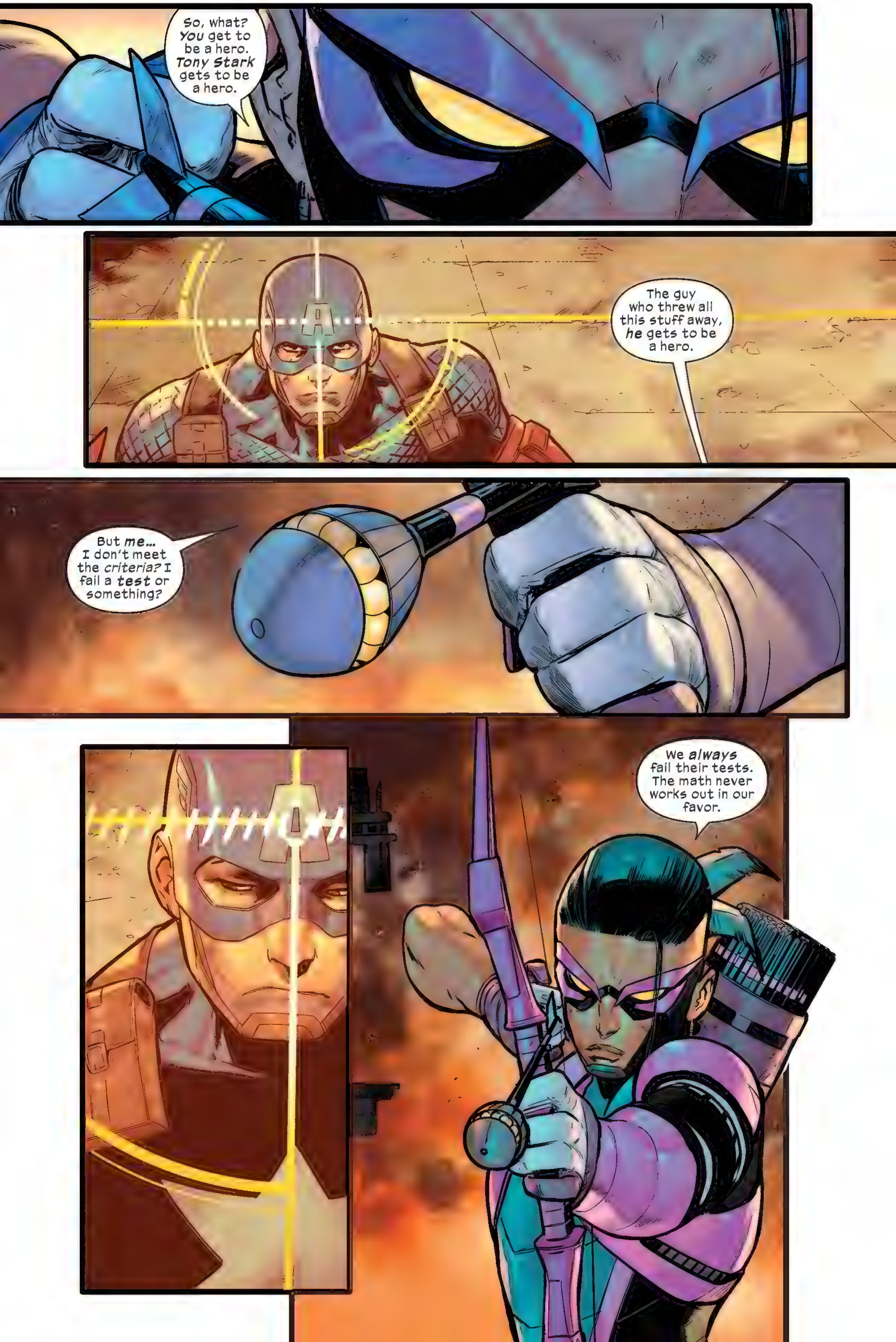

ROXXON REFINERY 15.
1.5 MILES FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER.
So they sent a *cowboy*, huh?
REPULSOR ARROW.

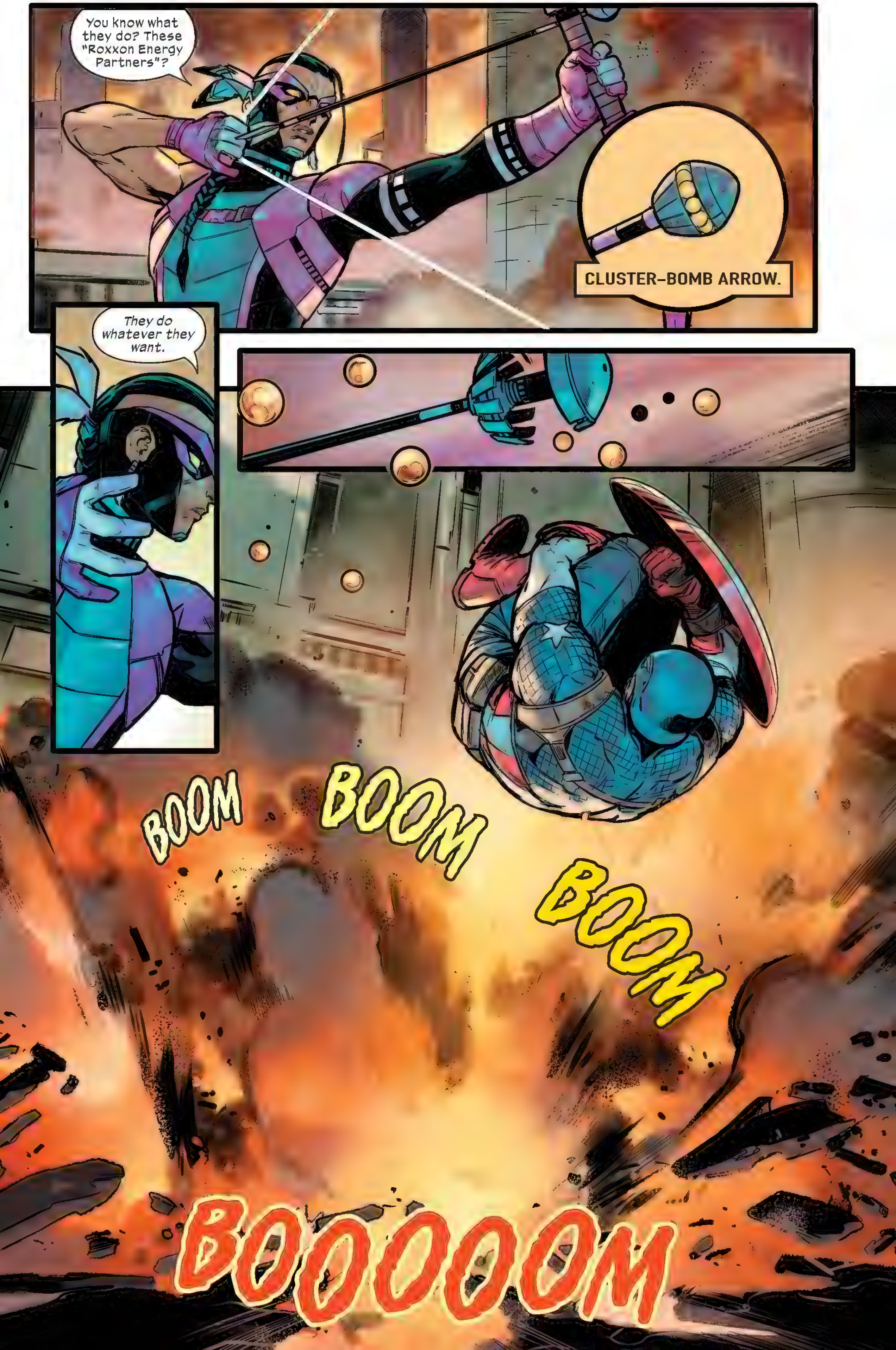

Charli Ramsey? You know why I'm here?
You're one of those Ultimates, so...I dunno, to blow up a *school* or something?
No. I think you know we don't do that.
Besides, blowing things up seems to be *your* thing.

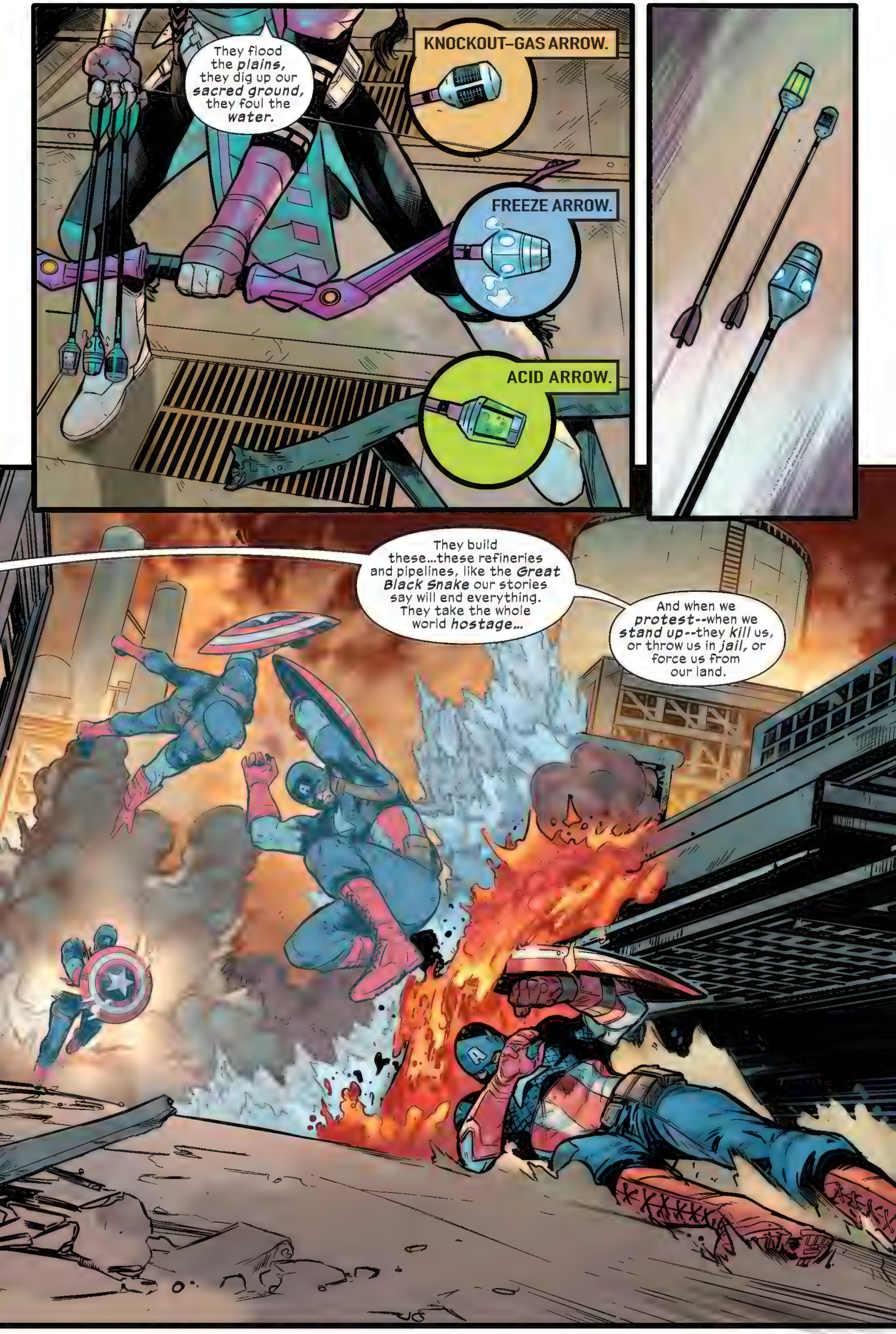

Draw, cowboy!
FFFFTTT
I'm a *captain*, actually. *Captain* A--
Naw, you a ***cowboy.*** Gary Cooper-lookin' [redacted]. And ***I'm*** the Indian.
Know what that makes ***us?***
KABOOOOM
Sure. I get the reference.

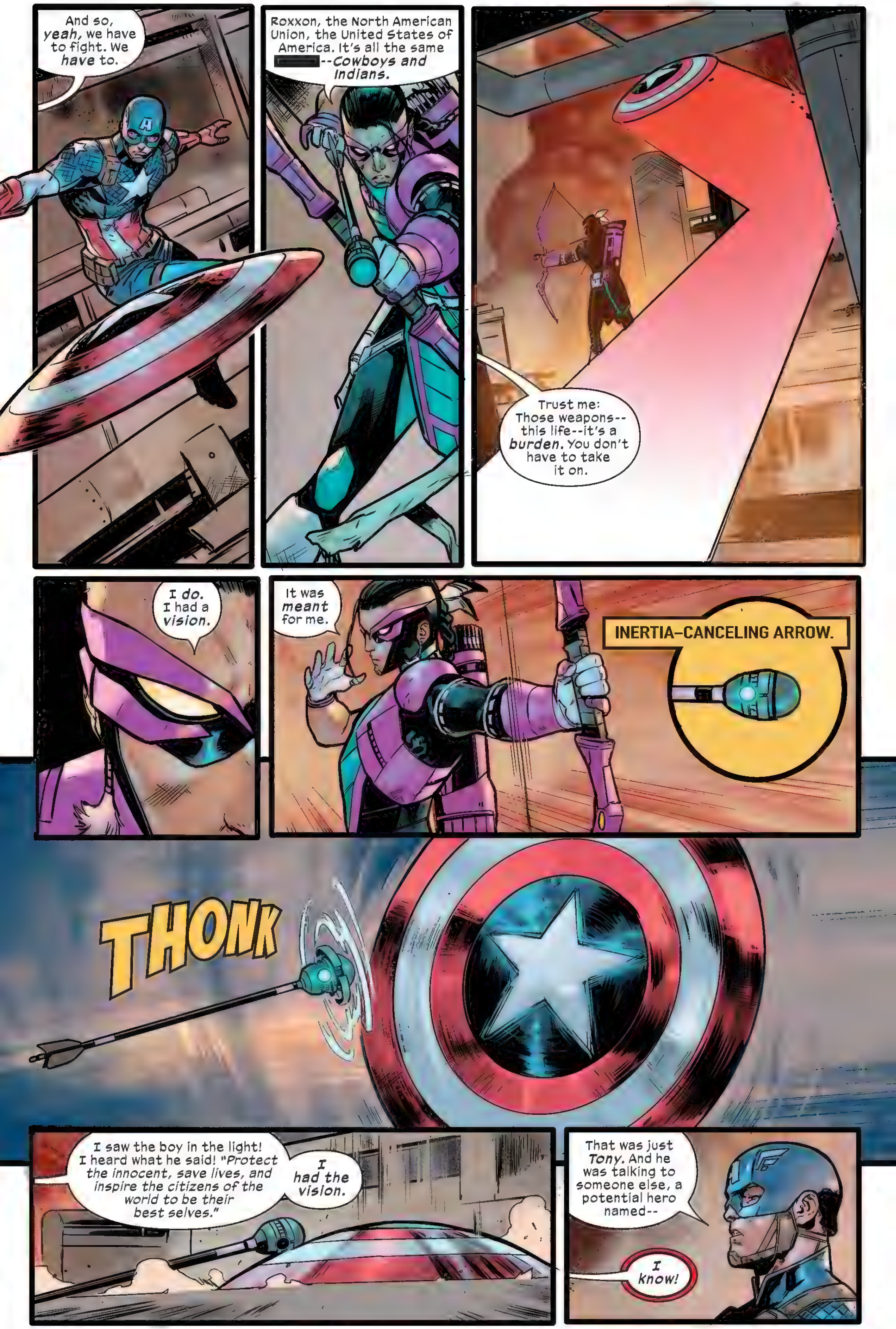

I know *all* about cowboys.
My dad used to *love* those old movies. I seen 'em all. And they were all the *same.*
Cowboys killing Indians, cowboys killing Indians.
FFFFTTTT
SONIC "SCREAMER" ARROW.
Everybody cheers.
But I loved 'em too. It's [redacted] up, but *I loved them too.*

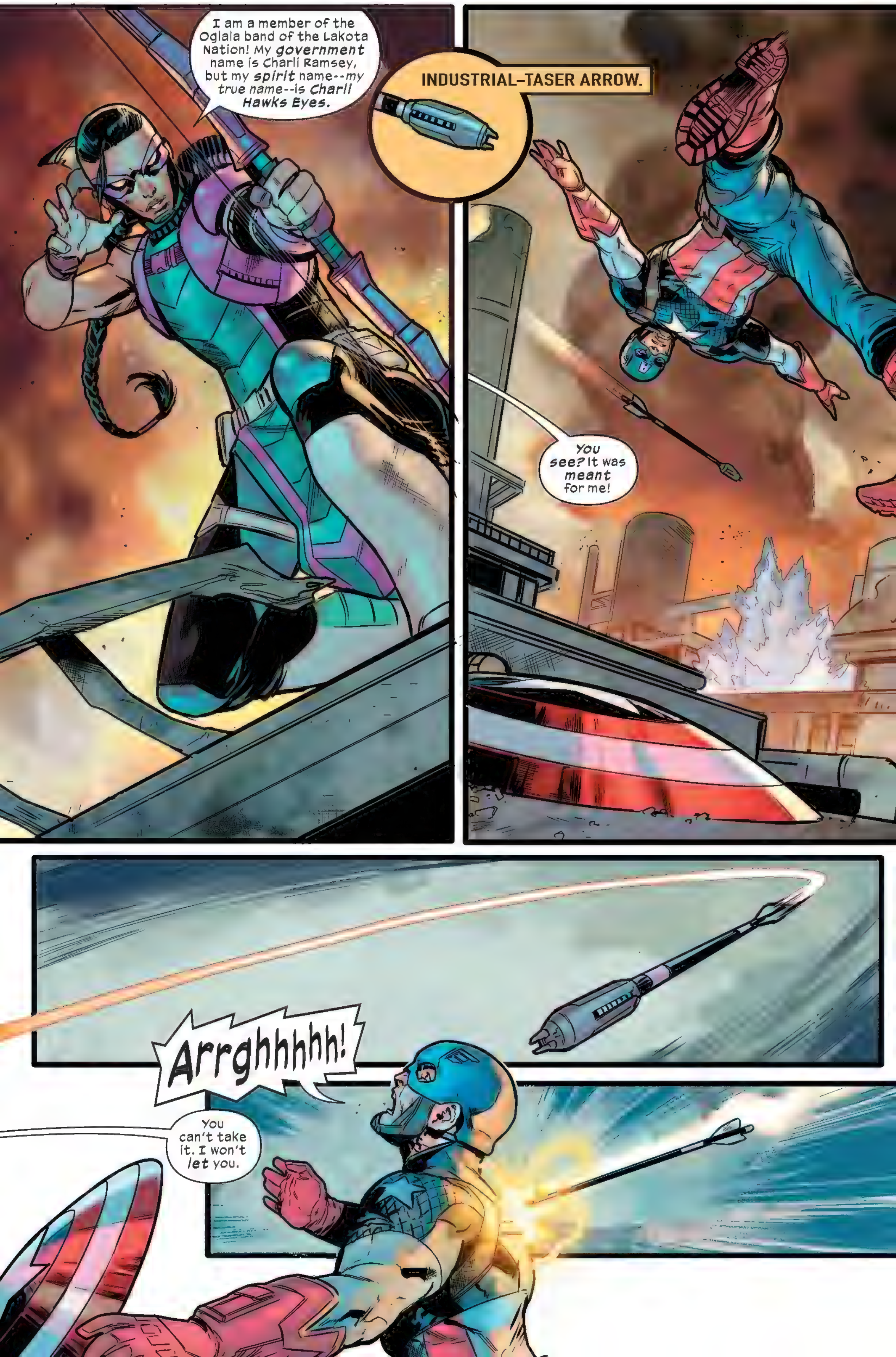

Stop! I didn't come here to fight you. I just need those weapons back. They're dangerous. And you can't be older than sixteen.
How old were you when you put on that suit? Took a stand?
What do you know about this suit? Or what it stands for?
Different things, I guess, for you and me.

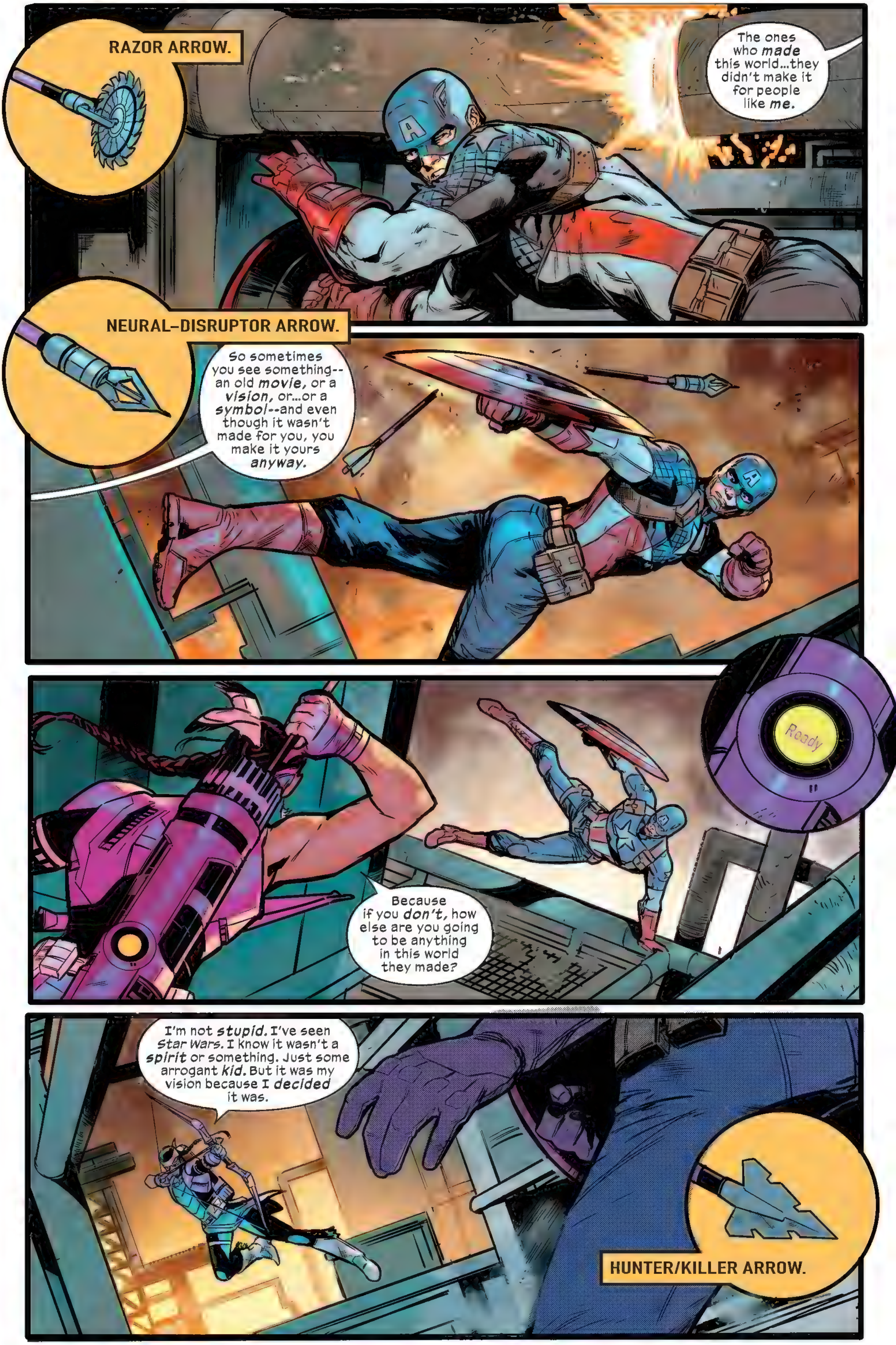

So, what? *You* get to be a hero. *Tony Stark* gets to be a hero.
The guy who threw all this stuff away, *he* gets to be a hero.
But *me*... I don't meet the *criteria?* I fail a *test* or something?
We *always* fail their tests. The math never works out in our favor.

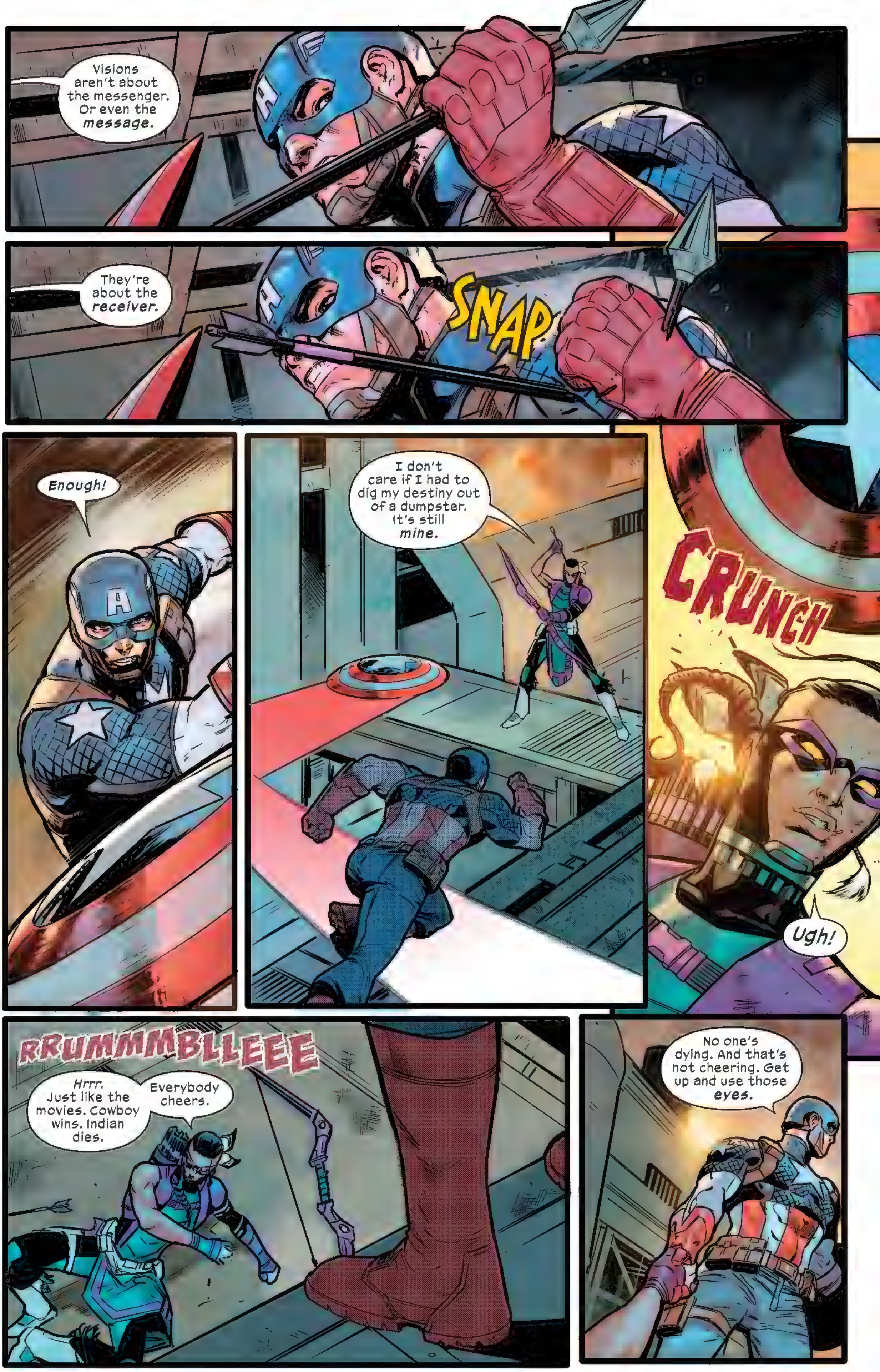

You know what they do? These "Roxxon Energy Partners"?
CLUSTER-BOMB ARROW.
They do whatever they want.
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOOOOM

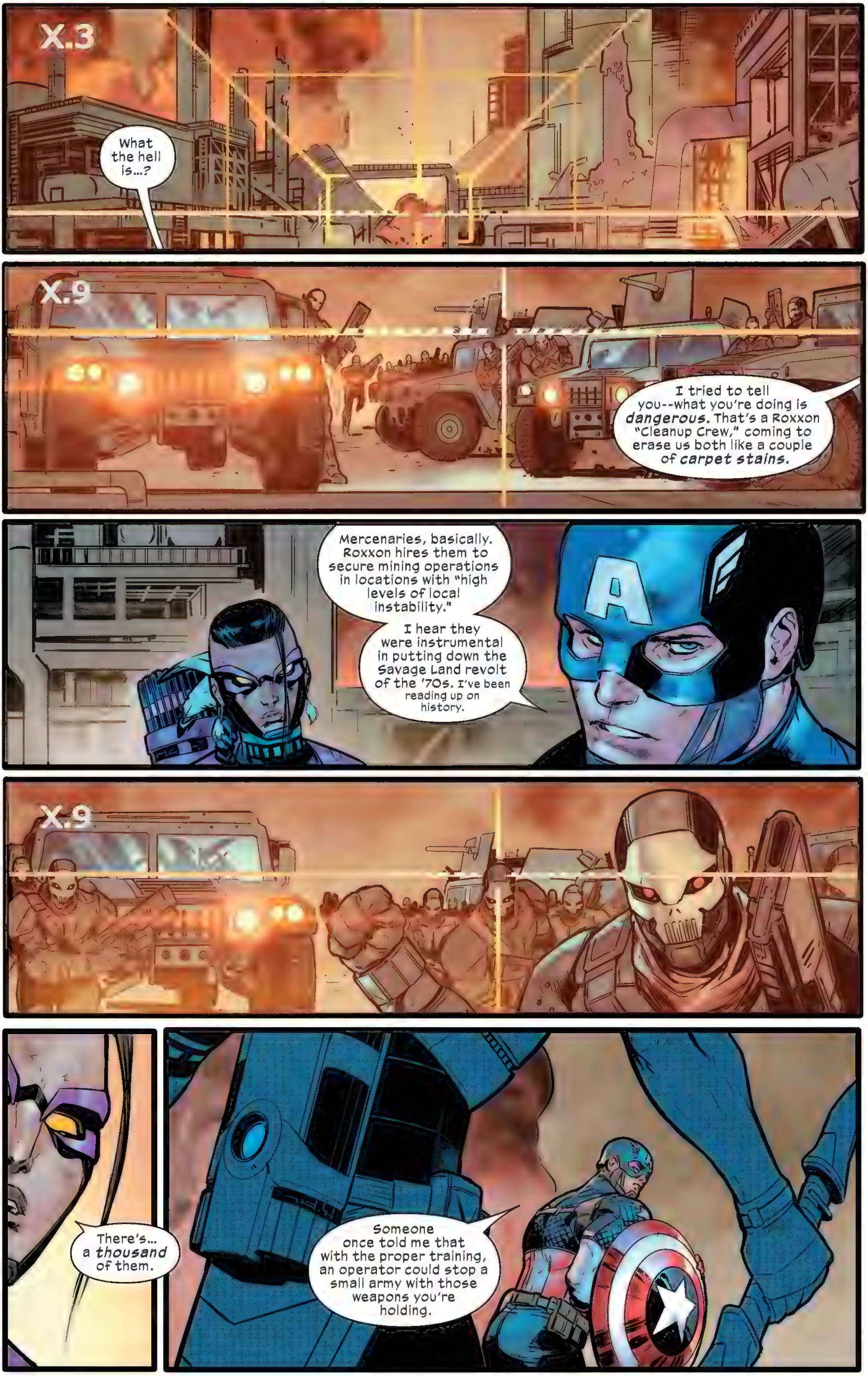

They flood the *plains,* they dig up our *sacred ground,* they foul the *water.*
KNOCKOUT–GAS ARROW.
FREEZE ARROW.
ACID ARROW.
They build these...these refineries and pipelines, like the *Great Black Snake* our stories say will end everything. They take the whole world *hostage...*
And when we *protest*--when we *stand up*--they *kill* us, or throw us in *jail,* or force us from our land.


And so, *yeah,* we have to fight. We *have* to.
Roxxon, the North American Union, the United States of America. It's all the same [redacted]--*Cowboys and Indians.*
Trust me: Those weapons--this life--it's a *burden.* You don't have to take it on.
I *do.* I had a *vision.*
It was *meant* for me.
INERTIA-CANCELING ARROW.
THONK
I saw the boy in the light! I heard what he said! "*Protect the innocent, save lives, and inspire the citizens of the world to be their best selves.*"
I had the vision.
That was just *Tony.* And he was talking to someone else, a potential hero named--
I know!

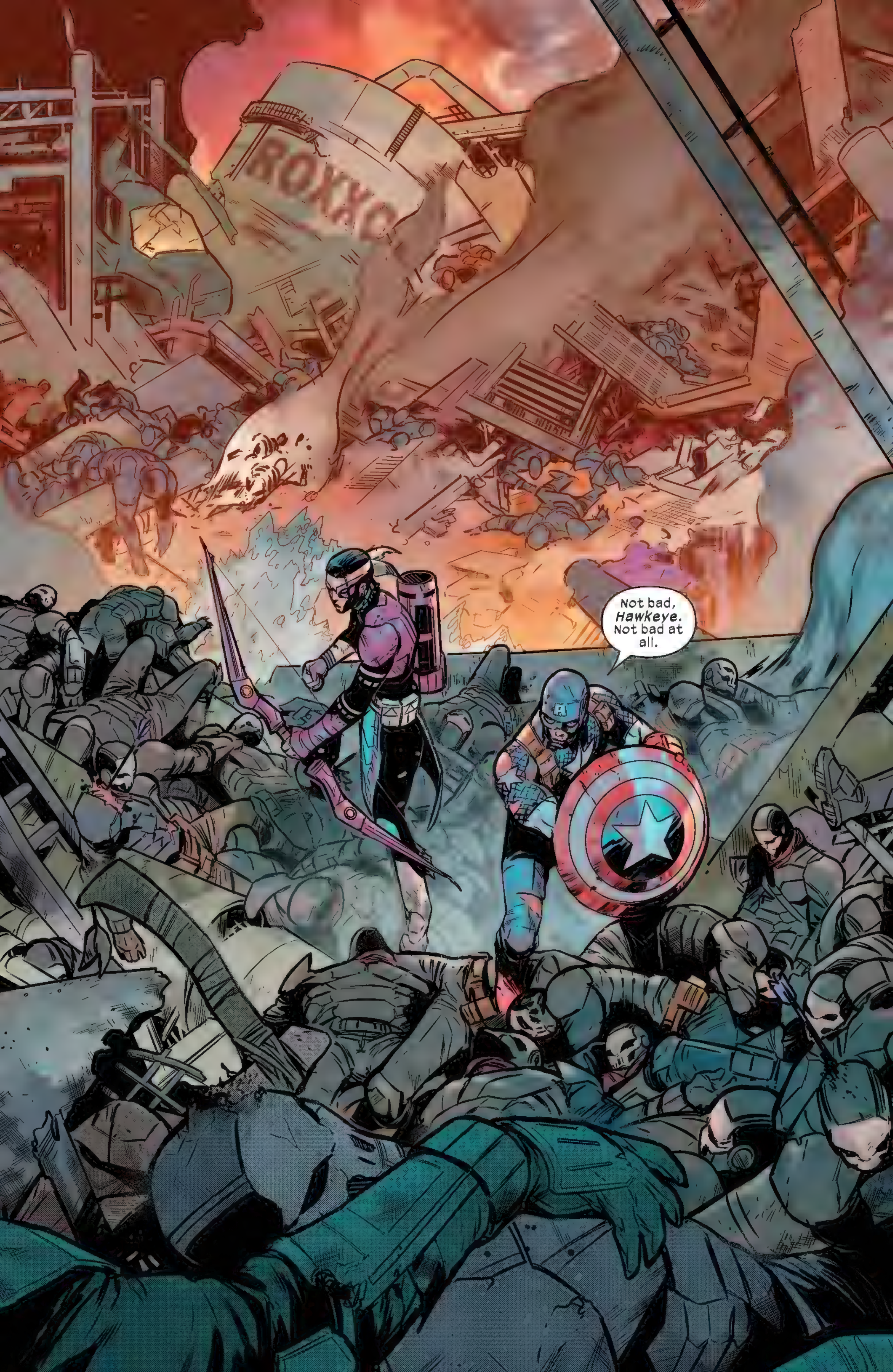

I am a member of the Oglala band of the Lakota Nation! My *government* name is Charli Ramsey, but my *spirit* name--my *true name*--is *Charli Hawks Eyes.*
INDUSTRIAL–TASER ARROW.
You see? It was *meant* for me!
Arrghhhhh!
You can't take it. I won't *let* you.

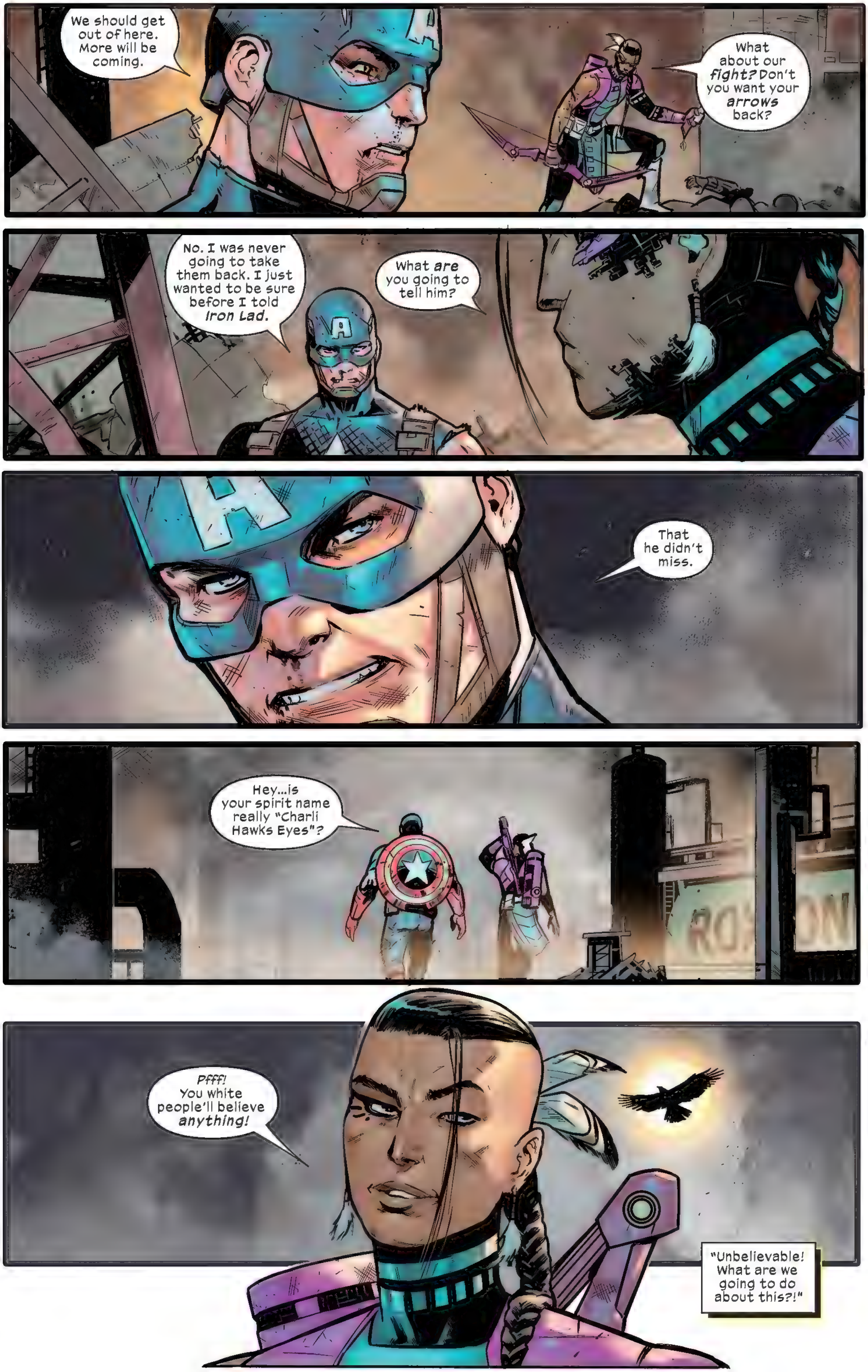

RAZOR ARROW.
The ones who *made* this world...they didn't make it for people like *me*.
NEURAL-DISRUPTOR ARROW.
So sometimes you see something--an old *movie*, or a *vision*, or...or a *symbol*--and even though it wasn't made for you, you make it yours *anyway*.
Ready
Because if you *don't*, how else are you going to be anything in this world they made?
I'm not *stupid*. I've seen *Star Wars*. I know it wasn't a *spirit* or something. Just some arrogant *kid*. But it was my vision because I *decided* it was.
HUNTER/KILLER ARROW.

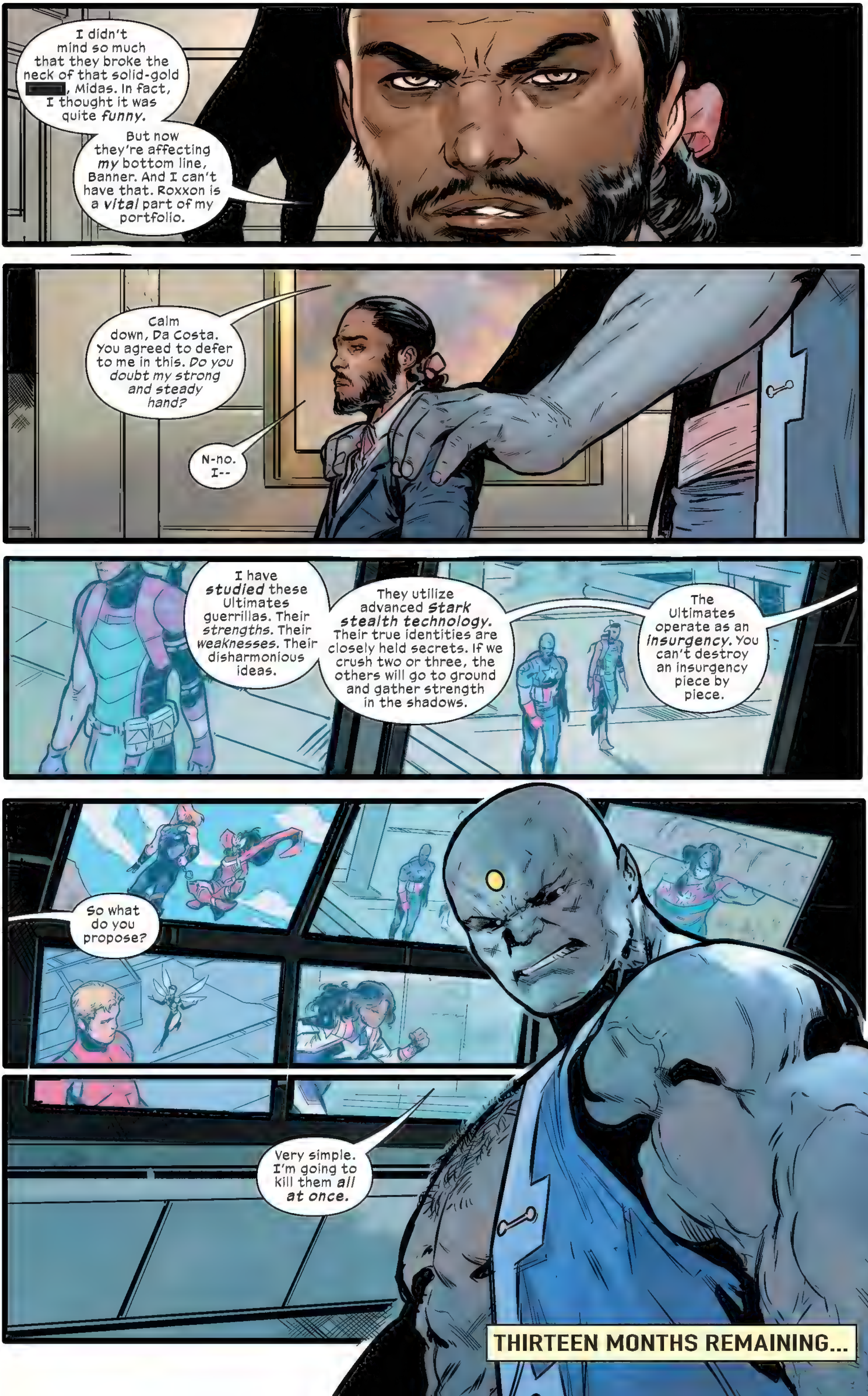

Visions aren't about the messenger. Or even the *message.*
They're about the *receiver.*
SNAP
Enough!
I don't care if I had to dig my destiny out of a dumpster. It's still *mine.*
CRUNCH
Ugh!
RRUMMMBLLEEE
Hrrr. Just like the movies. Cowboy wins. Indian dies.
Everybody cheers.
No one's dying. And that's not cheering. Get up and use those *eyes.*


X.3
What the hell is...?
X.9
I tried to tell you--what you're doing is *dangerous.* That's a Roxxon "Cleanup Crew," coming to erase us both like a couple of *carpet stains.*
Mercenaries, basically. Roxxon hires them to secure mining operations in locations with "high levels of local instability."
I hear they were instrumental in putting down the Savage Land revolt of the '70s. I've been reading up on history.
X.9
There's... a *thousand* of them.
Someone once told me that with the proper training, an operator could stop a small army with those weapons you're holding.

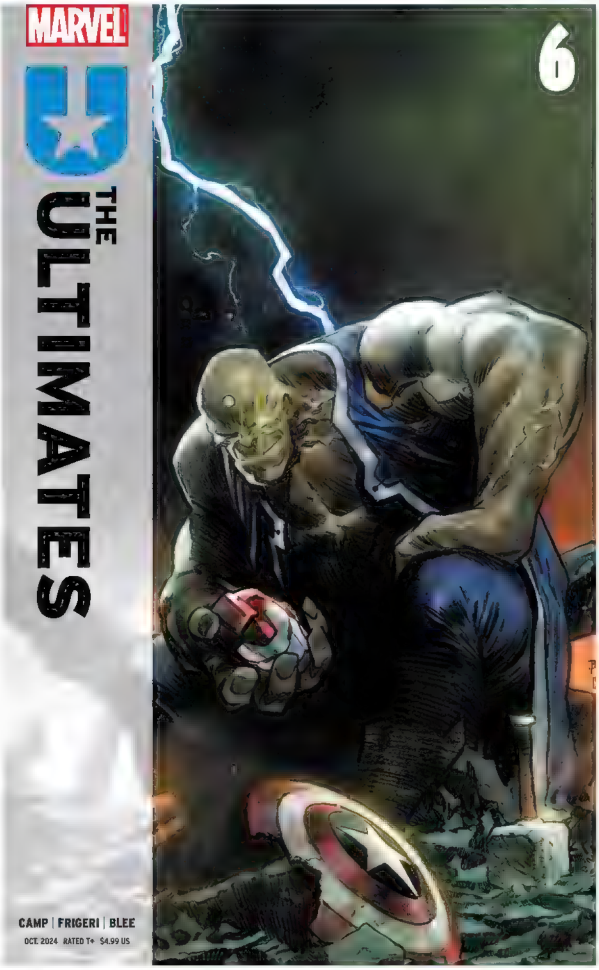
"So I hope you've been *practicing*."


ROXXO
Not bad, *Hawkeye*. Not bad at all.


We should get out of here. More will be coming.
What about our *fight?* Don't you want your *arrows* back?
No. I was never going to take them back. I just wanted to be sure before I told *Iron Lad.*
What *are* you going to tell him?
That he didn't miss.
Hey...is your spirit name really "Charli Hawks Eyes"?
ROXXON
Pfff! You white people'll believe *anything!*
"Unbelievable! What are we going to do about this?!"


I didn't mind so much that they broke the neck of that solid-gold [redacted], Midas. In fact, I thought it was quite *funny.*
But now they're affecting *my* bottom line, Banner. And I can't have that. Roxxon is a *vital* part of my portfolio.
Calm down, Da Costa. You agreed to defer to me in this. *Do you doubt my strong and steady hand?*
N-no. I--
I have *studied* these Ultimates guerrillas. Their *strengths.* Their *weaknesses.* Their disharmonious ideas.
They utilize advanced *Stark stealth technology.* Their true identities are closely held secrets. If we crush two or three, the others will go to ground and gather strength in the shadows.
The Ultimates operate as an *insurgency.* You can't destroy an insurgency piece by piece.
So what do you propose?
Very simple. I'm going to kill them *all at once.*
THIRTEEN MONTHS REMAINING...

NEXT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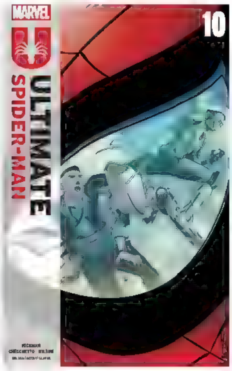
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SPIDER-MAN

ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN #10

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MARVEL
9
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER

ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER #9

BY **BRYAN HILL** &
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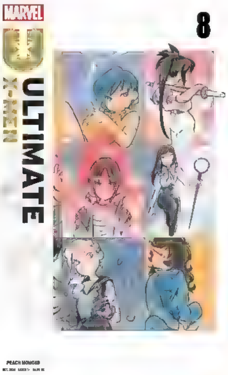

MARVEL
8
ULTIMATE
X-MEN
PEACH MOMOKO

ULTIMATE
X-MEN #8

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

11

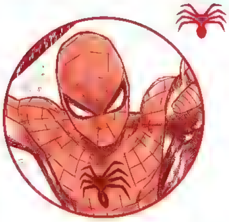
Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Ten months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**.

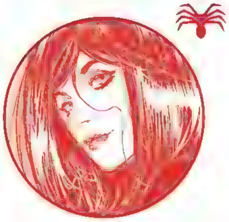
WILSON FISK, the **KINGPIN** of Manhattan and an agent of the Maker's Council, has deputized the heads of New York—the **SINISTER SIX**—to capture the heroic duo. The first to try was **BLACK CAT**, who got badly injured in the altercation. That sowed an ethical dispute between Spider-Man and Green Goblin...which is even more complicated now that **BEN PARKER** and **J. JONAH JAMESON** know the Green Goblin's true identity: **HARRY OSBORN**, the co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**.

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

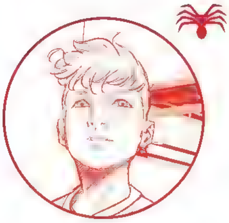
CAST:



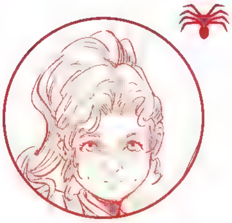
PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN



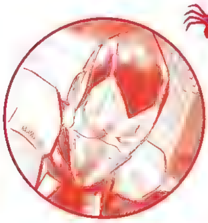
MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU



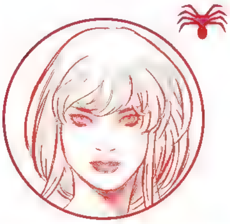
RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON



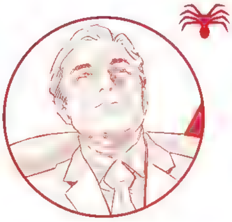
MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER



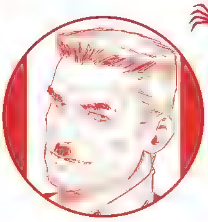
HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN



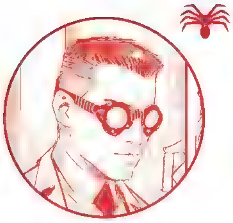
GWEN STACY
HARRY'S WIFE, OSCORP C.E.O.



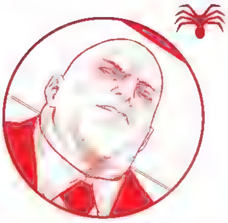
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE



J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

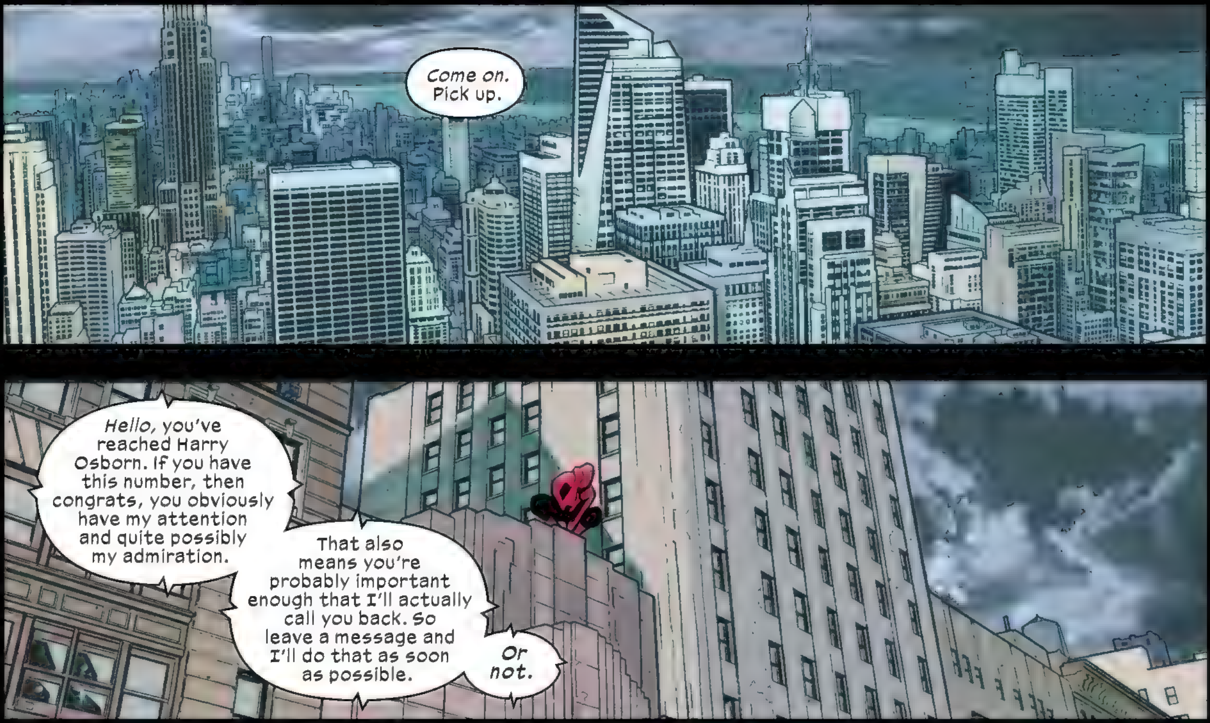


OTTO OCTAVIUS
OSCORP SCIENTIST

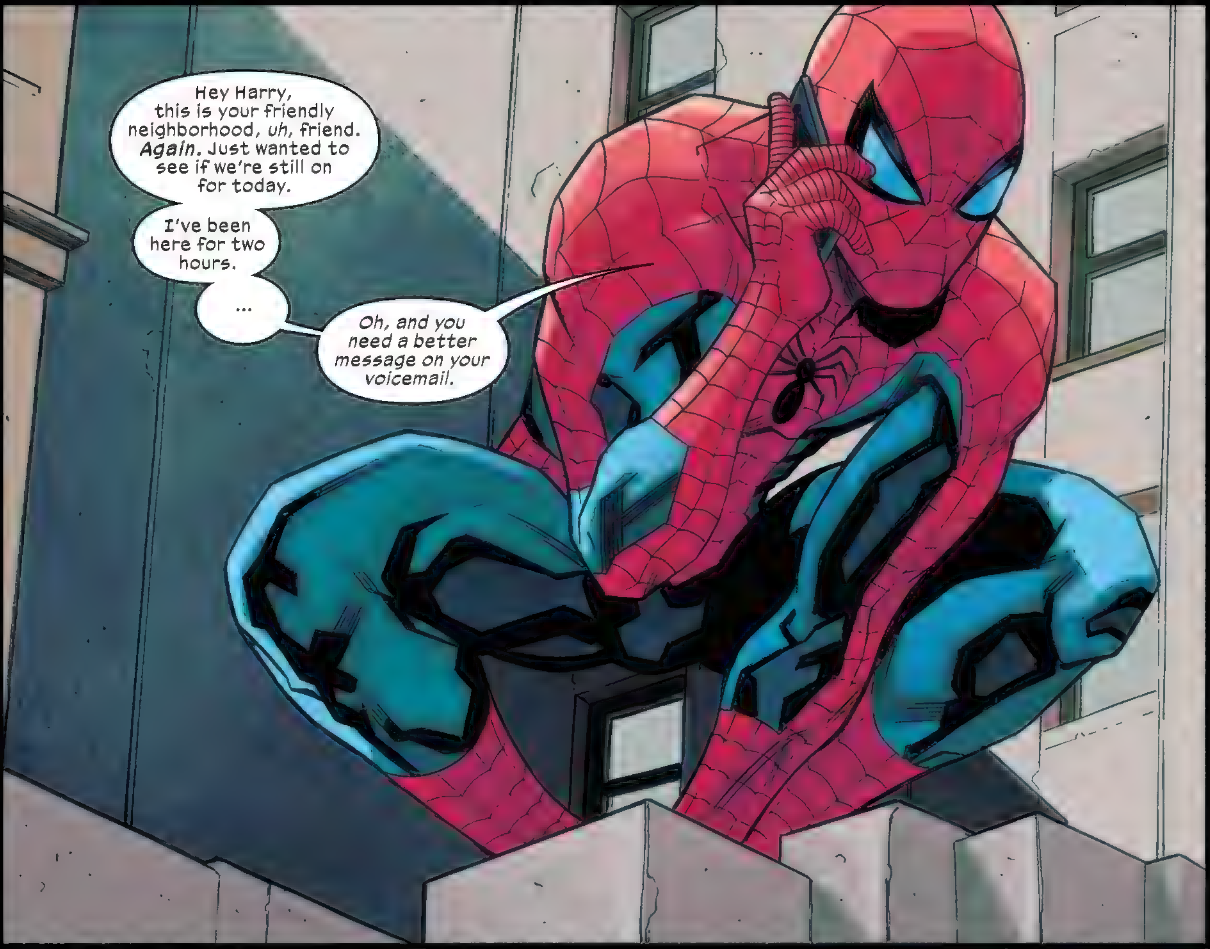


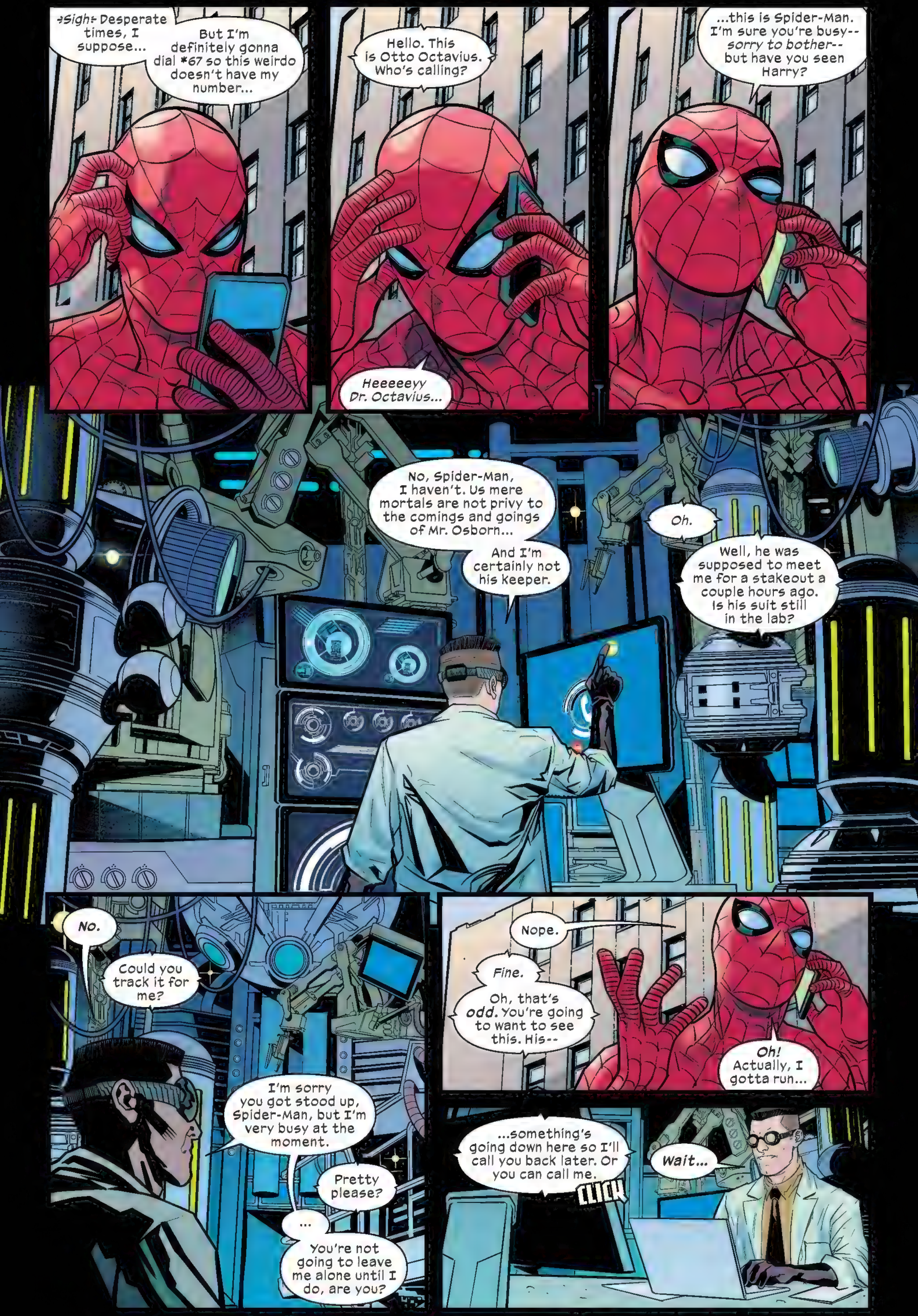
WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

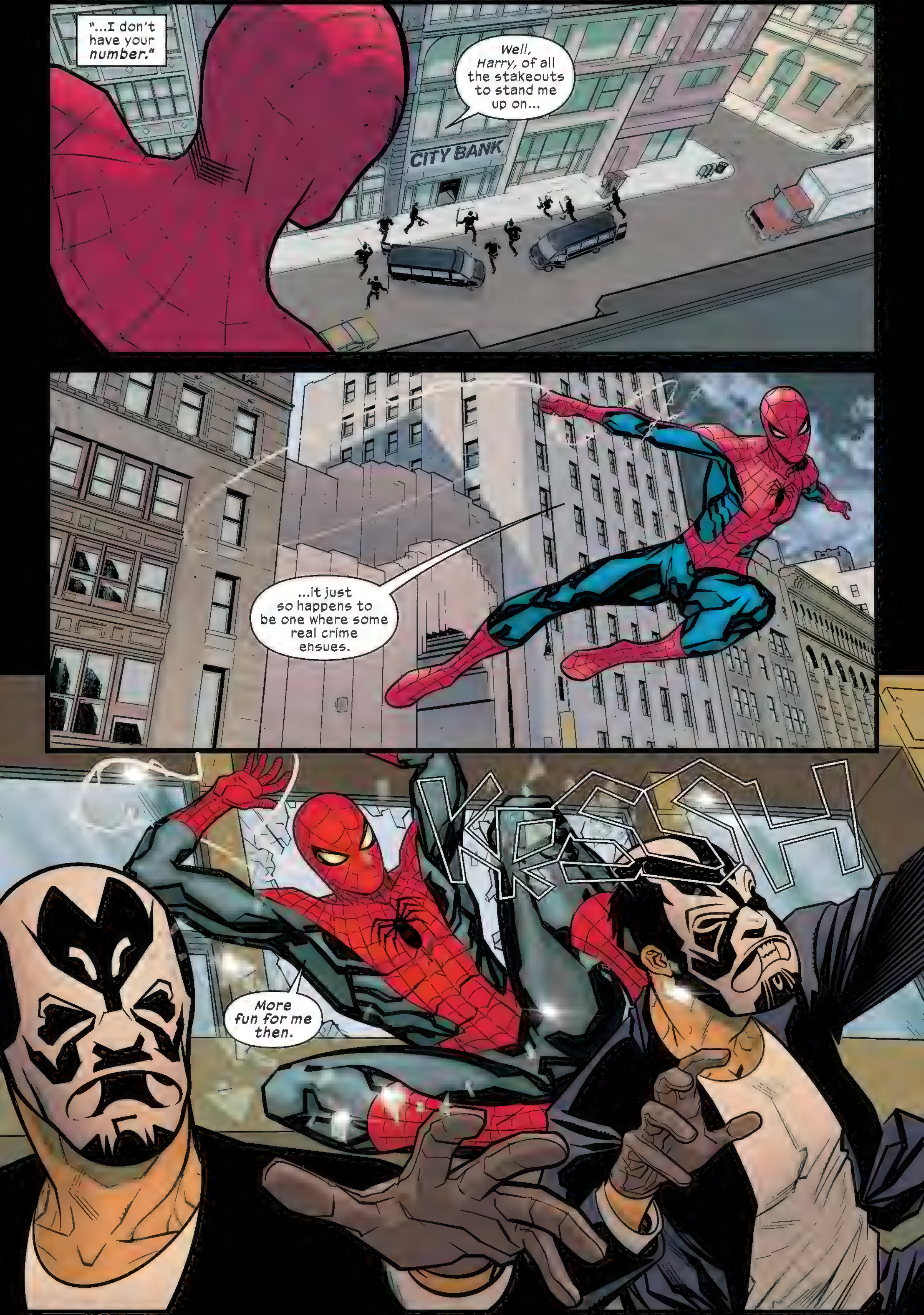
2024

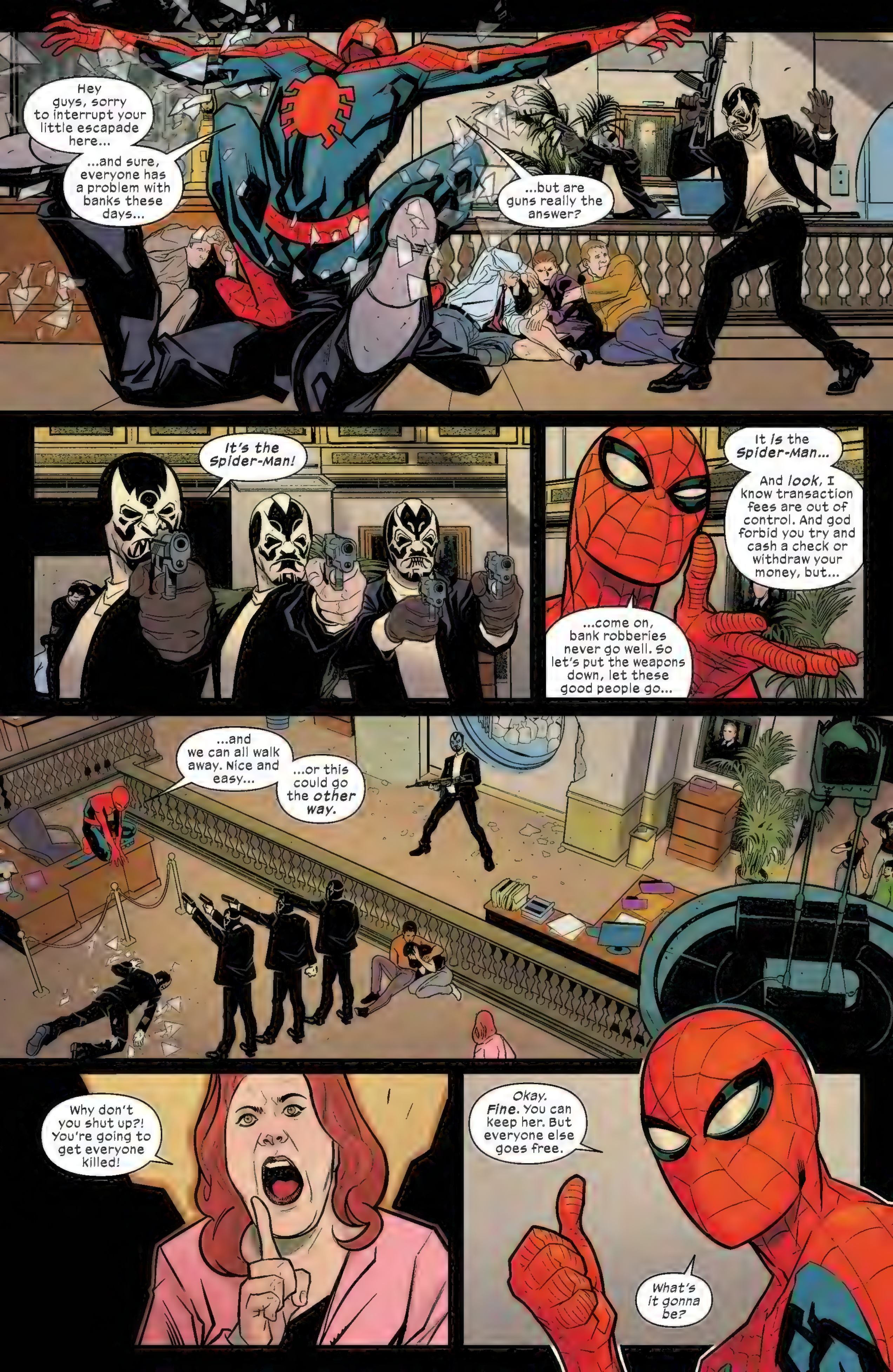

Come on. Pick up.
Hello, you've reached Harry Osborn. If you have this number, then congrats, you obviously have my attention and quite possibly my admiration.
That also means you're probably important enough that I'll actually call you back. So leave a message and I'll do that as soon as possible.
Or not.

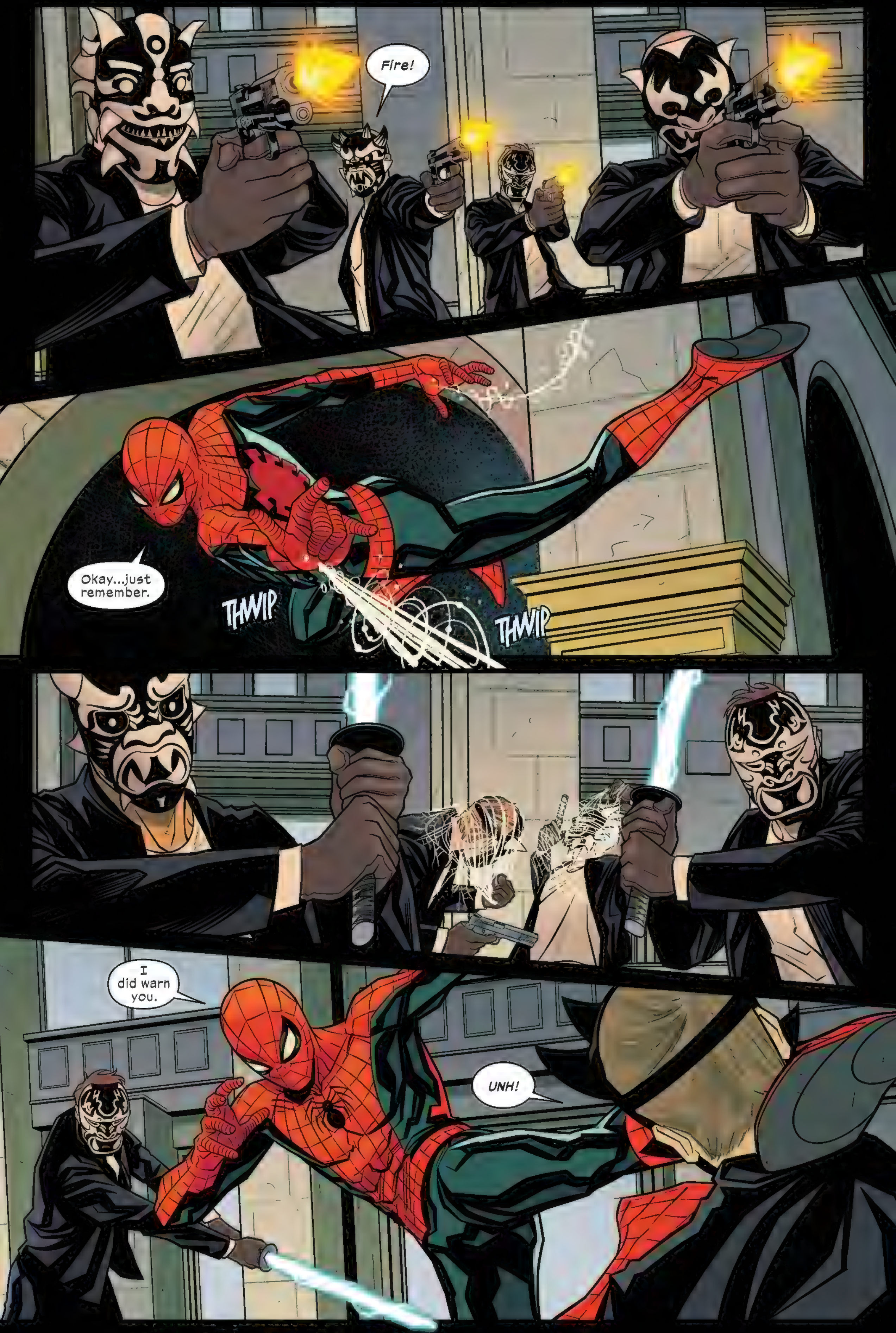
NOVEMBER

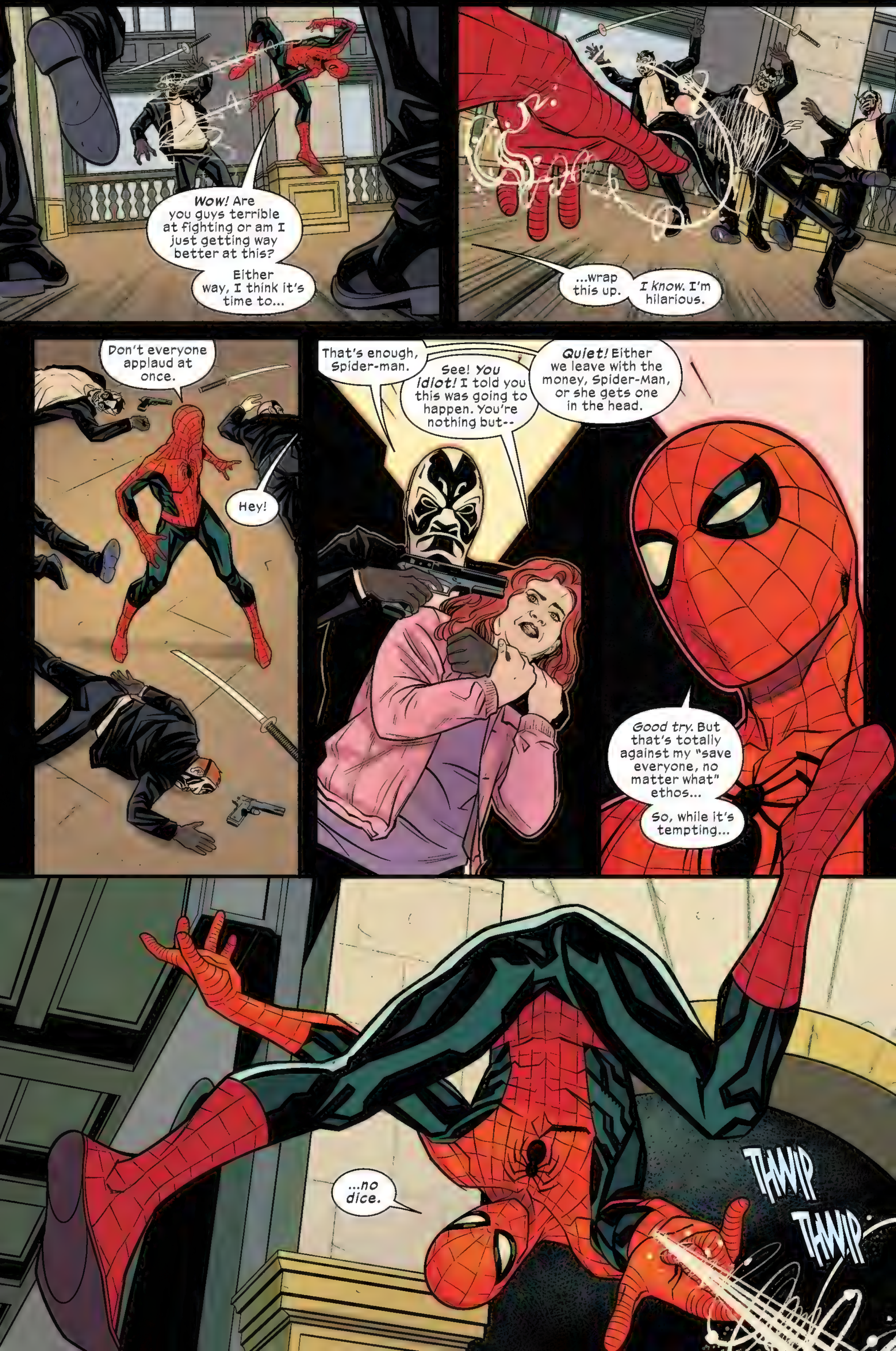

Hey Harry, this is your friendly neighborhood, *uh,* friend. ***Again.*** Just wanted to see if we're still on for today.
I've been here for two hours.
...
Oh, and you need a better message on your voicemail.

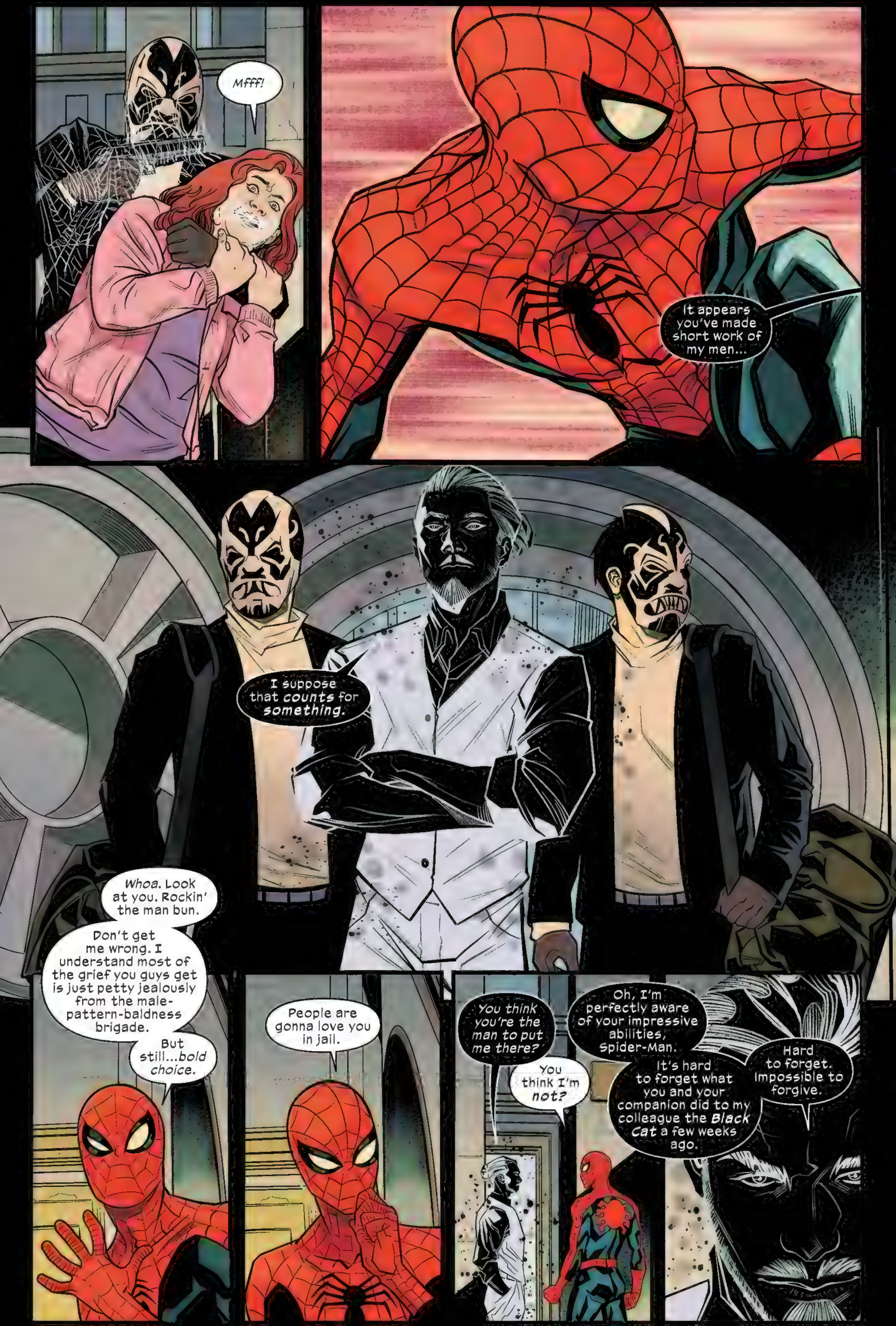

Sigh Desperate times, I suppose...
But I'm definitely gonna dial *67 so this weirdo doesn't have my number...
Hello. This is Otto Octavius. Who's calling?
Heeeeeyy Dr. Octavius...
...this is Spider-Man. I'm sure you're busy-- sorry to bother-- but have you seen Harry?
No, Spider-Man, I haven't. Us mere mortals are not privy to the comings and goings of Mr. Osborn...
And I'm certainly not his keeper.
Oh.
Well, he was supposed to meet me for a stakeout a couple hours ago. Is his suit still in the lab?
No.
Could you track it for me?
I'm sorry you got stood up, Spider-Man, but I'm very busy at the moment.
Pretty please?
...
You're not going to leave me alone until I do, are you?
Nope.
Fine.
Oh, that's odd. You're going to want to see this. His--
Oh! Actually, I gotta run...
...something's going down here so I'll call you back later. Or you can call me.
CLICK
Wait...

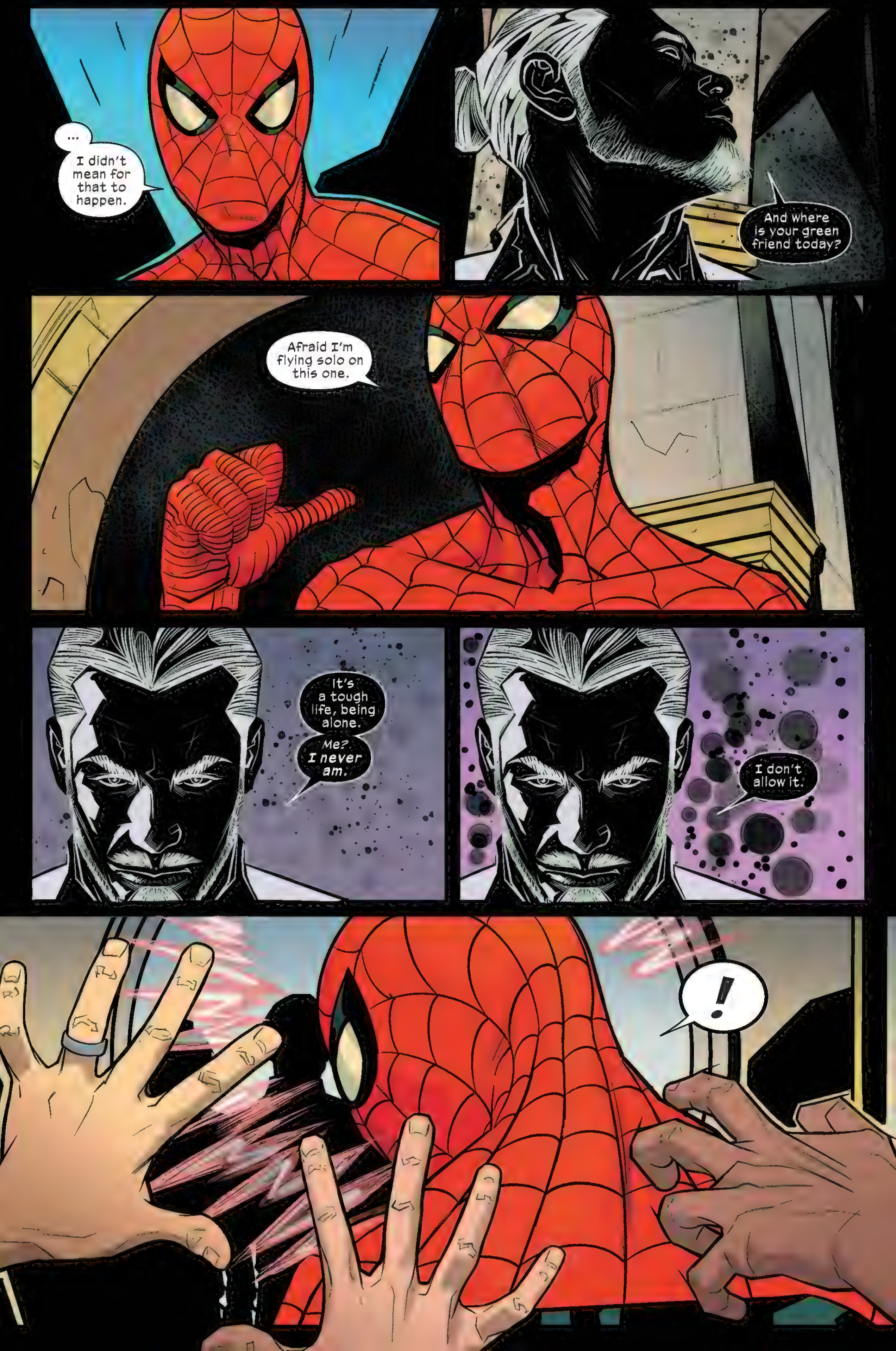

"...I don't have your *number.*"
CITY BANK
Well, Harry, of all the stakeouts to stand me up on...
...it just so happens to be one where some real crime ensues.
KRSSH
More fun for me then.

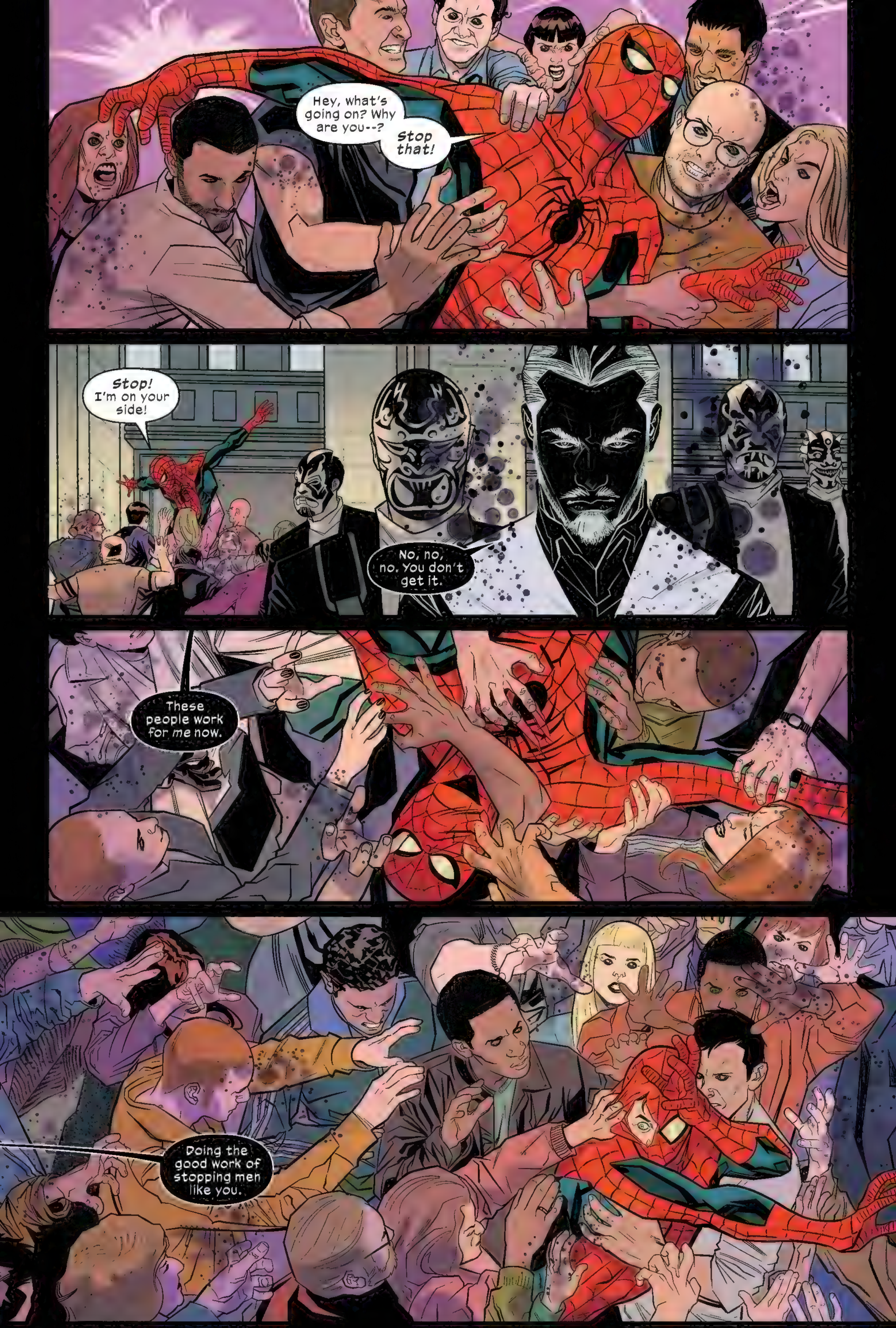

Hey guys, sorry to interrupt your little escapade here...
...and sure, everyone has a problem with banks these days...
...but are guns really the answer?
It's the Spider-Man!
It *is* the Spider-Man...
And *look*, I know transaction fees are out of control. And god forbid you try and cash a check or withdraw your money, but...
...come on, bank robberies never go well. So let's put the weapons down, let these good people go...
...and we can all walk away. Nice and easy...
...or this could go the *other* way.
Why don't you shut up?! You're going to get everyone killed!
Okay. *Fine*. You can keep her. But everyone else goes free.
What's it gonna be?

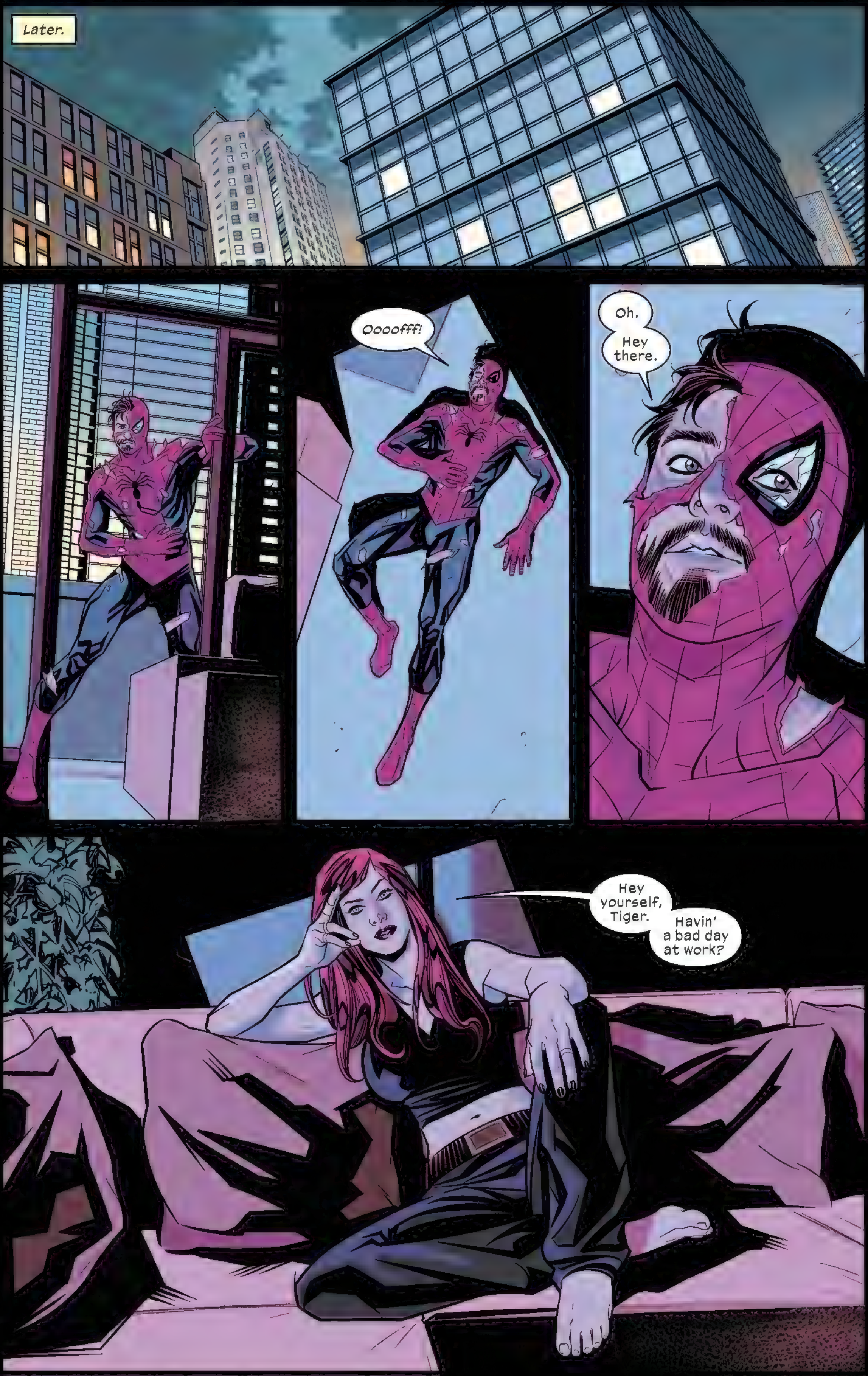

Fire!
Okay...just remember.
THWIP
THWIP
I did warn you.
UNH!

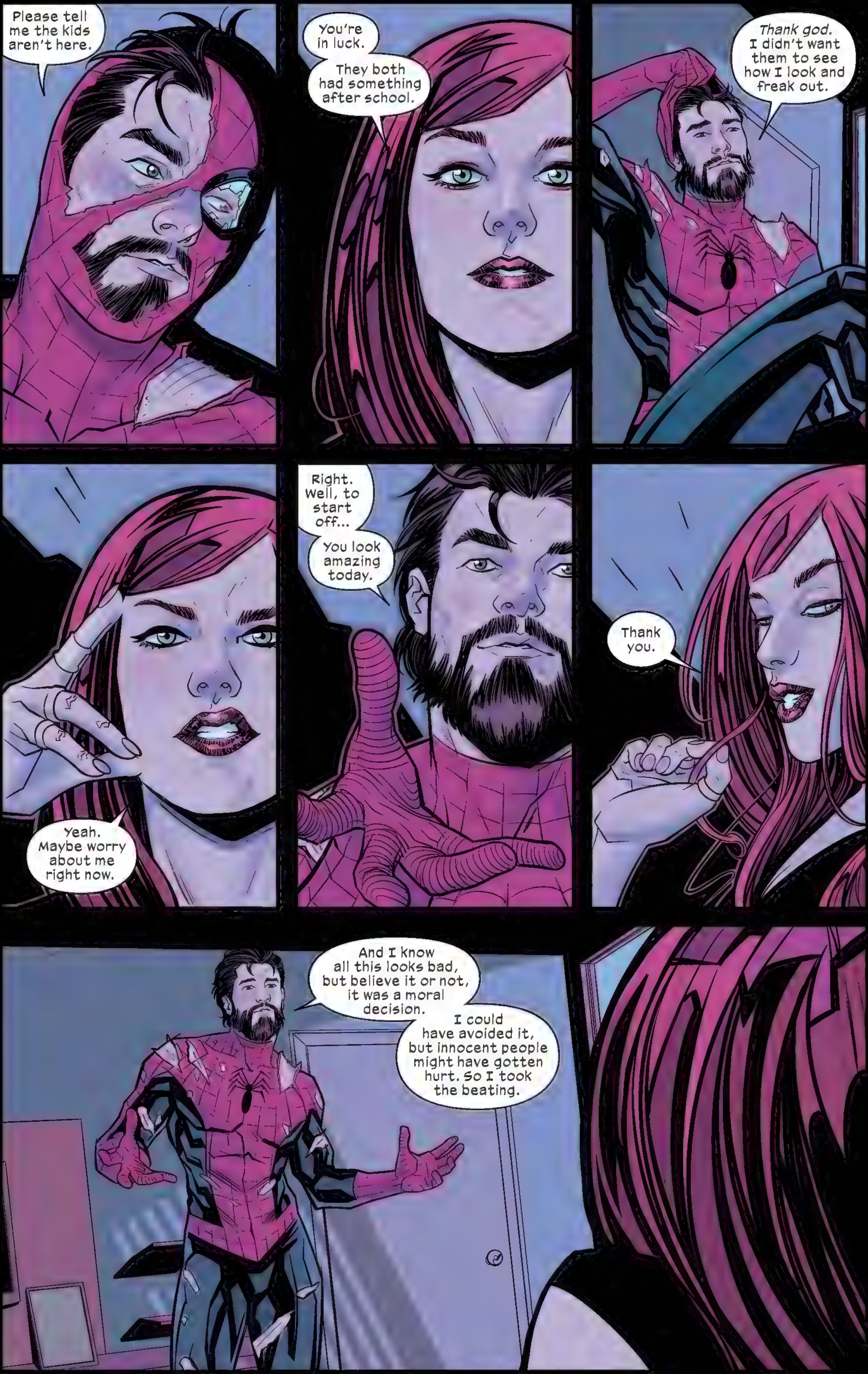

Wow! Are you guys terrible at fighting or am I just getting way better at this?
Either way, I think it's time to...
...wrap this up.
I know. I'm hilarious.
Don't everyone applaud at once.
Hey!
That's enough, Spider-man.
See! You idiot! I told you this was going to happen. You're nothing but--
Quiet! Either we leave with the money, Spider-Man, or she gets one in the head.
Good try. But that's totally against my "save everyone, no matter what" ethos...
So, while it's tempting...
...no dice.
THWIP
THWIP

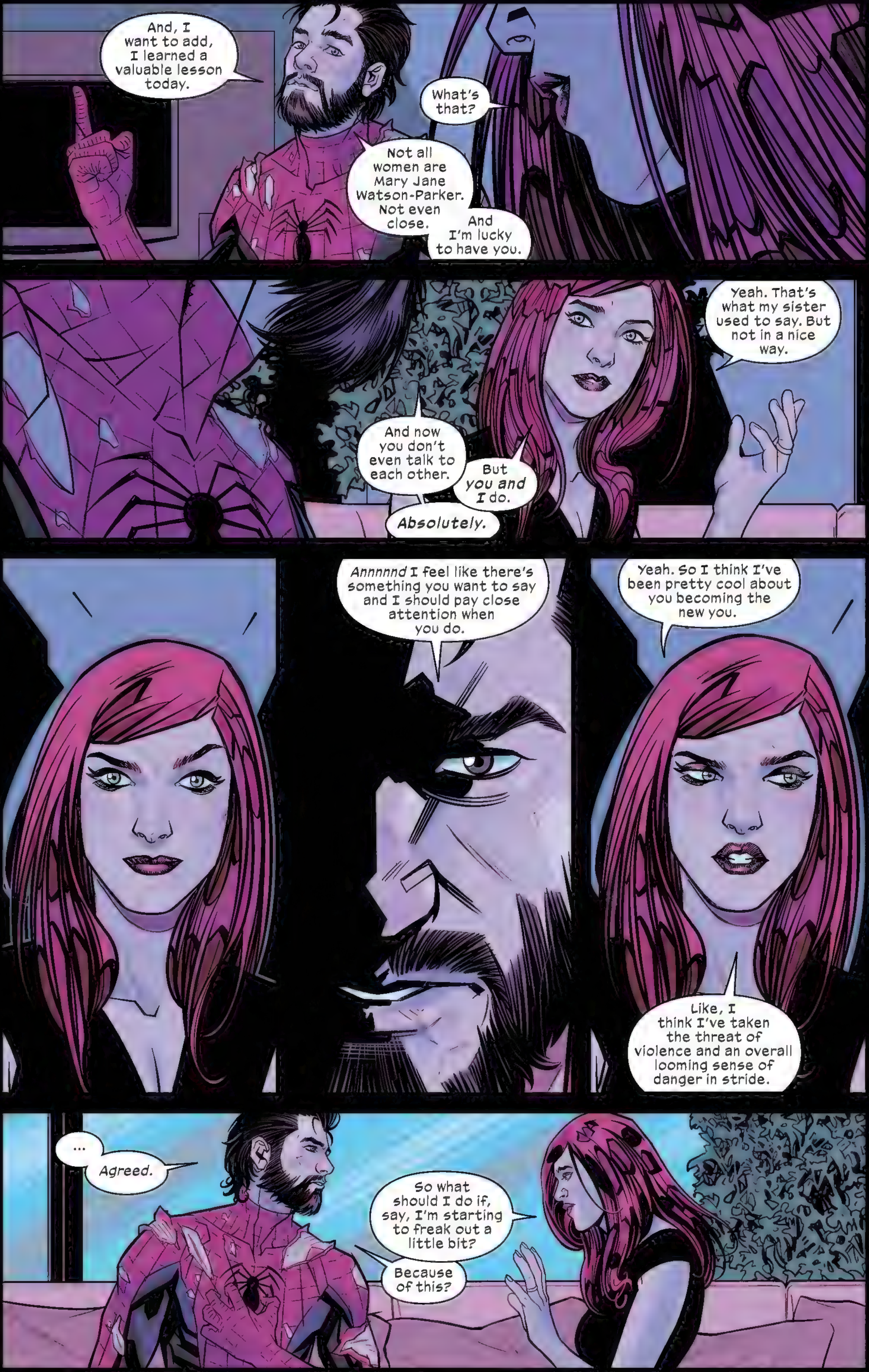

Mfff!
It appears you've made short work of my men...
I suppose that *counts* for *something.*
Whoa. Look at you. Rockin' the man bun.
Don't get me wrong. I understand most of the grief you guys get is just petty jealously from the male-pattern-baldness brigade.
But still...*bold choice.*
People are gonna love you in jail.
You think you're the man to put me there?
You think I'm *not?*
Oh, I'm perfectly aware of your impressive abilities, Spider-Man.
It's hard to forget what you and your companion did to my colleague the *Black Cat* a few weeks ago.
Hard to forget. Impossible to forgive.

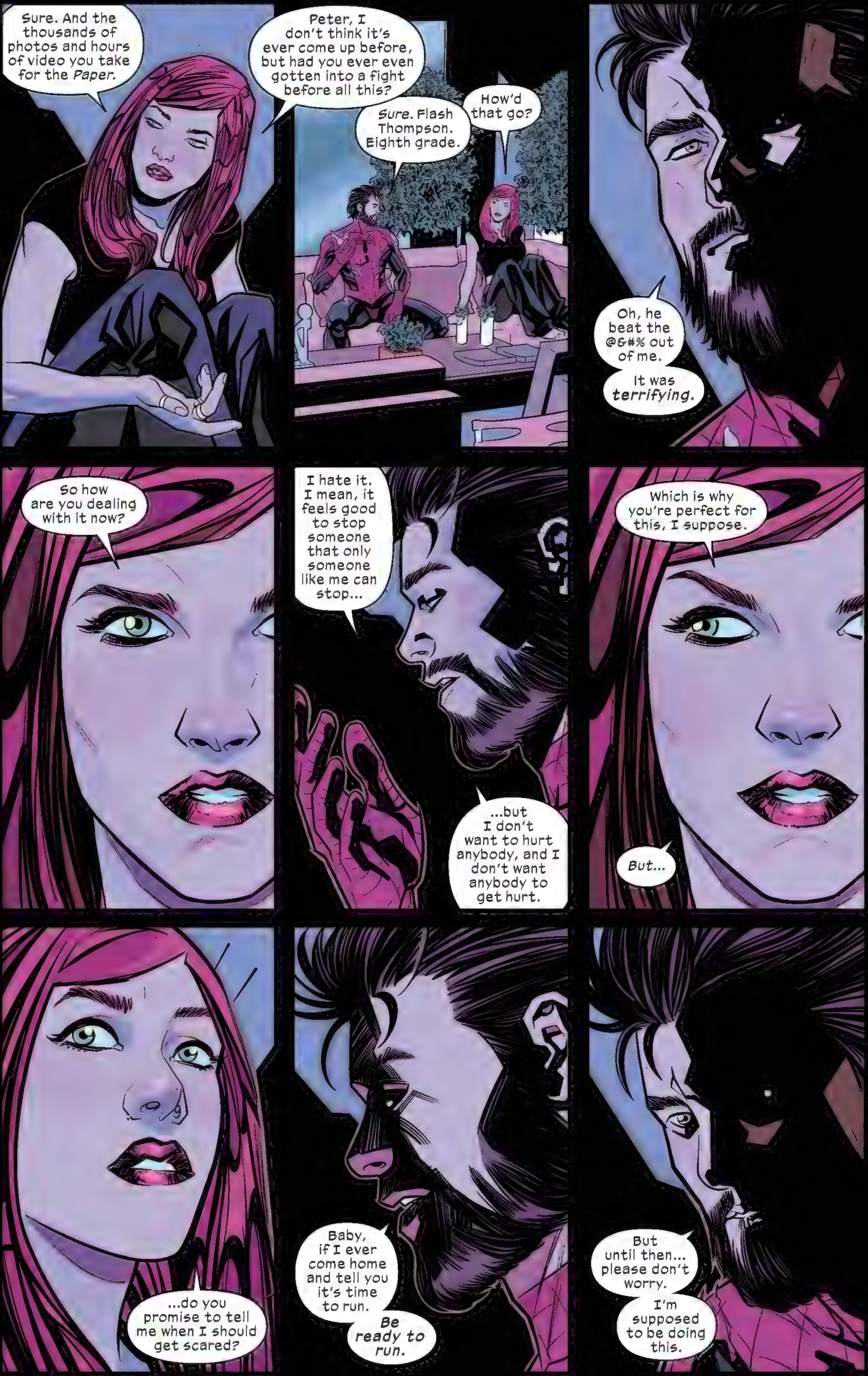

...
I didn't mean for that to happen.
And where is your green friend today?
Afraid I'm flying solo on this one.
It's a tough life, being alone.
Me? *I never* am.
I don't allow it.
!

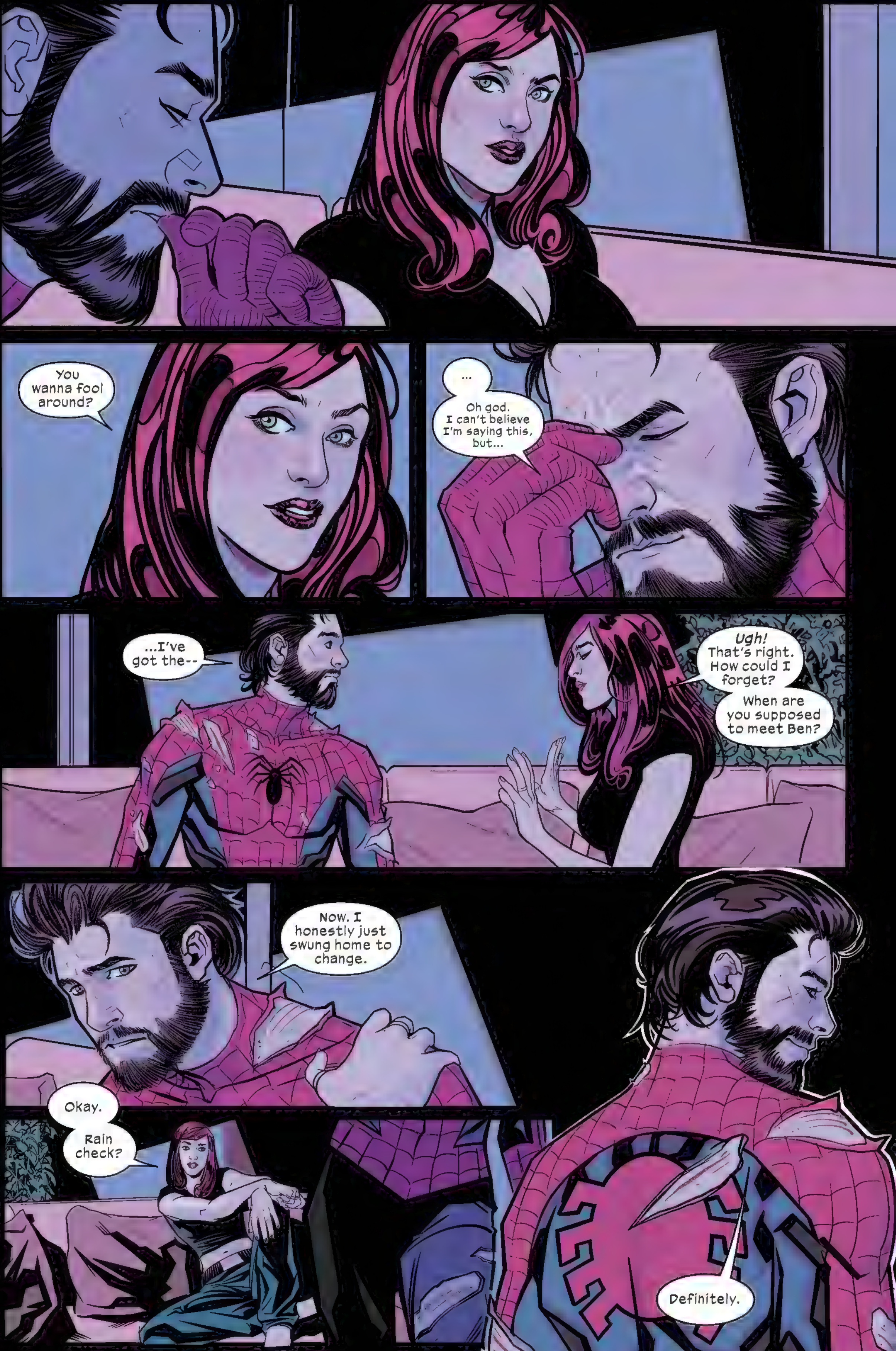

Hey, what's going on? Why are you--?
Stop that!
Stop! I'm on your side!
No, no, no. You don't get it.
These people work for *me* now.
Doing the good work of stopping men like you.

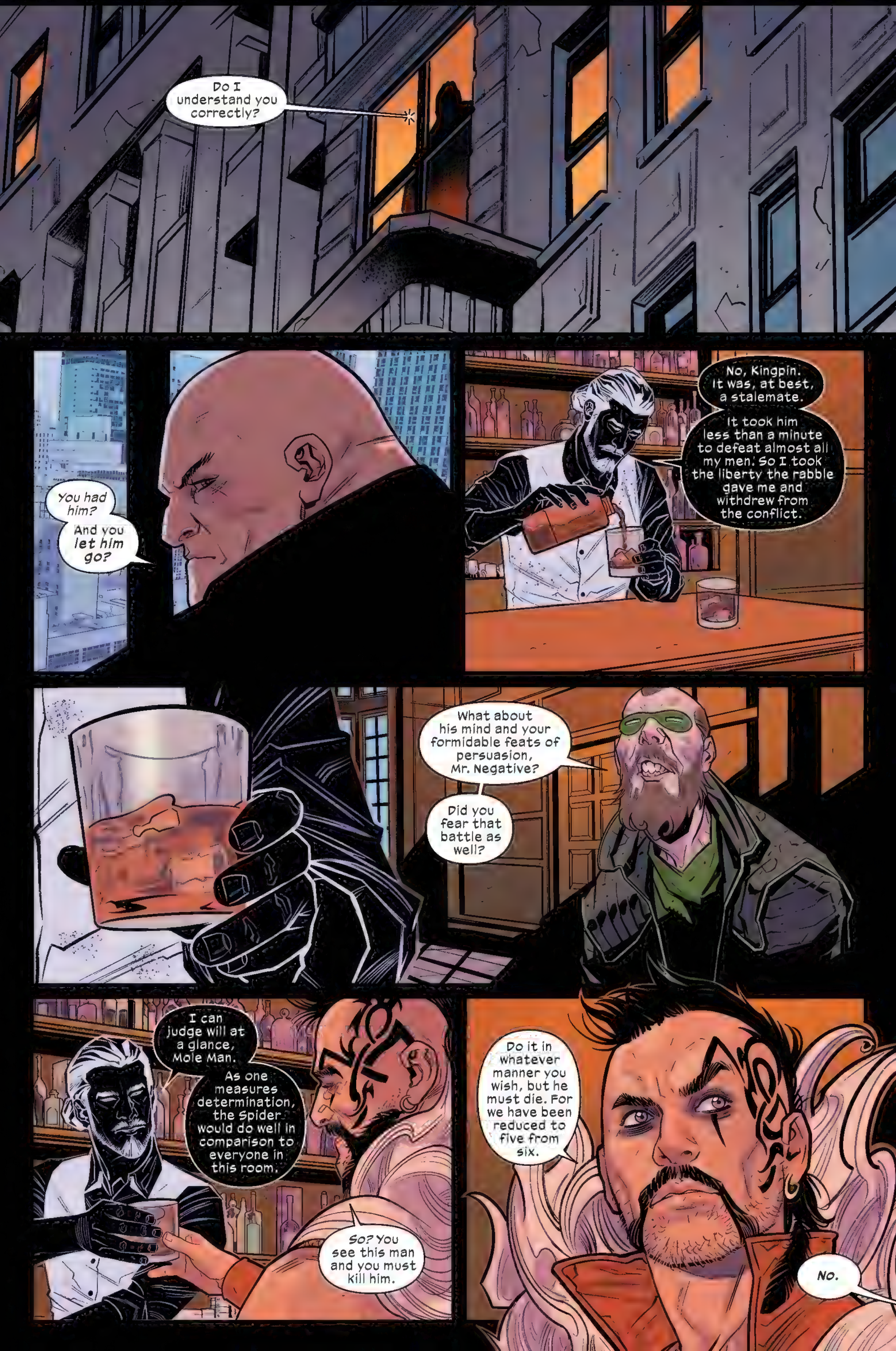

Later.
Ooooff!
Oh.
Hey there.
Hey yourself, Tiger.
Havin' a bad day at work?

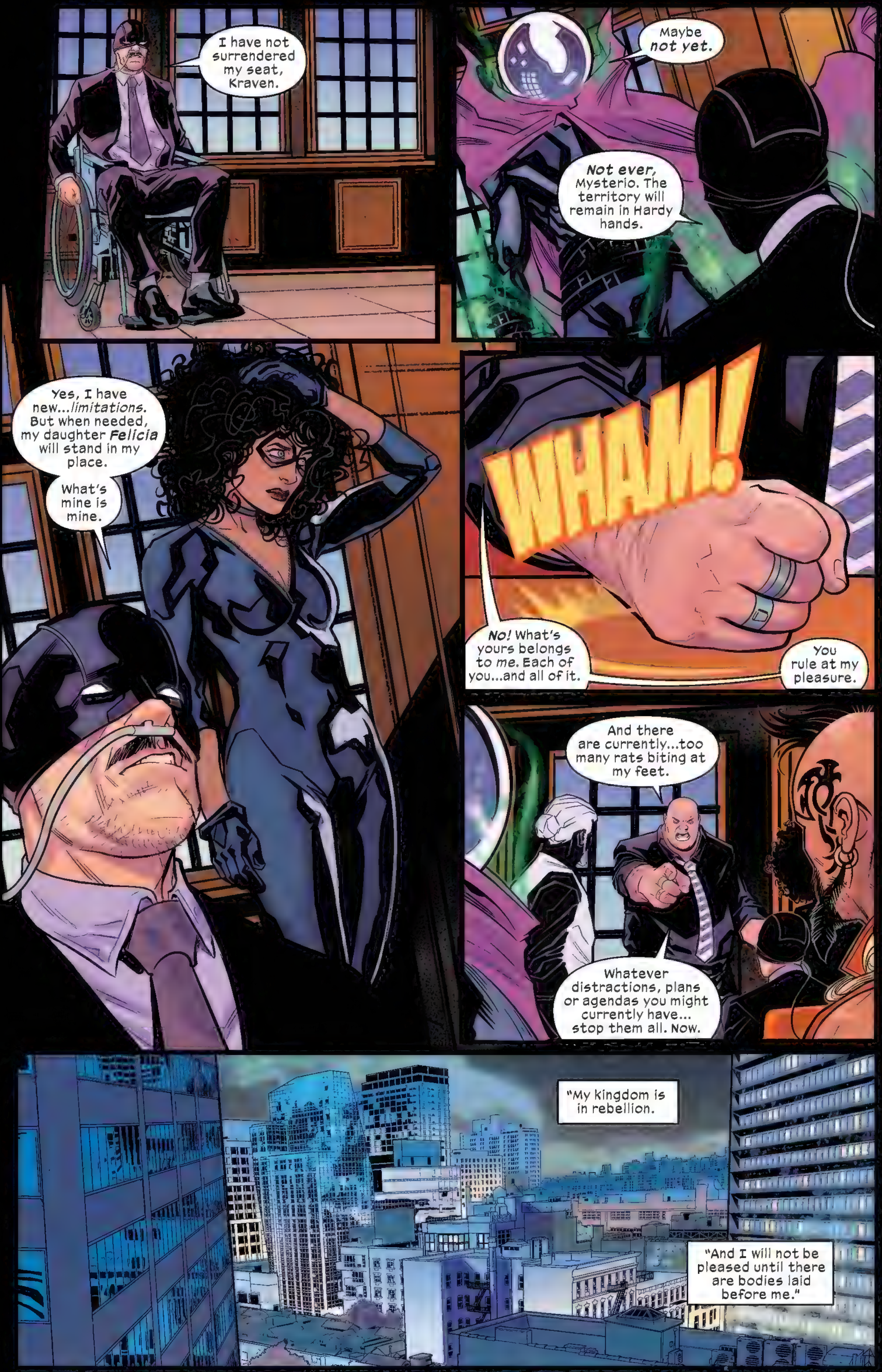

Please tell me the kids aren't here.
You're in luck.
They both had something after school.
Thank god. I didn't want them to see how I look and freak out.
Yeah. Maybe worry about me right now.
Right. Well, to start off...
You look amazing today.
Thank you.
And I know all this looks bad, but believe it or not, it was a moral decision.
I could have avoided it, but innocent people might have gotten hurt. So I took the beating.

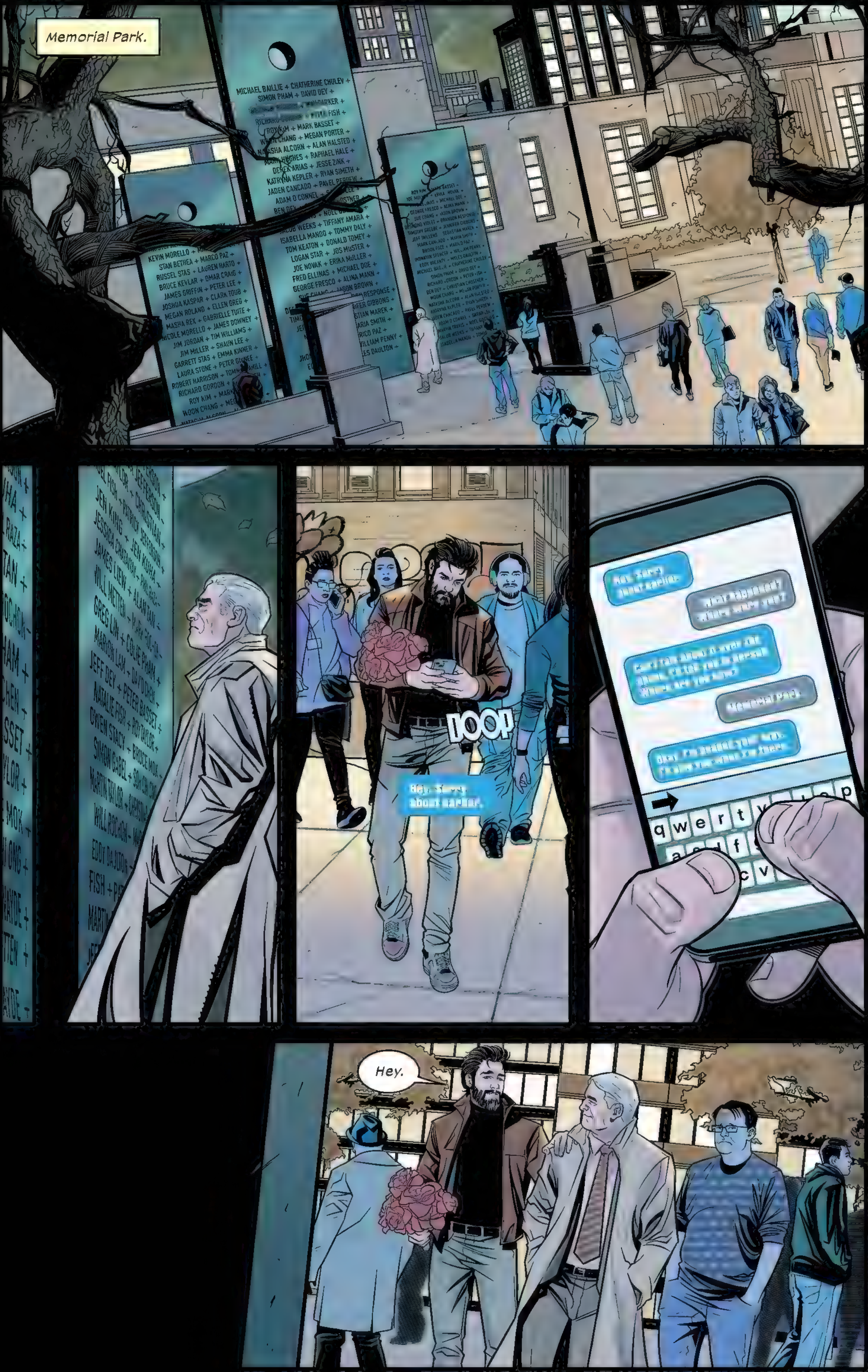

And, I want to add, I learned a valuable lesson today.
What's that?
Not all women are Mary Jane Watson-Parker. Not even close.
And I'm lucky to have you.
Yeah. That's what my sister used to say. But not in a nice way.
And now you don't even talk to each other.
But *you and I* do.
Absolutely.
Annnnnd I feel like there's something you want to say and I should pay close attention when you do.
Yeah. So I think I've been pretty cool about you becoming the new you.
Like, I think I've taken the threat of violence and an overall looming sense of danger in stride.
...
Agreed.
So what should I do if, say, I'm starting to freak out a little bit?
Because of this?

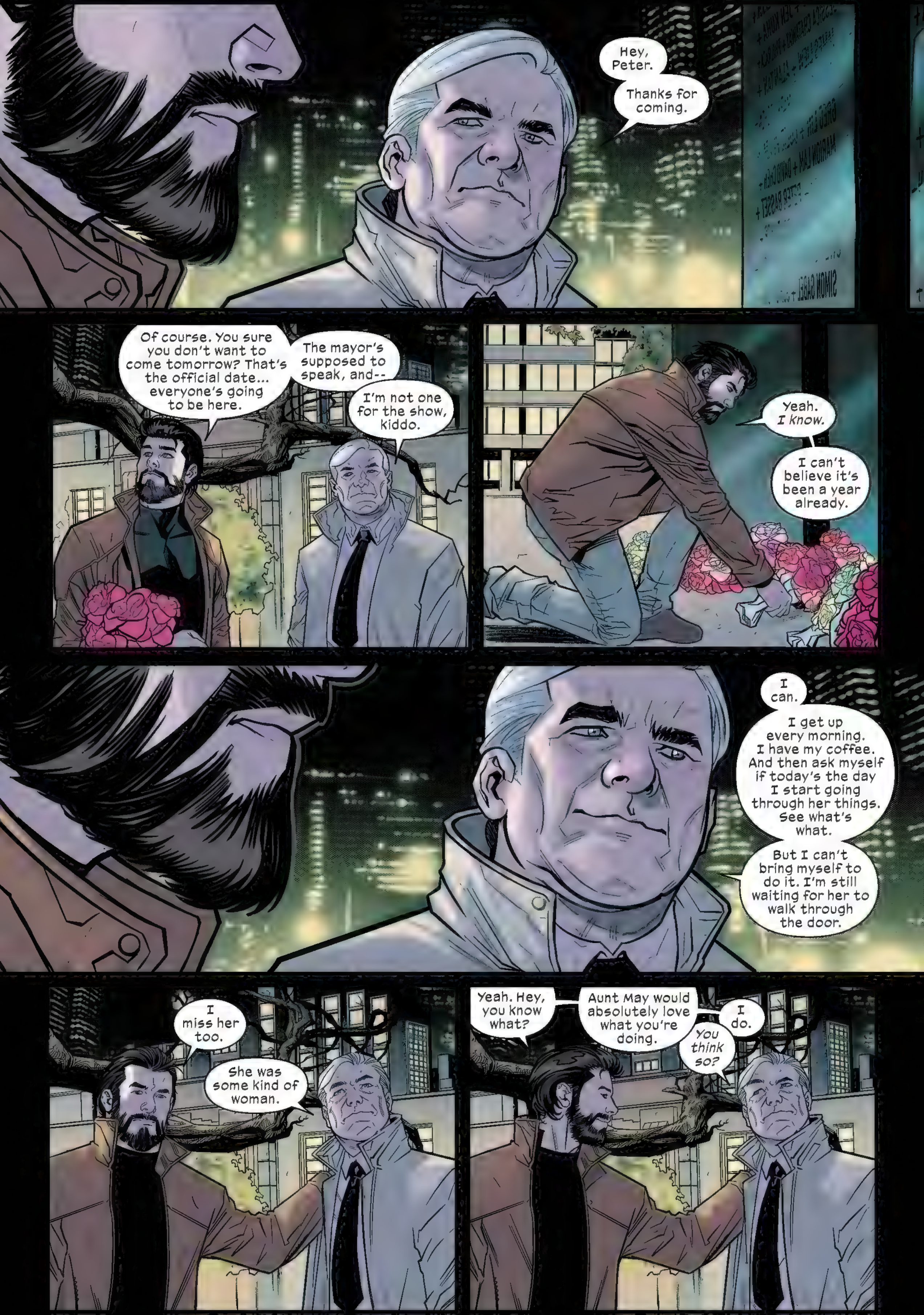

Sure. And the thousands of photos and hours of video you take for the *Paper*.
Peter, I don't think it's ever come up before, but had you ever even gotten into a fight before all this?
Sure. Flash Thompson. Eighth grade.
How'd that go?
Oh, he beat the @&#% out of me.
It was *terrifying.*
So how are you dealing with it now?
I hate it. I mean, it feels good to stop someone that only someone like me can stop...
...but I don't want to hurt anybody, and I don't want anybody to get hurt.
Which is why you're perfect for this, I suppose.
But...
...do you promise to tell me when I should get scared?
Baby, if I ever come home and tell you it's time to run.
Be ready to run.
But until then... please don't worry.
I'm supposed to be doing this.

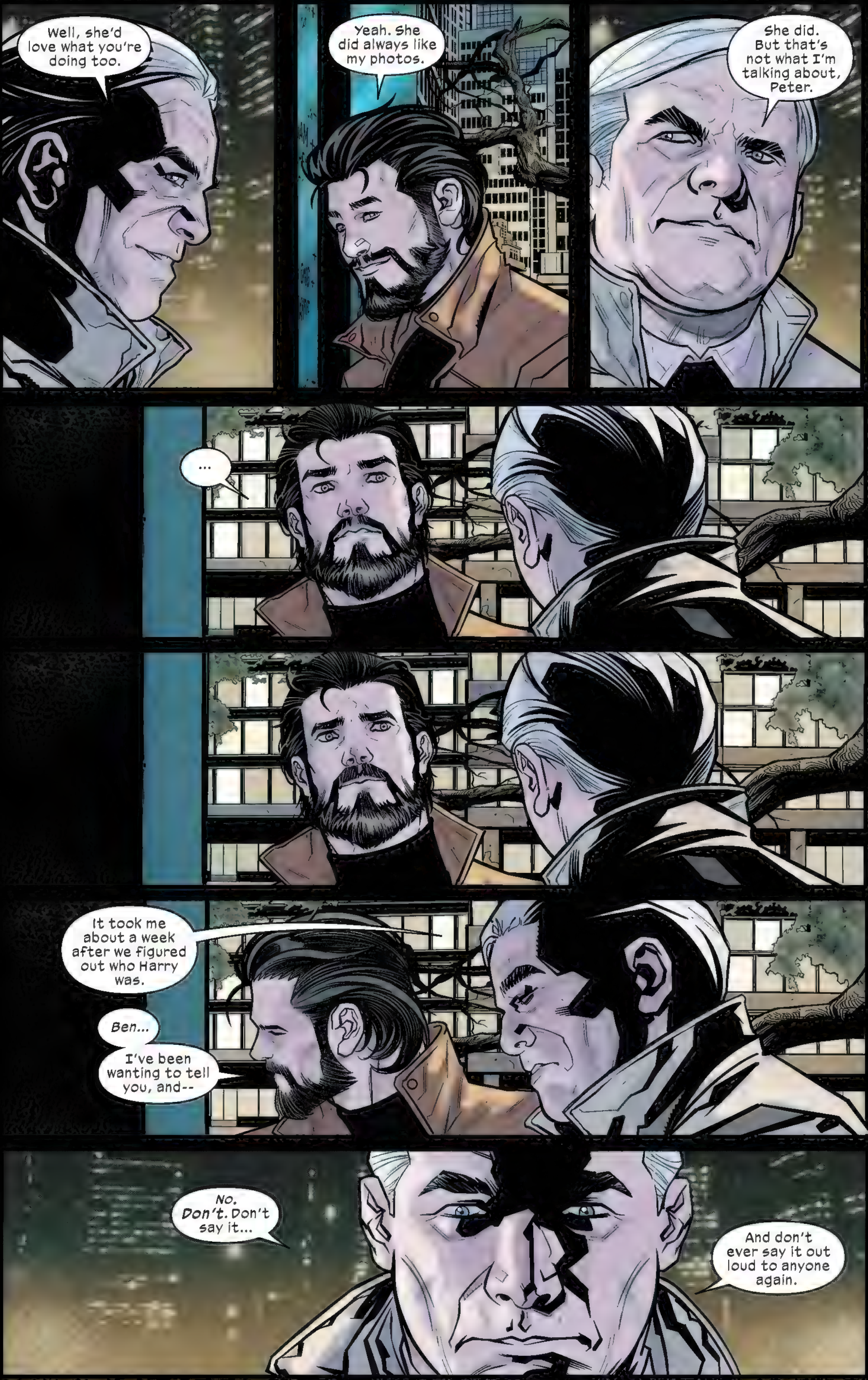

You wanna fool around?
...
Oh god. I can't believe I'm saying this, but...
...I've got the--
Ugh! That's right. How could I forget?
When are you supposed to meet Ben?
Now. I honestly just swung home to change.
Okay.
Rain check?
Definitely.

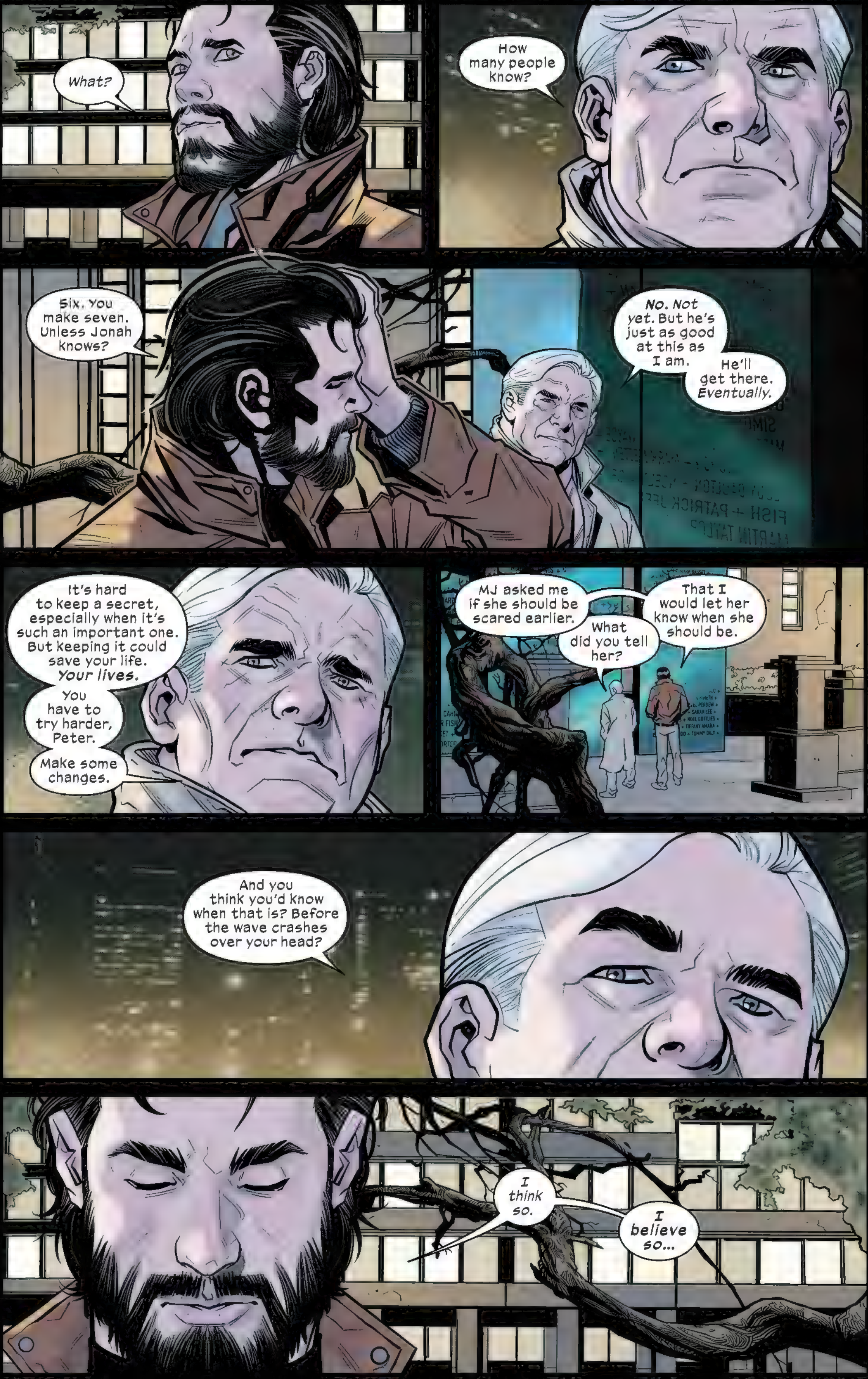

Do I understand you correctly?
You had him?
And you let him go?
No, Kingpin. It was, at best, a stalemate.
It took him less than a minute to defeat almost all my men. So I took the liberty the rabble gave me and withdrew from the conflict.
What about his mind and your formidable feats of persuasion, Mr. Negative?
Did you fear that battle as well?
I can judge will at a glance, Mole Man.
As one measures determination, the Spider would do well in comparison to everyone in this room.
So? You see this man and you must kill him.
Do it in whatever manner you wish, but he must die. For we have been reduced to five from six.
No.

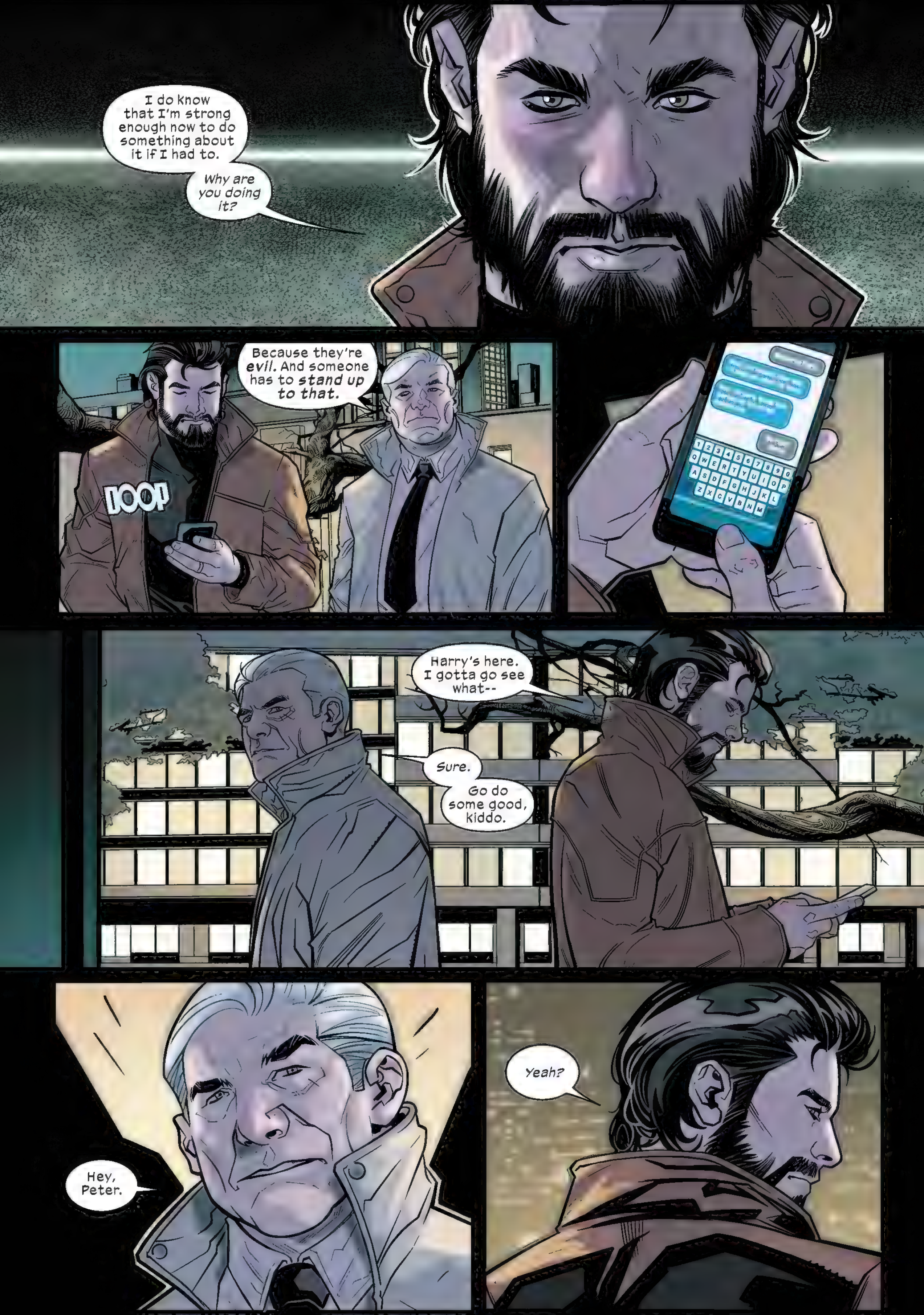

I have not surrendered my seat, Kraven.
Maybe *not yet.*
Not ever, Mysterio. The territory will remain in Hardy hands.
Yes, I have new...*limitations.* But when needed, my daughter ***Felicia*** will stand in my place.
What's mine is mine.
WHAM!
No! What's yours belongs to *me.* Each of you...and all of it.
You rule at my pleasure.
And there are currently...too many rats biting at my feet.
Whatever distractions, plans or agendas you might currently have... stop them all. Now.
"My kingdom is in rebellion.
"And I will not be pleased until there are bodies laid before me."

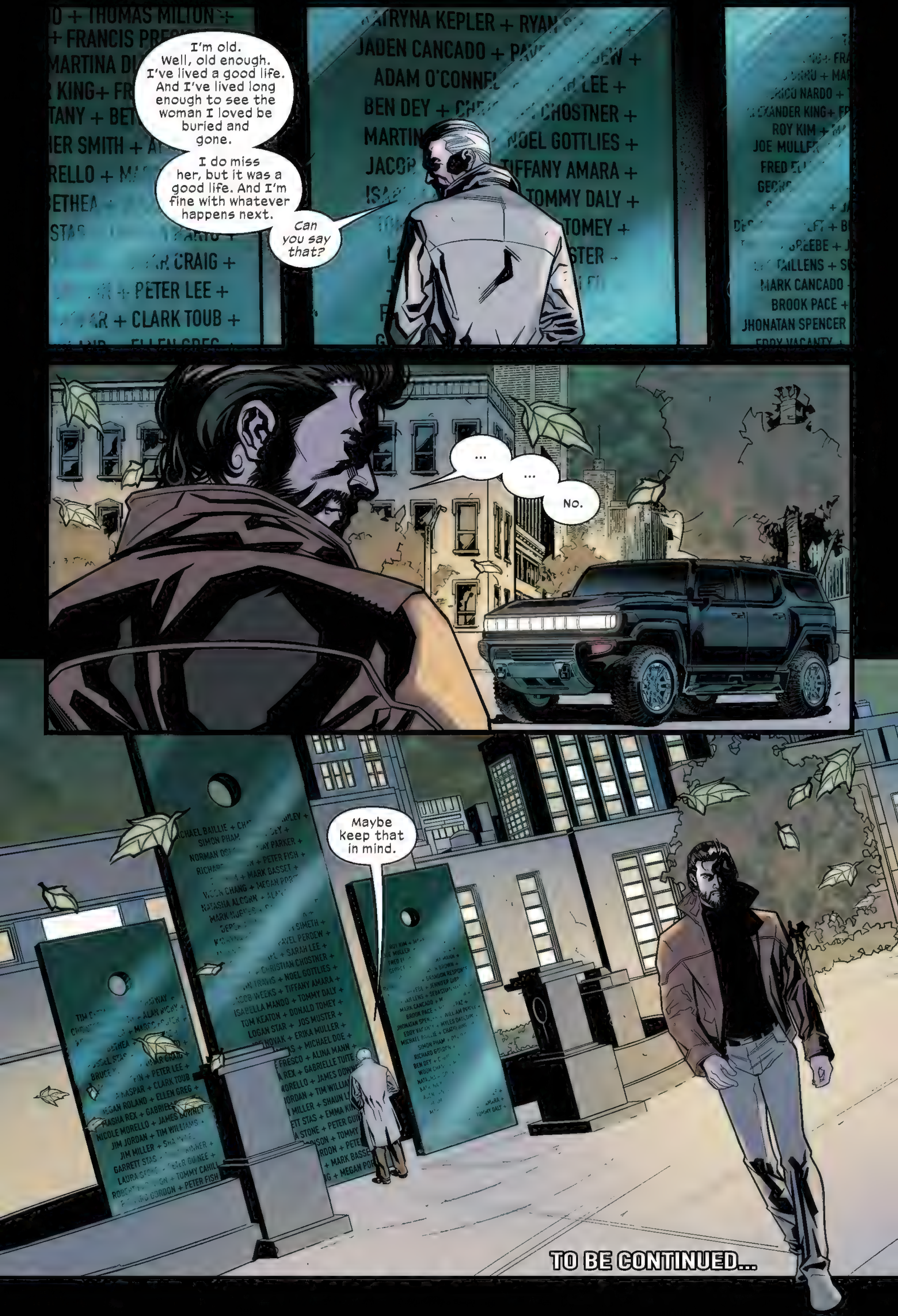

Memorial Park.
MICHAEL BAILLIE + CATHERINE CHULEV +
SIMON PHAM + DAVID DEY +
ROY KIM + MARK BASSET +
WOON CHANG + MEGAN PORTER +
NATASHA ALCORN + ALAN HALSTED +
DEREK ARIAS + JESSE ZINK +
KATRYNA KEPLER + RYAN SIMETH +
JADEN CANCADO + PAVEL PERDEW
ADAM O CONNEL +
JACOB WEEKS + TIFFANY AMARA +
ISABELLA MANDO + TOMMY DALY +
TOM KEATON + DONALD TOMEY +
LOGAN STAR + JOS MUSTER +
JOE NOVAK + ERIKA MULLER +
FRED ELLINAS + MICHAEL DOE +
GEORGE FRESCO + ALINA MANN +
KEVIN MORELLO + MARCO PAZ +
STAN BETHEA + LAUREN HARTO +
RUSSEL STAS + OMAR CRAIG +
BRUCE KEVLAR + PETER LEE +
JAMES GRIFFIN + CLARK TOUB +
JOSHUA KASPAR + ELLEN GREG +
MEGAN ROLAND + GABRIELLE TUITE +
MASHA REX + JAMES DOWNEY +
NICOLE MORELLO + TIM WILLIAMS +
JIM JORDAN + SHAUN LEE +
JIM MILLER + EMMA KINNER +
GARRETT STAS + PETER GUNNEE +
LAURA STONE +
ROBERT HARRISON +
RICHARD GORDON +
ROY KIM +
WOON CHANG +
DOOP
Hey. Sorry about earlier.
Hey. Sorry about earlier.
What happened? Where were you?
Can't talk about it over the phone. I'd tell you in person. Where are you now?
Memorial Park.
Okay. I'm headed your way. I'll see you when I'm there.
Hey.


Hey, Peter.
Thanks for coming.
Of course. You sure you don't want to come tomorrow? That's the official date... everyone's going to be here.
The mayor's supposed to speak, and--
I'm not one for the show, kiddo.
Yeah. *I know.*
I can't believe it's been a year already.
I can.
I get up every morning. I have my coffee. And then ask myself if today's the day I start going through her things. See what's what.
But I can't bring myself to do it. I'm still waiting for her to walk through the door.
I miss her too.
She was some kind of woman.
Yeah. Hey, you know what?
Aunt May would absolutely love what you're doing.
You think so?
I do.


Well, she'd love what you're doing too.
Yeah. She did always like my photos.
She did. But that's not what I'm talking about, Peter.
...
It took me about a week after we figured out who Harry was.
Ben...
I've been wanting to tell you, and--
No. ***Don't.*** Don't say it...
And don't ever say it out loud to anyone again.


What?
How many people know?
Six. You make seven. Unless Jonah knows?
No. Not yet. But he's just as good at this as I am.
He'll get there. Eventually.
FISH + PATRICK JEF
MARTIN TAYLO
It's hard to keep a secret, especially when it's such an important one. But keeping it could save your life. Your lives.
You have to try harder, Peter.
Make some changes.
MJ asked me if she should be scared earlier.
What did you tell her?
That I would let her know when she should be.
And you think you'd know when that is? Before the wave crashes over your head?
I think so.
I believe so...


I do know that I'm strong enough now to do something about it if I had to.
Why are you doing it?
BOOP
Because they're *evil*. And someone has to *stand up to that.*
Harry's here. I gotta go see what--
Sure.
Go do some good, kiddo.
Hey, Peter.
Yeah?


I'm old. Well, old enough. I've lived a good life. And I've lived long enough to see the woman I loved be buried and gone.
I do miss her, but it was a good life. And I'm fine with whatever happens next.
Can you say that?
...
...
No.
Maybe keep that in mind.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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GUEST ARTIST: **DAVID MESSINA**

COLOR ARTIST: **MATTHEW WILSON**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **MARCO CHECCHETTO & MATTHEW WILSON**
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SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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12
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BLACK PANTHER #10

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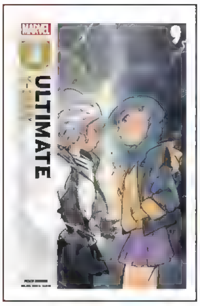
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ULTIMATE
X-MEN #9

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

MARVEL
THE ULTIMATES
6

ULTIMATES #6

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
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ON SALE IN DECEMBER

MARVEL
ULTIMATE
UNIVERSE
ONE YEAR IN
1

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE:
ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **JONAS SCHARF**

10

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

The war has raged for months. Khonshu has built an army that worships him as a god, calling himself **MOON KNIGHT**, and he's empowered them with an element that counters vibranium. That same element was forged into a dagger that brutally wounded **BLACK PANTHER**, leaving him with strange dreams and stranger behavior. Meanwhile, seeking aid in the war, **STORM** and **KILLMONGER** freed a dark "**SORCERER SUPREME**" from her prison...

WRITER: **BRYAN HILL**
GUEST ARTIST: **CARLOS NIETO**

COLOR ARTIST: **DAVID CURIEL**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **STEFANO CASELLI & DAVID CURIEL**
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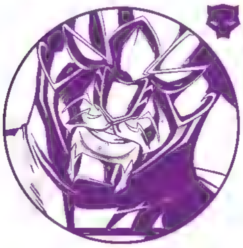
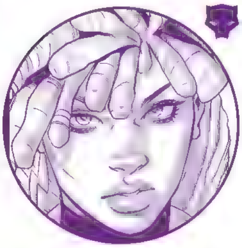
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER

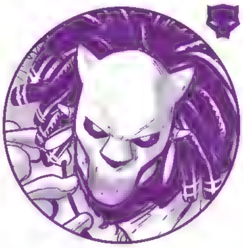
CAST:



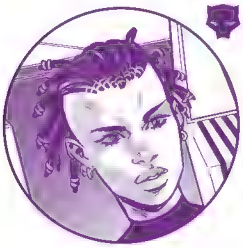
BLACK PANTHER
KING T'CHALLA



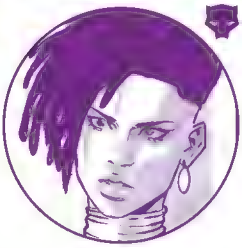
STORM
ORORO MUNROE



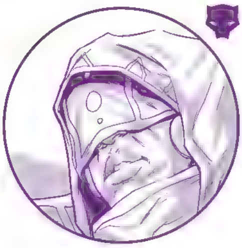
KILLMONGER
ERIK KILLMONGER



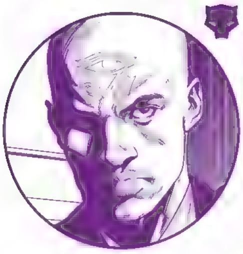
SHURI
WOMAN-AT-ARMS,
T'CHALLA'S SISTER



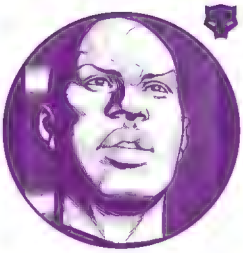
QUEEN OKOYE
HIGH MENTOR OF
THE DORA MILAJE



MATRON IMALA
SACRED MOTHER OF
THE VODU-KHAN

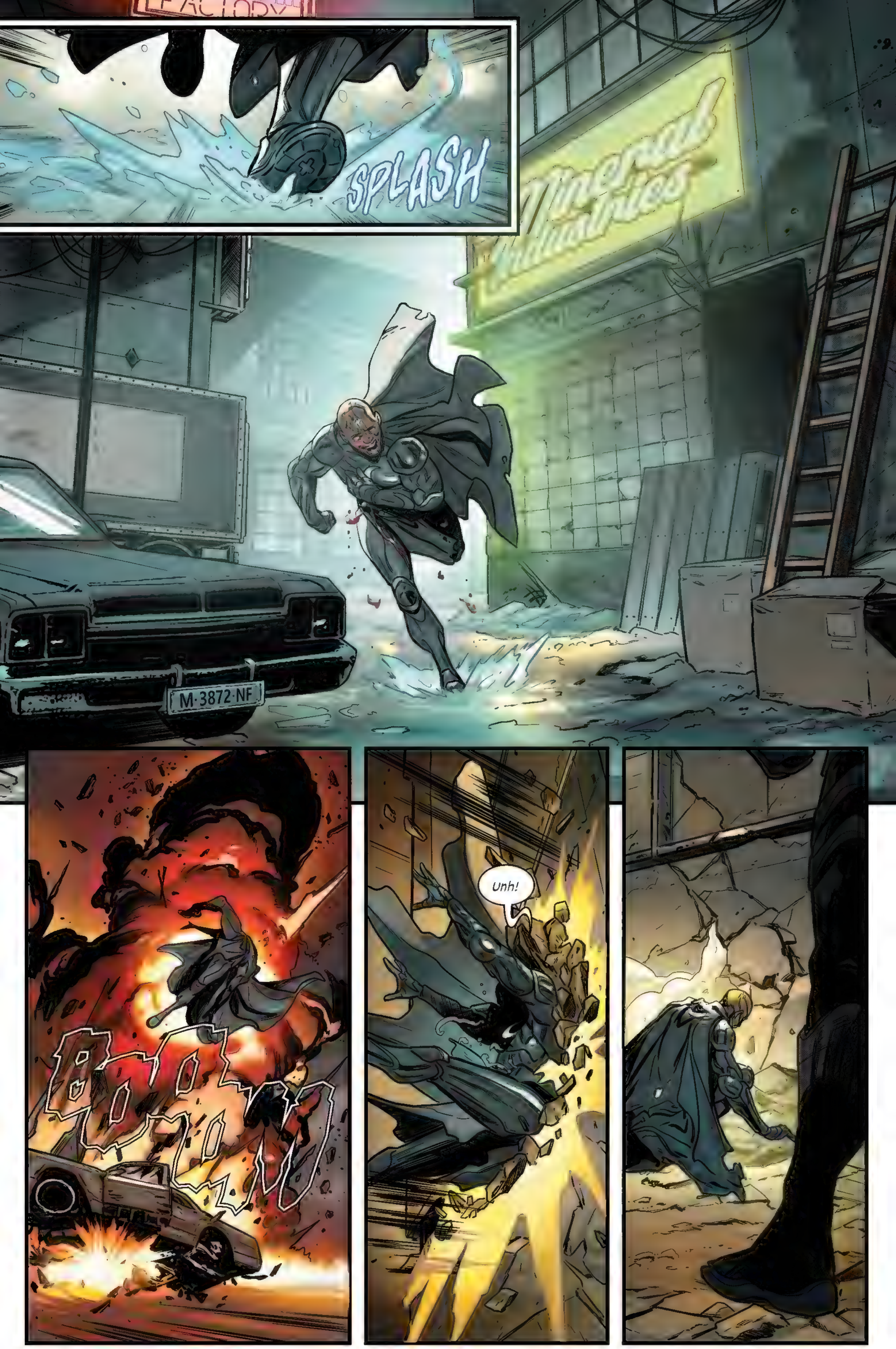


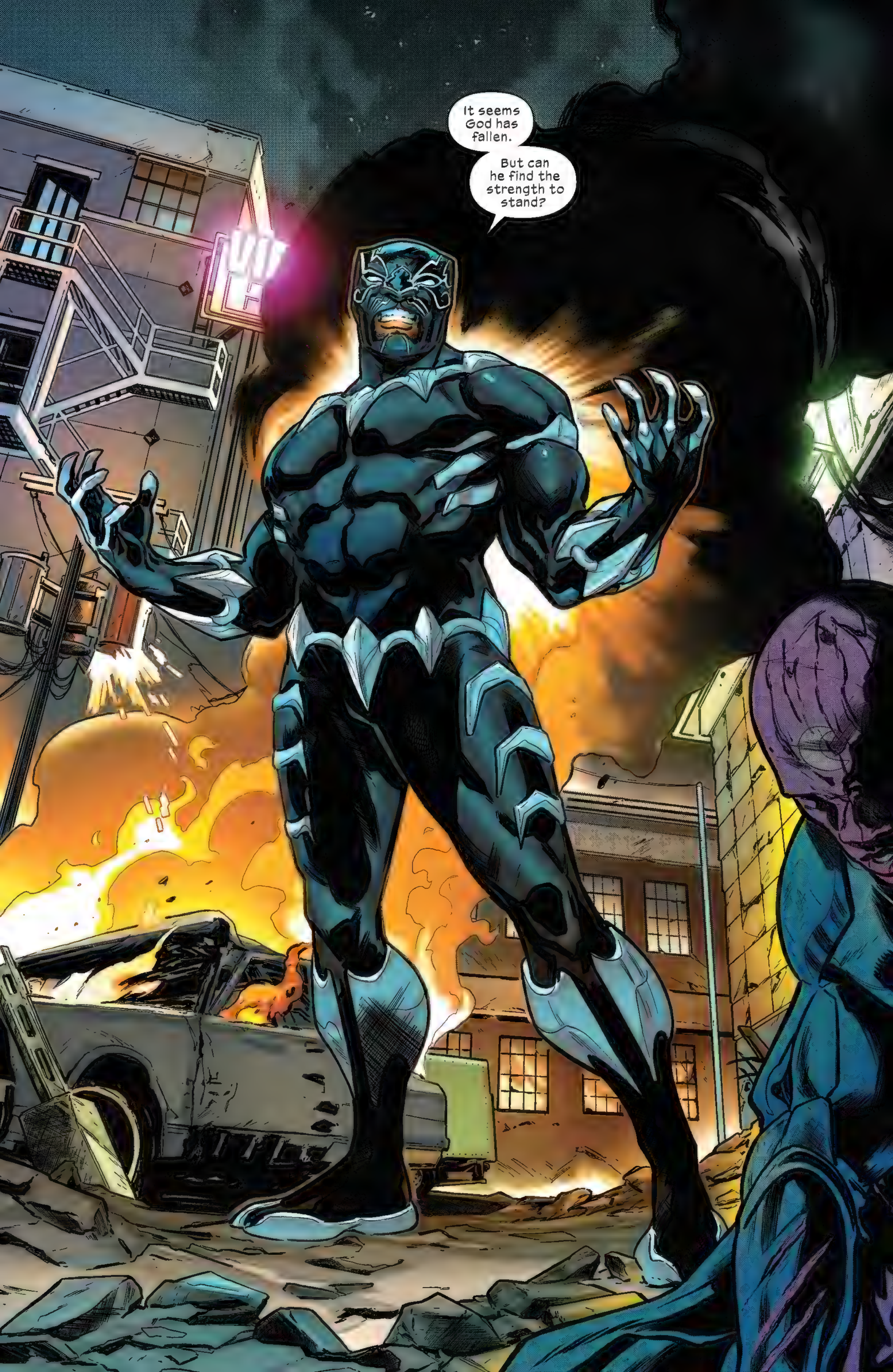
RA
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

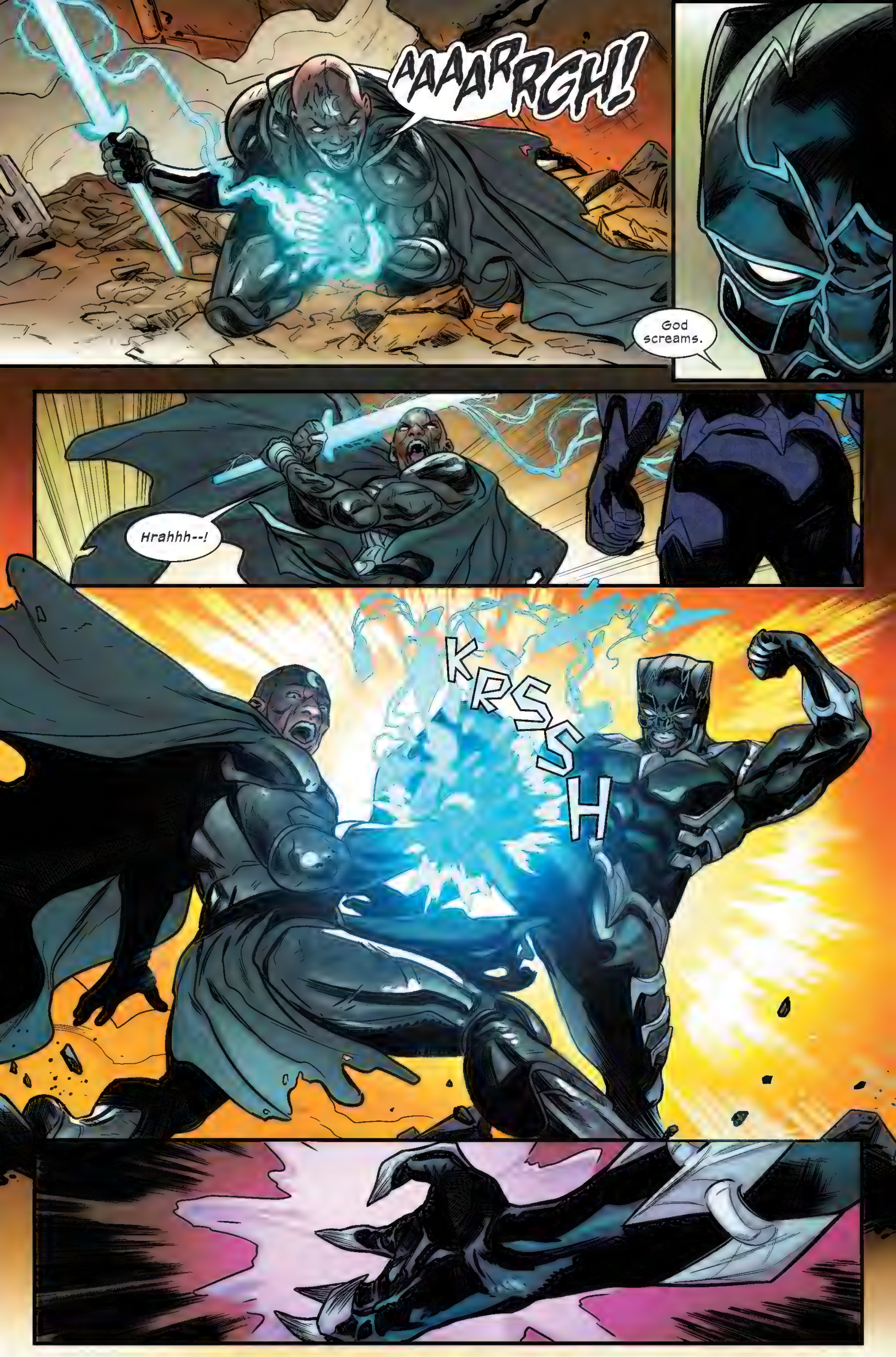


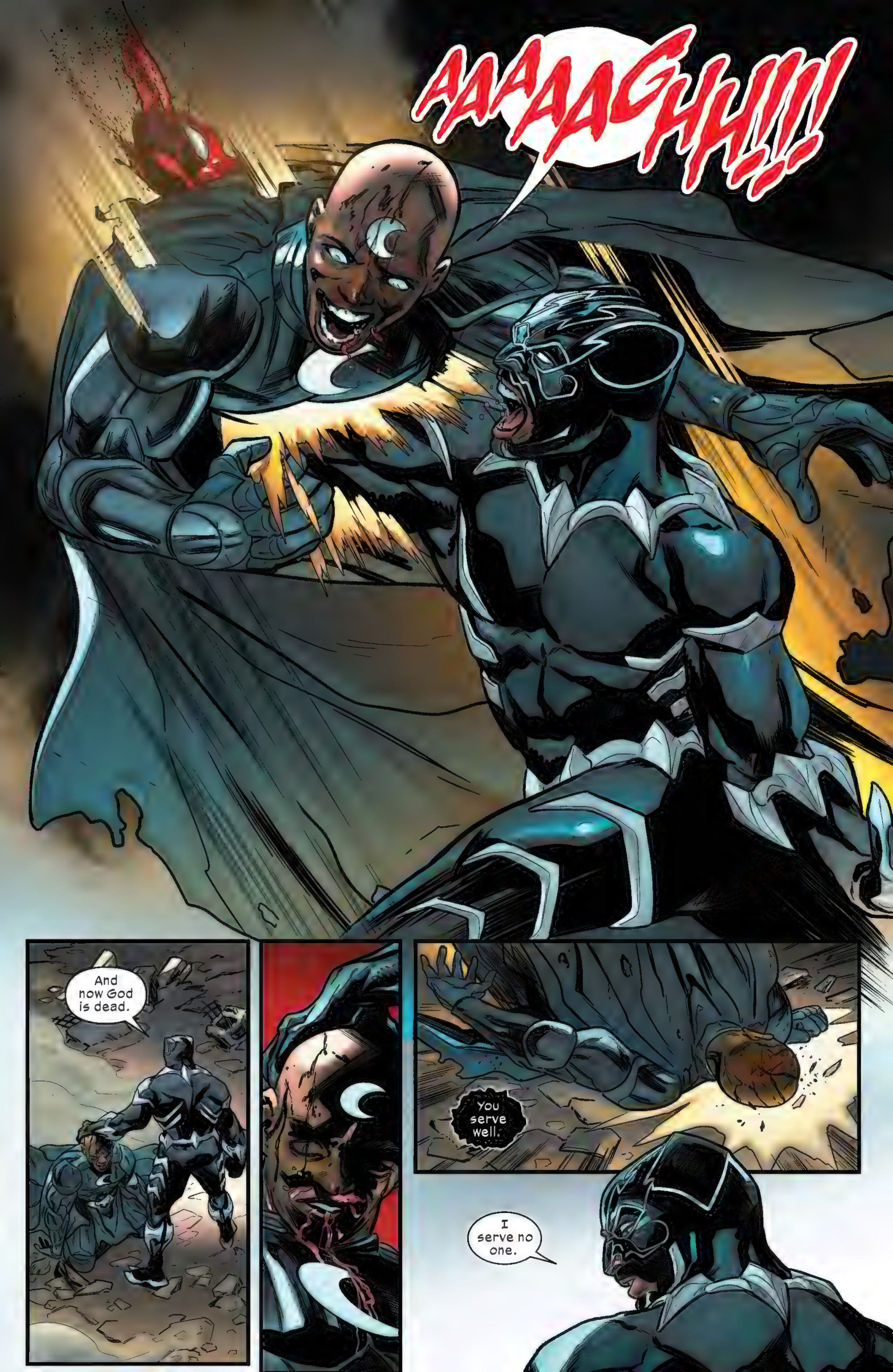
KHONSHU
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

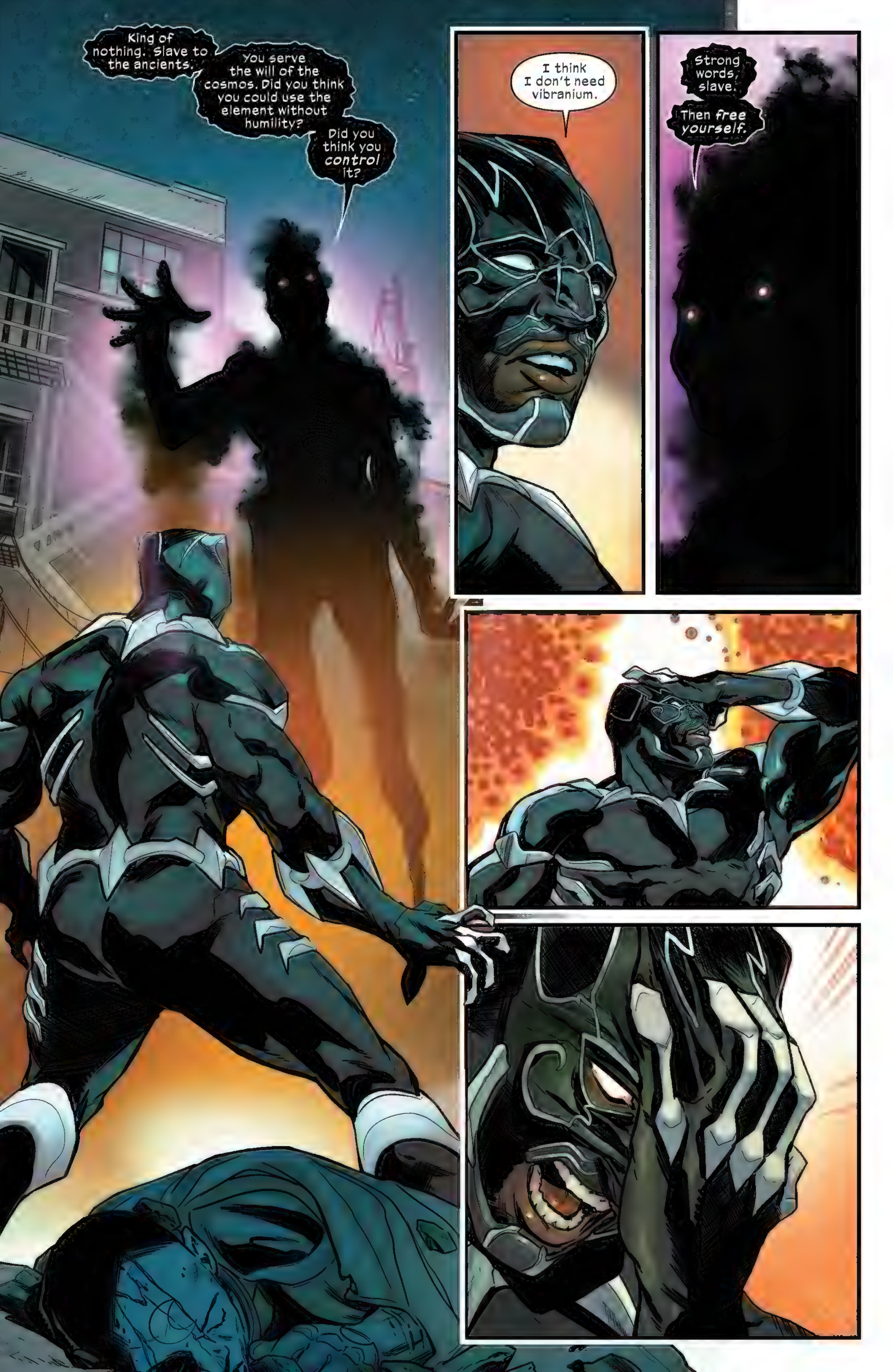
NOVEMBER 2024

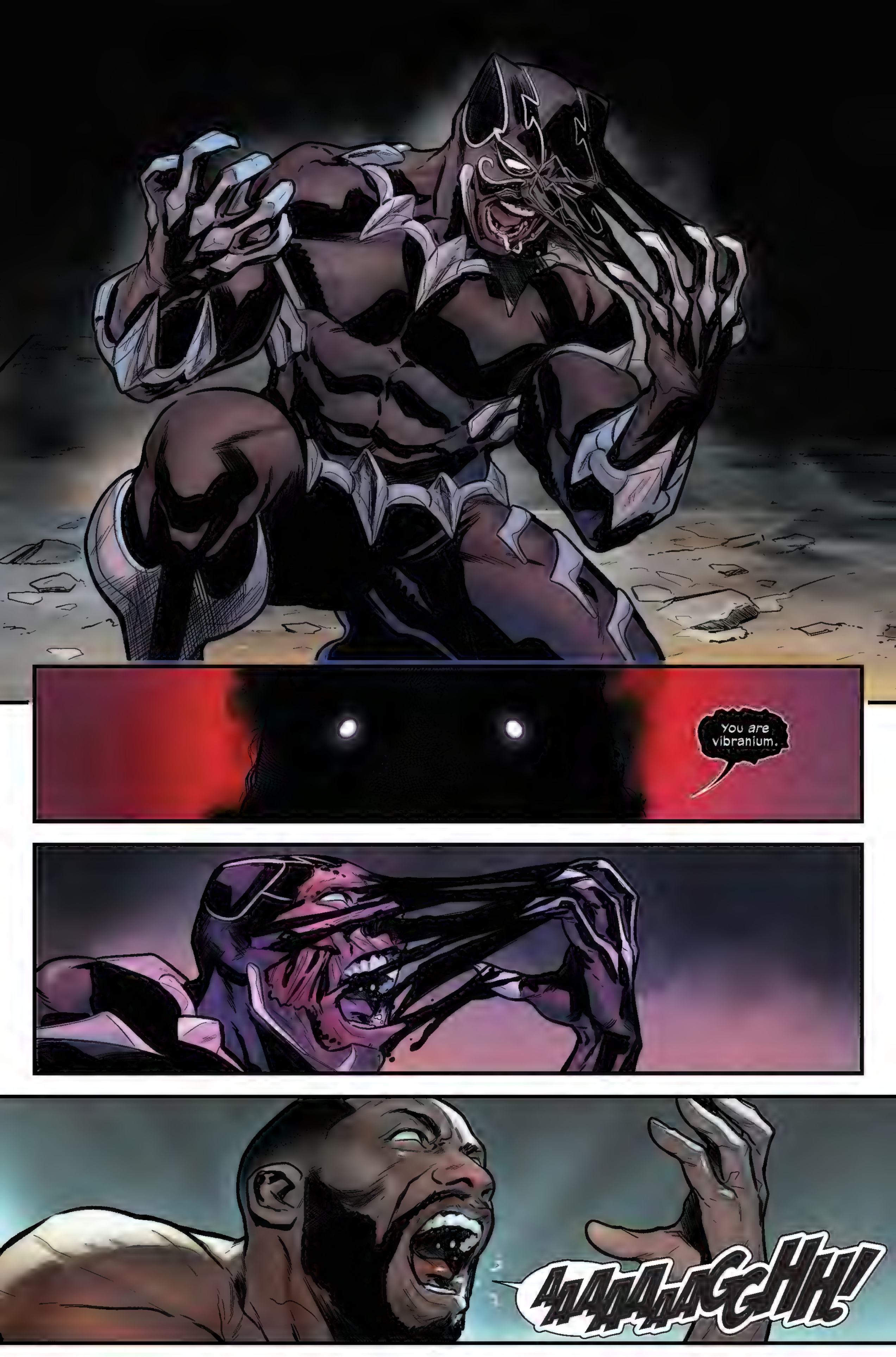

FACTORY
SPLASH
Mineral Industries
M·3872·NF
BOOOM
Unh!

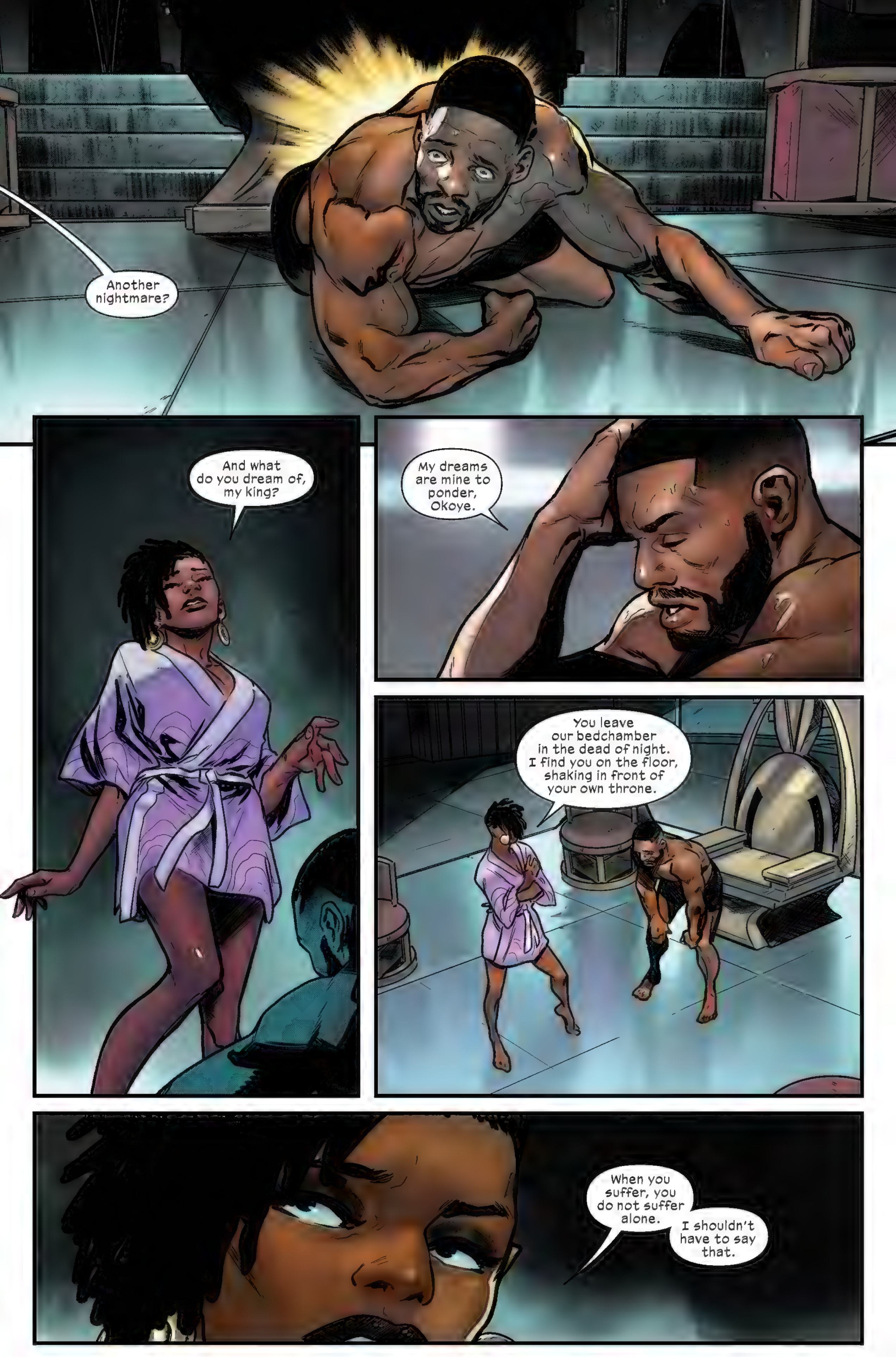

It seems God has fallen.
But can he find the strength to stand?

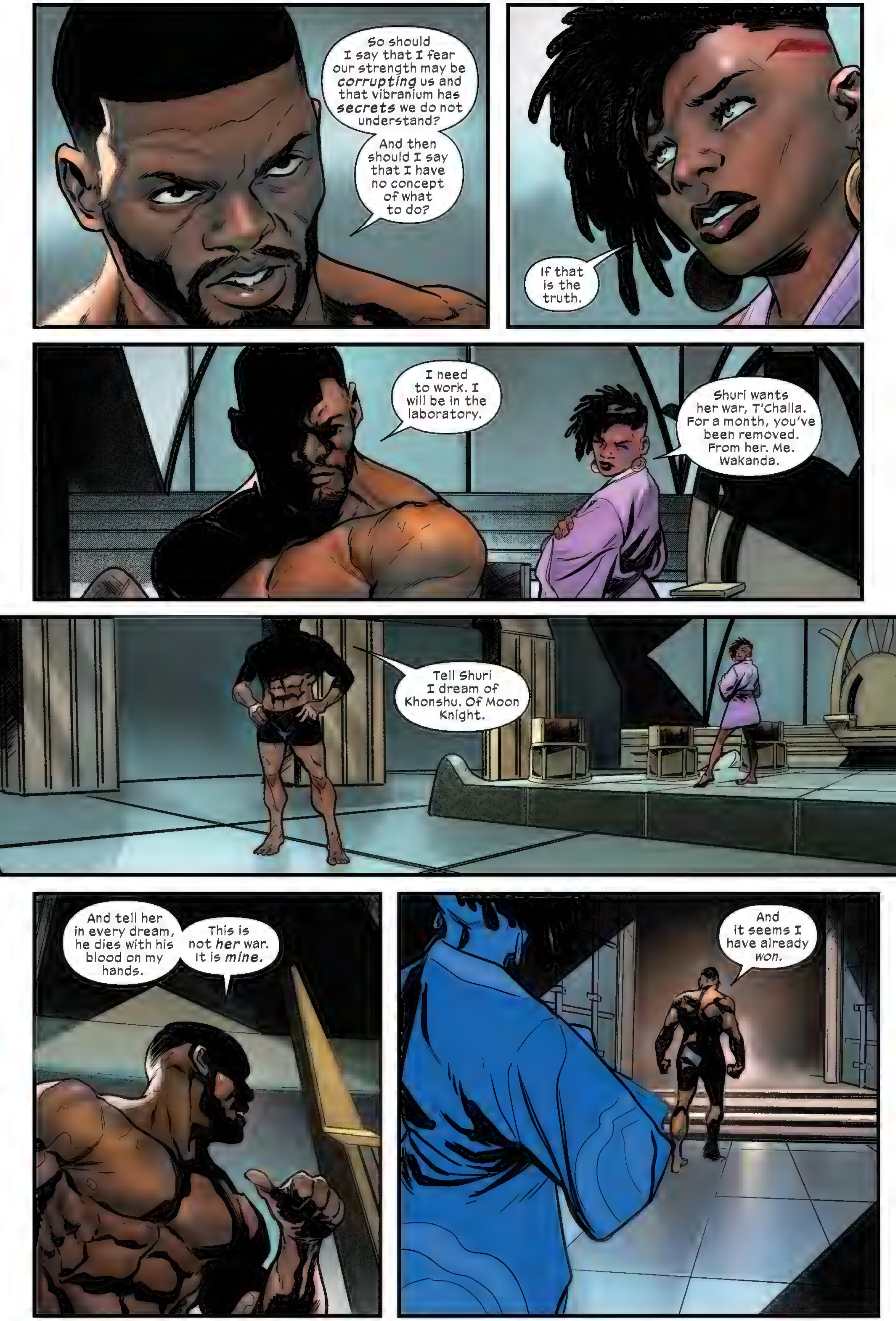

AAAARRGH!
God screams.
Hrahhh--!
KRSSH

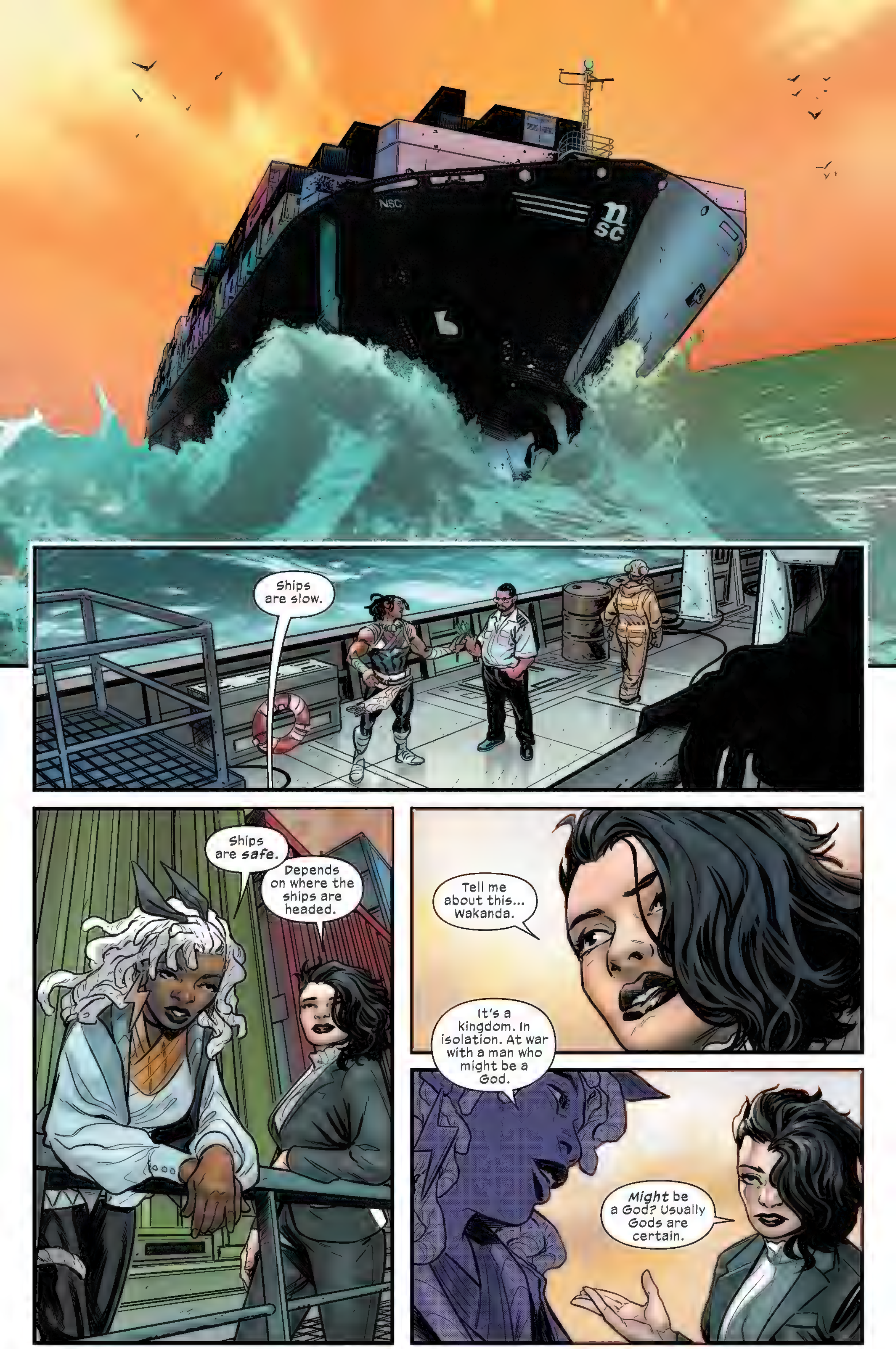

AAAAGHH!!!
And now God is dead.
You serve well.
I serve no one.

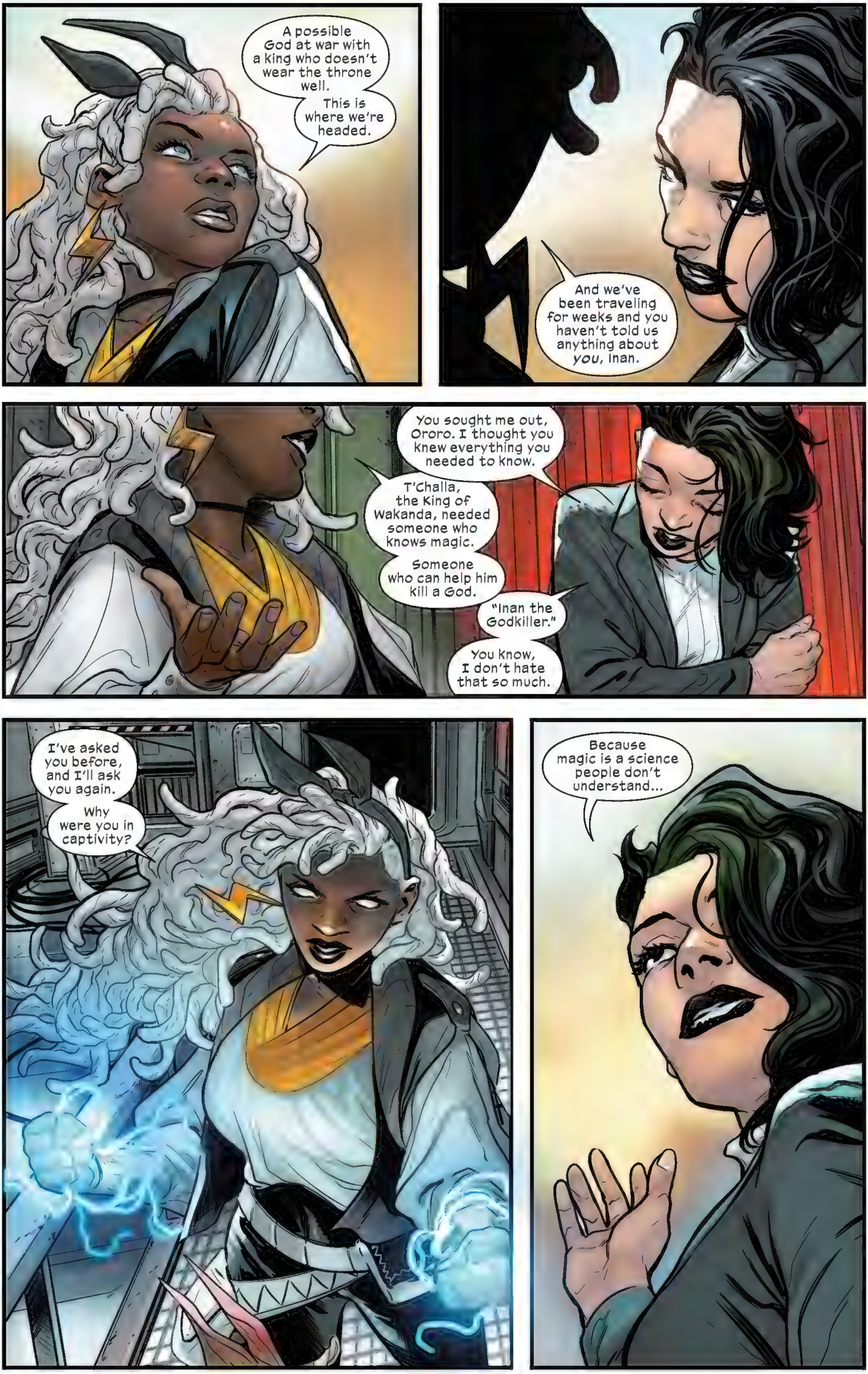

King of nothing. Slave to the ancients.
You serve the will of the cosmos. Did you think you could use the element without humility?
Did you think you *control* it?
I think I don't need vibranium.
Strong words, slave.
Then *free yourself.*

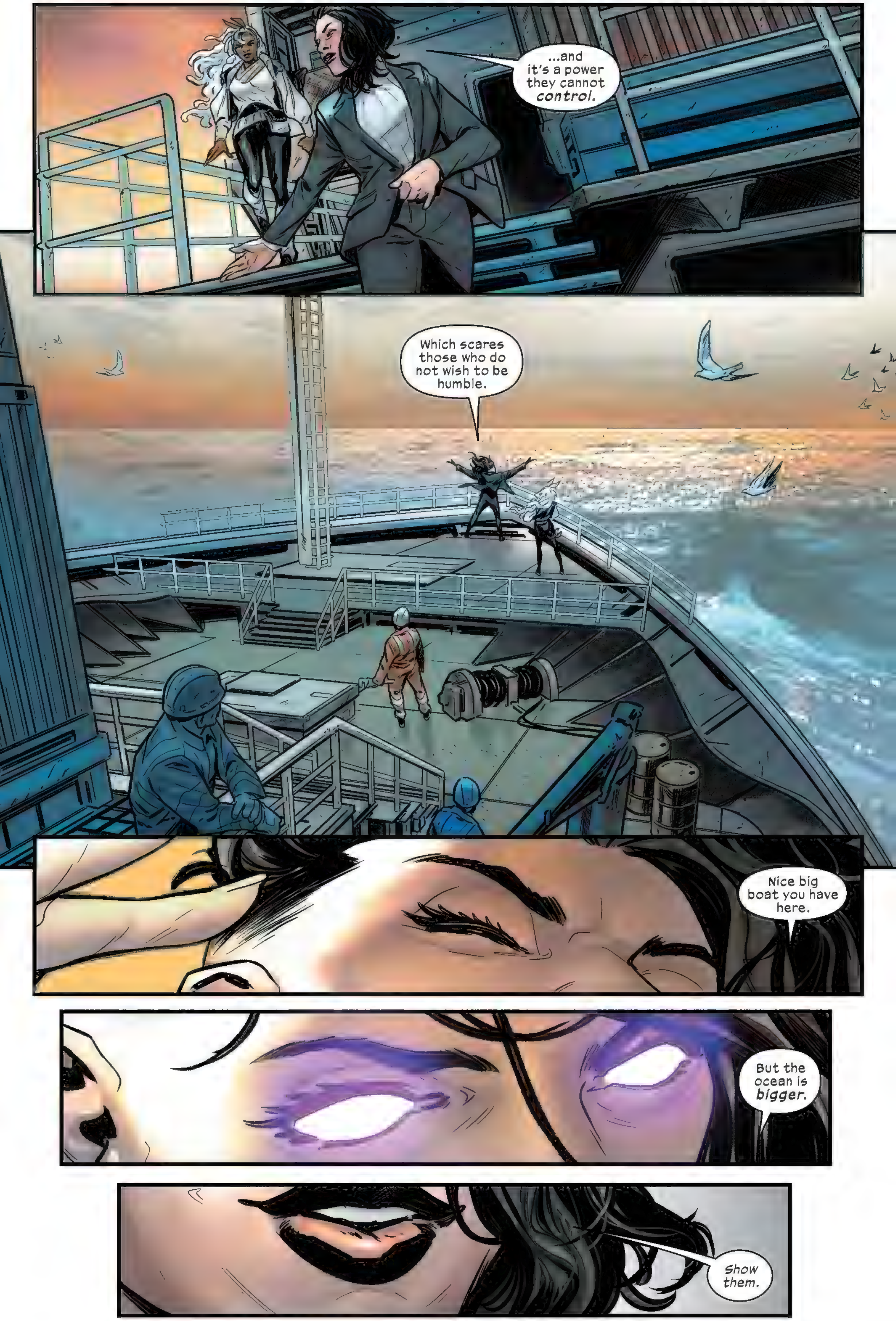

You are vibranium.
AAAAAAAGGHH!

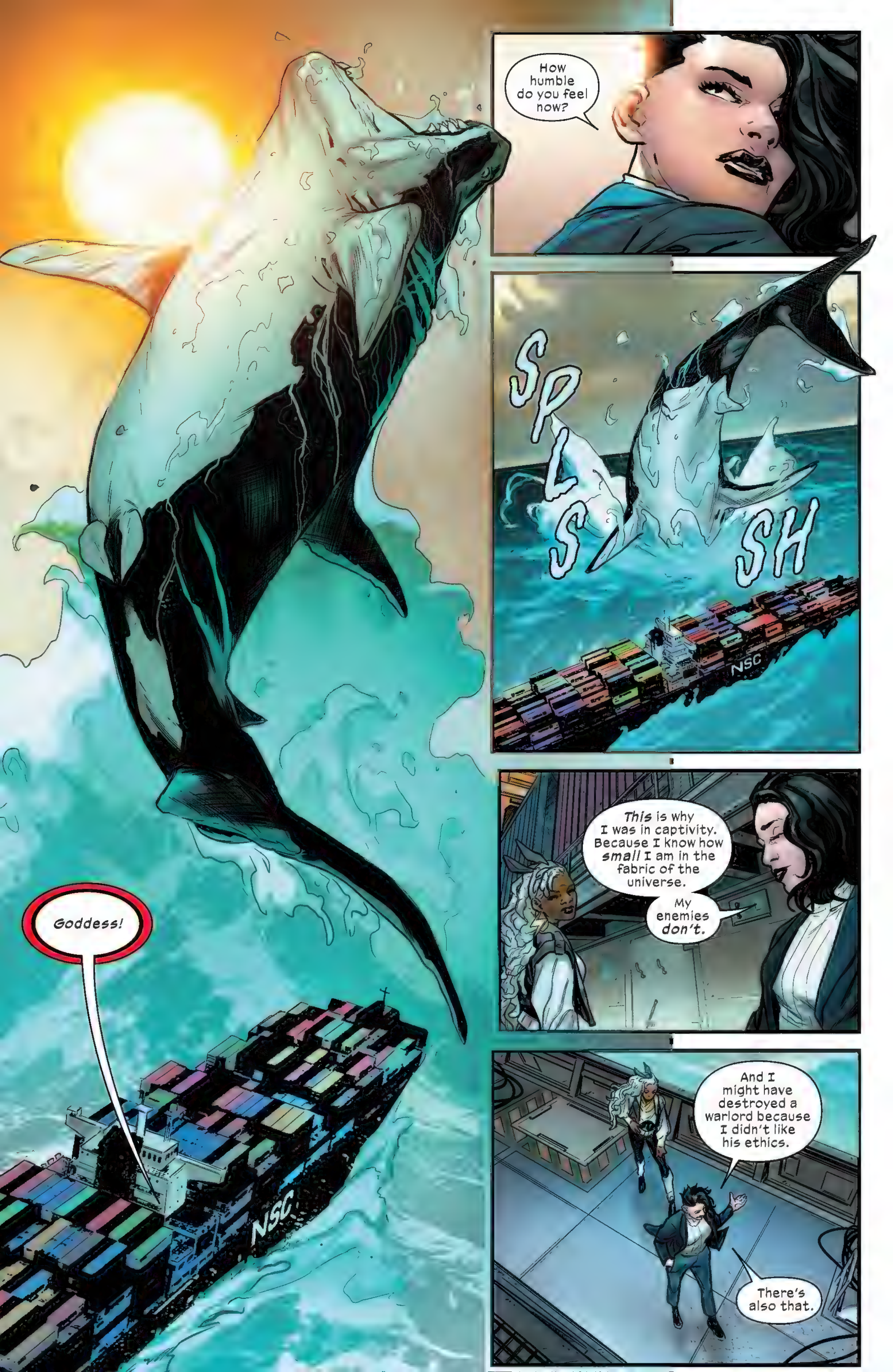

Another nightmare?
And what do you dream of, my king?
My dreams are mine to ponder, Okoye.
You leave our bedchamber in the dead of night. I find you on the floor, shaking in front of your own throne.
When you suffer, you do not suffer alone.
I shouldn't have to say that.

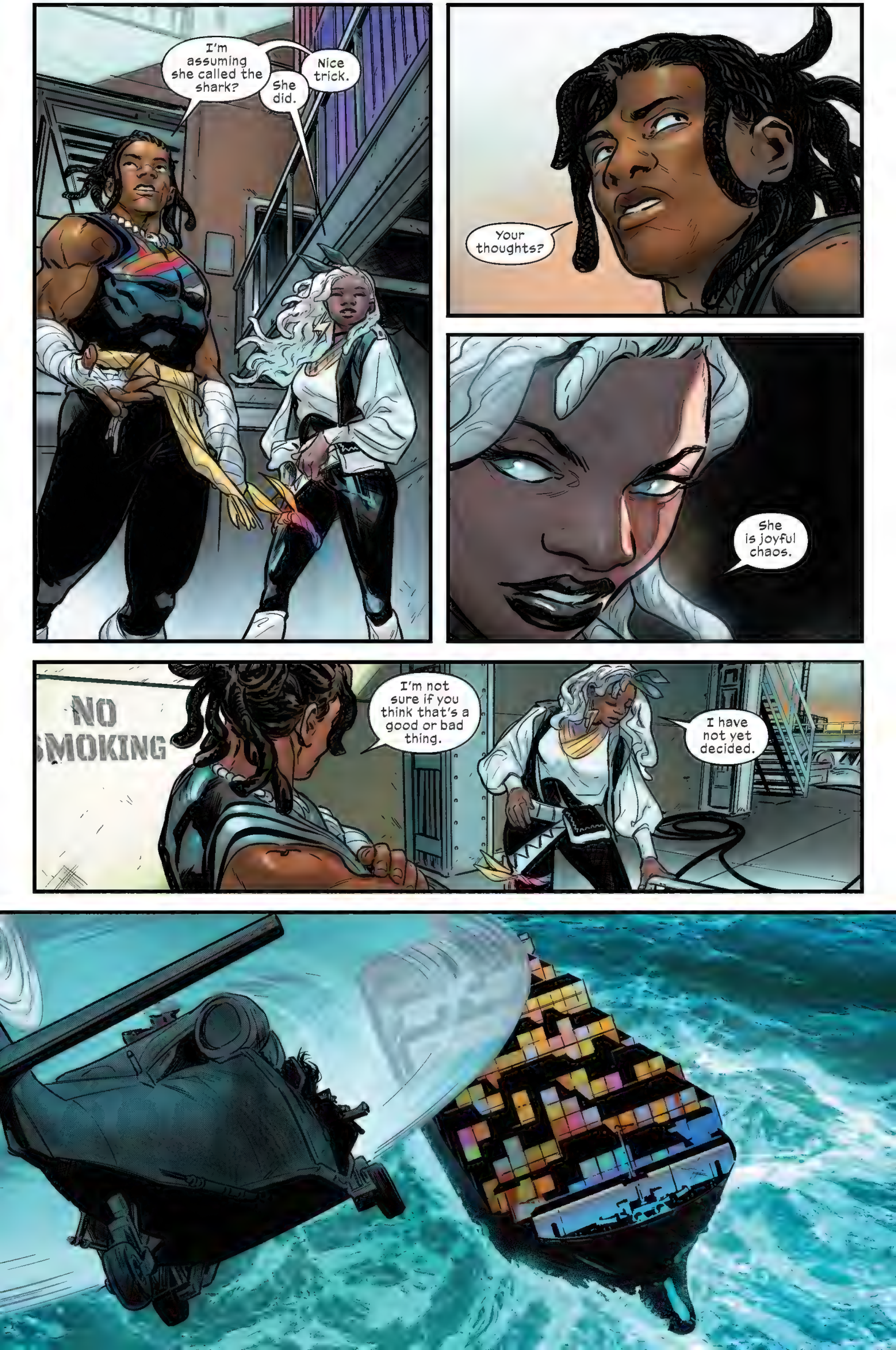

So should I say that I fear our strength may be *corrupting* us and that vibranium has *secrets* we do not understand?
And then should I say that I have no concept of what to do?
If that is the truth.
I need to work. I will be in the laboratory.
Shuri wants her war, T'Challa. For a month, you've been removed. From her. Me. Wakanda.
Tell Shuri I dream of Khonshu. Of Moon Knight.
And tell her in every dream, he dies with his blood on my hands.
This is not *her* war. It is *mine.*
And it seems I have already *won.*

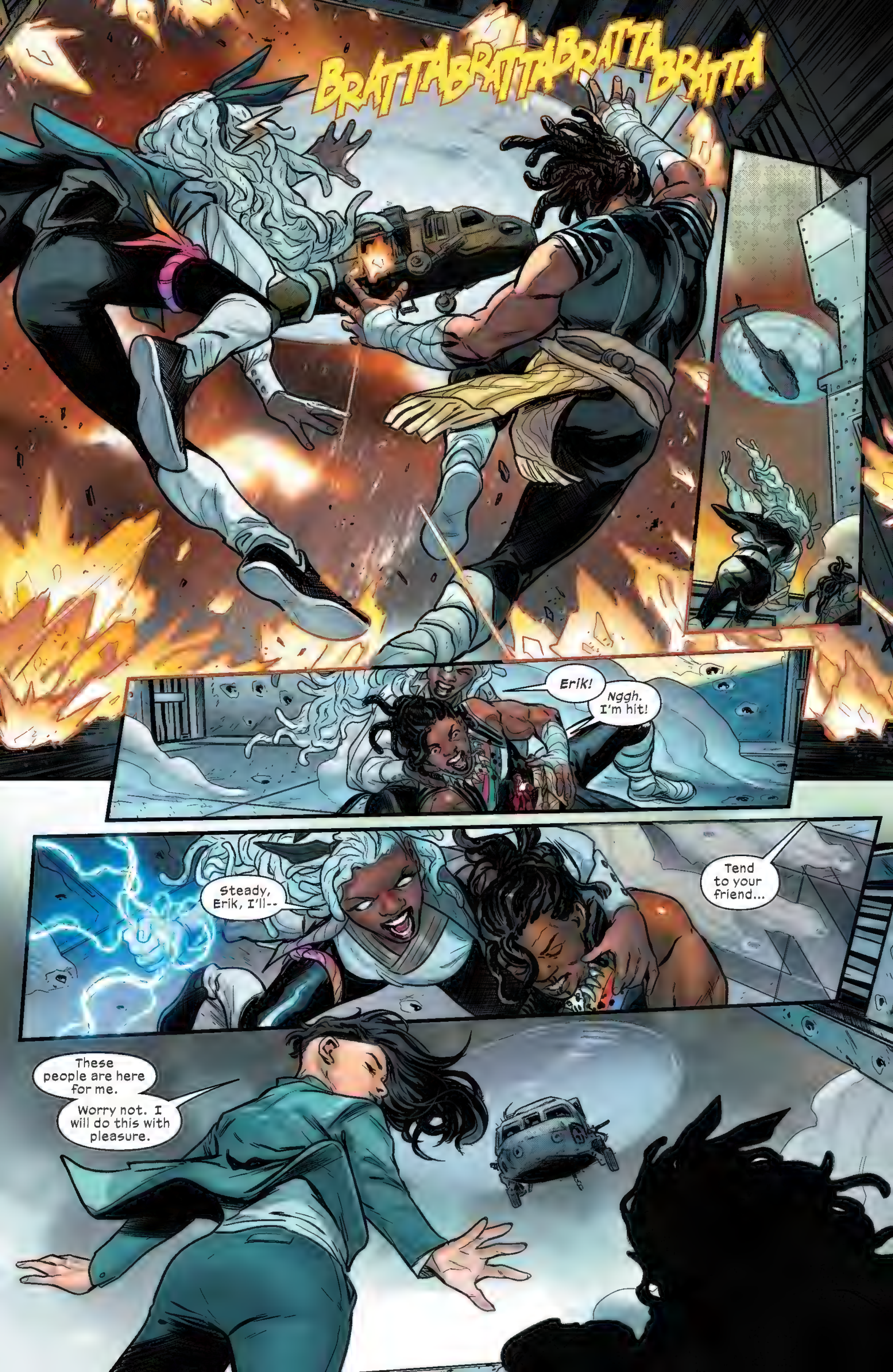

NSC
nsc
Ships are slow.
Ships are *safe.*
Depends on where the ships are headed.
Tell me about this... Wakanda.
It's a kingdom. In isolation. At war with a man who might be a God.
Might be a God? Usually Gods are certain.

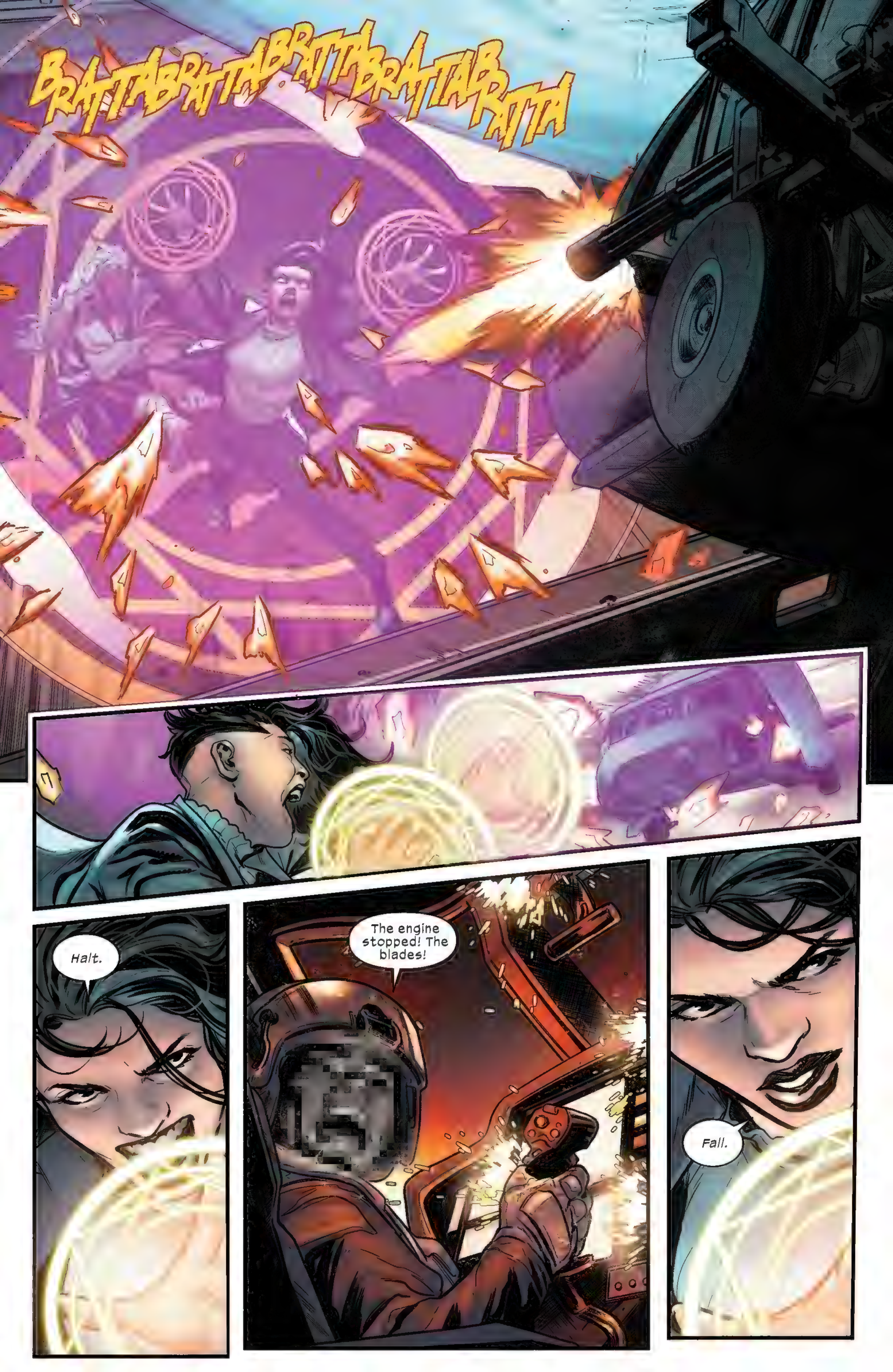

A possible God at war with a king who doesn't wear the throne well.
This is where we're headed.
And we've been traveling for weeks and you haven't told us anything about *you*, Inan.
You sought me out, Ororo. I thought you knew everything you needed to know.
T'Challa, the King of Wakanda, needed someone who knows magic.
Someone who can help him kill a God.
"Inan the Godkiller."
You know, I don't hate that so much.
I've asked you before, and I'll ask you again.
Why were you in captivity?
Because magic is a science people don't understand...

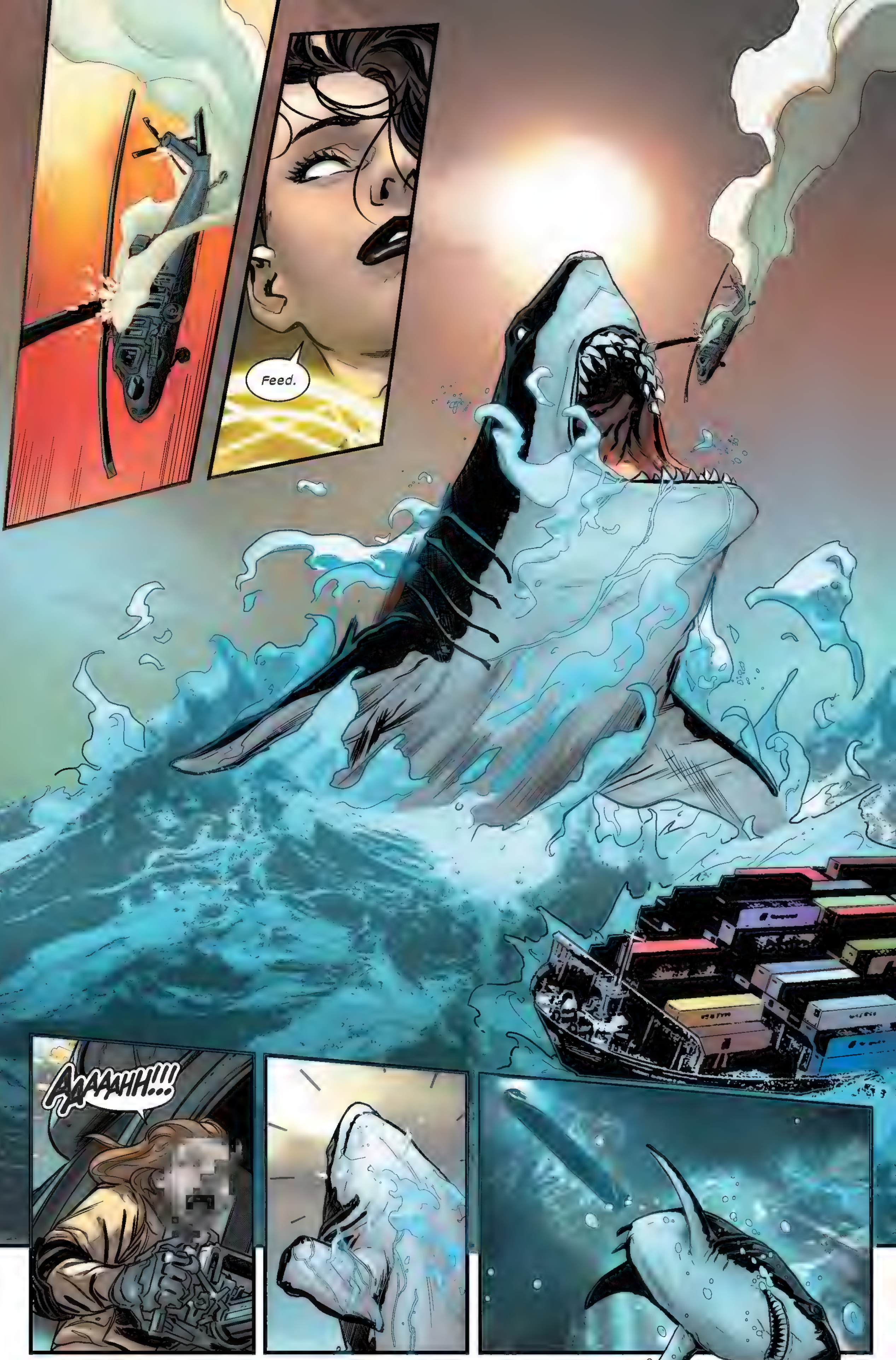

...and it's a power they cannot *control.*
Which scares those who do not wish to be humble.
Nice big boat you have here.
But the ocean is *bigger.*
Show them.

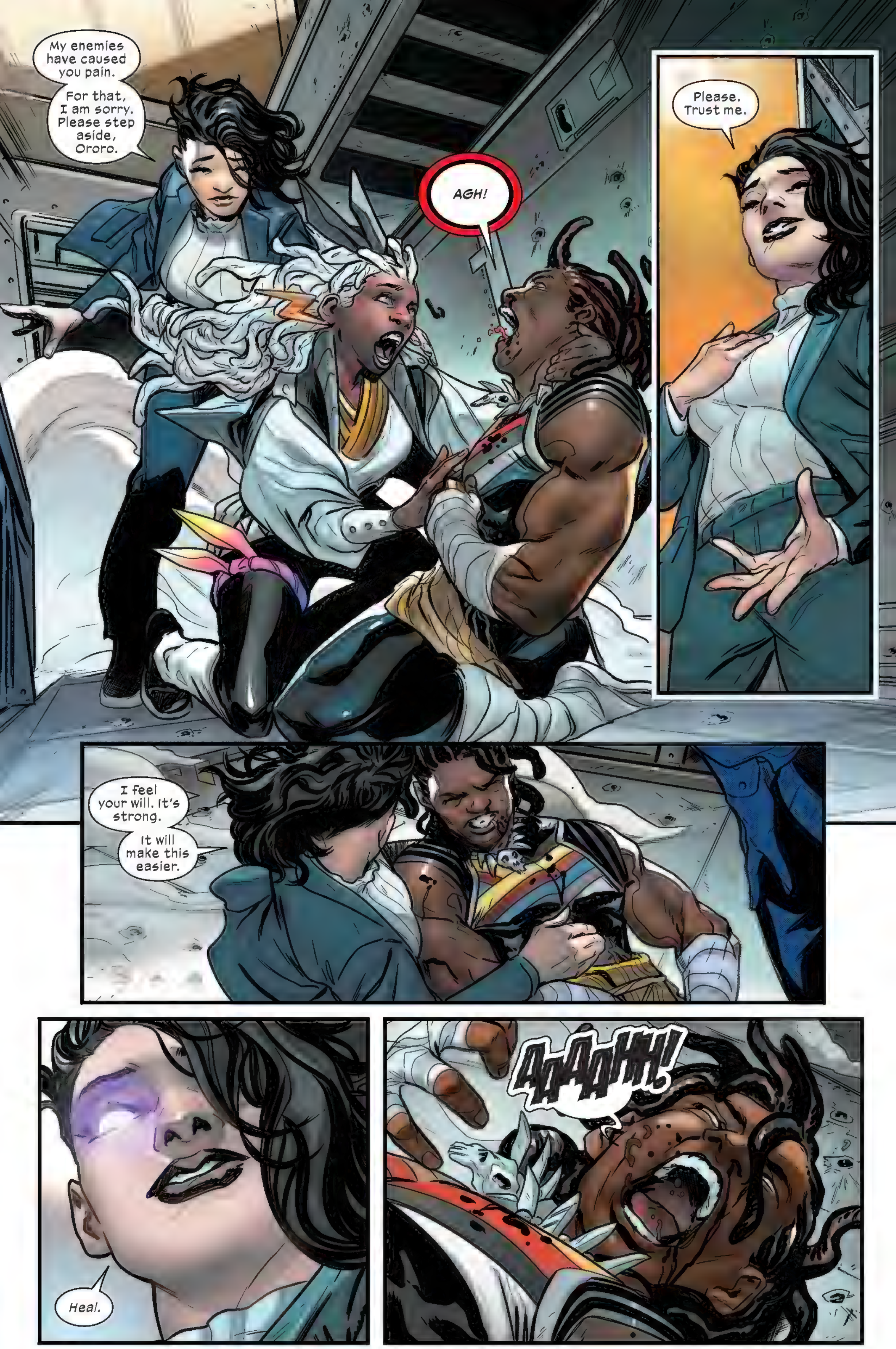

How humble do you feel now?
Goddess!
SPLSSH
NSC
This is why I was in captivity. Because I know how *small* I am in the fabric of the universe.
My enemies *don't.*
And I might have destroyed a warlord because I didn't like his ethics.
There's also that.

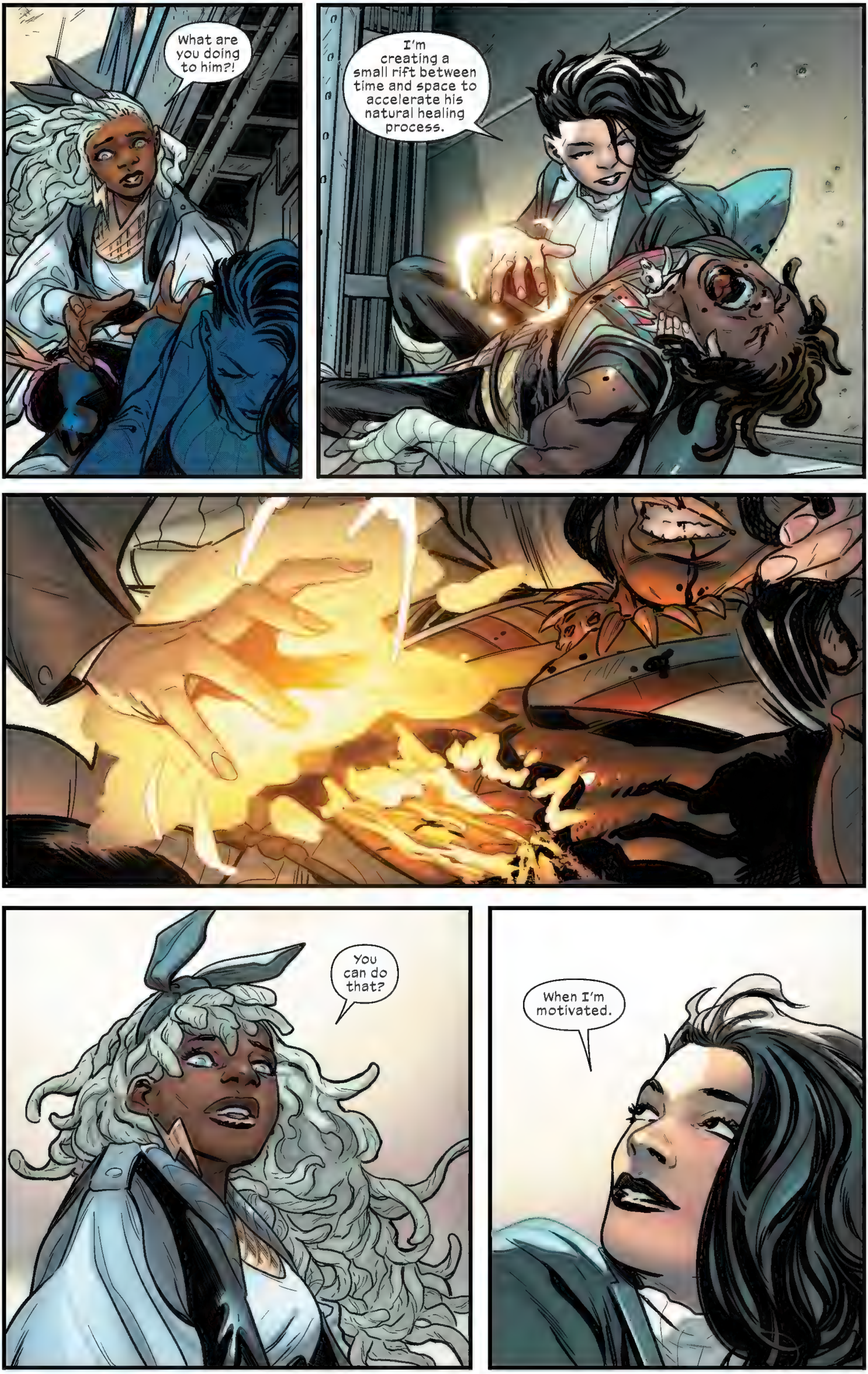

I'm assuming she called the shark?
Nice trick.
She did.
Your thoughts?
She is joyful chaos.
NO SMOKING
I'm not sure if you think that's a good or bad thing.
I have not yet decided.

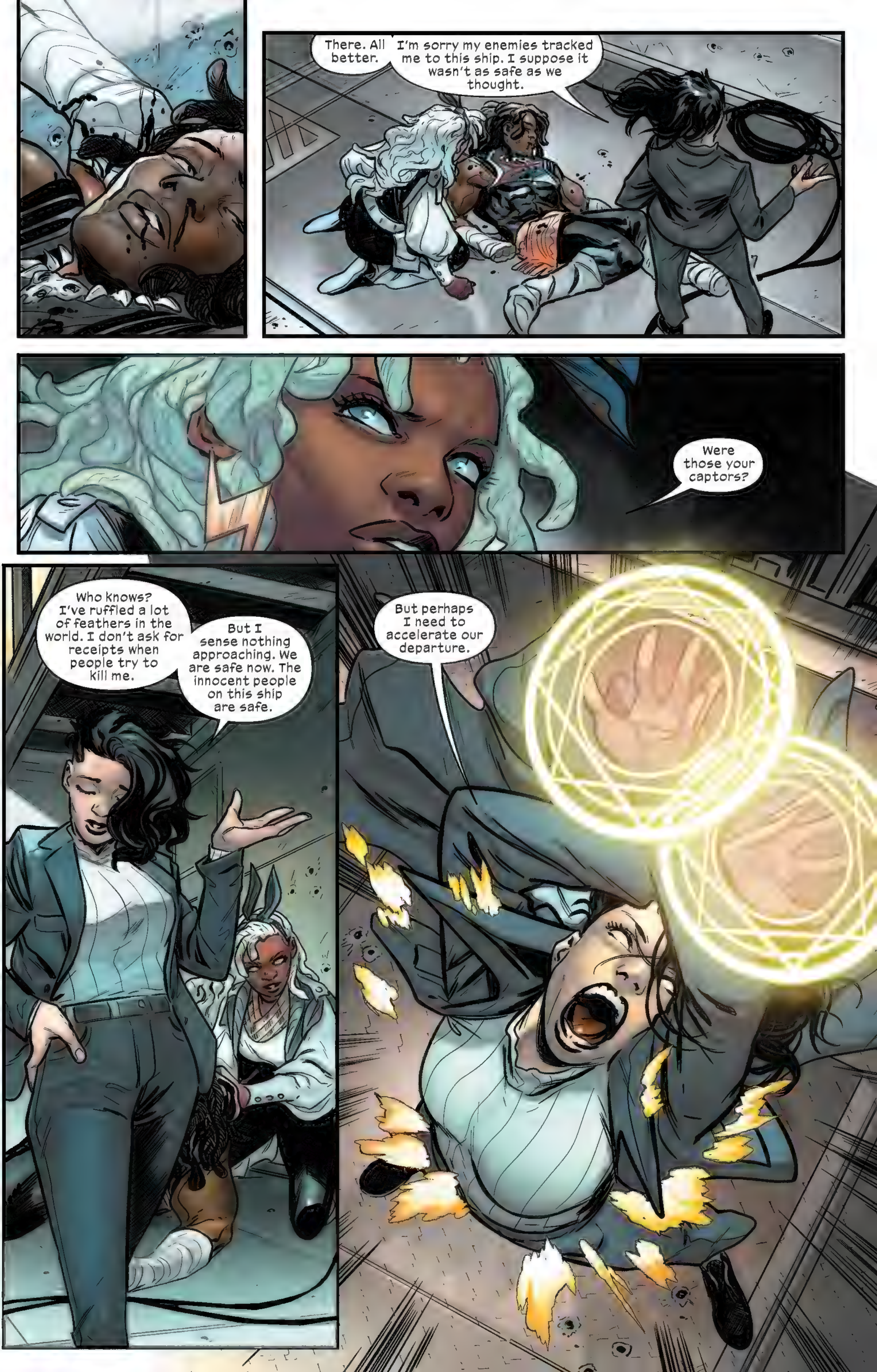

BRATTABRATTABRATTA BRATTA
Erik!
Nggh. I'm hit!
Steady, Erik, I'll--
Tend to your friend...
These people are here for me.
Worry not. I will do this with pleasure.

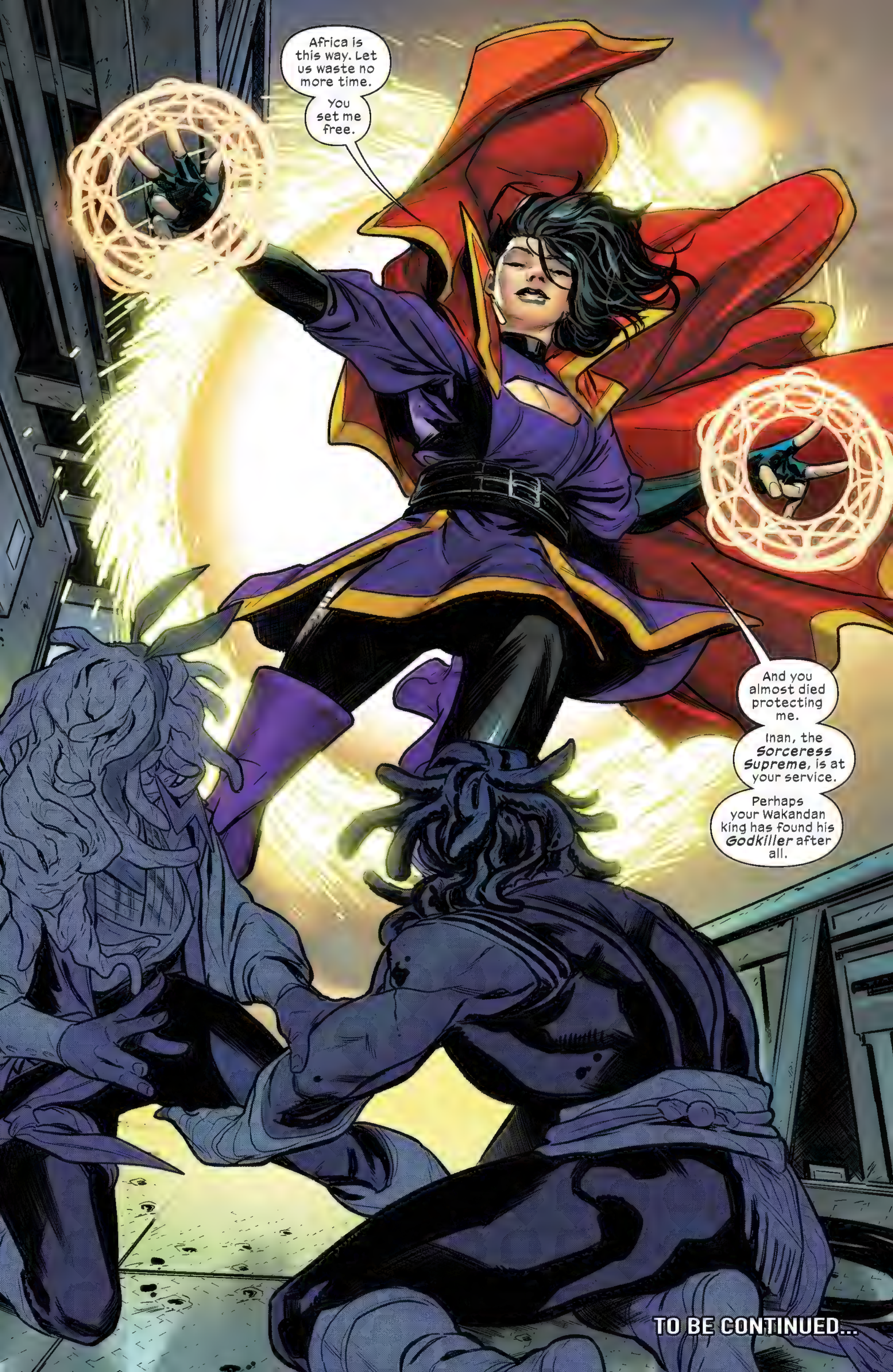

BRATTABRATTABRATTABRATTABRATTA
Halt.
The engine stopped! The blades!
Fall.


Feed.
AAAAHH!!!

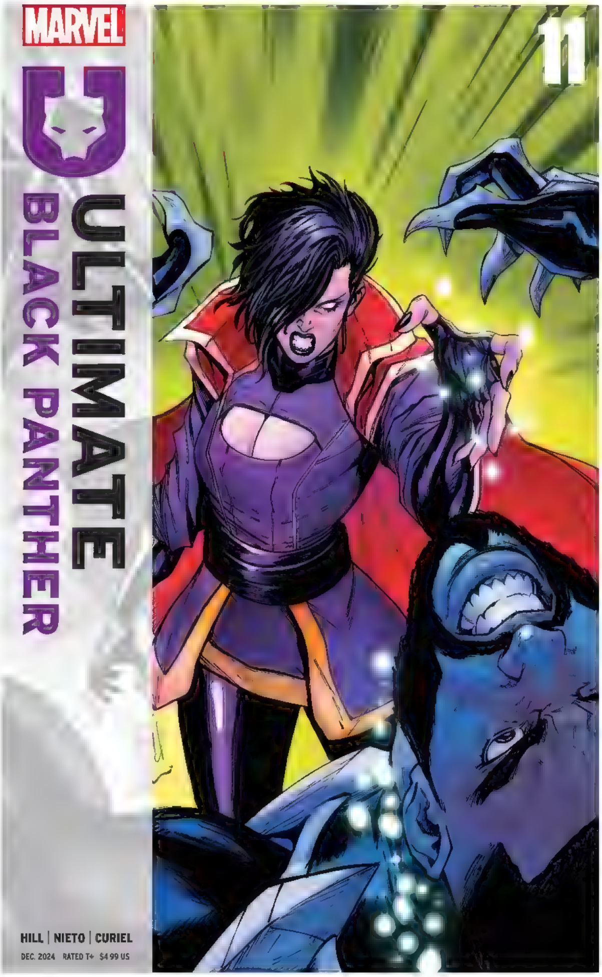

My enemies have caused you pain.
For that, I am sorry. Please step aside, Ororo.
AGH!
Please. Trust me.
I feel your will. It's strong.
It will make this easier.
Heal.
AAAAHH!


What are you doing to him?!
I'm creating a small rift between time and space to accelerate his natural healing process.
You can do that?
When I'm motivated.


There. All better.
I'm sorry my enemies tracked me to this ship. I suppose it wasn't as safe as we thought.
Were those your captors?
Who knows? I've ruffled a lot of feathers in the world. I don't ask for receipts when people try to kill me.
But I sense nothing approaching. We are safe now. The innocent people on this ship are safe.
But perhaps I need to accelerate our departure.


Africa is this way. Let us waste no more time.
You set me free.
And you almost died protecting me.
Inan, the *Sorceress Supreme*, is at your service.
Perhaps your Wakandan king has found his *Godkiller* after all.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT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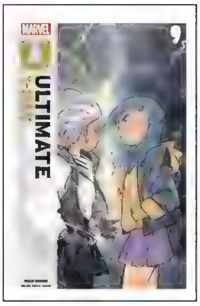
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ULTIMATE
X-MEN #9

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ULTIMATES #6

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1

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE:
ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **JONAS SCHARF**

9

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **MAKER'S COUNCIL**, whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world. Overseeing the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")** is **SUNFIRE** and his right hand, **VIPER.**

Unrest in Hi No Kuni has exploded ever since images of a human body in a suitcase went viral on social media. The body bore an unusual mark that connected it to the cult of superpowered "mutants" called **CHILDREN OF THE ATOM**—led by the zealous **MAESTER** who secretly works for Viper.

Hot on the cult's trail is a group of high schoolers, **HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)**, **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** and **NICO MINORU.** Hisako's got her own troubles with social media after images of her mutant abilities went viral, never mind the cult member **SHINOBU KAGEYAMA (SHADOW KING)** who has been stalking her...

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LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**

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X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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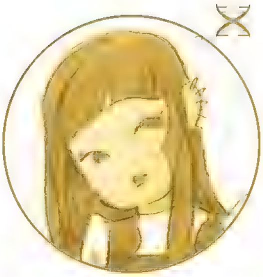
ULTIMATE X-MEN

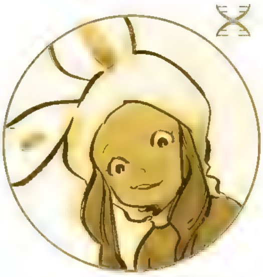
CAST:

HISAKO ICHIKI
ARMOR

MEI IGARASHI
MAYSTORM



NICO MINORU
FLEDGLING PSYCHIC



MORI
NICO'S FRIEND

NATSU TSUKISHIMA
NICO'S FRIEND

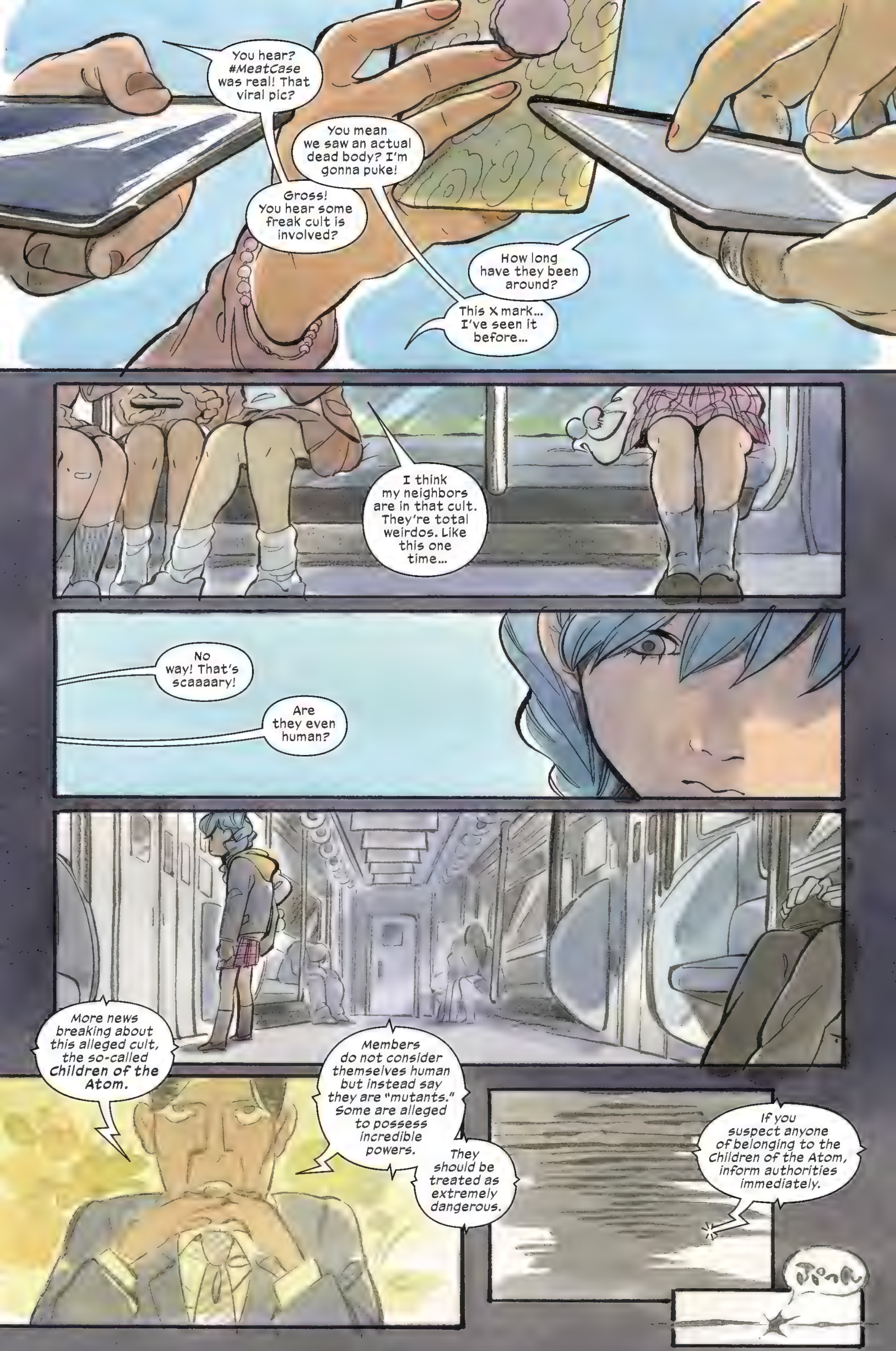
KANON SAINOUCHI
PSYLOCKE

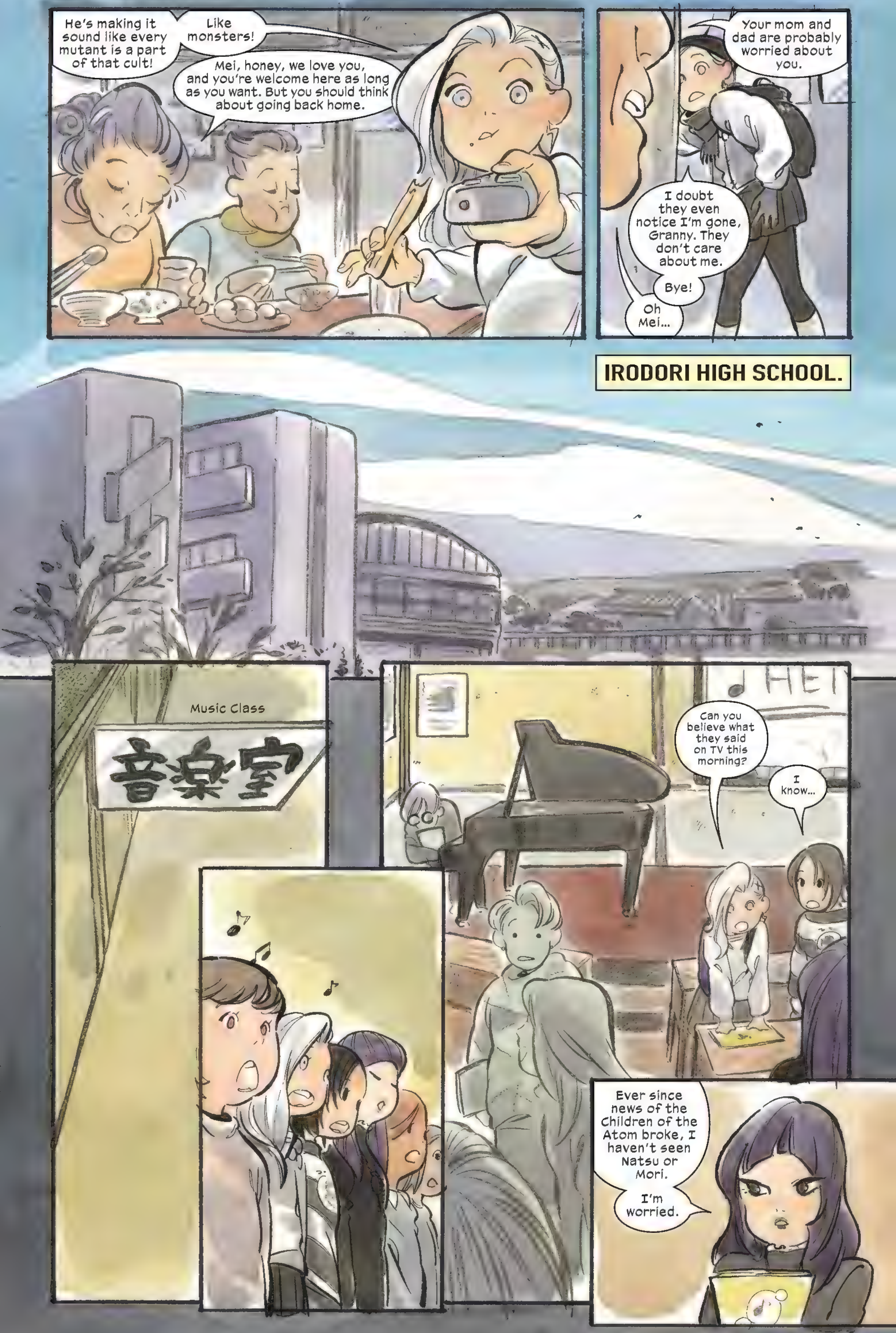
NORIKO ASHIDA
SURGE, MEMBER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

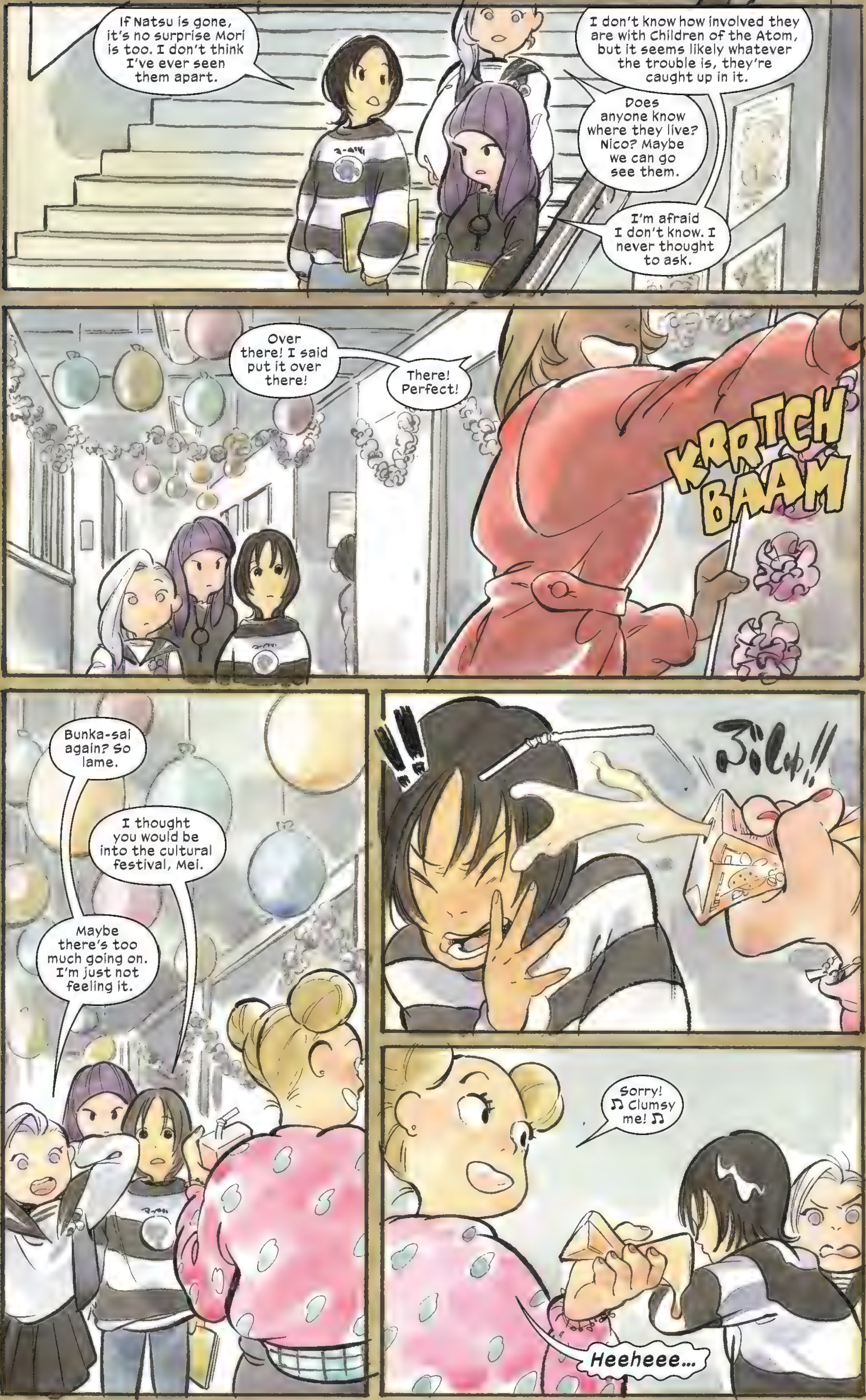
MAESTER
LEADER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

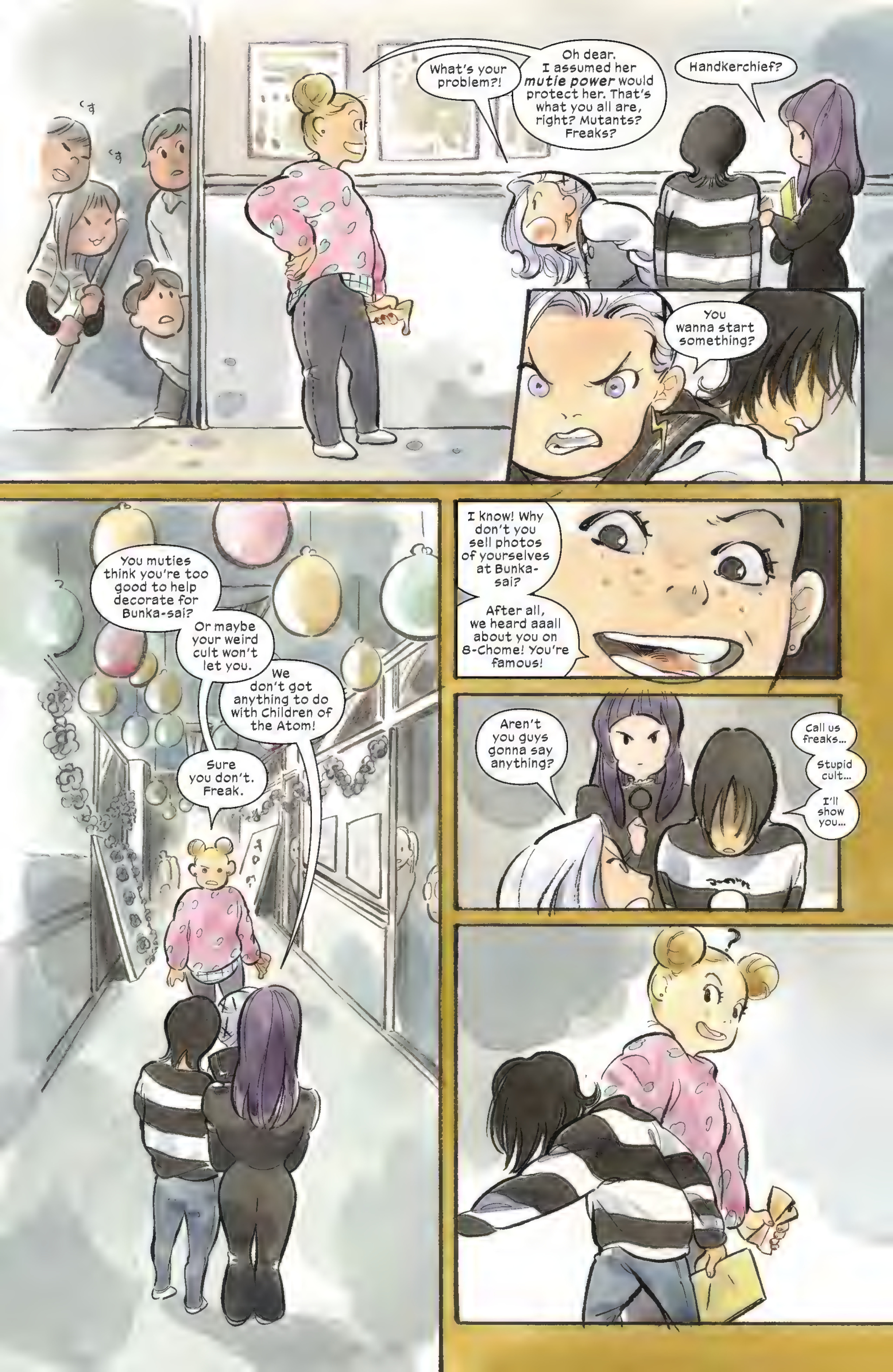
VIPER
PART OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

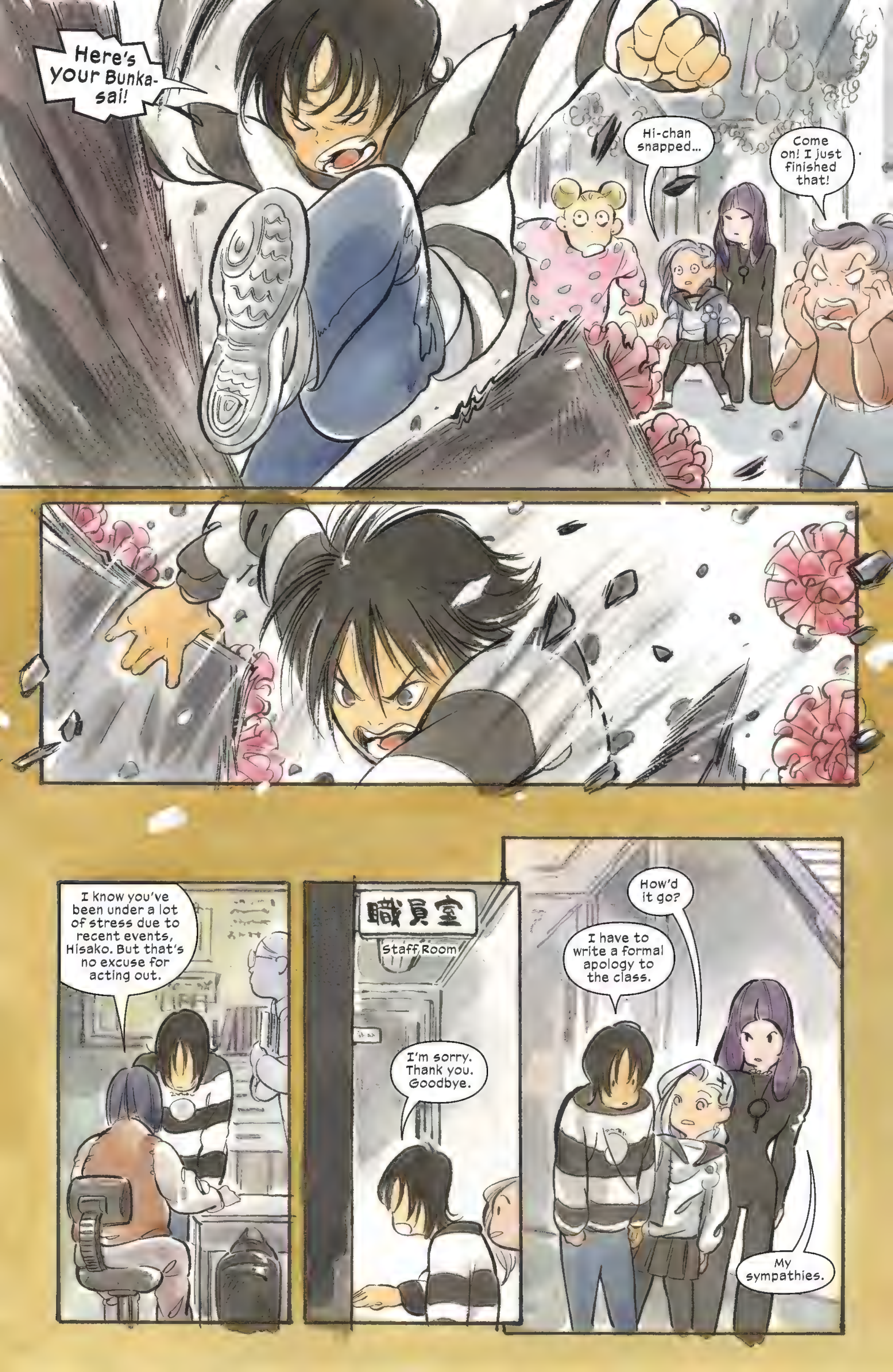
NOVEMBER 2024

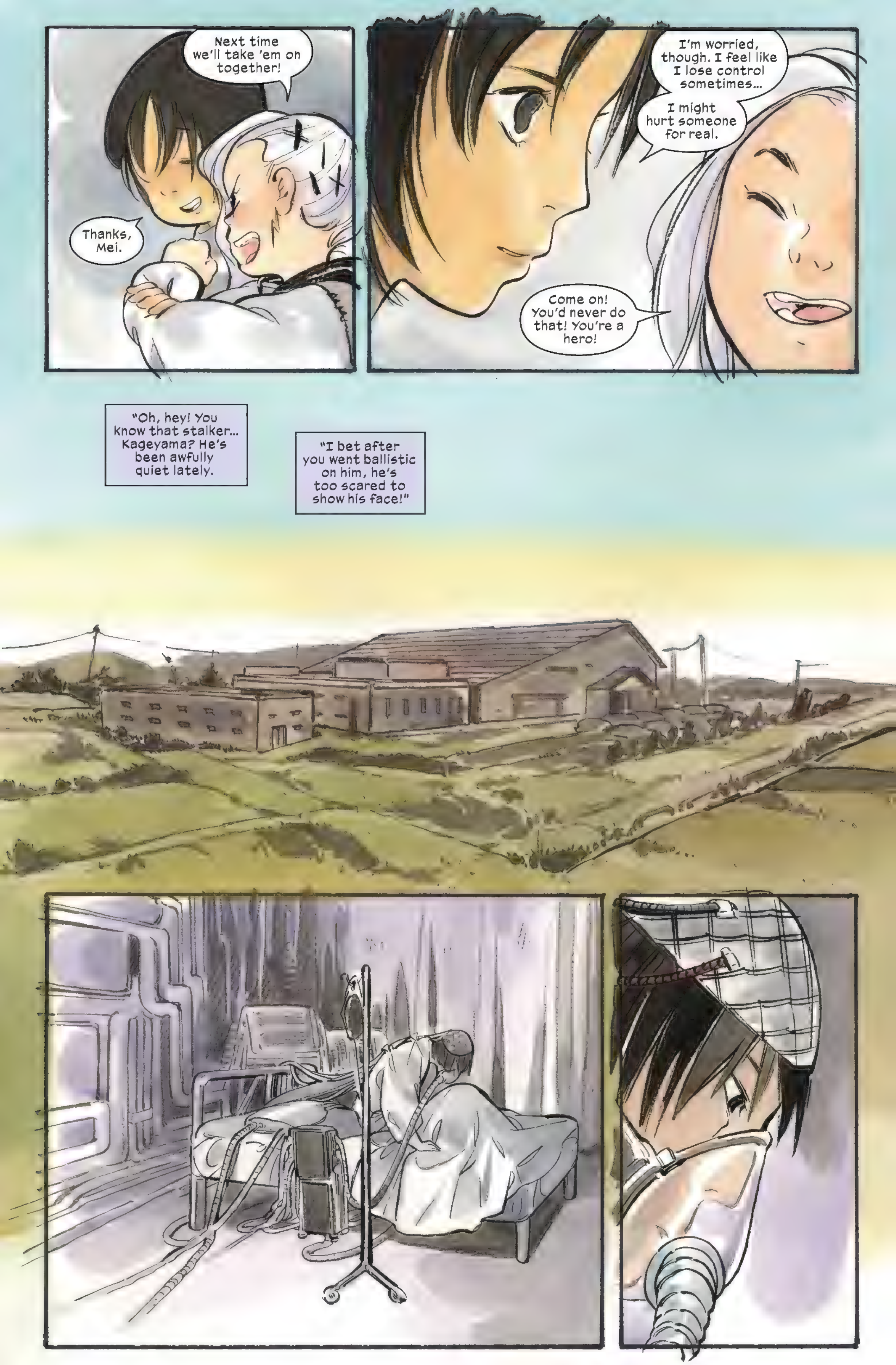

You hear? #MeatCase was real! That viral pic?
You mean we saw an actual dead body? I'm gonna puke!
Gross! You hear some freak cult is involved?
How long have they been around?
This X mark... I've seen it before...
I think my neighbors are in that cult. They're total weirdos. Like this one time...
No way! That's scaaaary!
Are they even human?
More news breaking about this alleged cult, the so-called **Children of the Atom.**
Members do not consider themselves human but instead say they are "mutants." Some are alleged to possess incredible powers.
They should be treated as extremely dangerous.
If you suspect anyone of belonging to the Children of the Atom, inform authorities immediately.
ぷつん

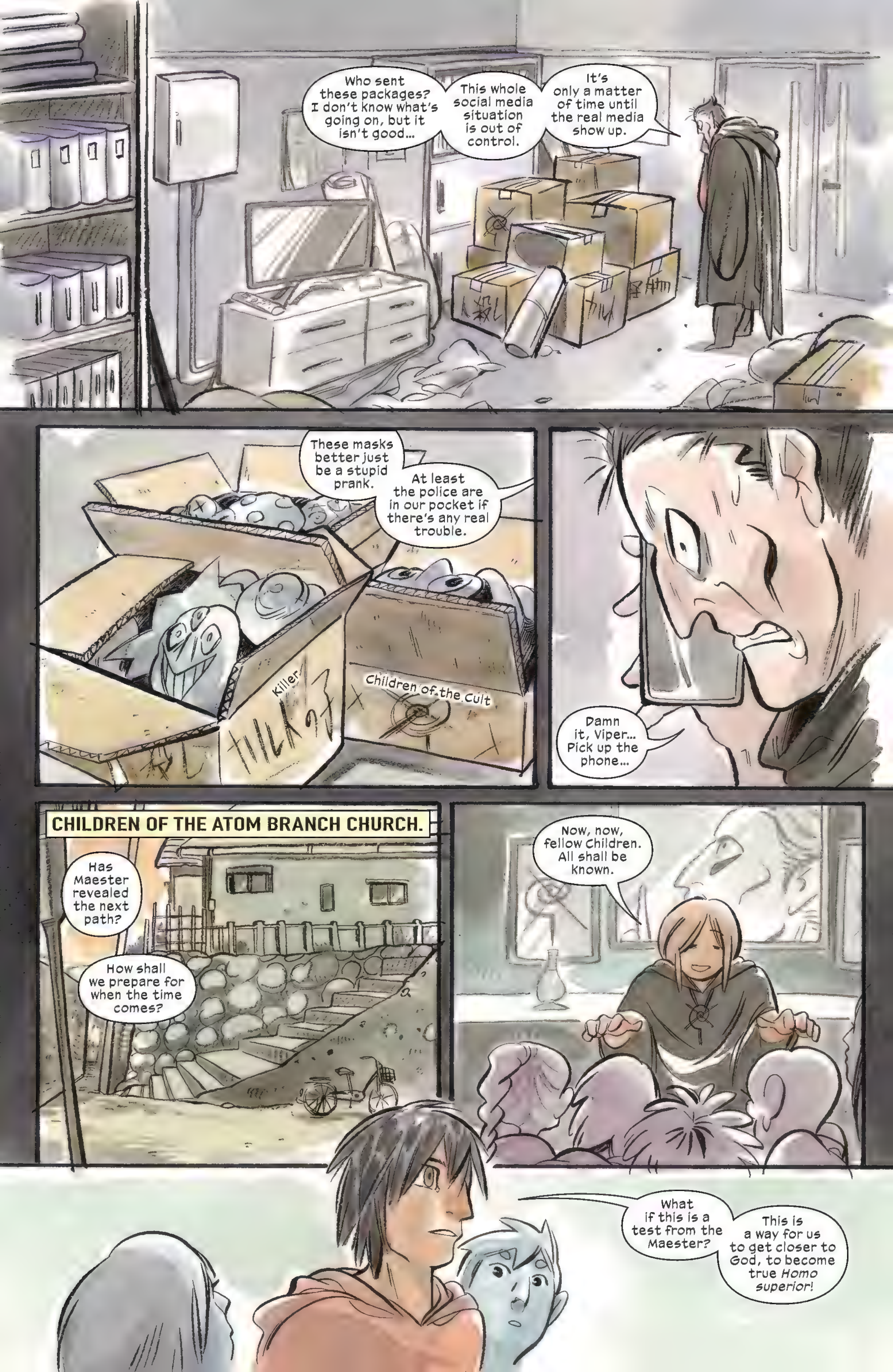

He's making it sound like every mutant is a part of that cult!
Like monsters!
Mei, honey, we love you, and you're welcome here as long as you want. But you should think about going back home.
Your mom and dad are probably worried about you.
I doubt they even notice I'm gone, Granny. They don't care about me.
Bye!
Oh Mei...
IRODORI HIGH SCHOOL.
Music Class
音楽室
Can you believe what they said on TV this morning?
I know...
Ever since news of the Children of the Atom broke, I haven't seen Natsu or Mori.
I'm worried.

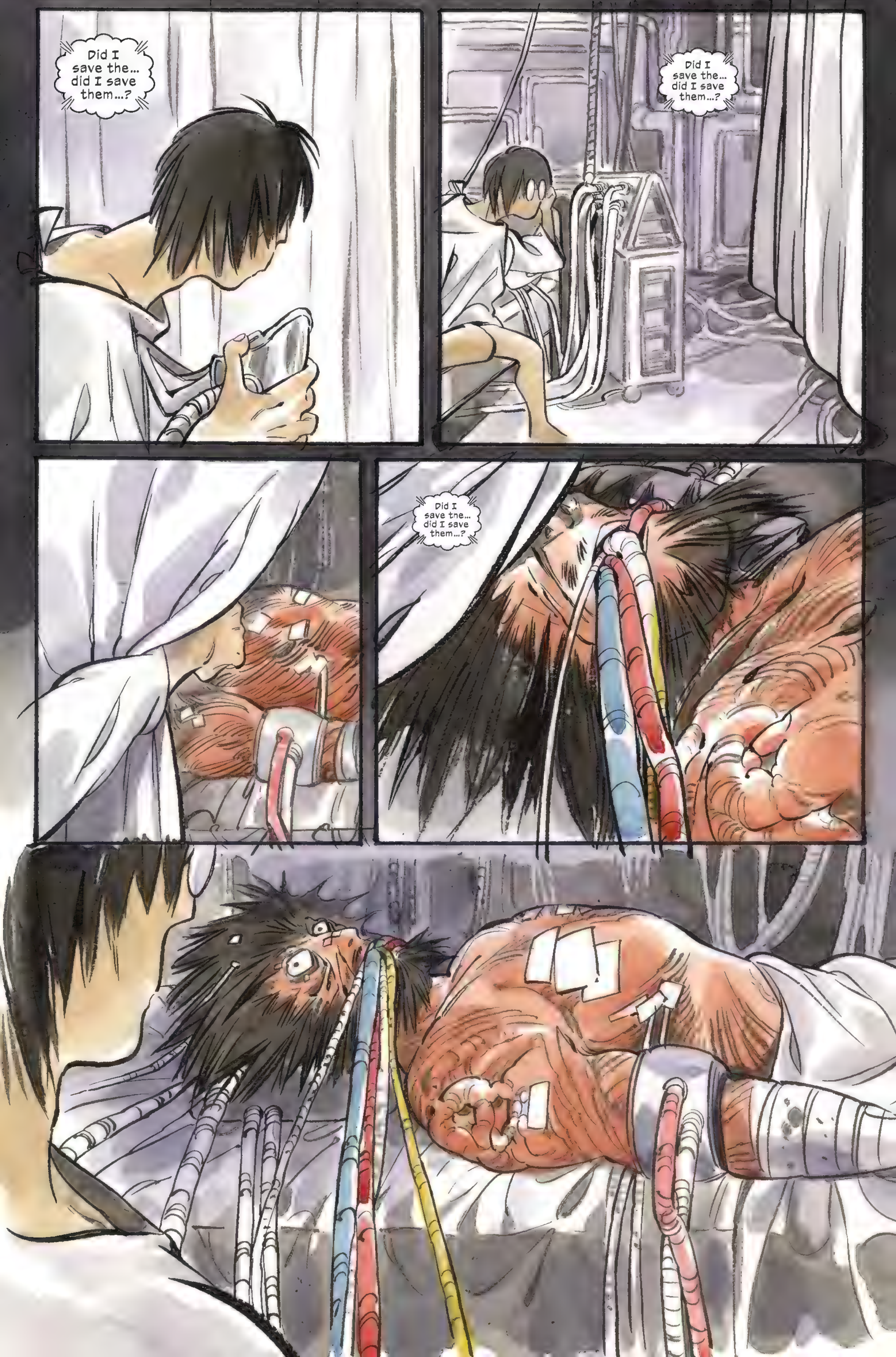

If Natsu is gone, it's no surprise Mori is too. I don't think I've ever seen them apart.
I don't know how involved they are with Children of the Atom, but it seems likely whatever the trouble is, they're caught up in it.
Does anyone know where they live? Nico? Maybe we can go see them.
I'm afraid I don't know. I never thought to ask.
Over there! I said put it over there!
There! Perfect!
KRRTCH BAAM
Bunka-sai again? So lame.
I thought you would be into the cultural festival, Mei.
Maybe there's too much going on. I'm just not feeling it.
!!
Splop!!
Sorry! ♫ Clumsy me! ♫
Heeheee...

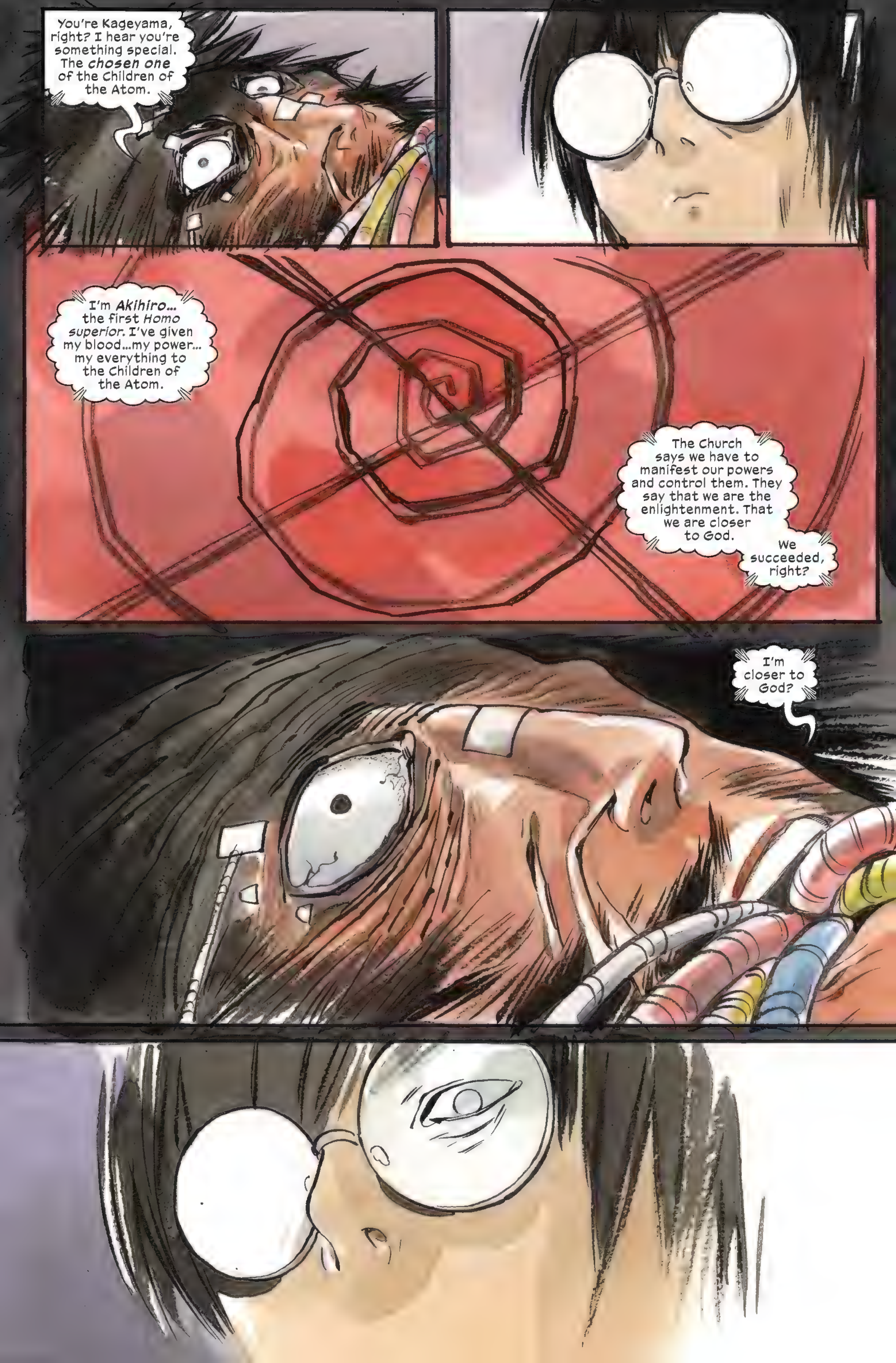

くす
くす
What's your problem?!
Oh dear. I assumed her *mutie power* would protect her. That's what you all are, right? Mutants? Freaks?
Handkerchief?
You wanna start something?
You muties think you're too good to help decorate for Bunka-sai?
Or maybe your weird cult won't let you.
We don't got anything to do with Children of the Atom!
Sure you don't. Freak.
I know! Why don't you sell photos of yourselves at Bunka-sai?
After all, we heard aaall about you on 8-Chome! You're famous!
Aren't you guys gonna say anything?
Call us freaks...
Stupid cult...
I'll show you...
?

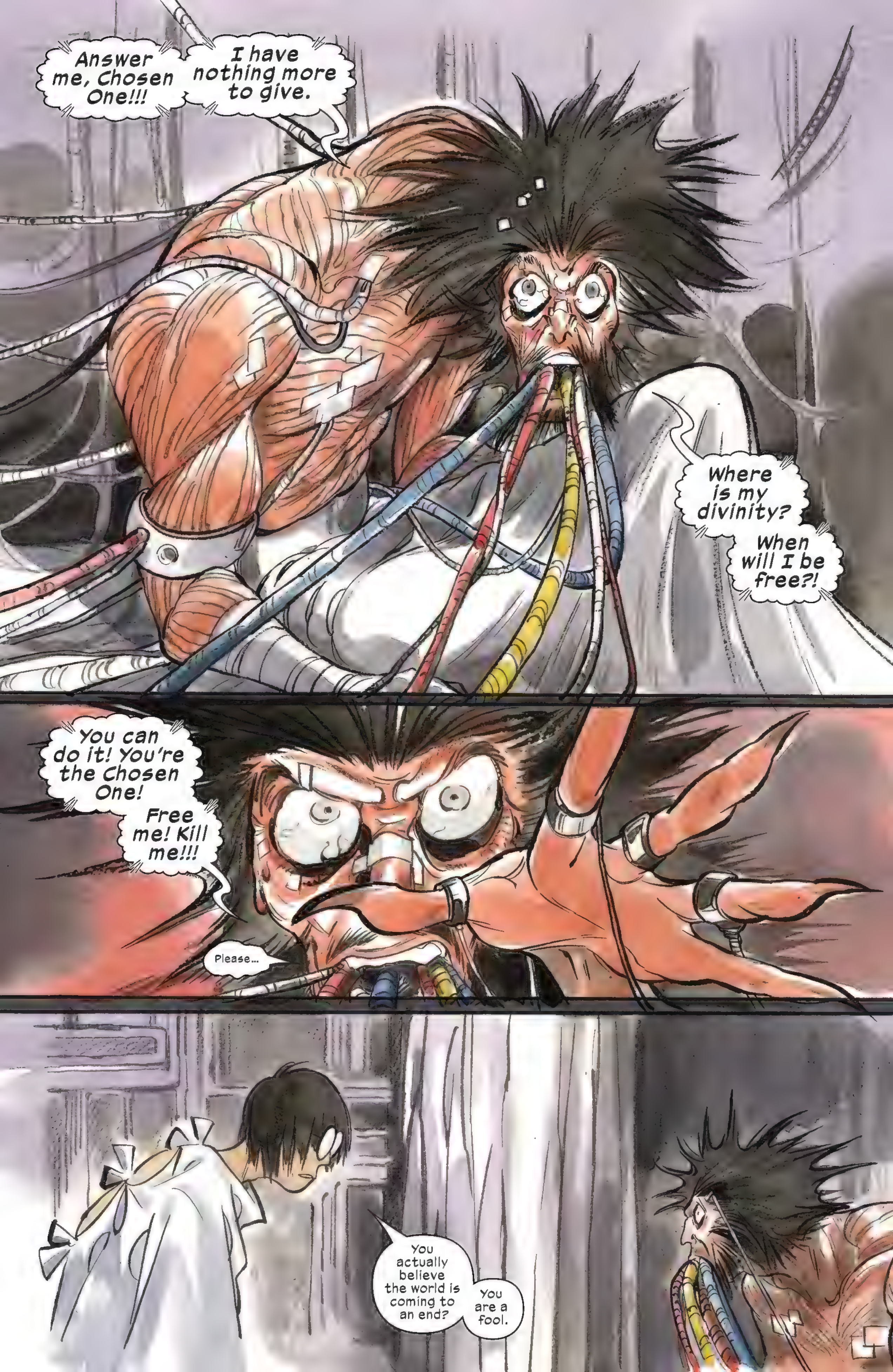

Here's your Bunka-sai!
Hi-chan snapped...
Come on! I just finished that!
I know you've been under a lot of stress due to recent events, Hisako. But that's no excuse for acting out.
職員室
Staff Room
I'm sorry. Thank you. Goodbye.
How'd it go?
I have to write a formal apology to the class.
My sympathies.

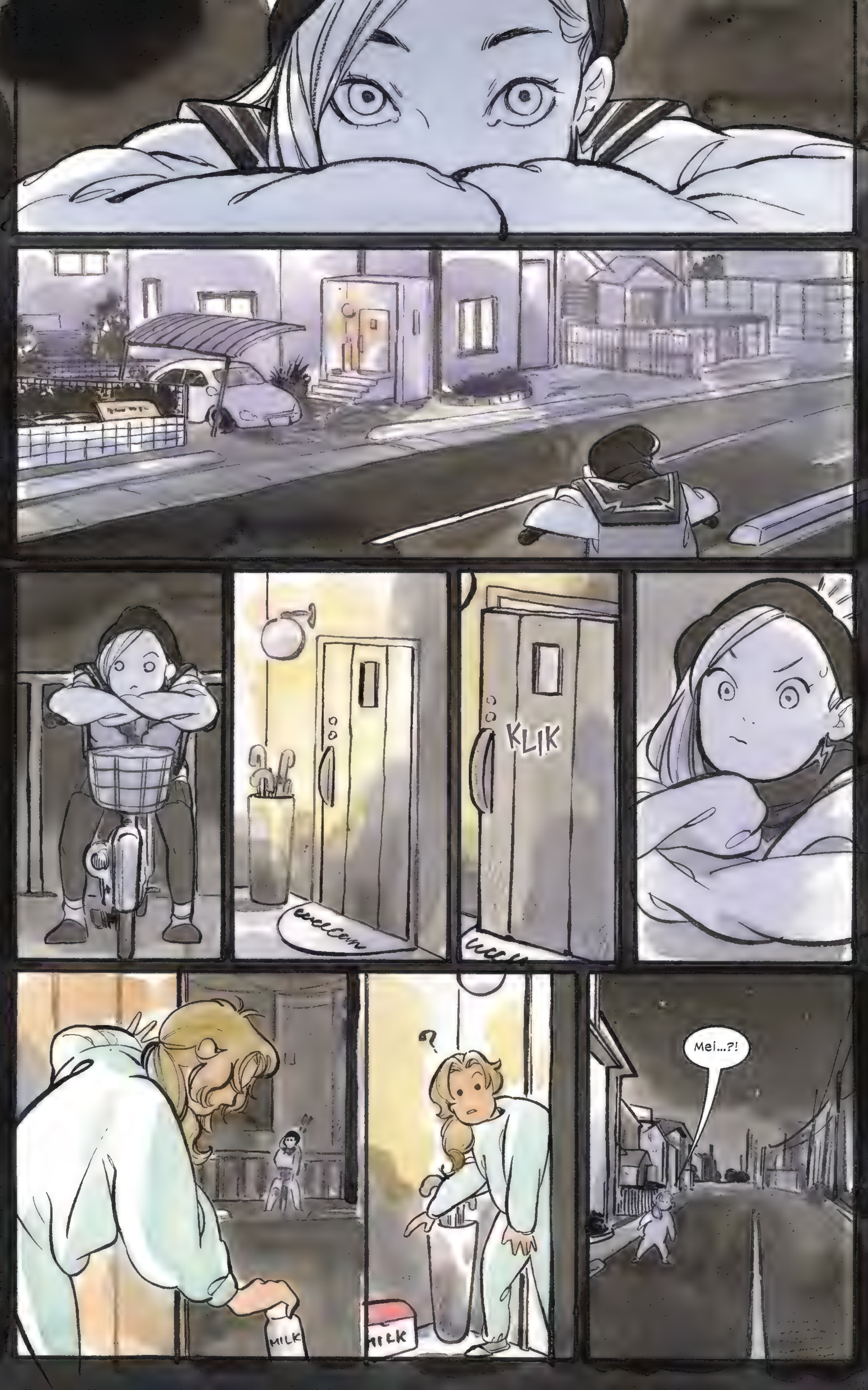

Next time we'll take 'em on together!
Thanks, Mei.
I'm worried, though. I feel like I lose control sometimes...
I might hurt someone for real.
Come on! You'd never do that! You're a hero!
"Oh, hey! You know that stalker... Kageyama? He's been awfully quiet lately.
"I bet after you went ballistic on him, he's too scared to show his face!"

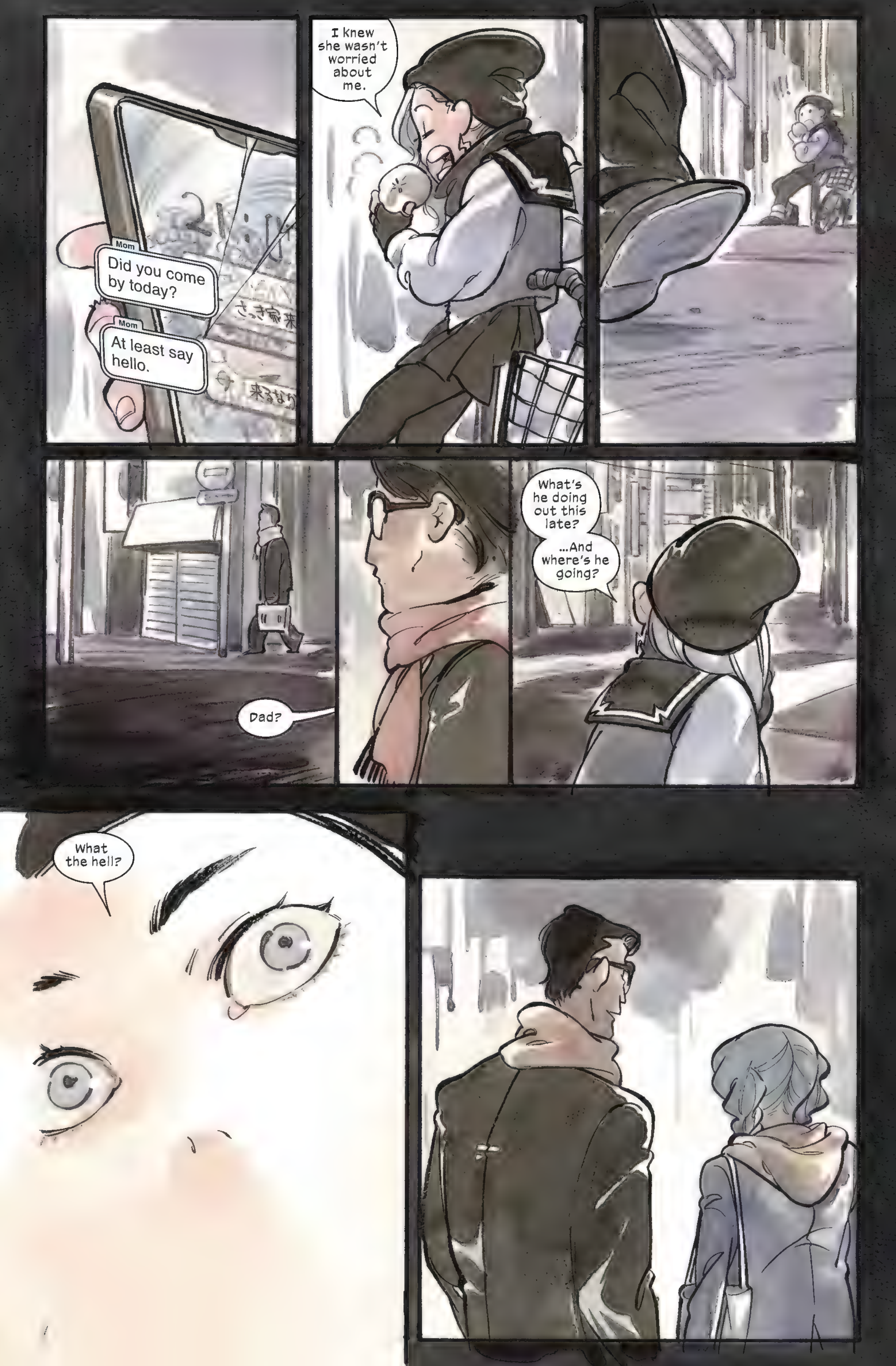

Who sent these packages? I don't know what's going on, but it isn't good...
This whole social media situation is out of control.
It's only a matter of time until the real media show up.
These masks better just be a stupid prank.
At least the police are in our pocket if there's any real trouble.
Killer
人殺し
カルトの子
Children of the Cult
Damn it, Viper... Pick up the phone...
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM BRANCH CHURCH.
Has Maester revealed the next path?
How shall we prepare for when the time comes?
Now, now, fellow Children. All shall be known.
What if this is a test from the Maester?
This is a way for us to get closer to God, to become true *Homo superior*!

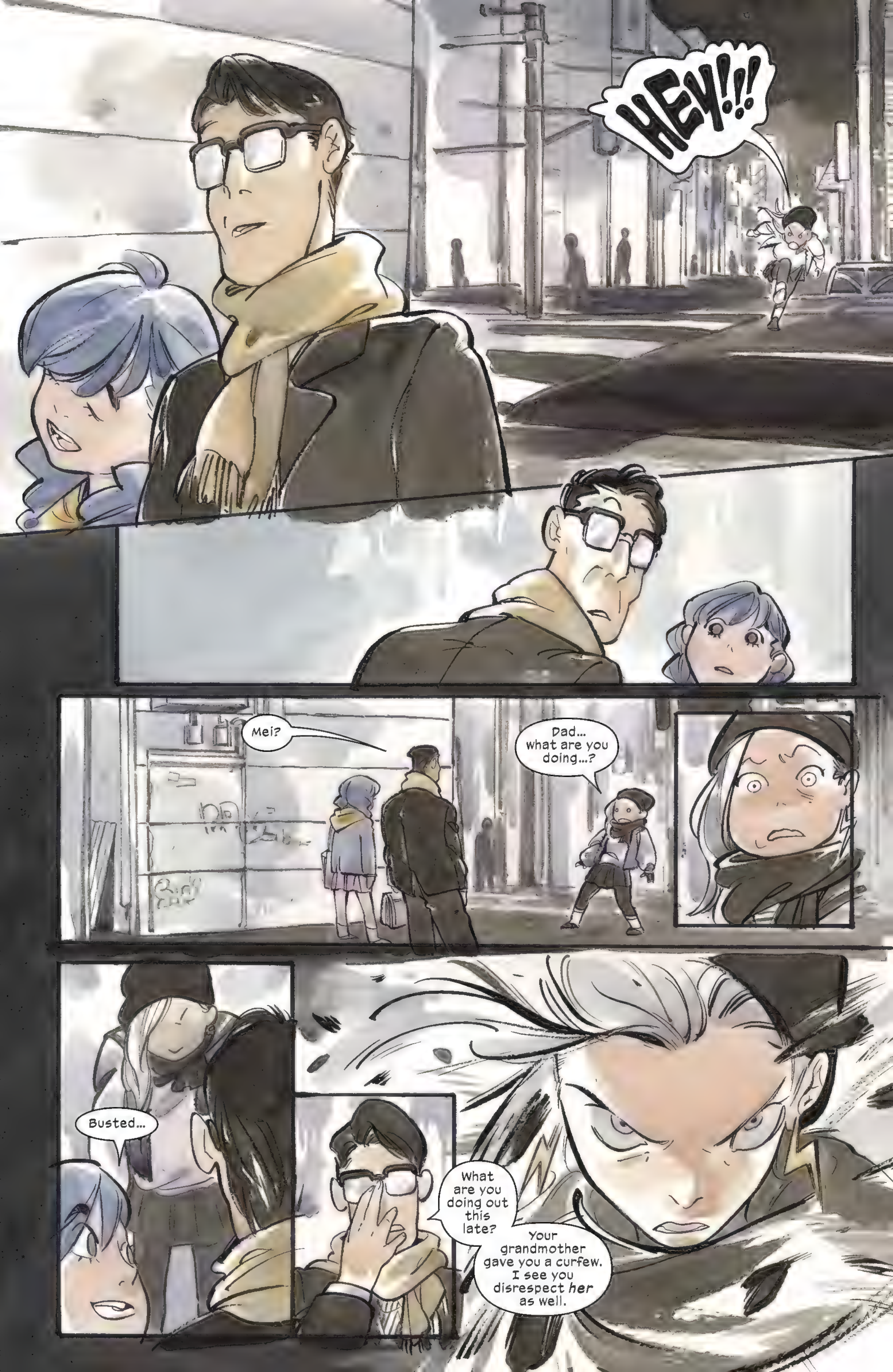

Did I save the... did I save them...?
Did I save the... did I save them...?
Did I save the... did I save them...?

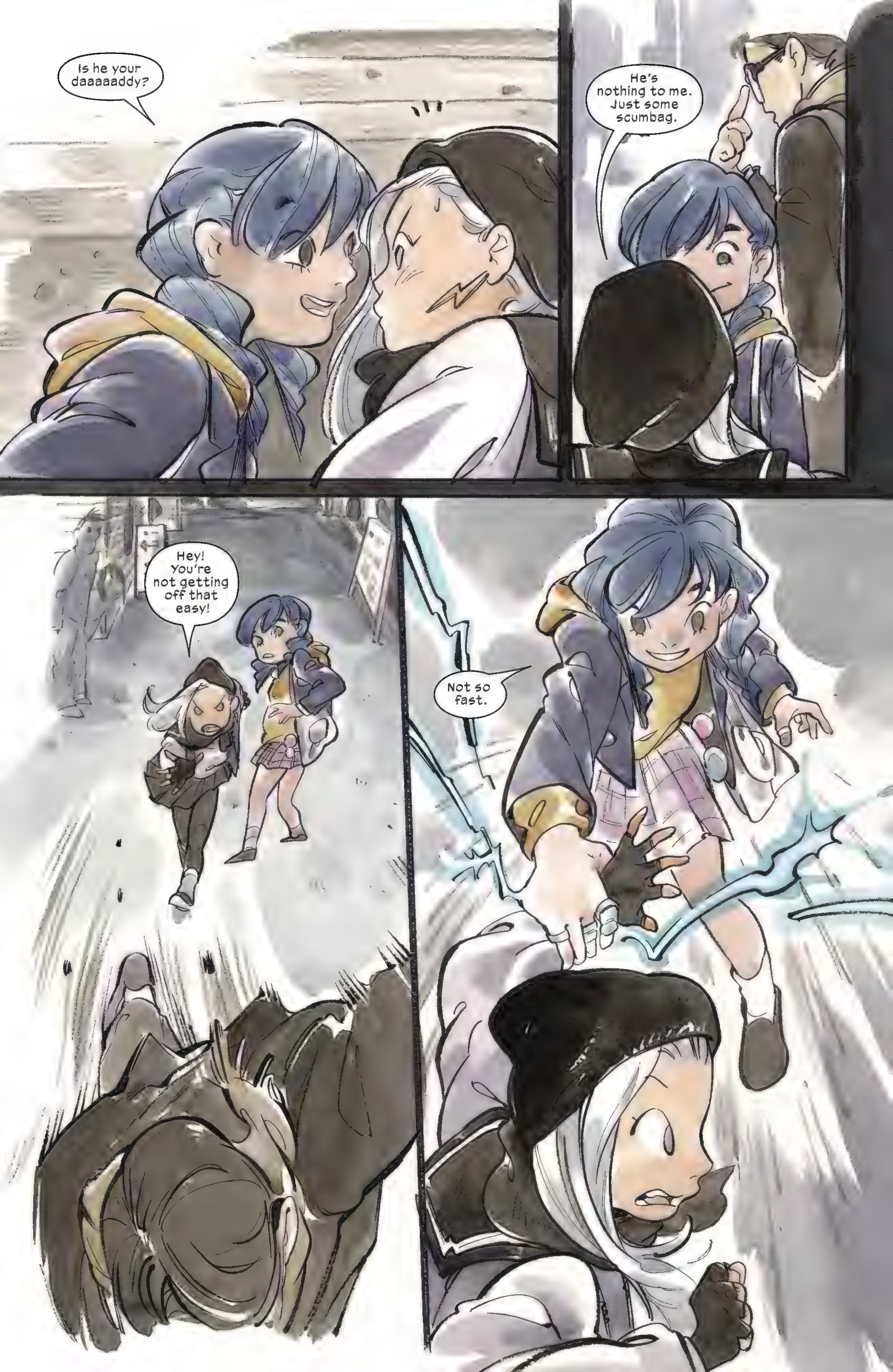

You're Kageyama, right? I hear you're something special. The *chosen one* of the Children of the Atom.
I'm *Akihiro*... the first *Homo superior*. I've given my blood...my power... my everything to the Children of the Atom.
The Church says we have to manifest our powers and control them. They say that we are the enlightenment. That we are closer to God.
We succeeded, right?
I'm closer to God?

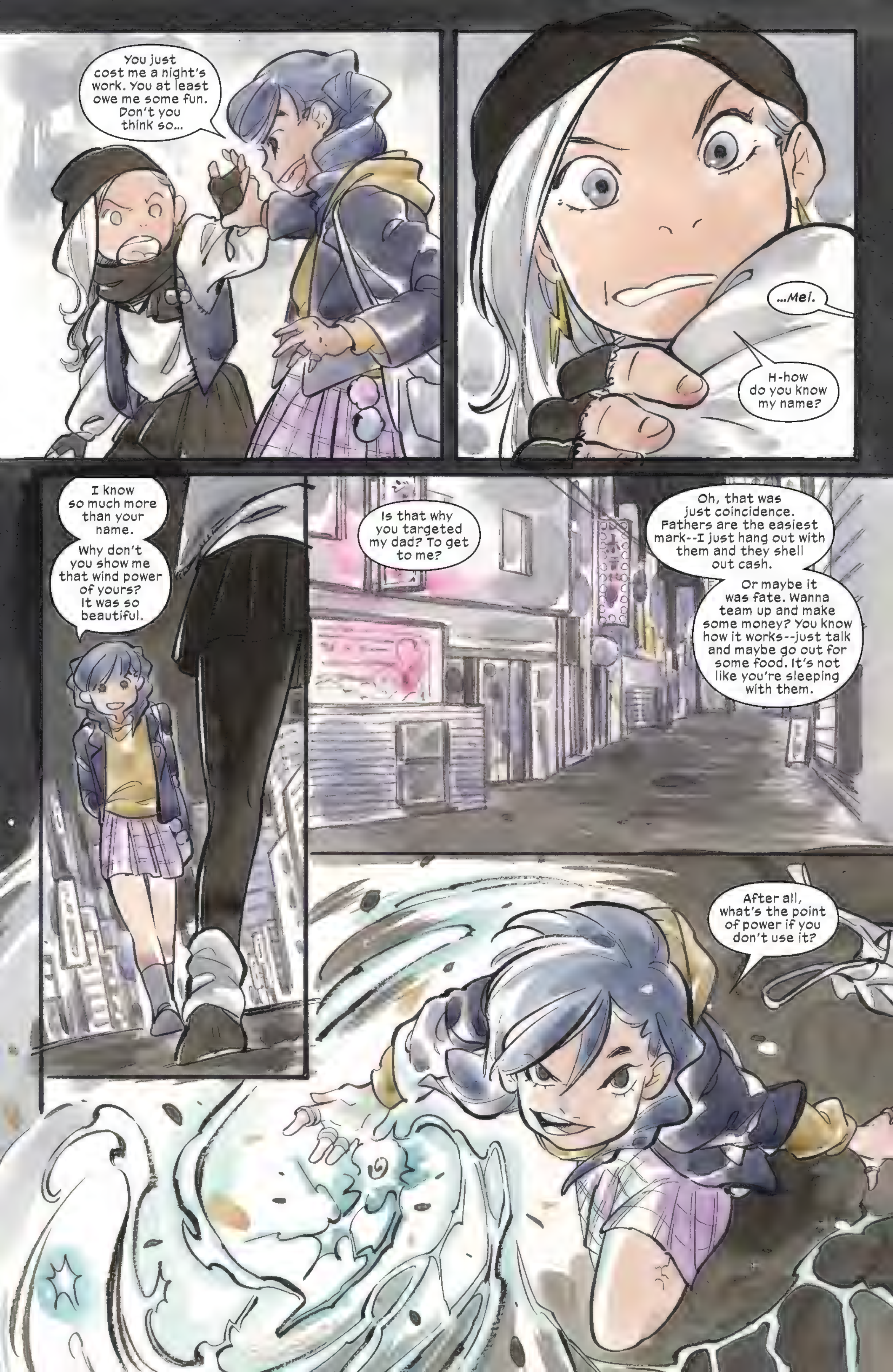

Answer me, Chosen One!!!
I have nothing more to give.
Where is my divinity?
When will I be free?!
You can do it! You're the Chosen One!
Free me! Kill me!!!
Please...
You actually believe the world is coming to an end?
You are a fool.

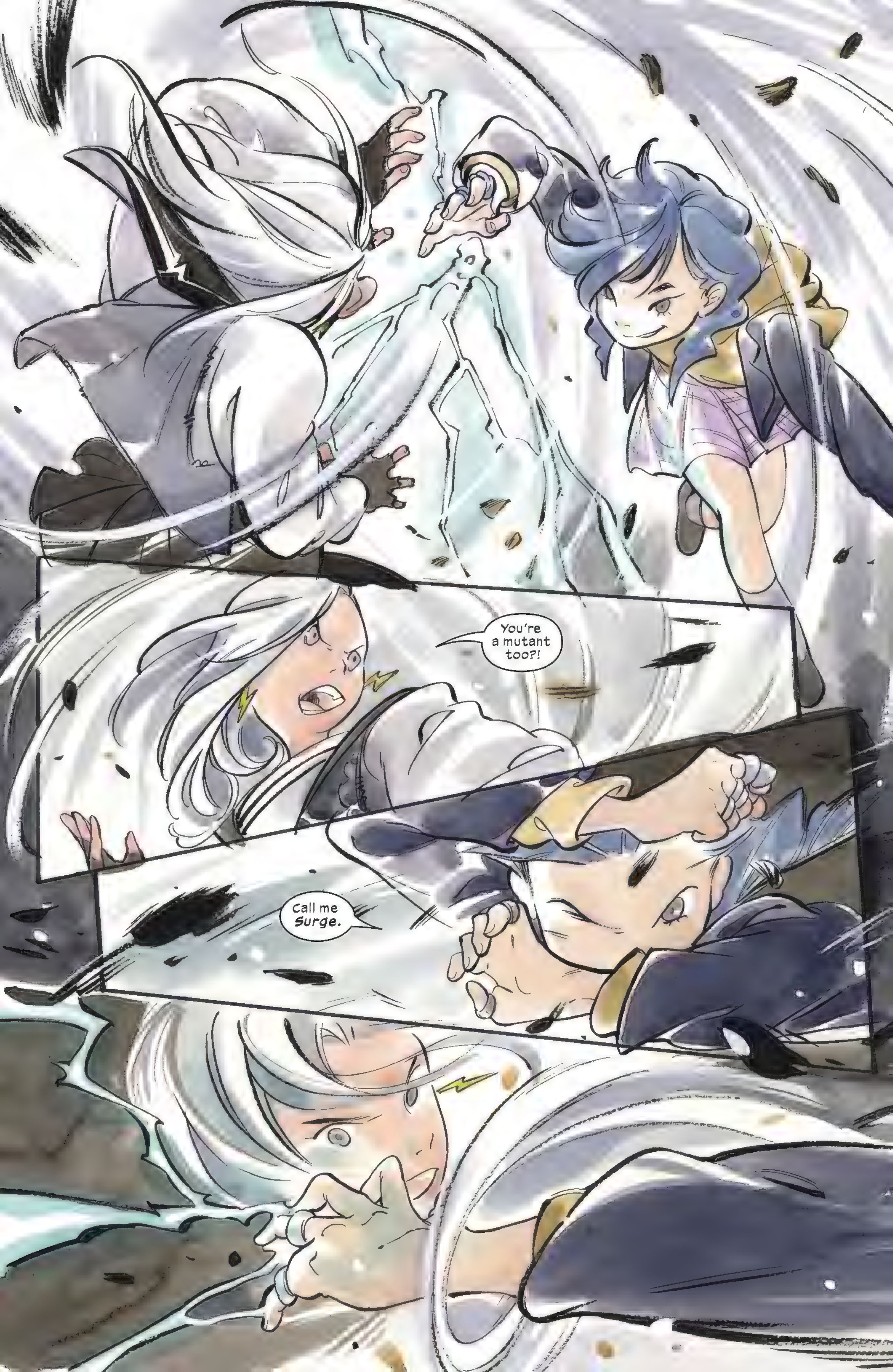

KLIK
MILK
?
MILK
Mei...?!

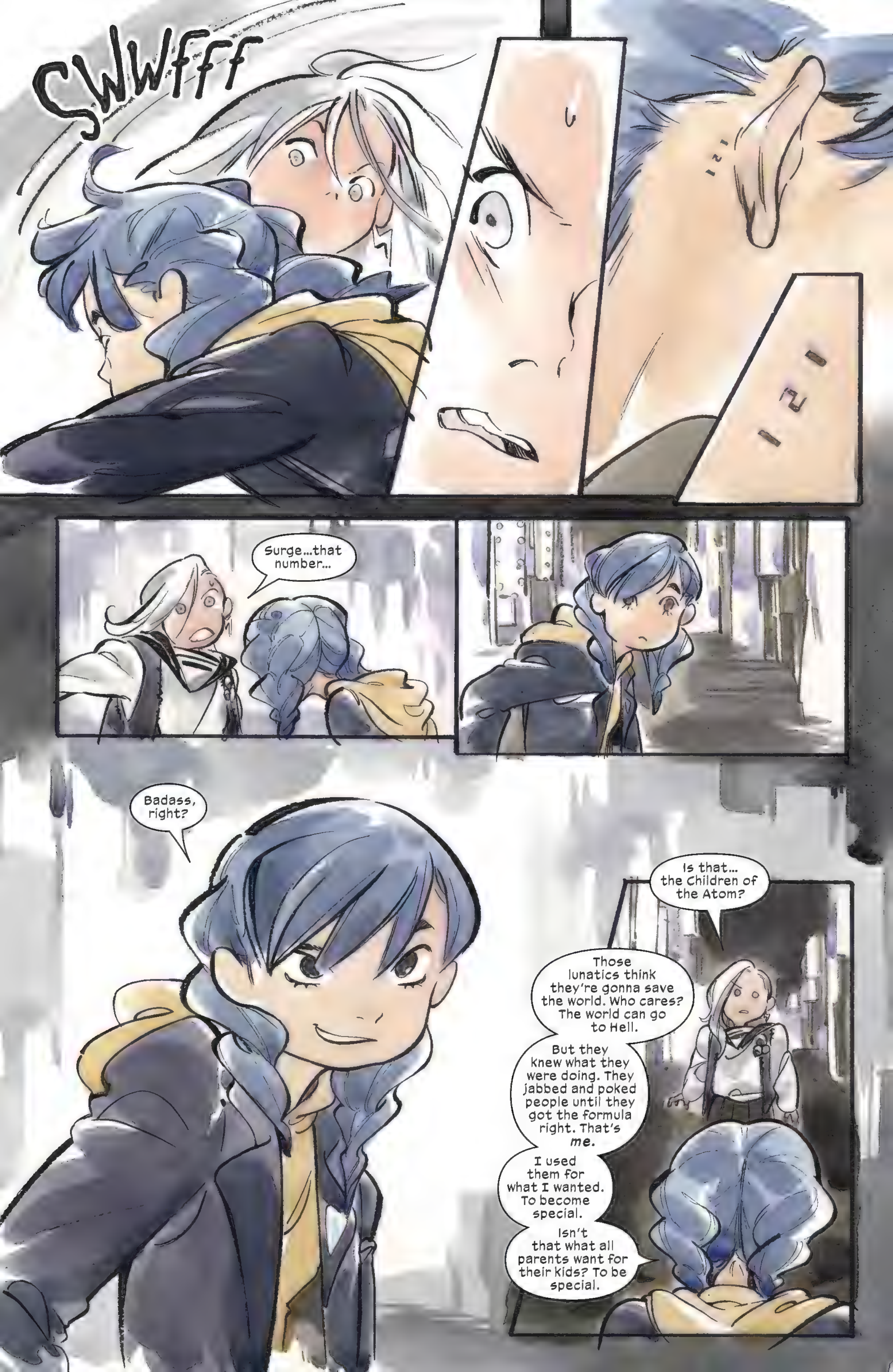

Mom
Did you come by today?
Mom
At least say hello.
I knew she wasn't worried about me.
Dad?
What's he doing out this late?
...And where's he going?
What the hell?

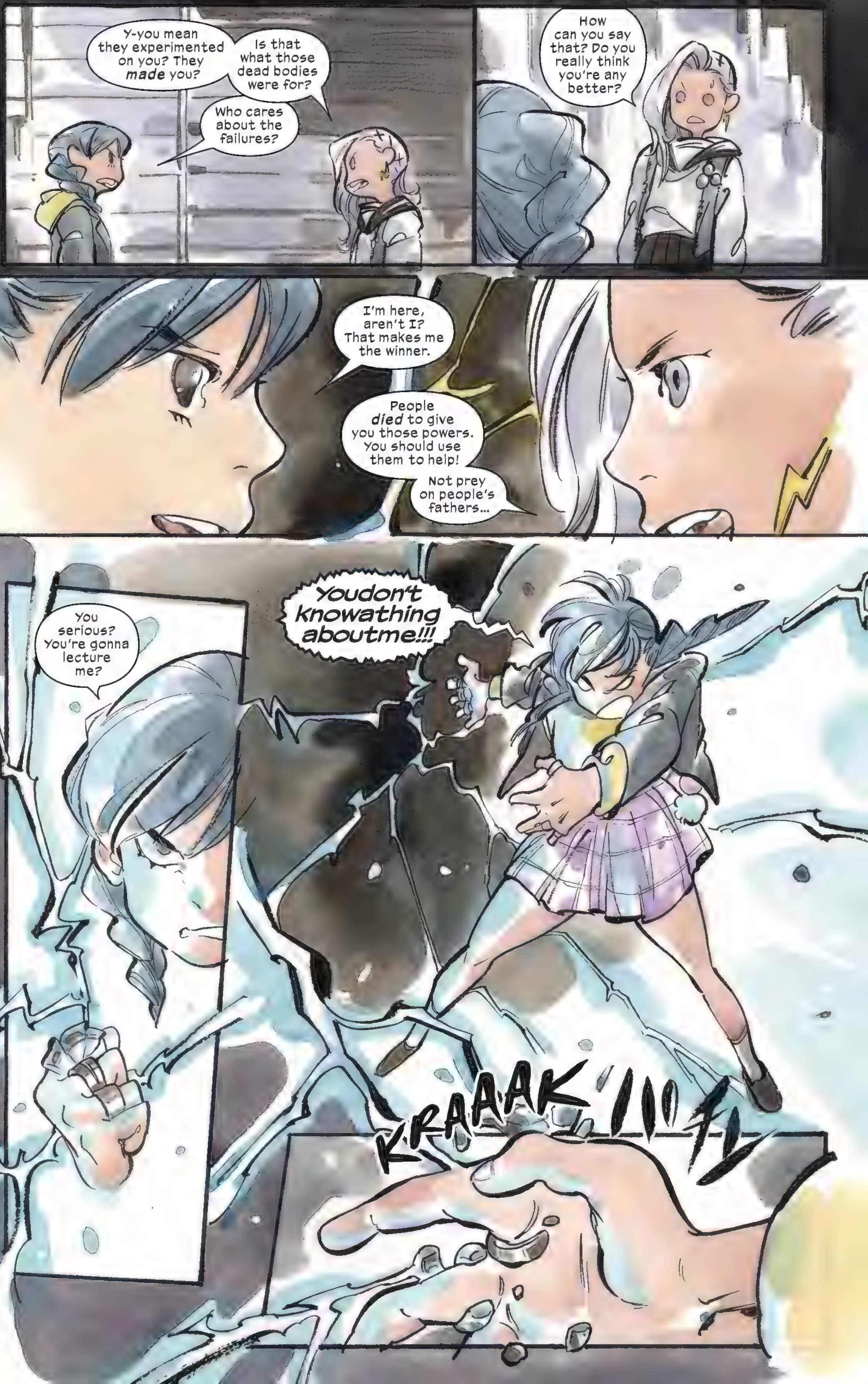

HEY!!!
Mei?
Dad... what are you doing...?
Busted...
What are you doing out this late?
Your grandmother gave you a curfew. I see you disrespect *her* as well.

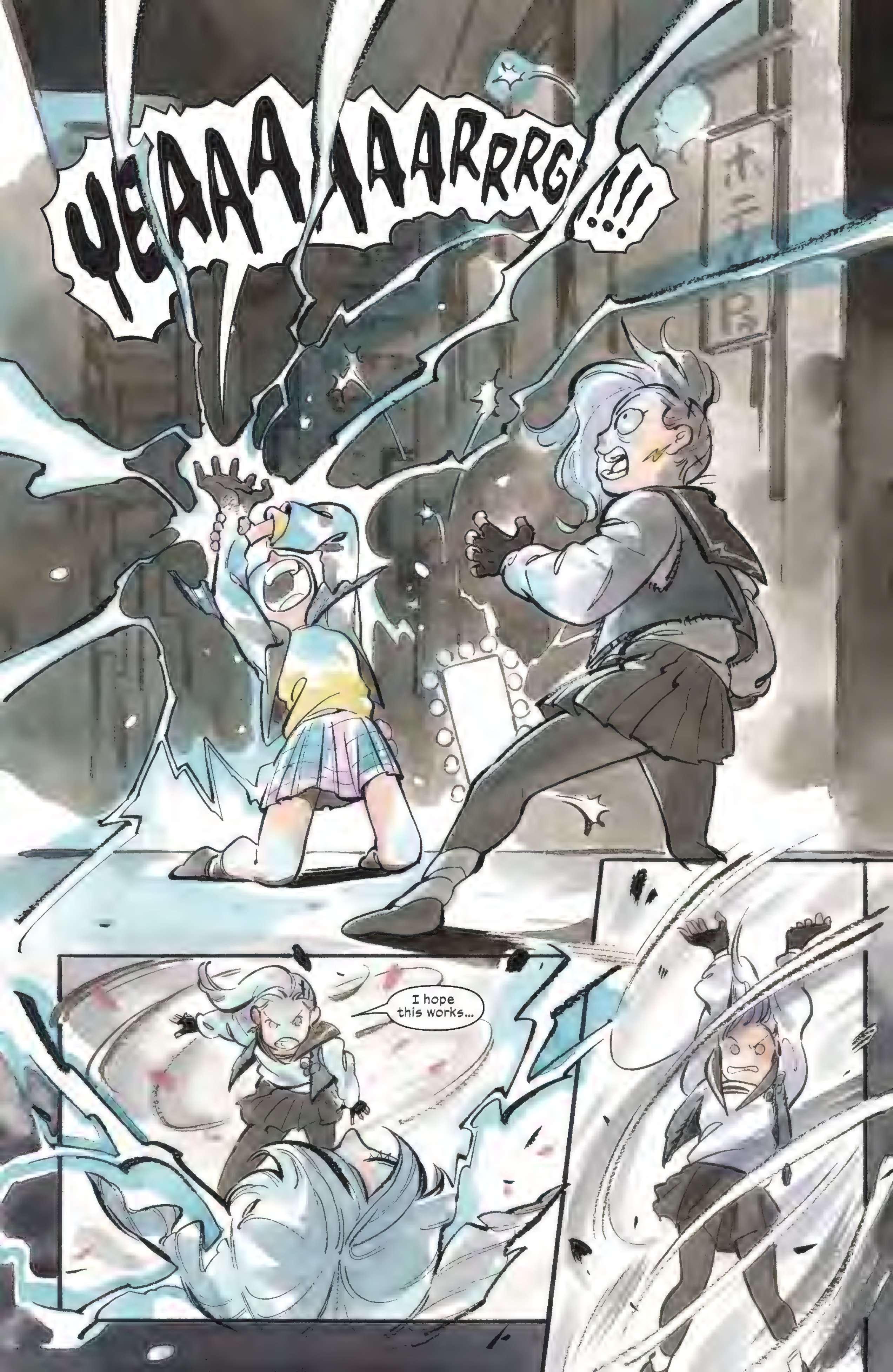

Is he your daaaaaddy?
He's nothing to me. Just some scumbag.
Hey! You're not getting off that easy!
Not so fast.

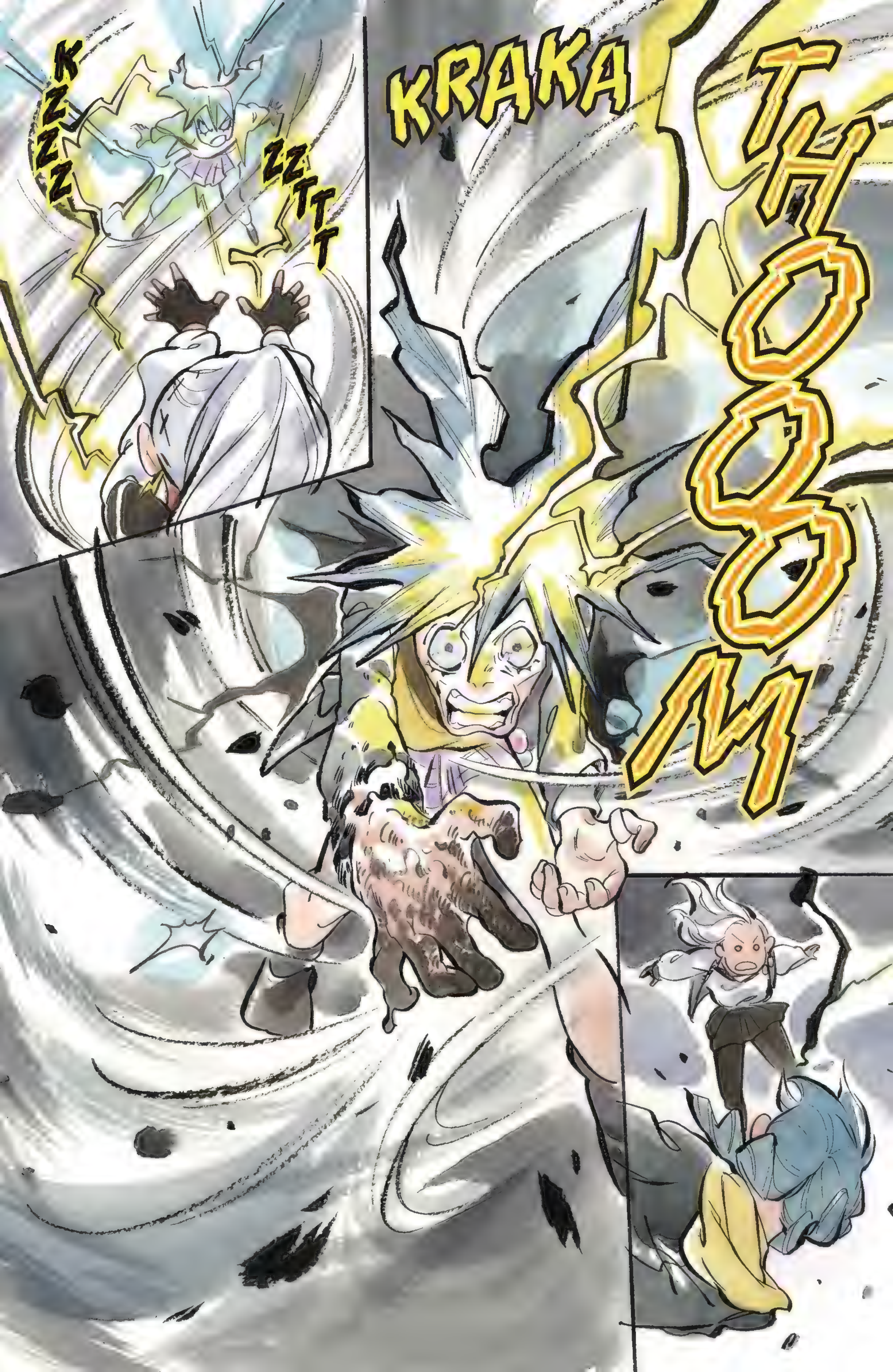

You just cost me a night's work. You at least owe me some fun. Don't you think so...
...Mei.
H-how do you know my name?
I know so much more than your name.
Why don't you show me that wind power of yours? It was so beautiful.
Is that why you targeted my dad? To get to me?
Oh, that was just coincidence. Fathers are the easiest mark--I just hang out with them and they shell out cash.
Or maybe it was fate. Wanna team up and make some money? You know how it works--just talk and maybe go out for some food. It's not like you're sleeping with them.
After all, what's the point of power if you don't use it?

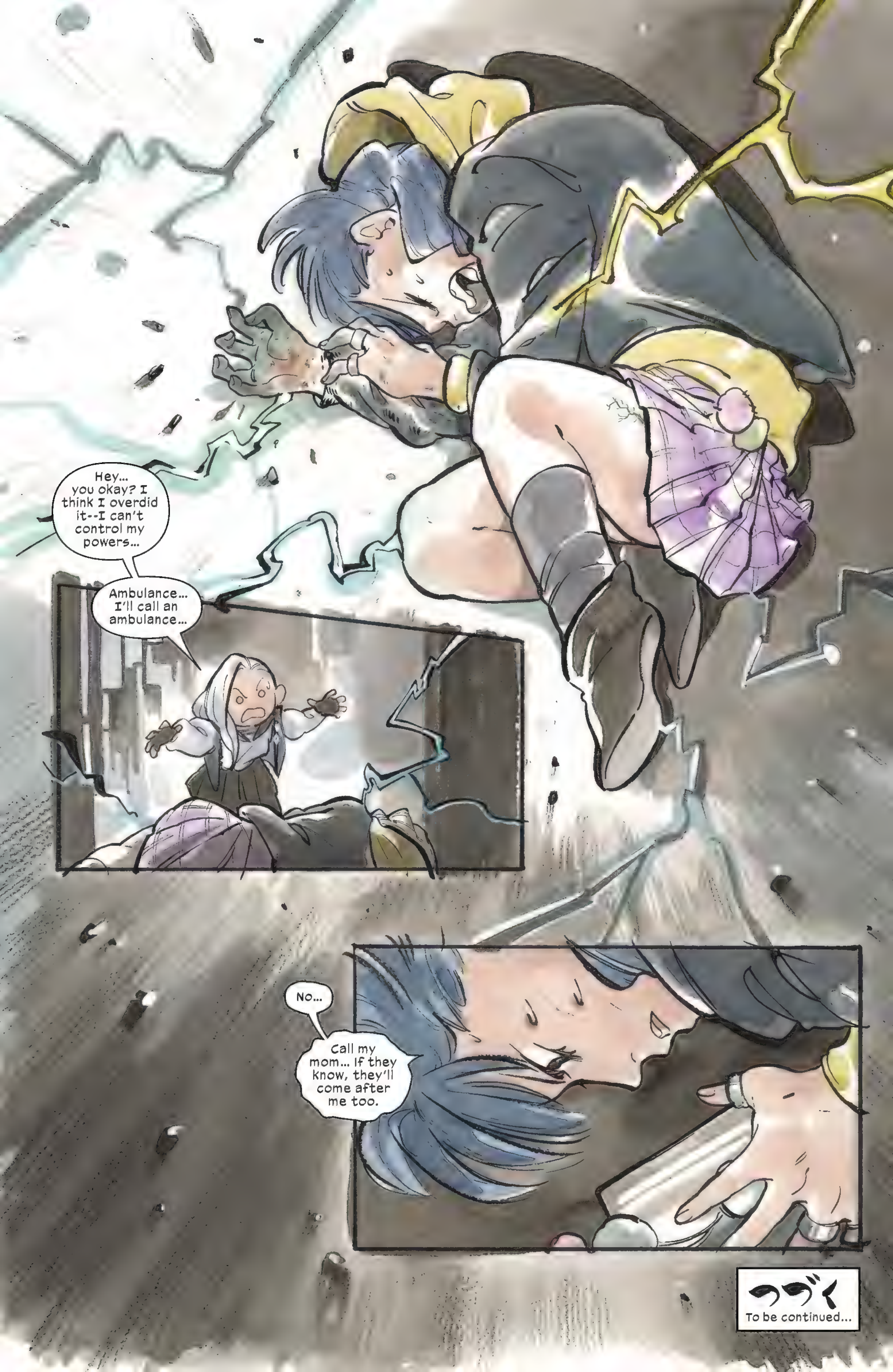

You're a mutant too?!
Call me *Surge.*


SWWFFF
121
Surge...that number...
Badass, right?
Is that... the Children of the Atom?
Those lunatics think they're gonna save the world. Who cares? The world can go to Hell.
But they knew what they were doing. They jabbed and poked people until they got the formula right. That's *me.*
I used them for what I wanted. To become special.
Isn't that what all parents want for their kids? To be special.


Y-you mean they experimented on you? They *made* you?
Is that what those dead bodies were for?
Who cares about the failures?
How can you say that? Do you really think you're any better?
I'm here, aren't I? That makes me the winner.
People *died* to give you those powers. You should use them to help!
Not prey on people's fathers...
You serious? You're gonna lecture me?
Youdon't knowathing aboutme!!!
KRAAAK!!!


YEAAAAAARRRG...!!!
I hope this works...


KZZZZ
ZZTTT
KRAKA
THOOOM

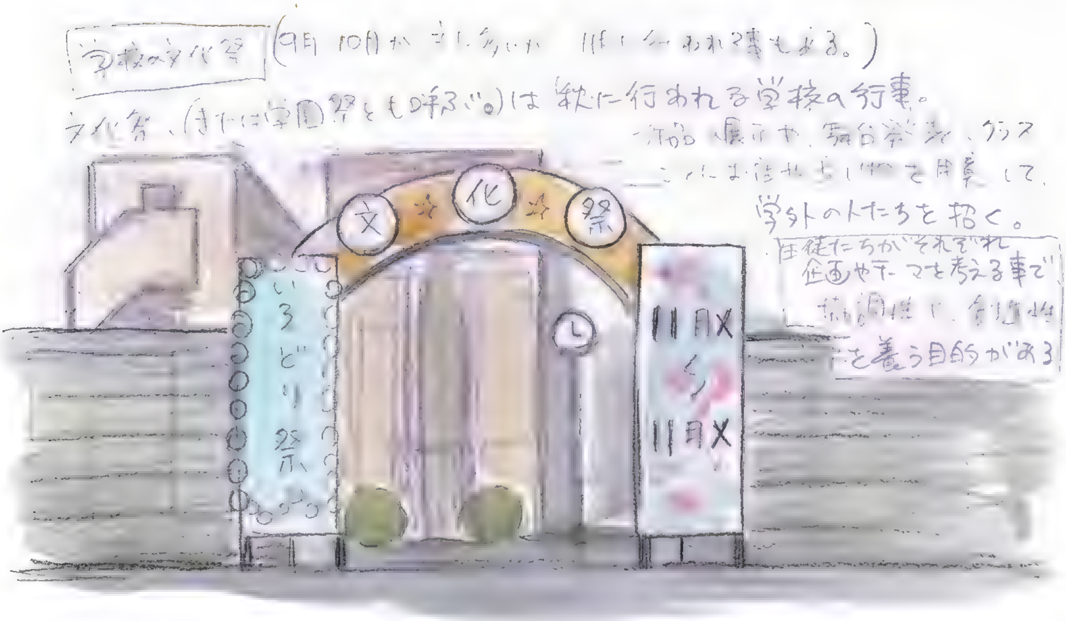

Hey... you okay? I think I overdid it--I can't control my powers...
Ambulance... I'll call an ambulance...
No...
Call my mom... If they know, they'll come after me too.
つづく
To be continued...

LEXICON

SCHOOL BUNKA-SAI

Bunka-sai is a school cultural festival that happens generally in September or October, though some schools hold it in November.

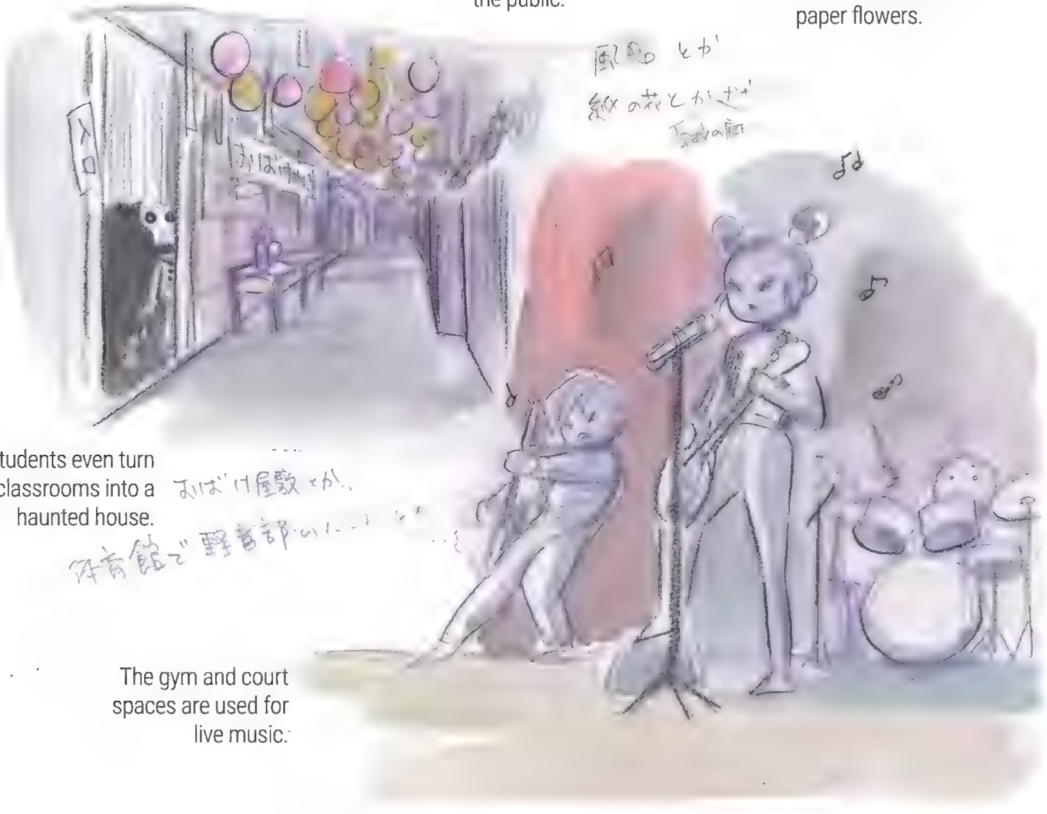
Students set up booths throughout the school such as shops, cafes, restaurants, photo booths and more, as well as stage performances and exhibitions of student art and photography, with their classes.


学校の文化祭
（9月 10月が主に多いが 11月に行われる事もある。）
文化祭（または学園祭とも呼ぶ。）は秋に行われる学校の行事。
作品展示や、舞台発表、クラスごとにお店などを用意して、
学外の人たちを招く。
生徒たちがそれぞれ企画やテーマを考える事で協調性や、創造性を養う目的がある
文 化 祭
いろどり祭
11月X 〜 11月X

This helps students learn cooperation and creativity by having to work together to come up with their own plans and themes.

During the festival, the school is open to the public.

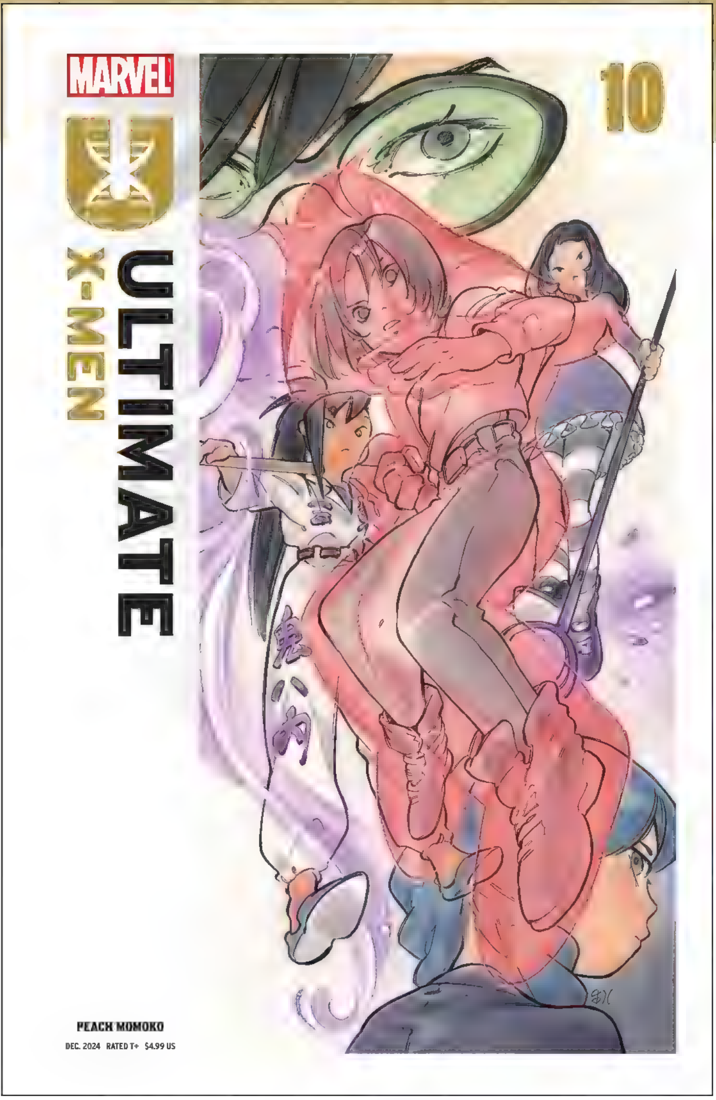
School hallways are decorated with balloons and paper flowers.


入口
おばけ屋敷
風船とか
紙の花とかざり
学校の廊下
おばけ屋敷とか。
体育館で軽音部のライブとか…

Some students even turn their classrooms into a haunted house.

The gym and court spaces are used for live music.

NEXT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ULTIMATES
6

ULTIMATES #6

BY **DENIZ CAMP** &
JUAN FRIGERI

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UNIVERSE
ONE
YEAR
IN
1

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE:
ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP**
& **JONAS SCHARF**

6

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next thirteen months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, has taken on the codename **IRON LAD** and begun recruiting a network of heroes to fight back against the Maker's Council and prepare for the Maker's return.

Now that their resistance network is eleven strong, Iron Lad and the rest of the **ULTIMATES**—from the grief-fueled **DOOM** to the young, scrappy **HAWKEYE**—are prepared to make their first stand!

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COLOR ARTIST: **FEDERICO BLEE**

LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**
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DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
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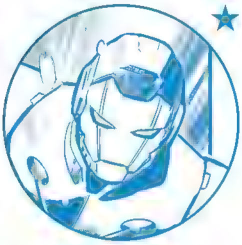
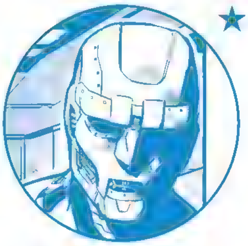
THE ULTIMATES

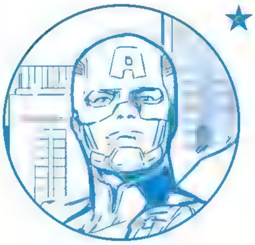
CAST:



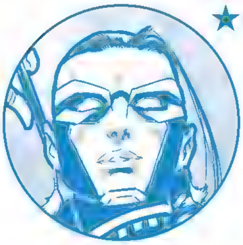
IRON LAD
TONY STARK



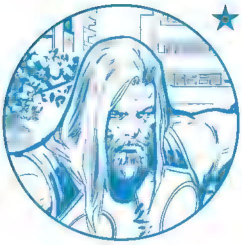
DOOM
REED RICHARDS



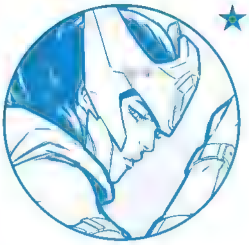
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS



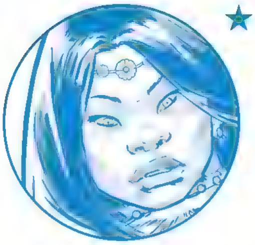
HAWKEYE
CHARLI RAMSEY



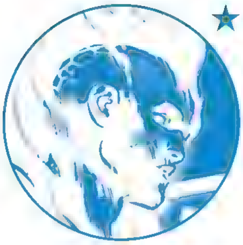
THOR
GOD OF THUNDER



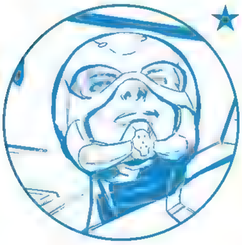
SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS



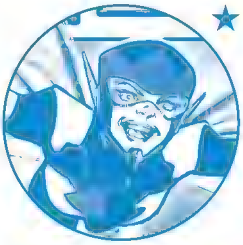
SHE-HULK
LEJORI JOENA ZAKARIA



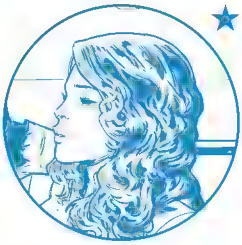
THE HUMAN TORCH
JIM HAMMOND



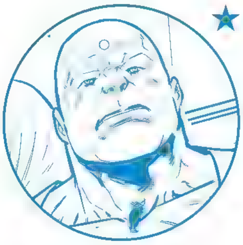
GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM



WASP
JANET VAN DYNE

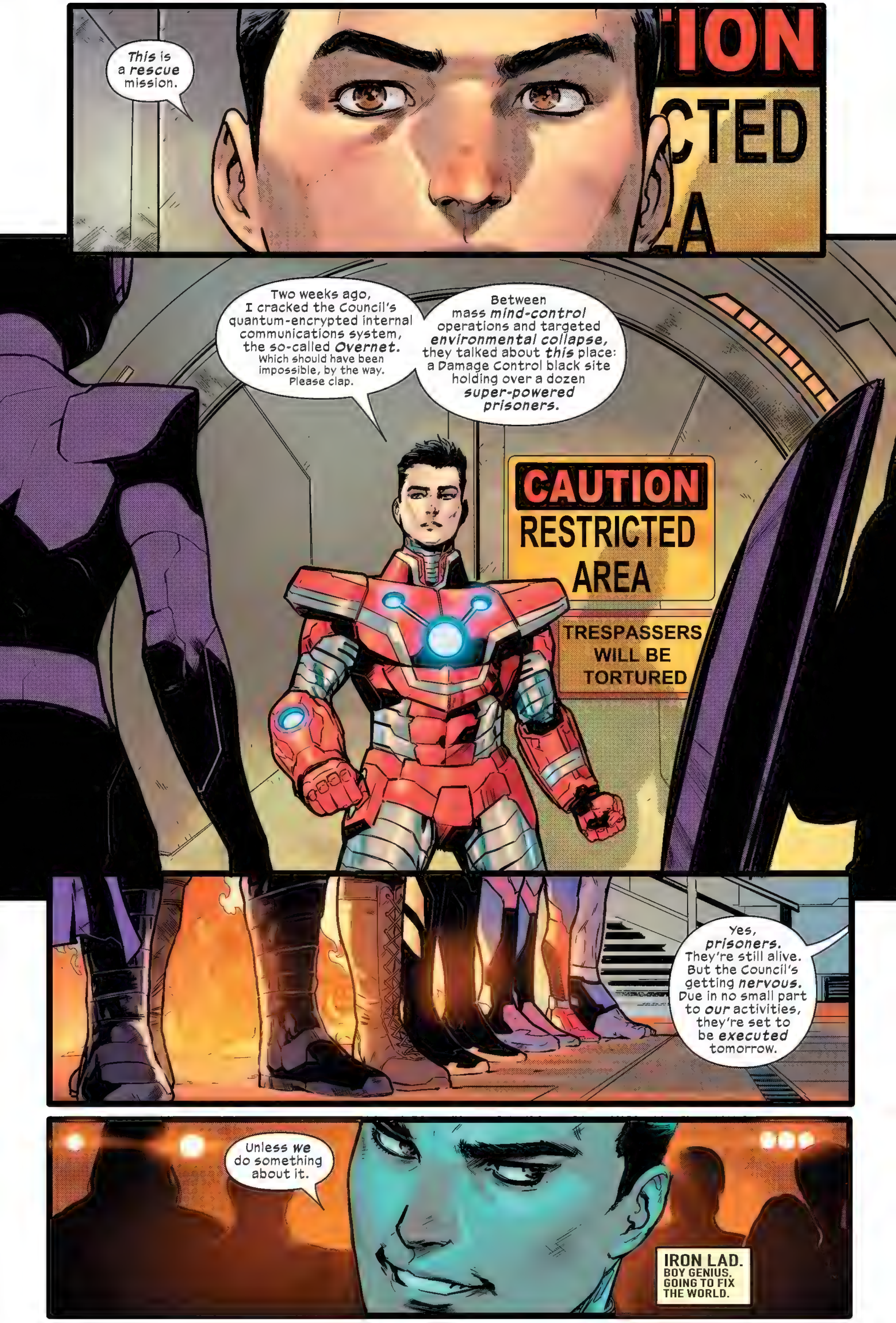


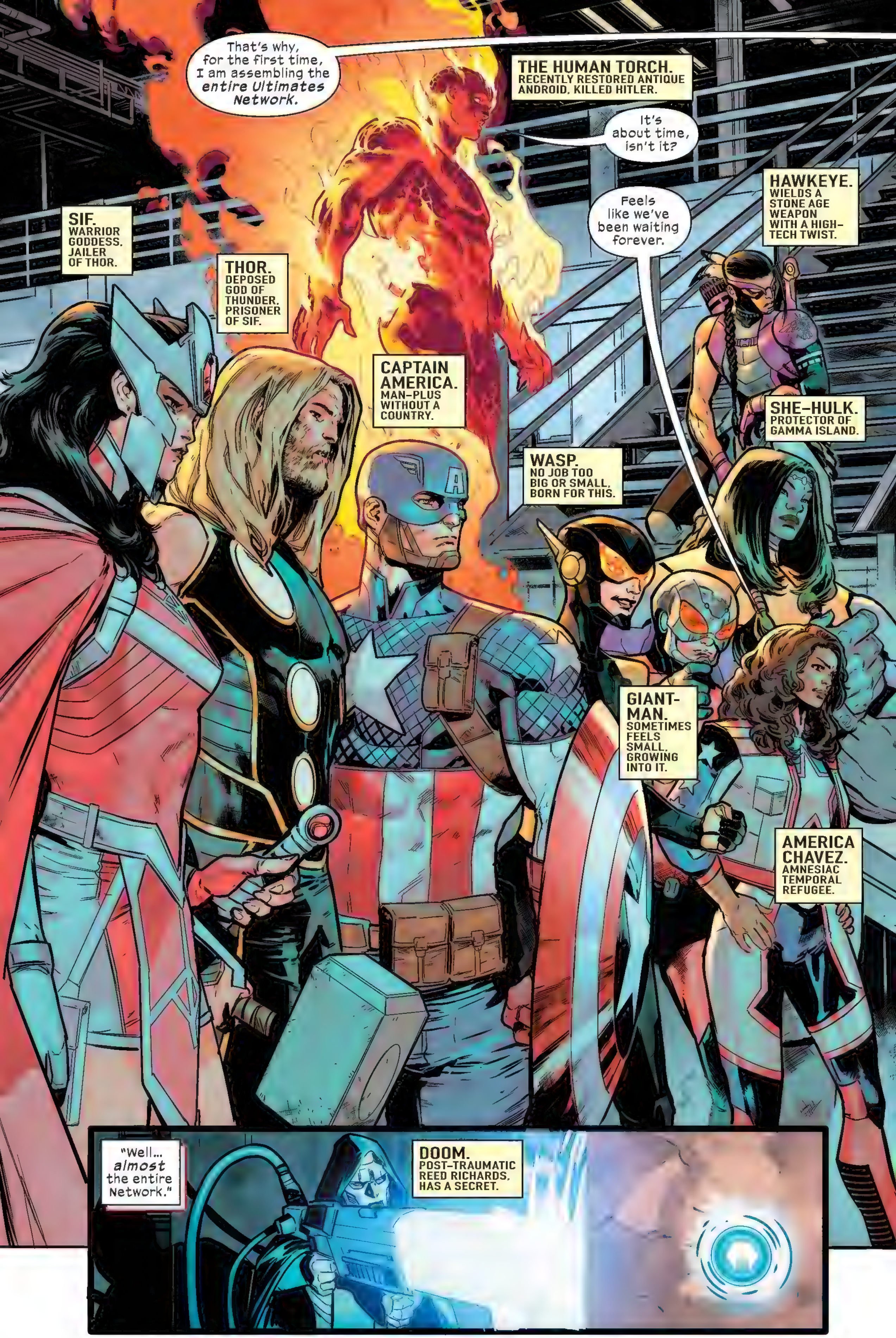
AMERICA CHAVEZ
COSMIC POWERHOUSE

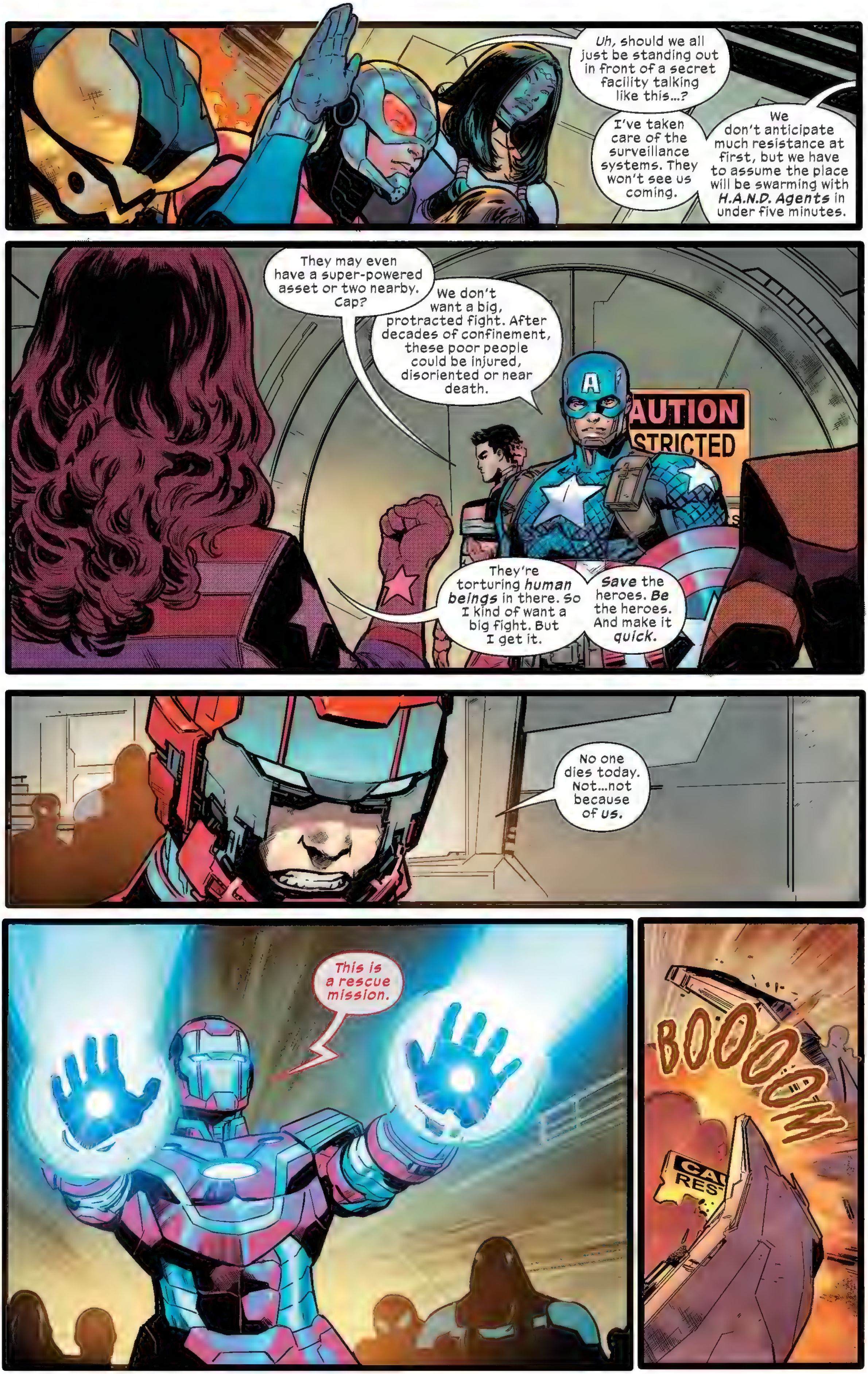


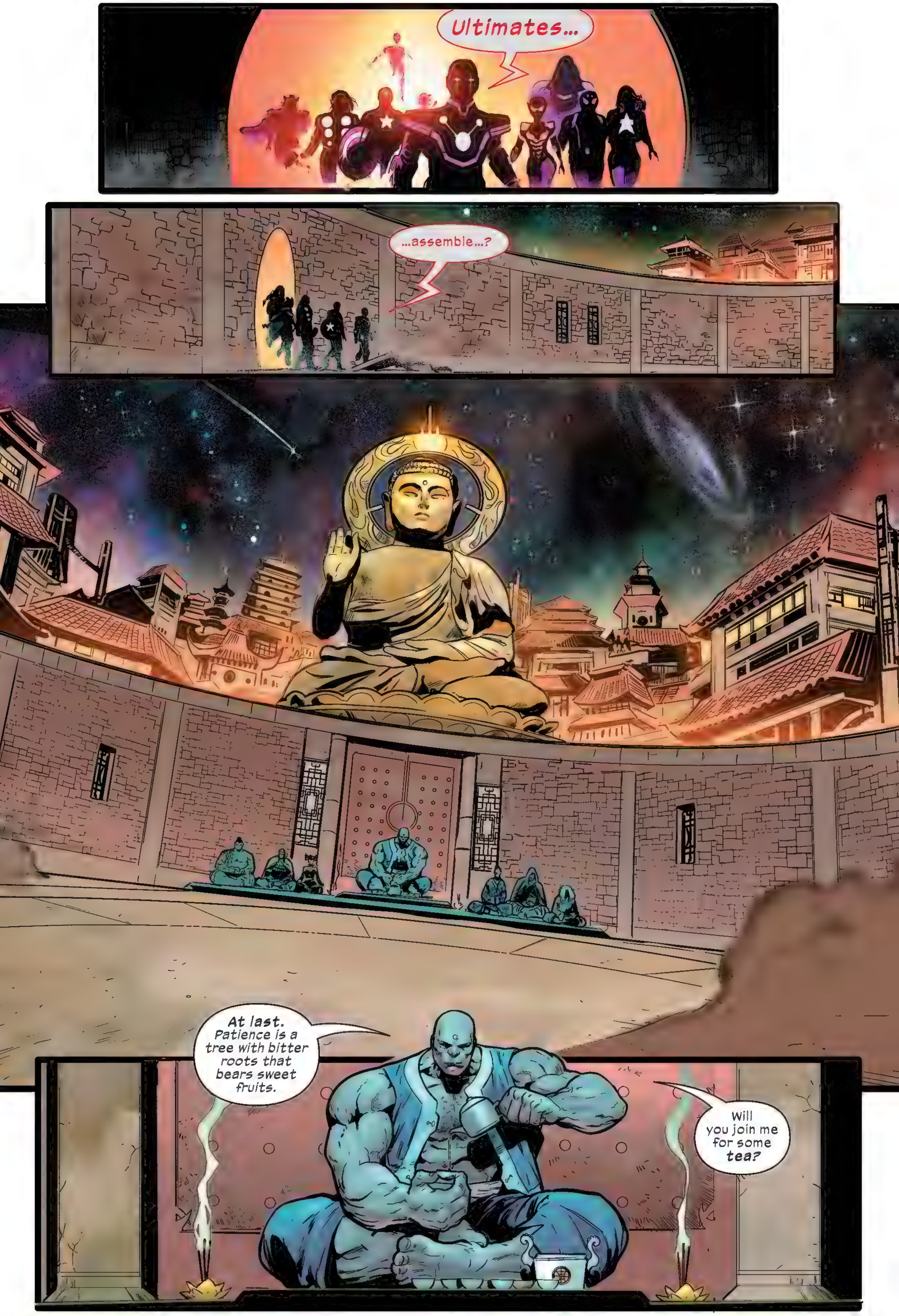
THE HULK
MAKER'S COUNCIL MEMBER

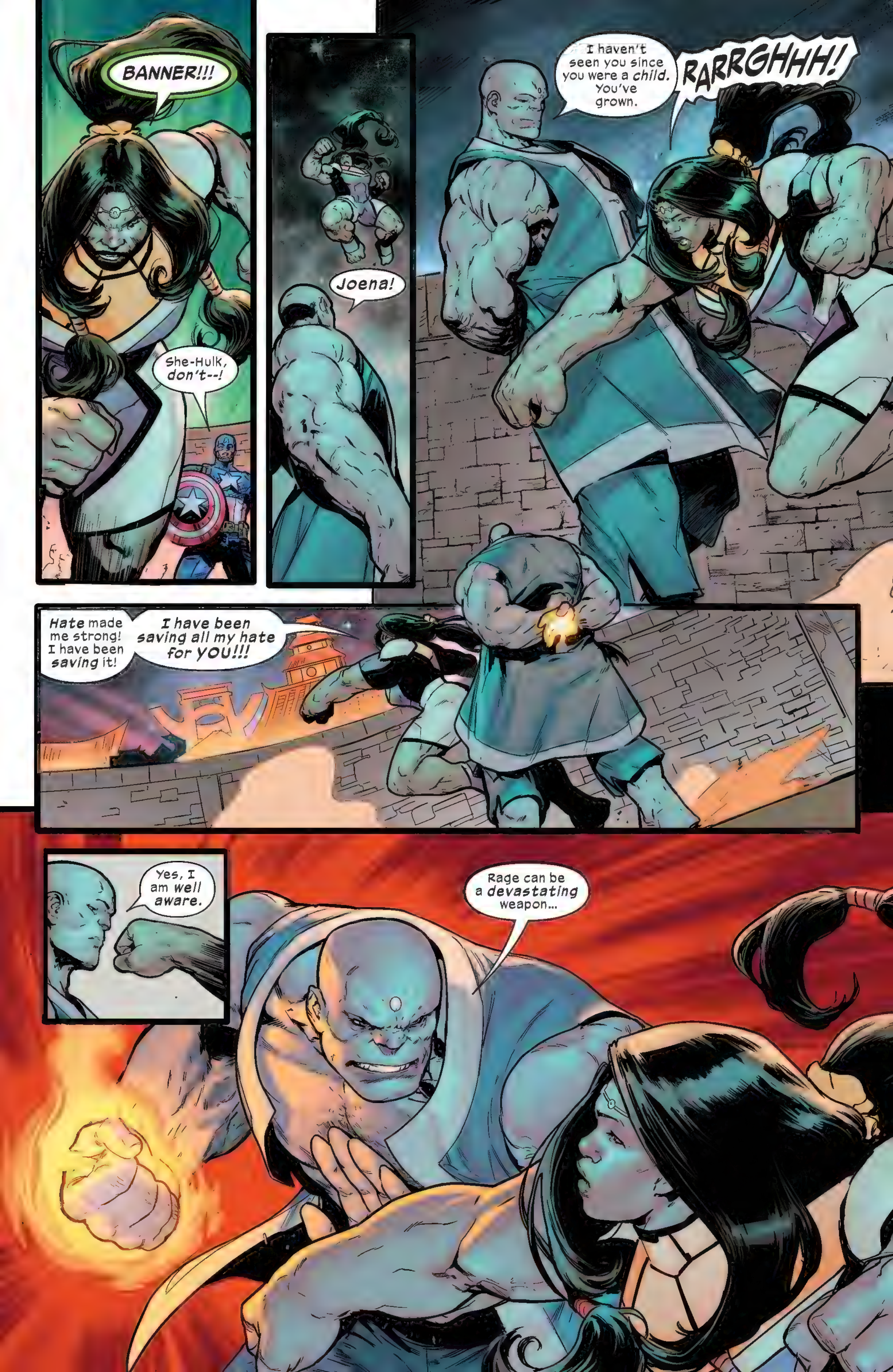
NOVEMBER 2024

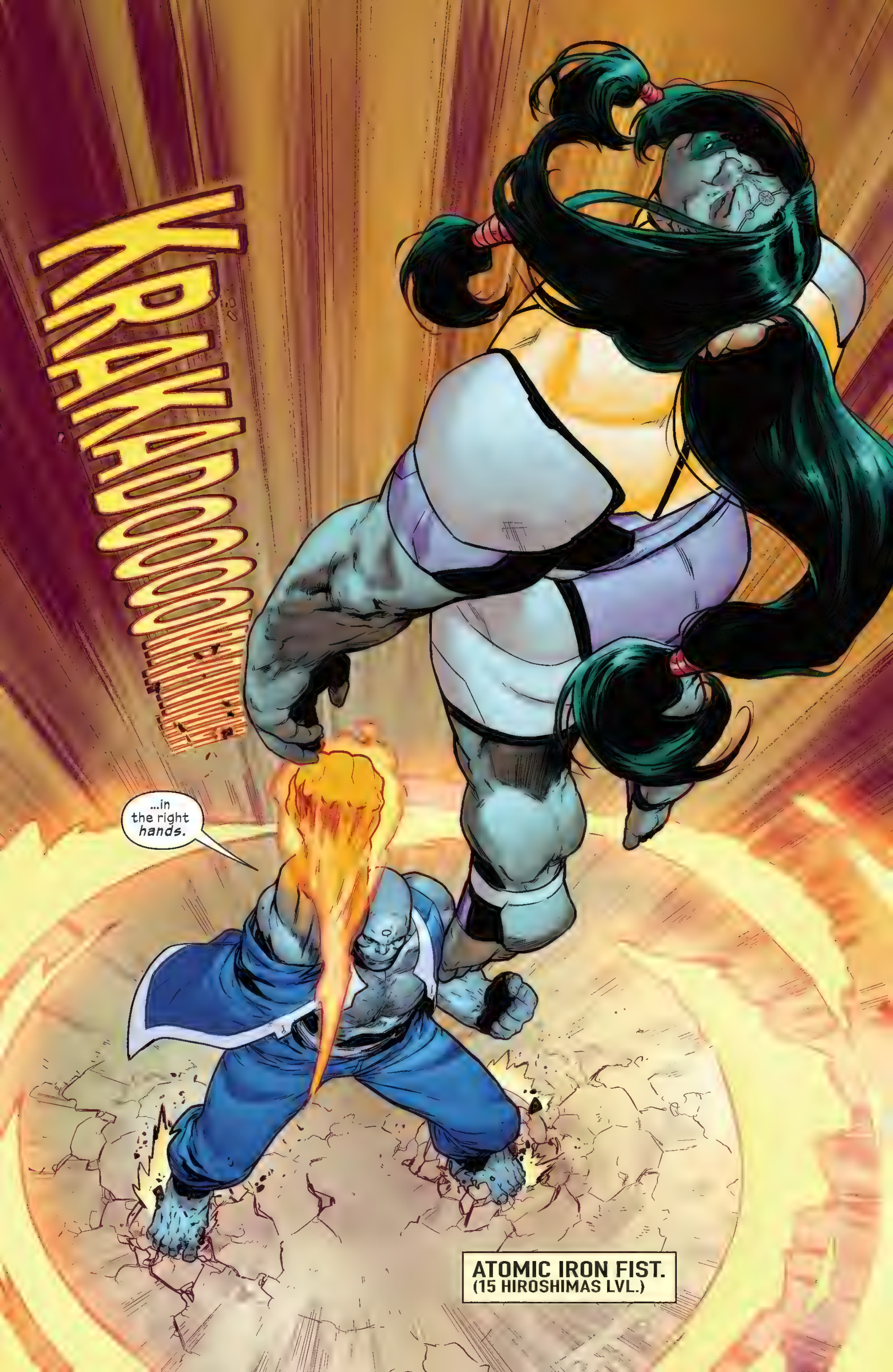

This is a *rescue* mission.
ION
CTED
EA
Two weeks ago, I cracked the Council's quantum-encrypted internal communications system, the so-called *Overnet*. Which should have been impossible, by the way. Please clap.
Between mass *mind-control* operations and targeted *environmental collapse*, they talked about *this* place: a Damage Control black site holding over a dozen *super-powered prisoners.*
CAUTION
RESTRICTED AREA
TRESPASSERS WILL BE TORTURED
Yes, *prisoners.* They're still alive. But the Council's getting *nervous.* Due in no small part to *our* activities, they're set to be *executed* tomorrow.
Unless *we* do something about it.
IRON LAD.
BOY GENIUS, GOING TO FIX THE WORLD.

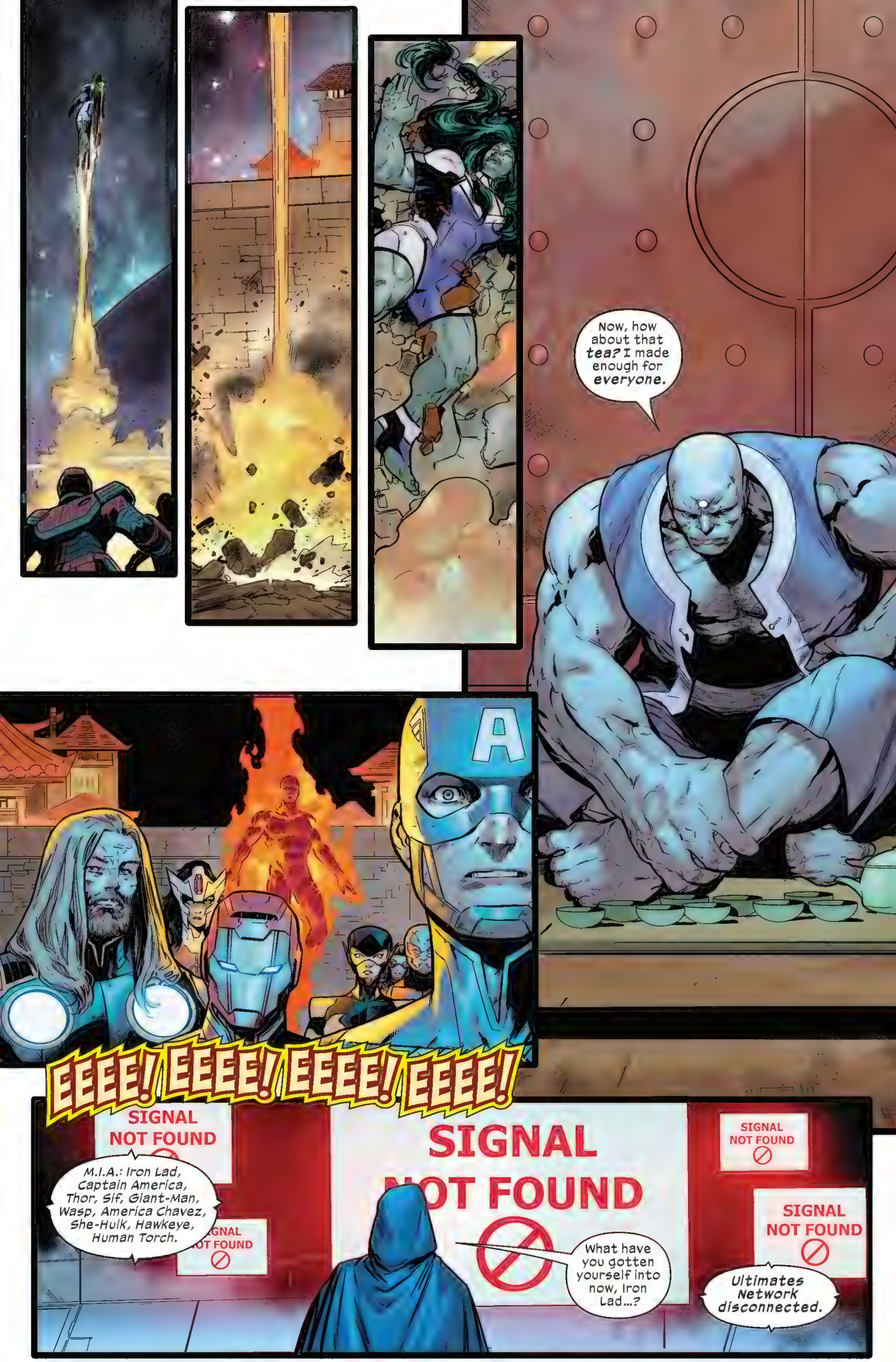

That's why, for the first time, I am assembling the *entire Ultimates Network.*
THE HUMAN TORCH. RECENTLY RESTORED ANTIQUE ANDROID. KILLED HITLER.
It's about time, isn't it?
Feels like we've been waiting forever.
HAWKEYE. WIELDS A STONE AGE WEAPON WITH A HIGH-TECH TWIST.
SIF. WARRIOR GODDESS. JAILER OF THOR.
THOR. DEPOSED GOD OF THUNDER. PRISONER OF SIF.
CAPTAIN AMERICA. MAN-PLUS WITHOUT A COUNTRY.
SHE-HULK. PROTECTOR OF GAMMA ISLAND.
WASP. NO JOB TOO BIG OR SMALL. BORN FOR THIS.
GIANT-MAN. SOMETIMES FEELS SMALL. GROWING INTO IT.
AMERICA CHAVEZ. AMNESIAC TEMPORAL REFUGEE.
"Well... *almost* the entire Network."
DOOM. POST-TRAUMATIC REED RICHARDS. HAS A SECRET.

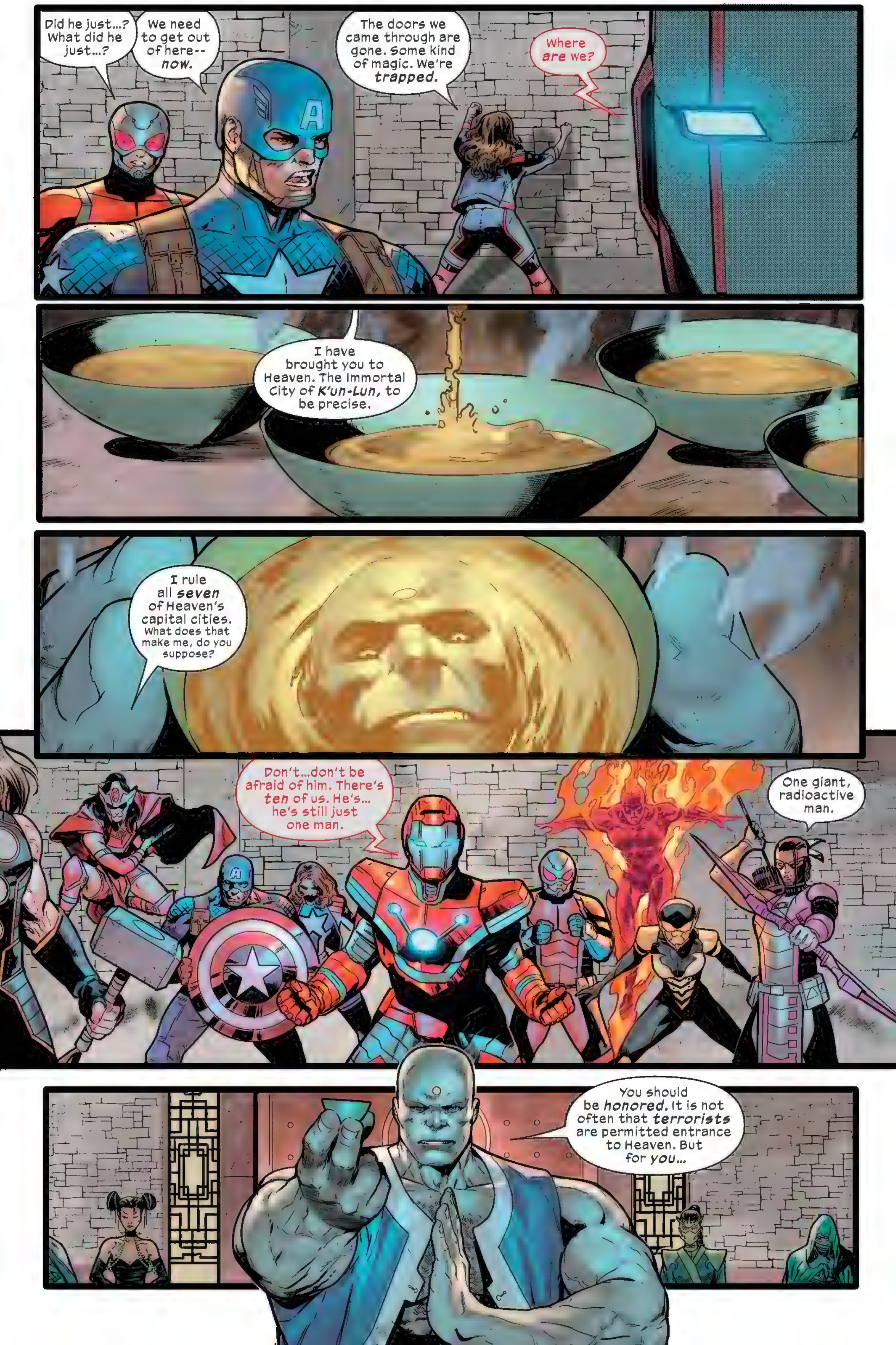

Uh, should we all just be standing out in front of a secret facility talking like this...?
I've taken care of the surveillance systems. They won't see us coming.
We don't anticipate much resistance at first, but we have to assume the place will be swarming with *H.A.N.D. Agents* in under five minutes.
They may even have a super-powered asset or two nearby. Cap?
We don't want a big, protracted fight. After decades of confinement, these poor people could be injured, disoriented or near death.
AUTION
STRICTED
They're torturing *human beings* in there. So I kind of want a big fight. But I get it.
Save the heroes. *Be* the heroes. And make it *quick.*
No one dies today. Not...not because of *us.*
This is a rescue mission.
BOOOOOM
CA
RES

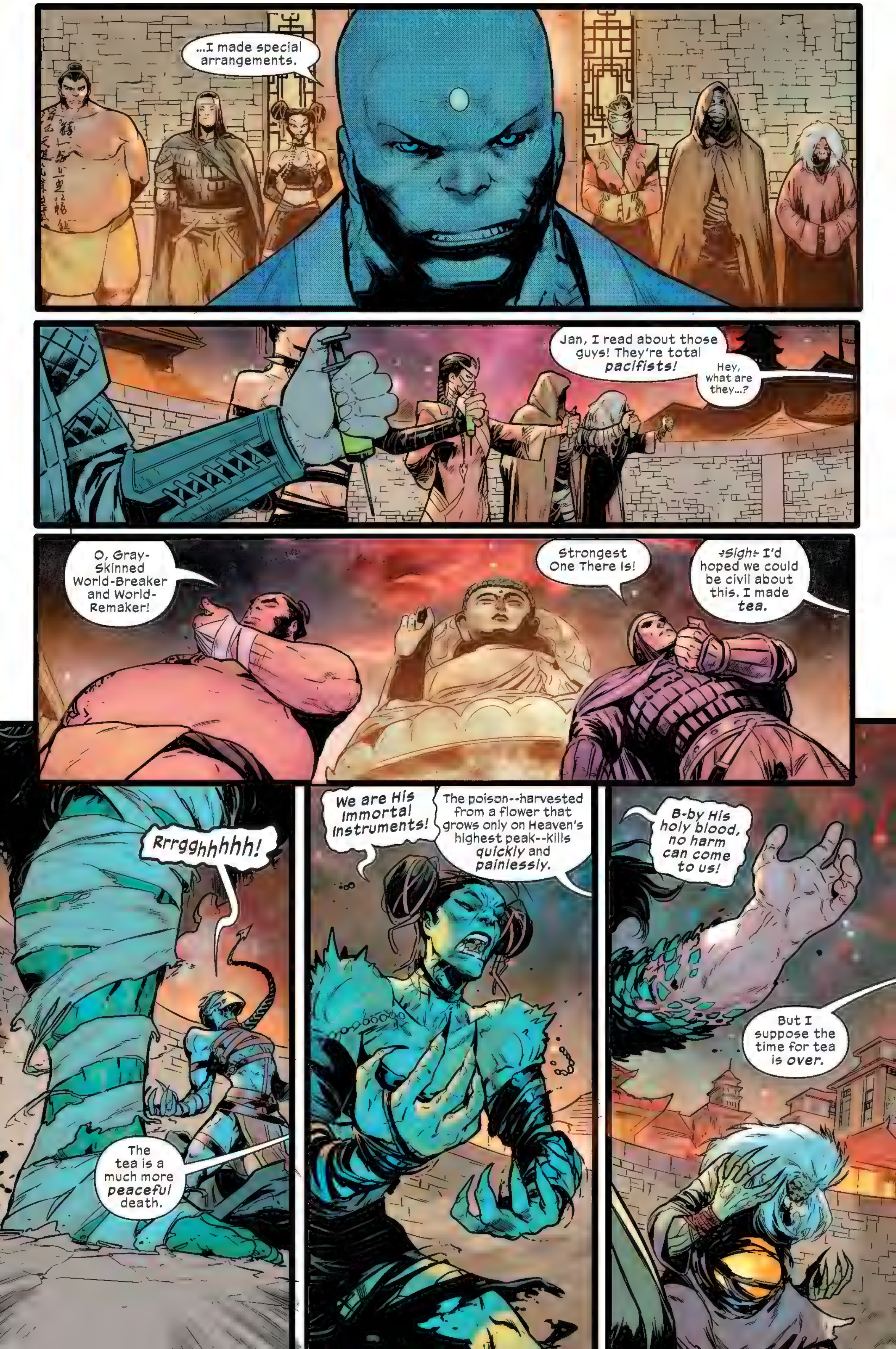

Ultimates...
...assemble...?
At last. Patience is a tree with bitter roots that bears sweet fruits.
Will you join me for some tea?

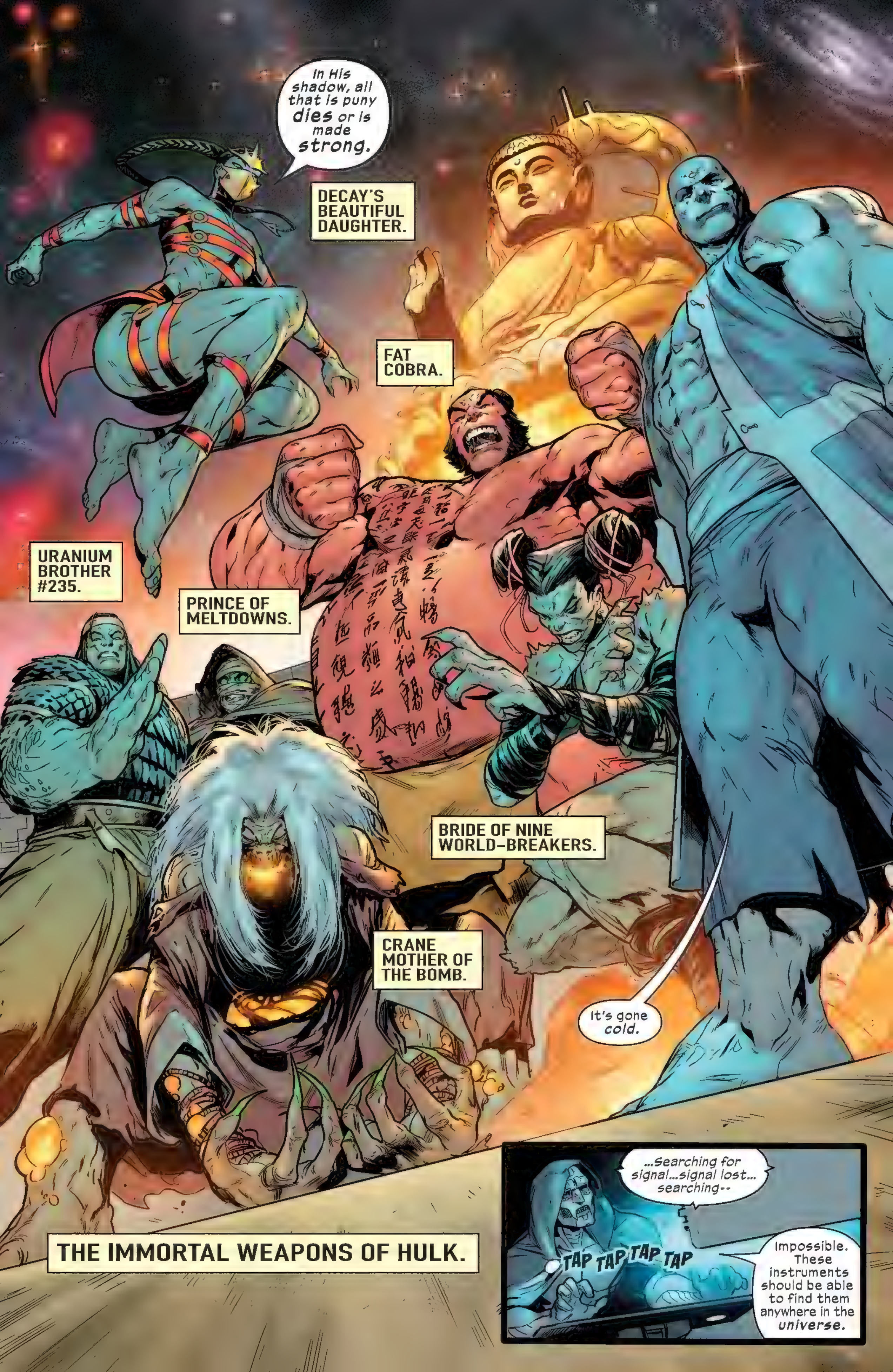

BANNER!!!
She-Hulk, *don't*--!
Joena!
I haven't seen you since you were a *child*. You've grown.
RARRGHHH!
Hate made me strong! I have been *saving* it!
I have been saving all my hate for YOU!!!
Yes, I am *well aware*.
Rage can be a *devastating* weapon...

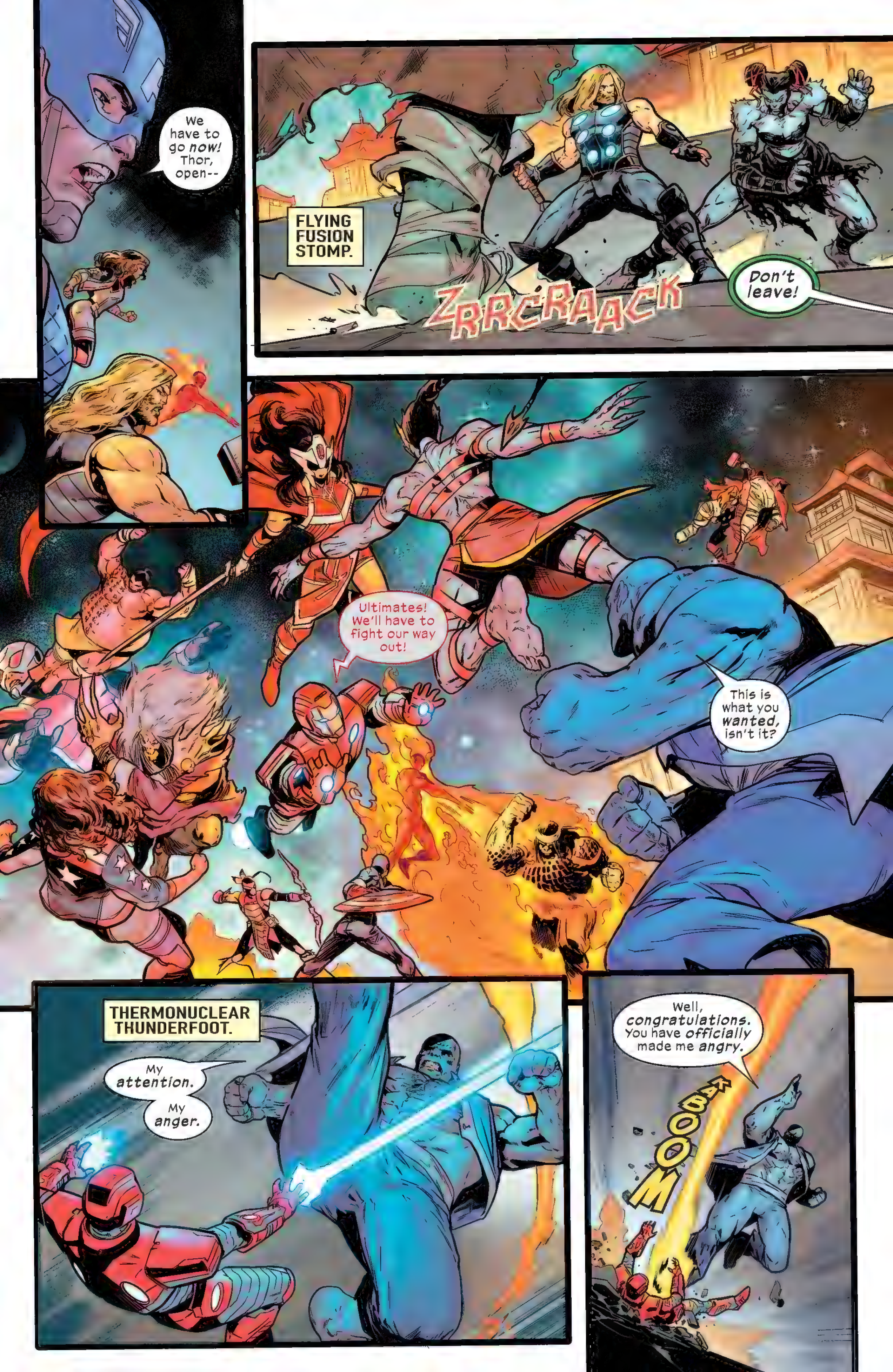

KRAKADOOOOM
...in the right *hands.*
ATOMIC IRON FIST.
(15 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)

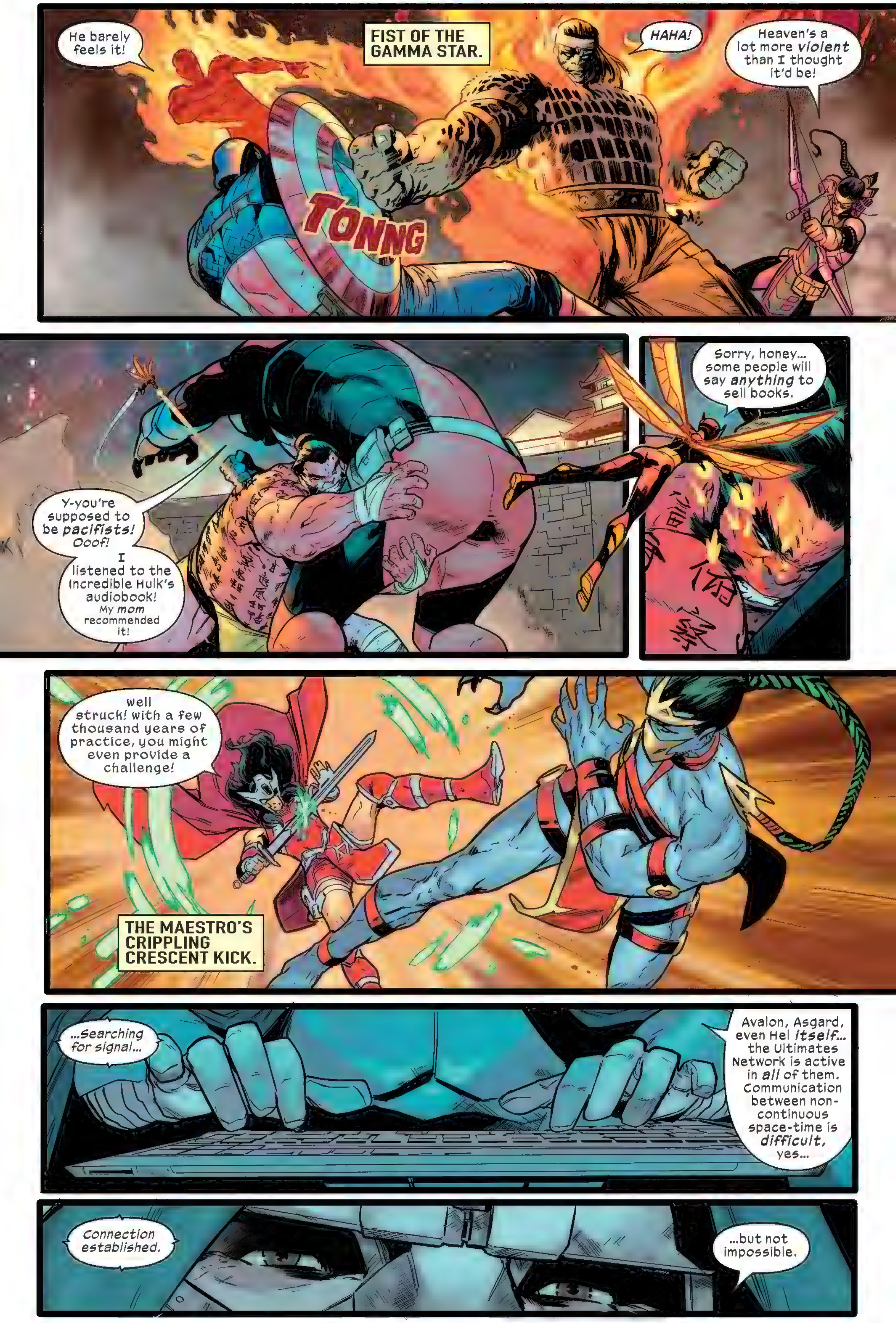

Now, how about that tea? I made enough for everyone.
EEEE! EEEE! EEEE! EEEE!
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
M.I.A.: Iron Lad, Captain America, Thor, Sif, Giant-Man, Wasp, America Chavez, She-Hulk, Hawkeye, Human Torch.
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
What have you gotten yourself into now, Iron Lad...?
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
SIGNAL NOT FOUND
Ultimates Network disconnected.

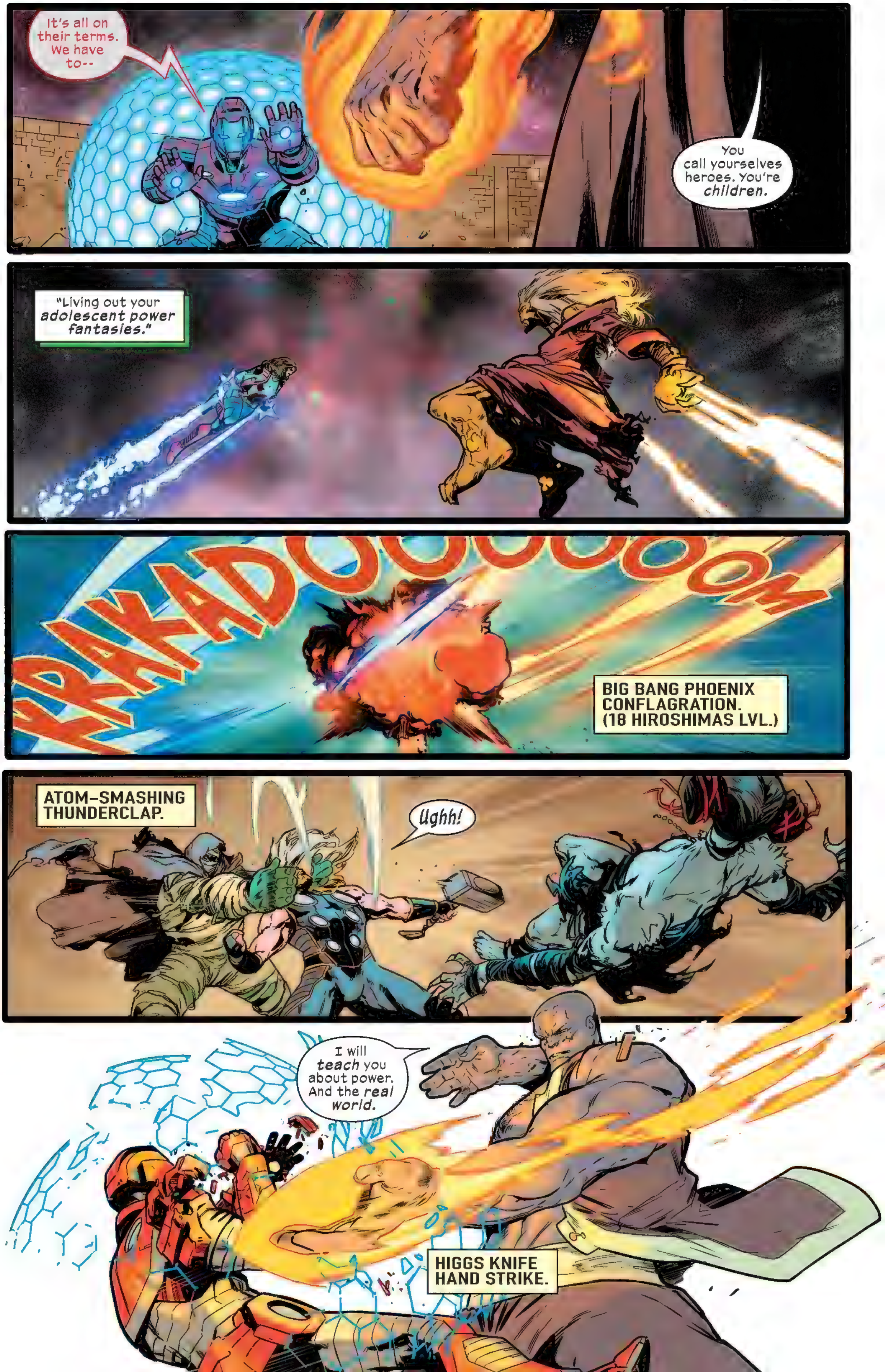

Did he just...? What did he just...?
We need to get out of here-- *now.*
The doors we came through are gone. Some kind of magic. We're *trapped.*
Where *are* we?
I have brought you to Heaven. The Immortal City of *K'un-Lun,* to be precise.
I rule all *seven* of Heaven's capital cities. What does that make me, do you suppose?
Don't...don't be afraid of him. There's *ten* of us. He's... he's still just one man.
One giant, radioactive man.
You should be *honored.* It is not often that *terrorists* are permitted entrance to Heaven. But for *you...*

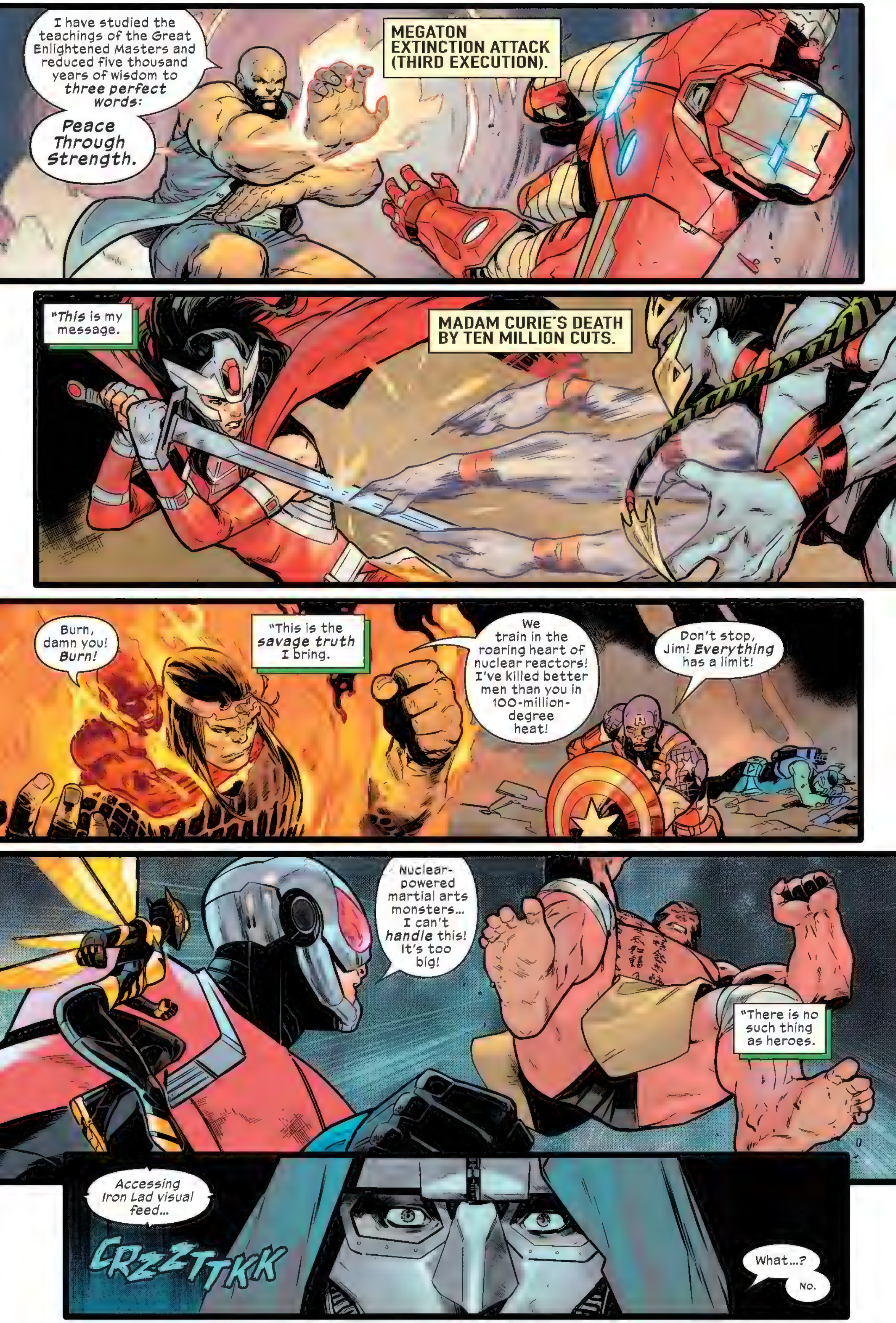

...I made special arrangements.
Jan, I read about those guys! They're total *pacifists!*
Hey, what are they...?
O, Gray-Skinned World-Breaker and World-Remaker!
Strongest One There Is!
Sigh I'd hoped we could be civil about this. I made *tea.*
Rrrgghhhhh!
The tea is a much more *peaceful* death.
We are His Immortal Instruments!
The poison--harvested from a flower that grows only on Heaven's highest peak--kills *quickly* and *painlessly.*
B-by His holy blood, no harm can come to us!
But I suppose the time for tea is *over.*

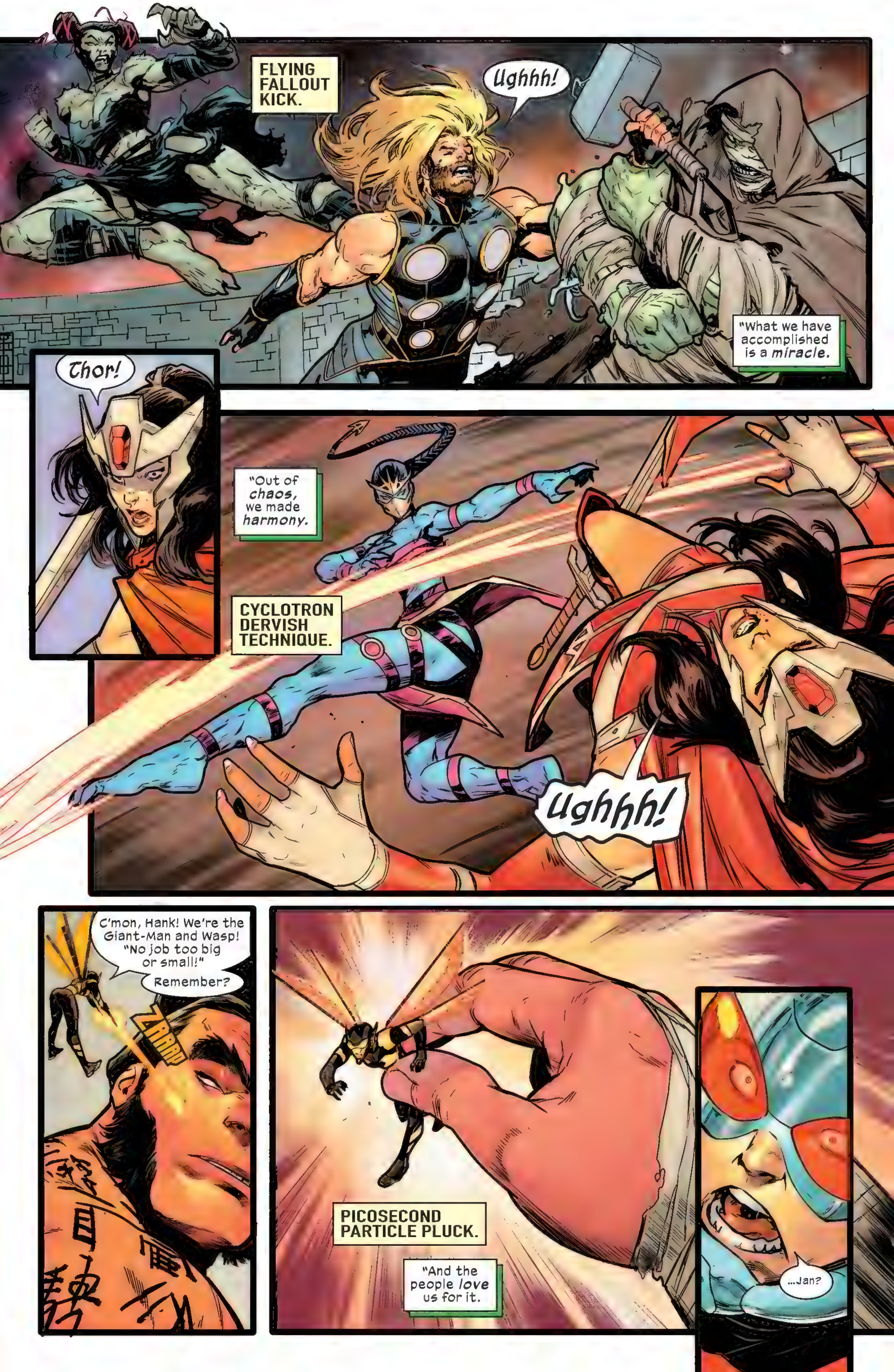

In His shadow, all that is puny dies or is made strong.
DECAY'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.
FAT COBRA.
URANIUM BROTHER #235.
PRINCE OF MELTDOWNS.
BRIDE OF NINE WORLD-BREAKERS.
CRANE MOTHER OF THE BOMB.
It's gone cold.
THE IMMORTAL WEAPONS OF HULK.
...Searching for signal...signal lost... searching--
TAP TAP TAP TAP
Impossible. These instruments should be able to find them anywhere in the universe.

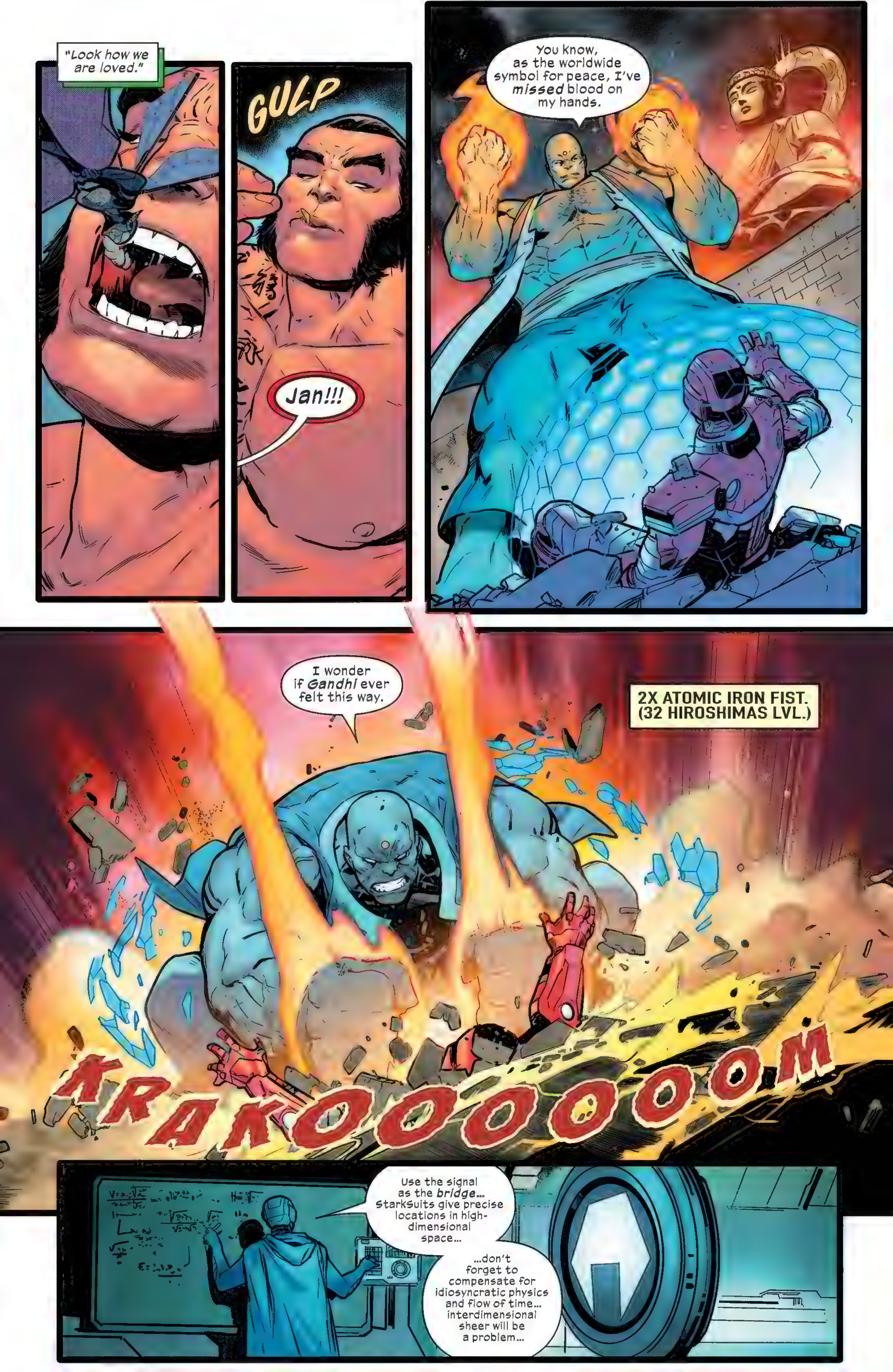

We have to go *now!* Thor, open--
FLYING FUSION STOMP.
ZRRCRAACK
Don't leave!
Ultimates! We'll have to fight our way out!
This is what you *wanted,* isn't it?
THERMONUCLEAR THUNDERFOOT.
My *attention.*
My *anger.*
Well, *congratulations.* You have *officially* made me *angry.*
KABOOM

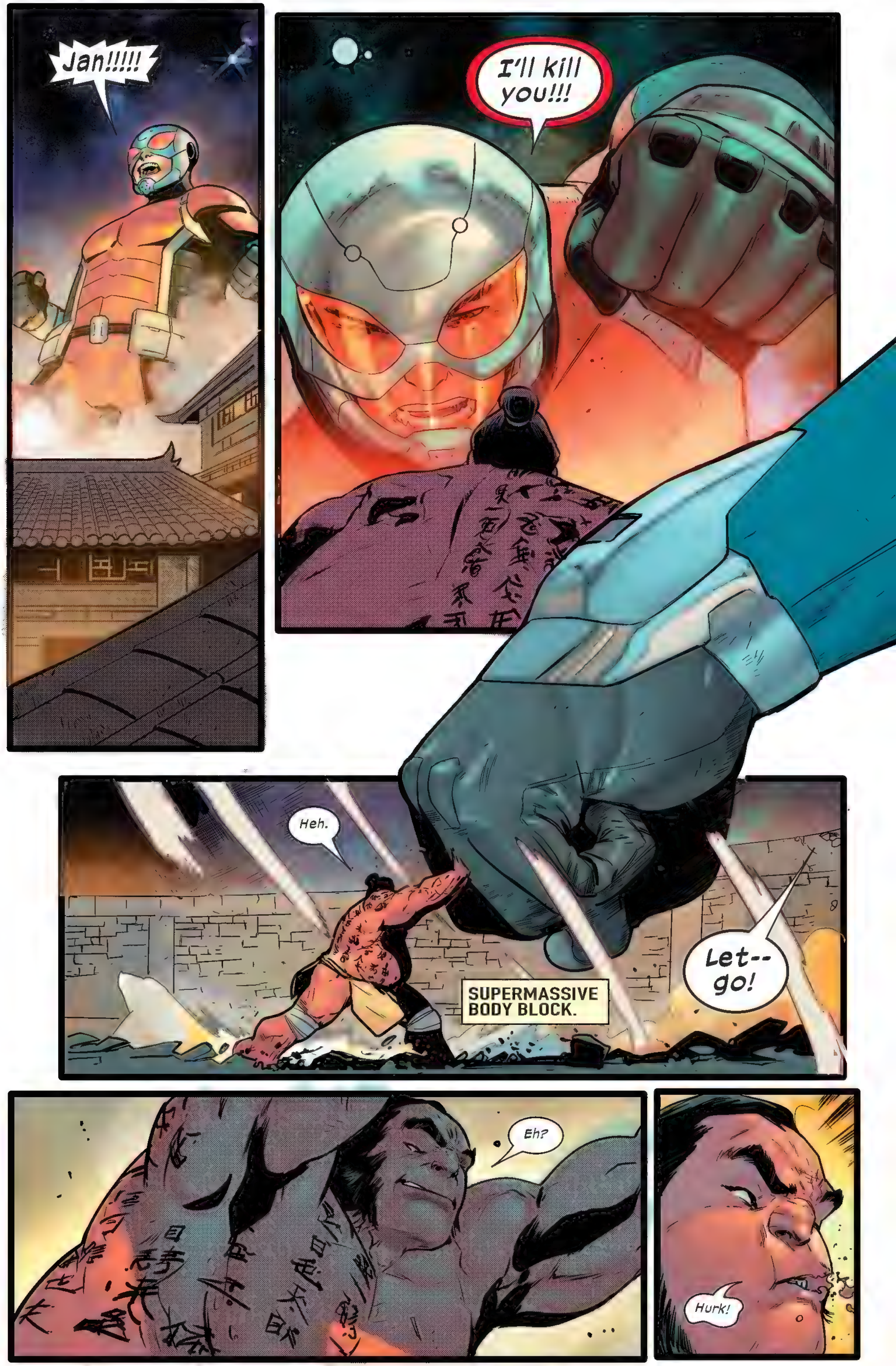

He barely feels it!
FIST OF THE GAMMA STAR.
HAHA!
Heaven's a lot more *violent* than I thought it'd be!
TONNG
Y-you're supposed to be ***pacifists!*** *Ooof!*
I listened to the Incredible Hulk's audiobook! My *mom* recommended it!
Sorry, honey... some people will say ***anything*** to sell books.
Well struck! With a few thousand years of practice, you might even provide a challenge!
THE MAESTRO'S CRIPPLING CRESCENT KICK.
...Searching for signal...
Avalon, Asgard, even Hel *itself*... the Ultimates Network is active in *all* of them. Communication between non-continuous space-time is ***difficult,*** yes...
Connection established.
...but not impossible.

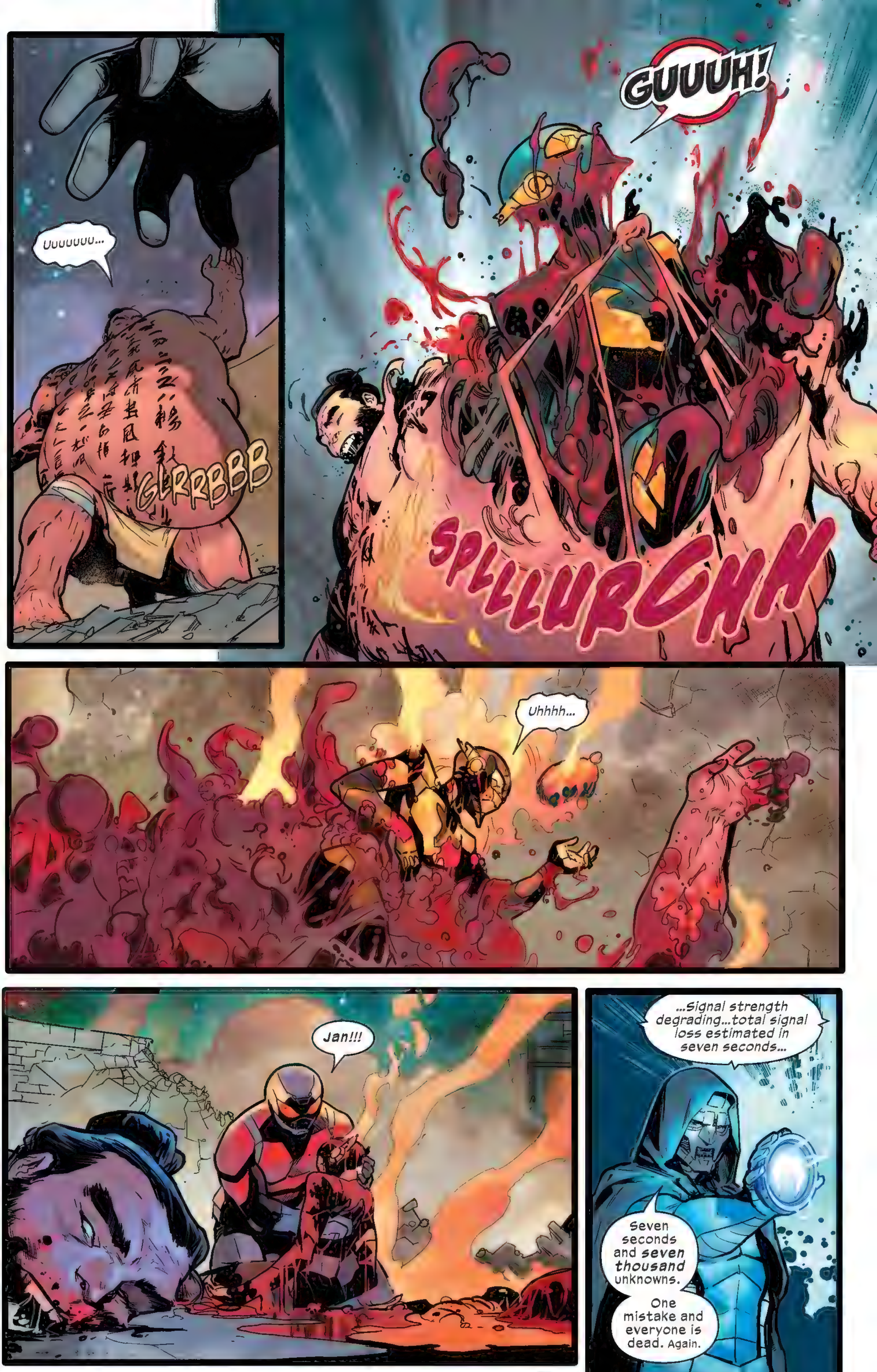

It's all on their terms. We have to--
You call yourselves heroes. You're *children.*
"Living out your *adolescent power fantasies.*"
RAKADOOOOOOM
BIG BANG PHOENIX CONFLAGRATION. (18 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)
ATOM-SMASHING THUNDERCLAP.
Ughh!
I will *teach* you about power. And the *real* world.
HIGGS KNIFE HAND STRIKE.

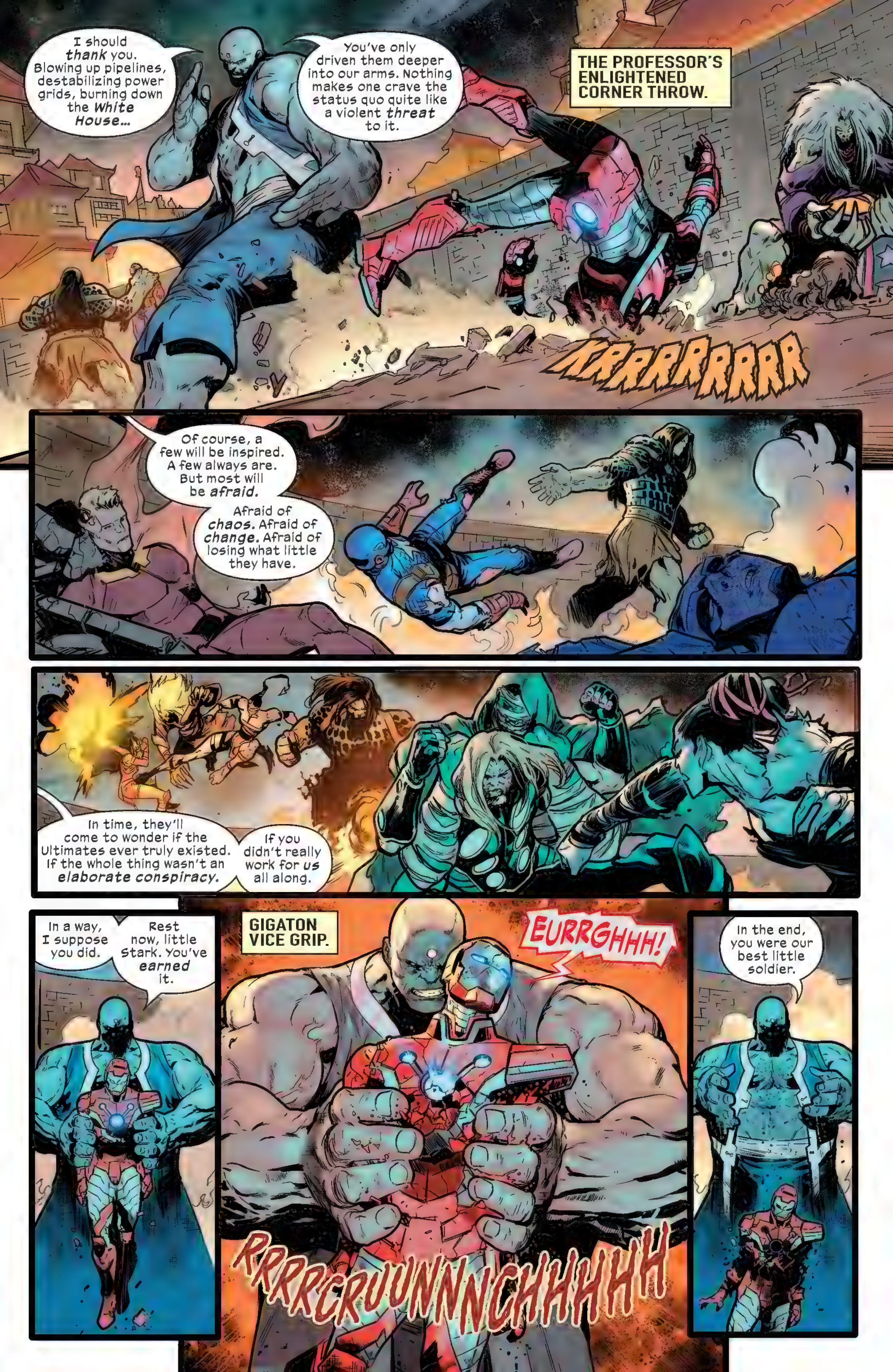

I have studied the teachings of the Great Enlightened Masters and reduced five thousand years of wisdom to *three perfect words:*
Peace Through Strength.
MEGATON EXTINCTION ATTACK (THIRD EXECUTION).
"*This* is my message.
MADAM CURIE'S DEATH BY TEN MILLION CUTS.
Burn, damn you! *Burn!*
"This is the *savage truth* I bring.
We train in the roaring heart of nuclear reactors! I've killed better men than you in 100-million-degree heat!
Don't stop, Jim! *Everything* has a limit!
Nuclear-powered martial arts monsters... I can't *handle* this! It's too big!
"There is no such thing as heroes.
Accessing Iron Lad visual feed...
CRZZTTKK
What...?
No.

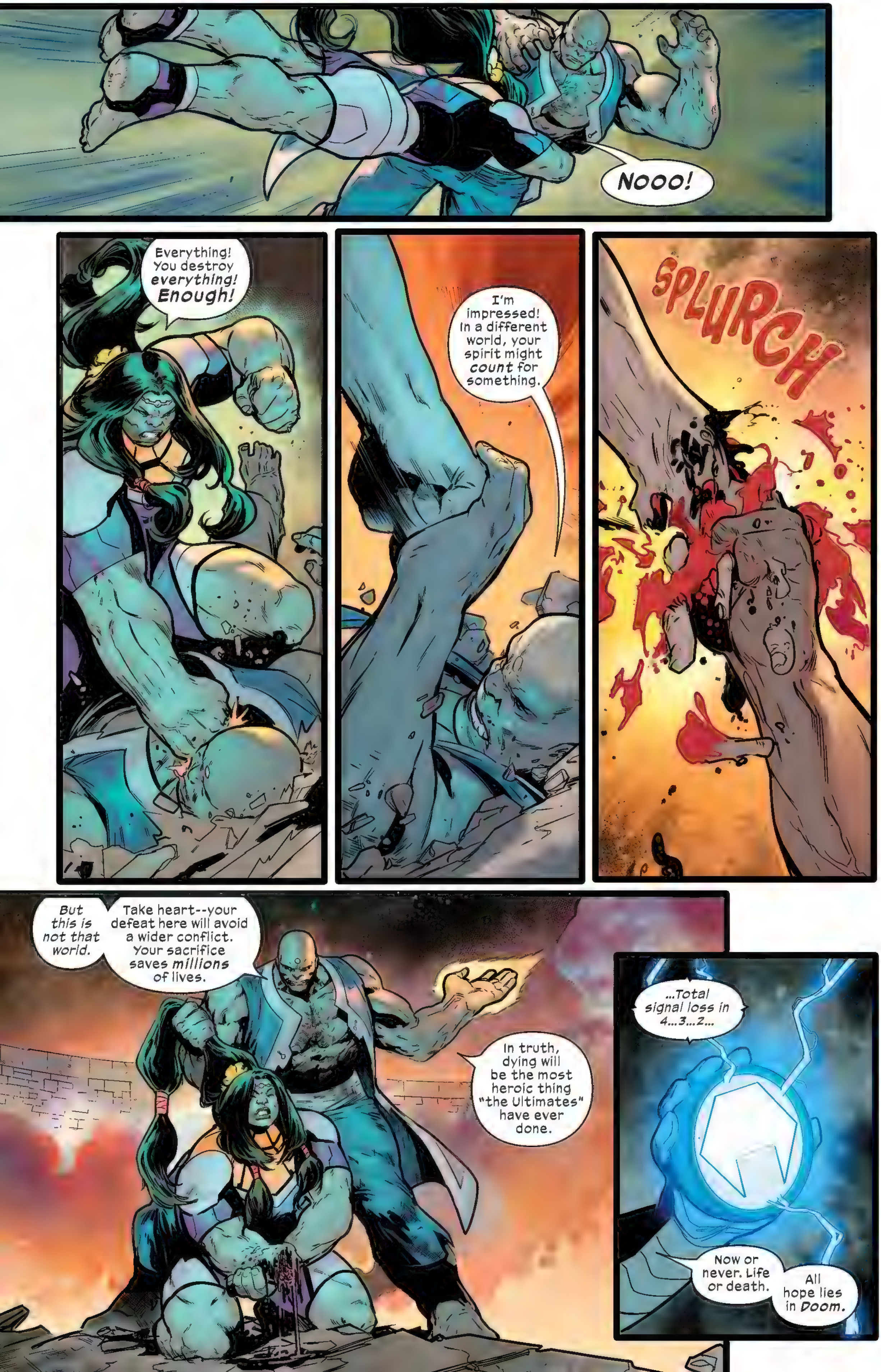

FLYING FALLOUT KICK.
Ughhh!
"What we have accomplished is a *miracle*.
Thor!
"Out of *chaos*, we made *harmony*.
CYCLOTRON DERVISH TECHNIQUE.
Ughhh!
C'mon, Hank! We're the Giant-Man and Wasp! "No job too big or small!"
Remember?
ZRRRP
PICOSECOND PARTICLE PLUCK.
"And the people *love* us for it.
...Jan?

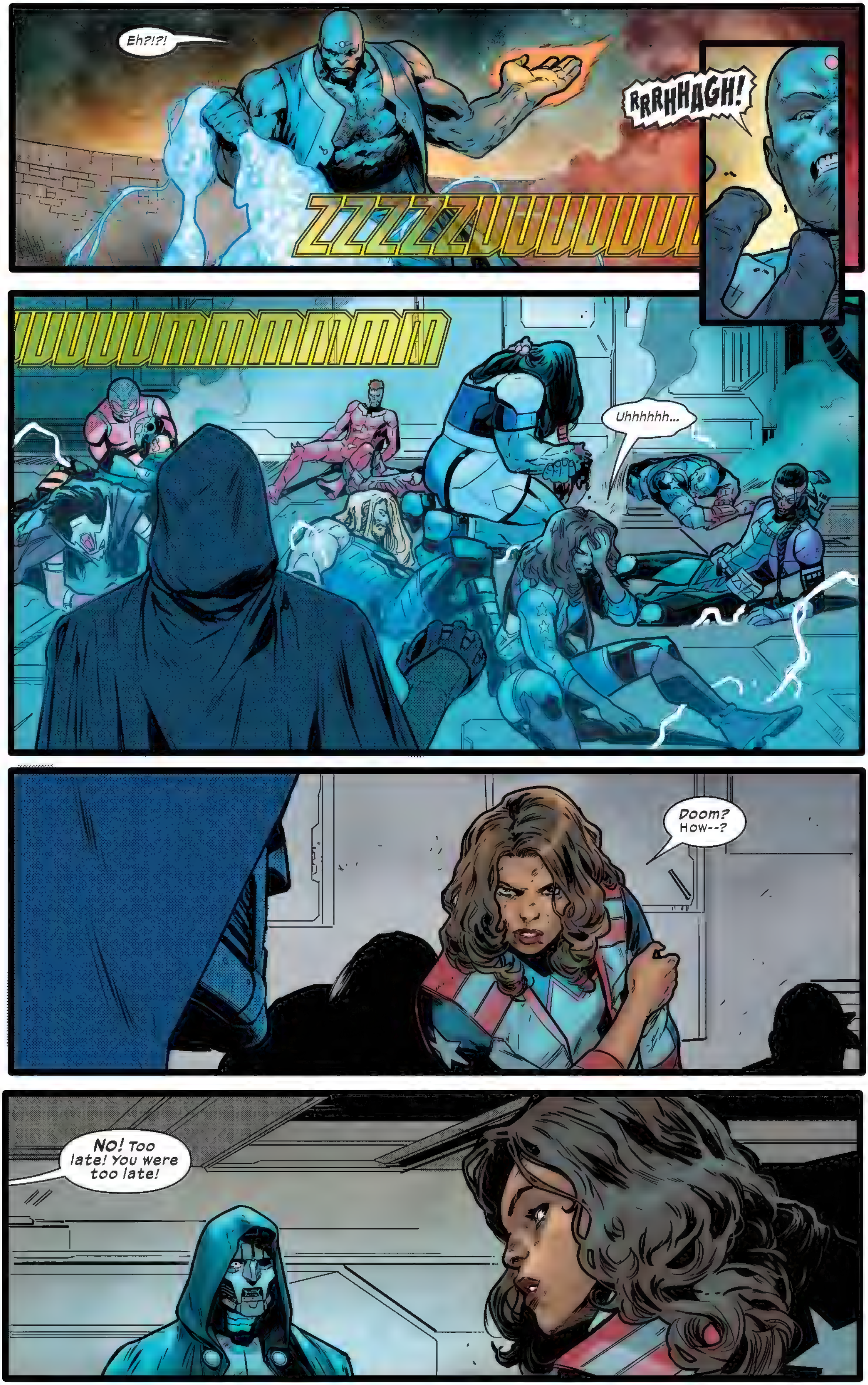

"Look how we are loved."
GULP
Jan!!!
You know, as the worldwide symbol for peace, I've *missed* blood on my hands.
I wonder if *Gandhi* ever felt this way.
2X ATOMIC IRON FIST. (32 HIROSHIMAS LVL.)
KRAKOOOOOOOM
Use the signal as the *bridge*... StarkSuits give precise locations in high-dimensional space...
...don't forget to compensate for idiosyncratic physics and flow of time... interdimensional sheer will be a problem...

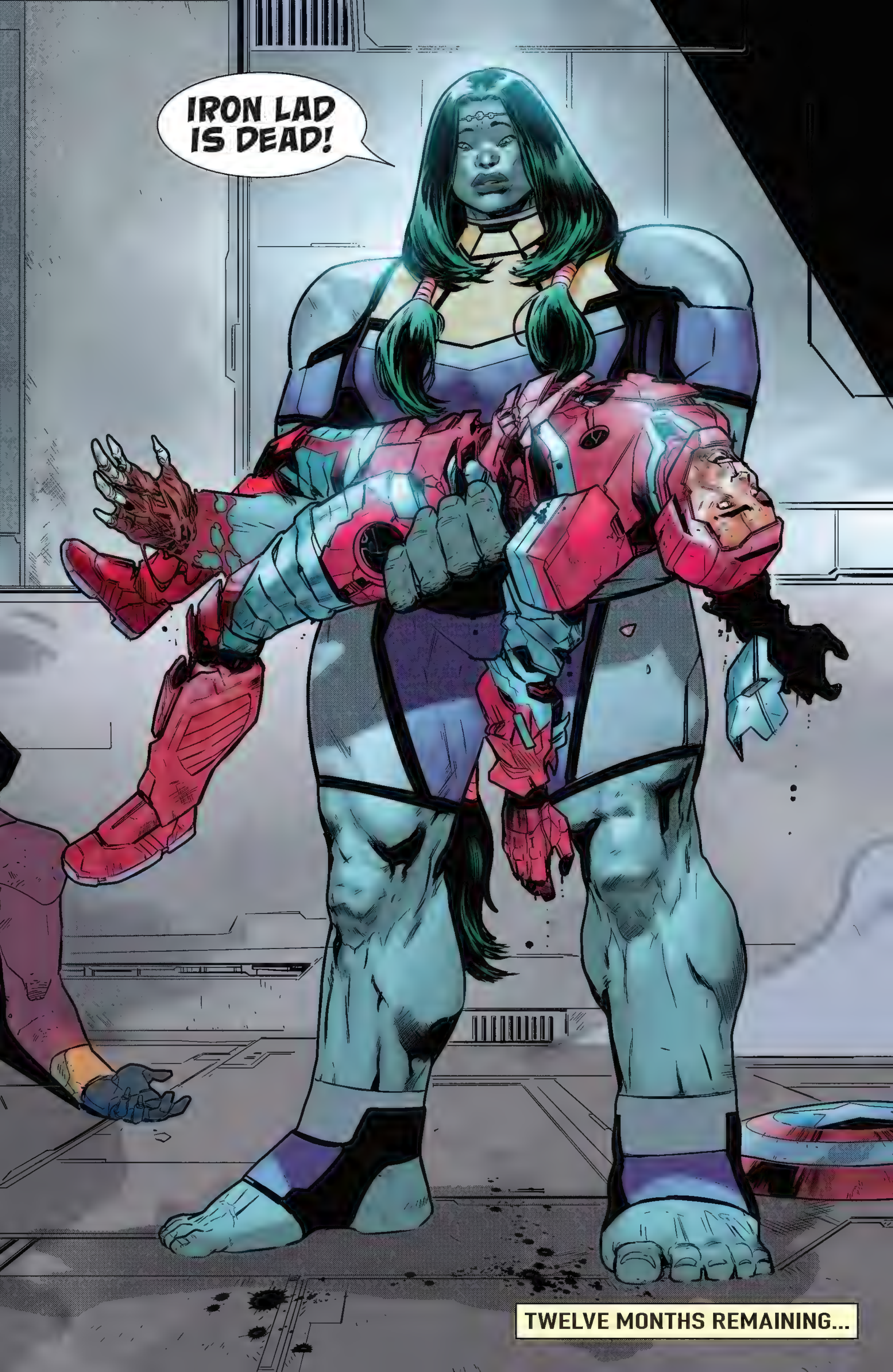

Jan!!!!!
I'll kill you!!!
Heh.
Let--go!
SUPERMASSIVE BODY BLOCK.
Eh?
Hurk!


Uuuuuuu...
GLRRBBB
GUUUH!
SPLLLURCHH
Uhhhh...
Jan!!!
...Signal strength degrading...total signal loss estimated in seven seconds...
Seven seconds and *seven thousand* unknowns.
One mistake and everyone is dead. Again.

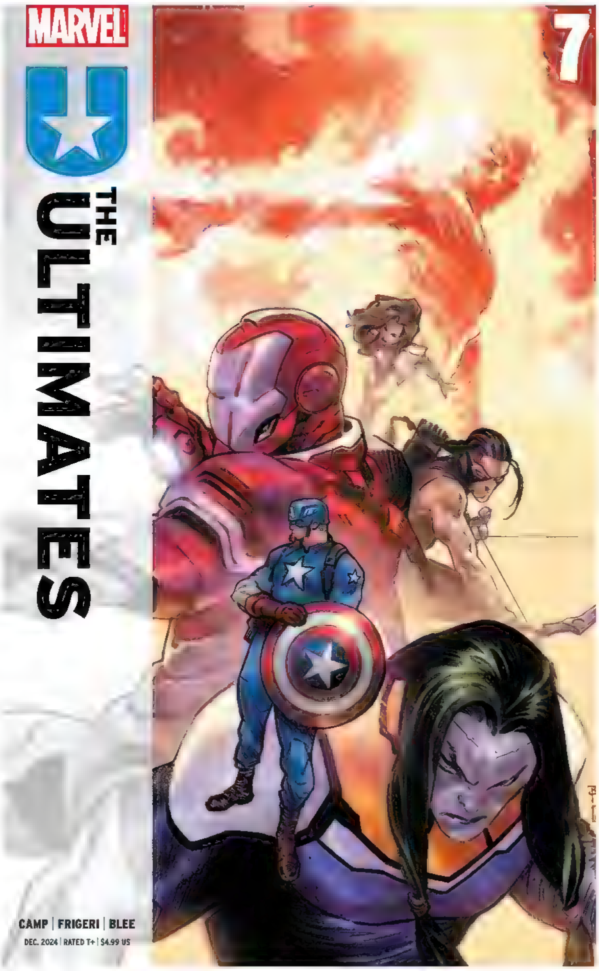

I should *thank* you. Blowing up pipelines, destabilizing power grids, burning down the *White House*...
You've only driven them deeper into our arms. Nothing makes one crave the status quo quite like a violent *threat* to it.
THE PROFESSOR'S ENLIGHTENED CORNER THROW.
KRRRRRRRRR
Of course, a few will be inspired. A few always are. But most will be *afraid.*
Afraid of *chaos.* Afraid of *change.* Afraid of losing what little they have.
In time, they'll come to wonder if the Ultimates ever truly existed. If the whole thing wasn't an *elaborate conspiracy.*
If you didn't really work for *us* all along.
In a way, I suppose you did.
Rest now, little Stark. You've *earned* it.
GIGATON VICE GRIP.
EURRGHHH!
RRRRCRUUNNNCHHHHHH
In the end, you were our best little soldier.


Nooo!
Everything! You destroy *everything!* *Enough!*
I'm impressed! In a different world, your spirit might *count* for something.
SPLURCH
But this is not that world.
Take heart--your defeat here will avoid a wider conflict. Your sacrifice saves *millions* of lives.
In truth, dying will be the most heroic thing "the Ultimates" have ever done.
...Total signal loss in 4...3...2...
Now or never. Life or death.
All hope lies in *Doom.*


Eh?!?!
ZZZZZUUUUUUU
RRRHHAGH!
UUUUUMMMMMMM
Uhhhhhh...
Doom? How--?
NO! Too late! You were too late!


IRON LAD IS DEAD!
TWELVE MONTHS REMAINING...

NEXT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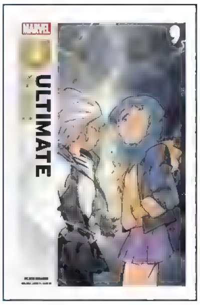
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #10

BY **BRYAN HILL** & **STEFANO CASELLI**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ULTIMATE X-MEN #9

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

ON SALE IN DECEMBER

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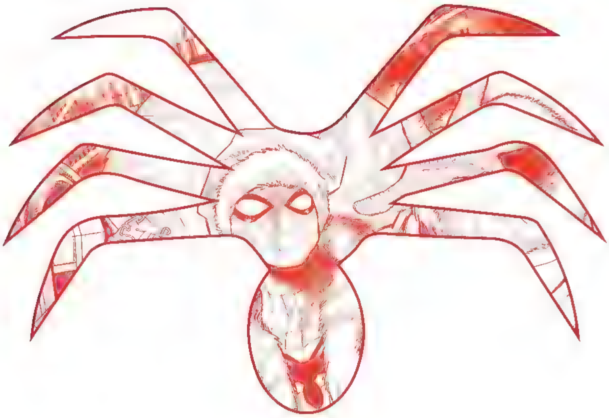
ONE YEAR IN
1

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE: ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JONAS SCHARF**



12

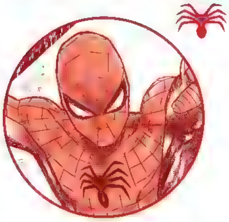
Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Eleven months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit and warnings of **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, a shadow organization that rules the world. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**.

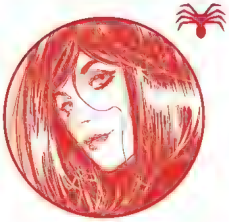
Danger looms around every corner for the heroic duo: **WILSON FISK**, the **KINGPIN** of Manhattan and an agent of the Maker's Council, has deputized the heads of New York—the **SINISTER SIX**—to capture them. And Peter's uncle, **BEN PARKER**, learned Green Goblin's true identity as **HARRY OSBORN**, co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**, and followed the thread to discover that Peter is **SPIDER-MAN**. But today, it's Christmas!

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

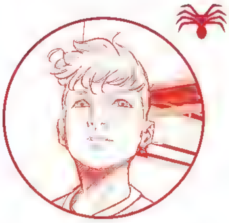
CAST:



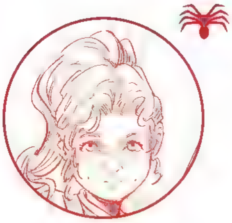
PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN



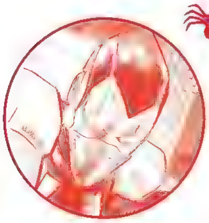
MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU



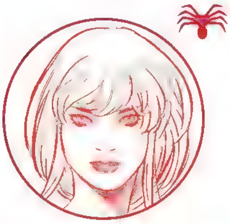
RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON



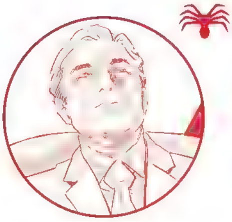
MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER



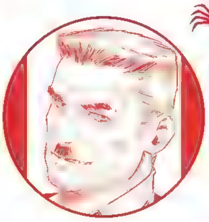
HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN



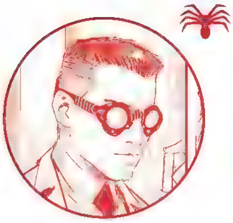
GWEN STACY
HARRY'S WIFE, OSCORP C.E.O.



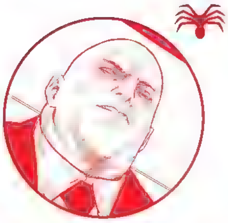
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE



J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

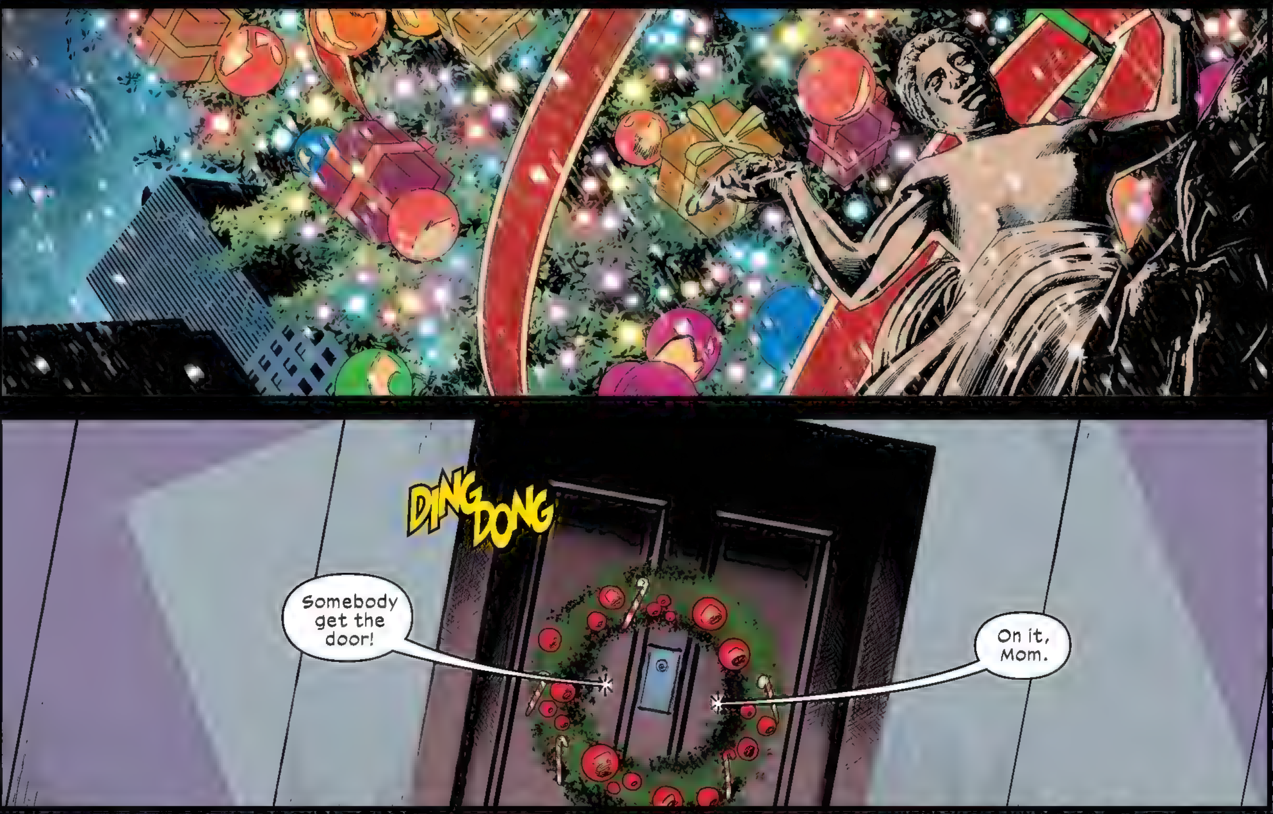


OTTO OCTAVIUS
OSCORP SCIENTIST

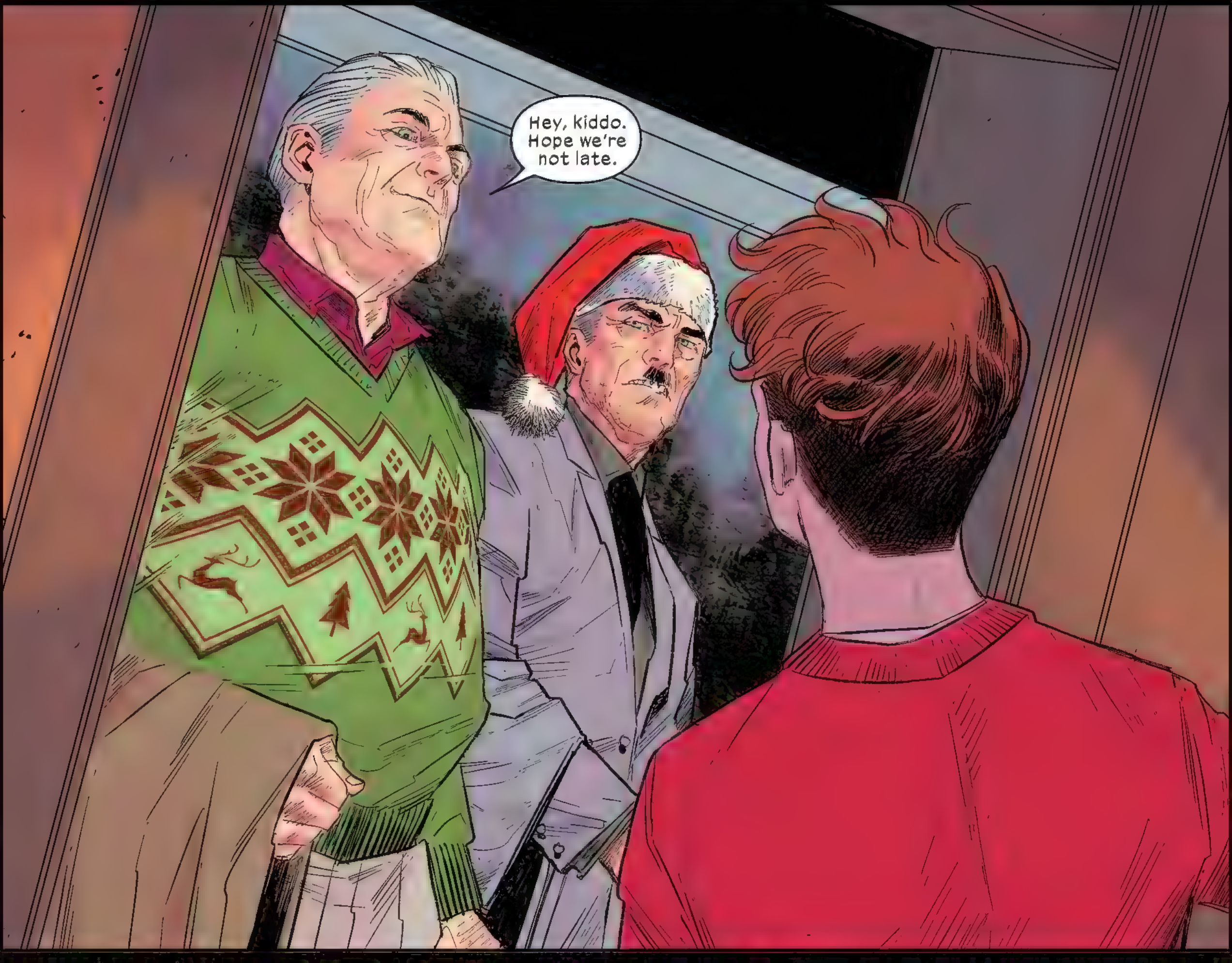


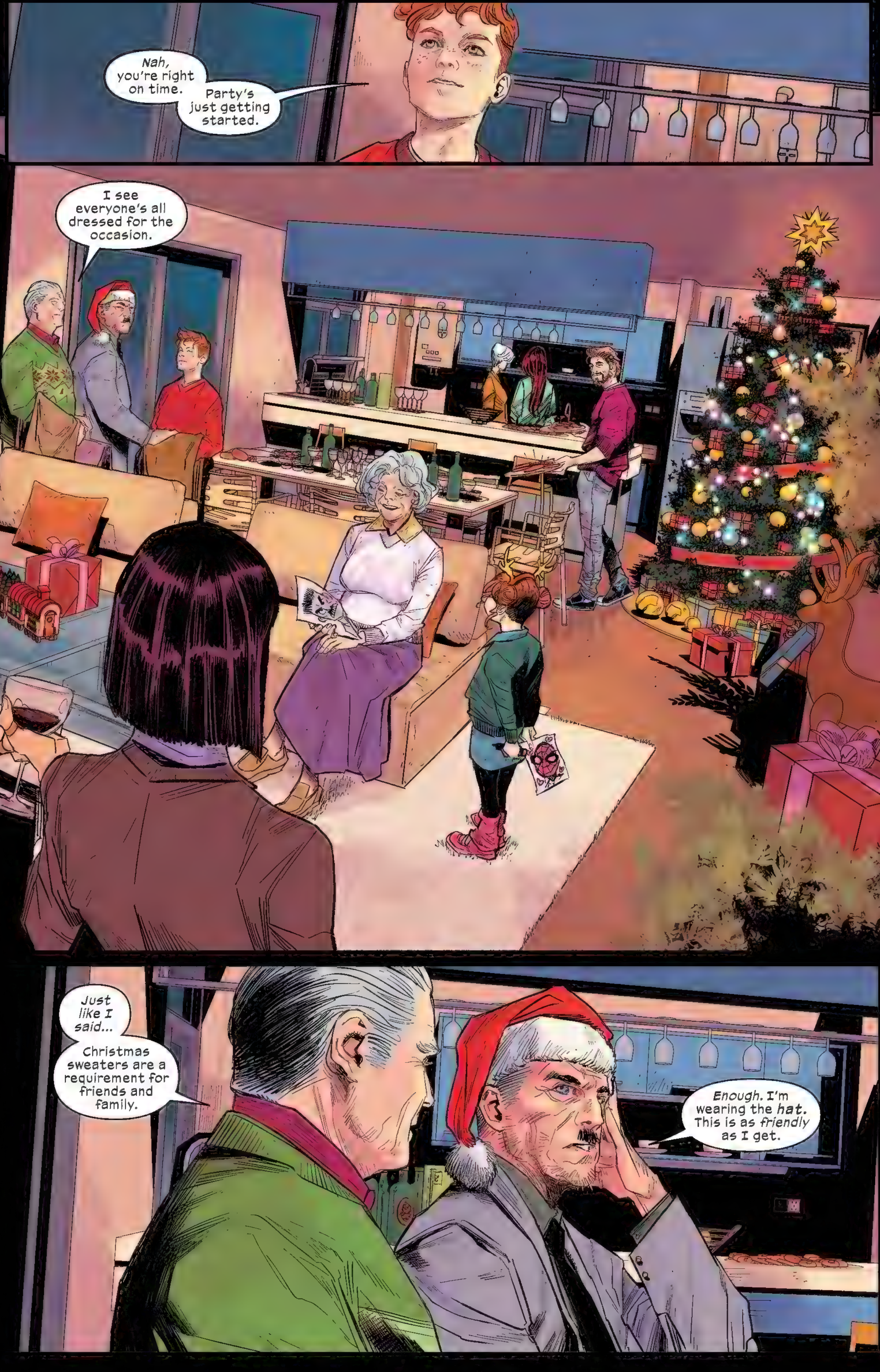
WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

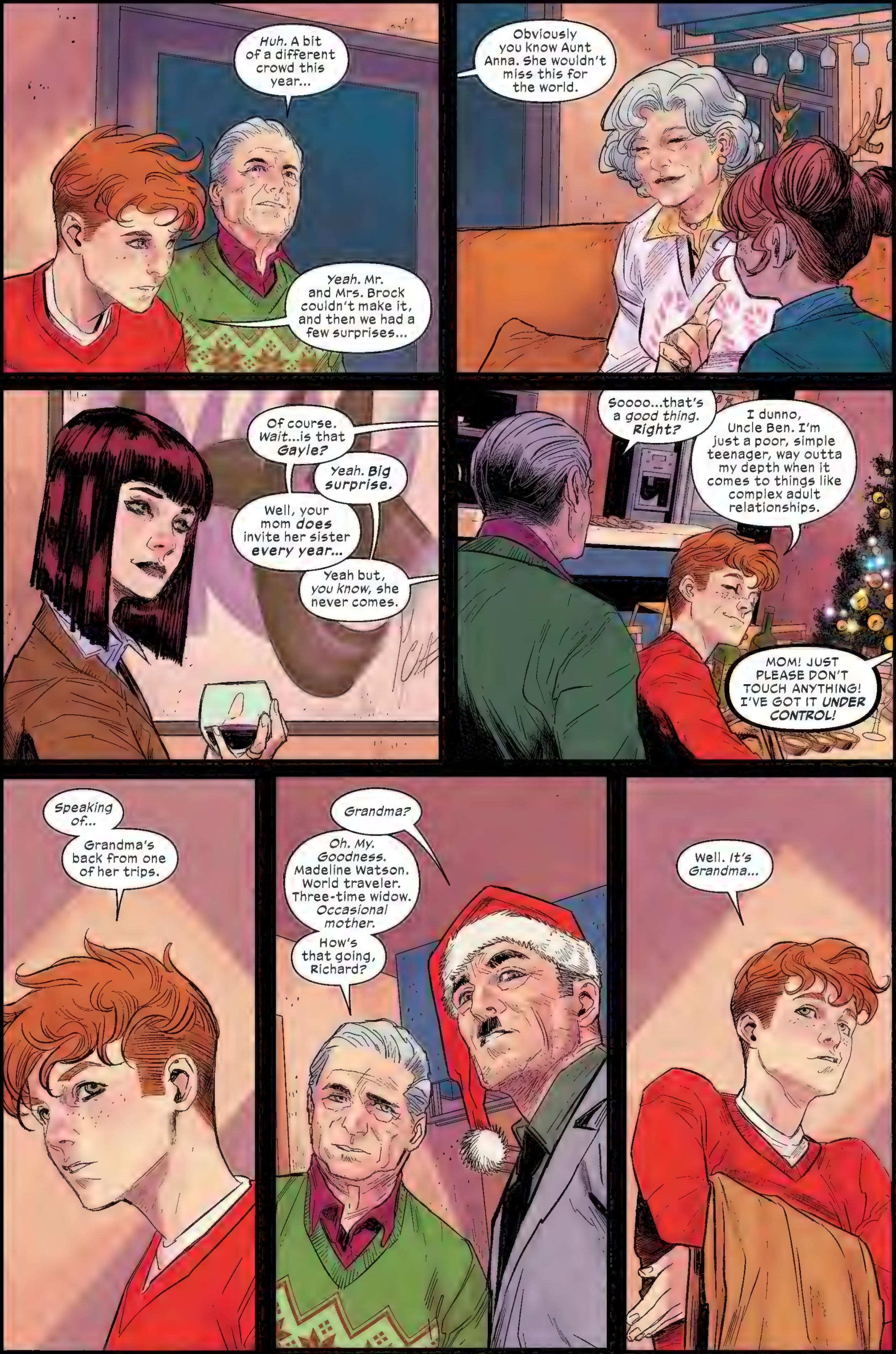
2024

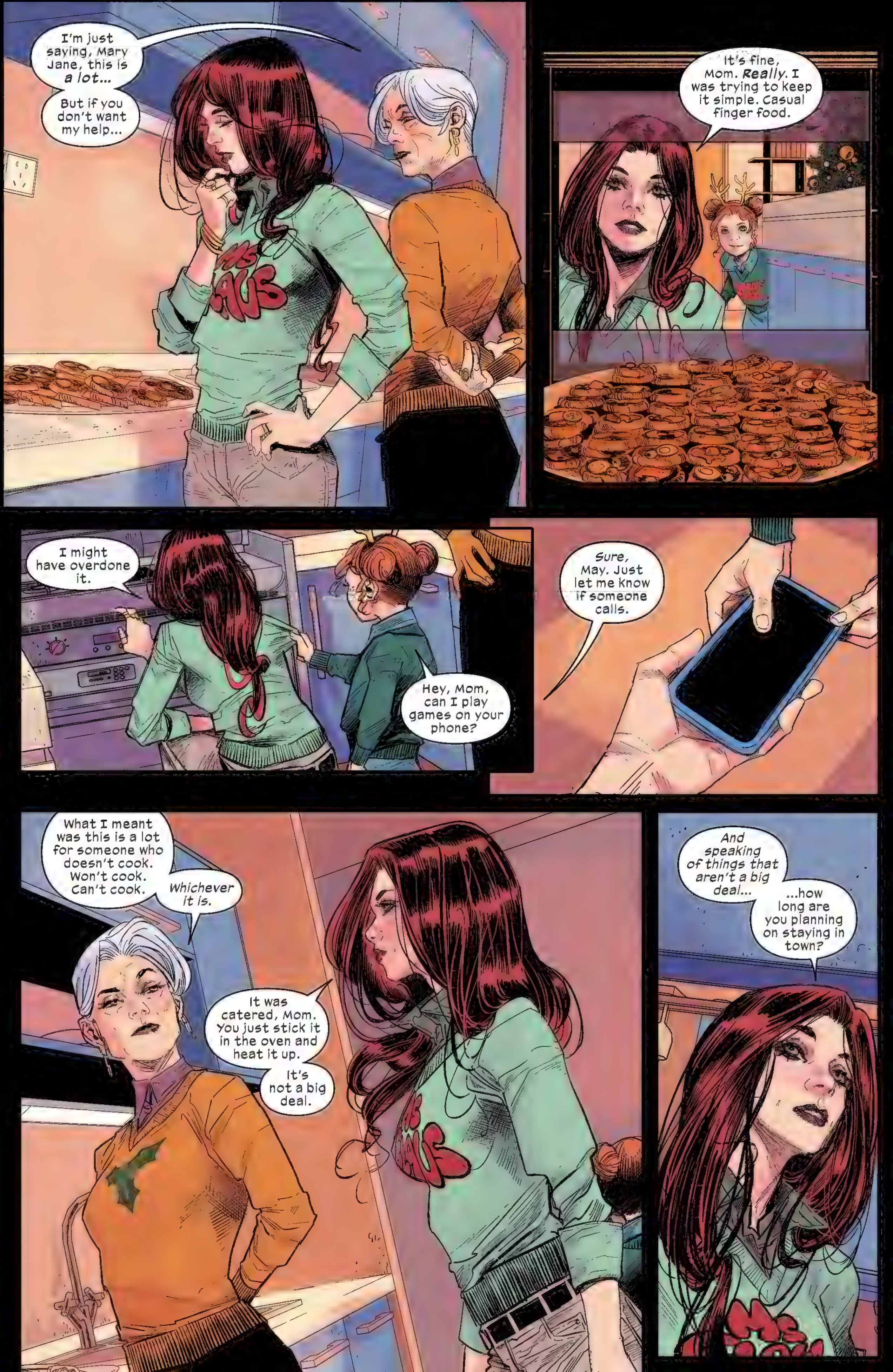

DING DONG
Somebody get the door!
On it, Mom.

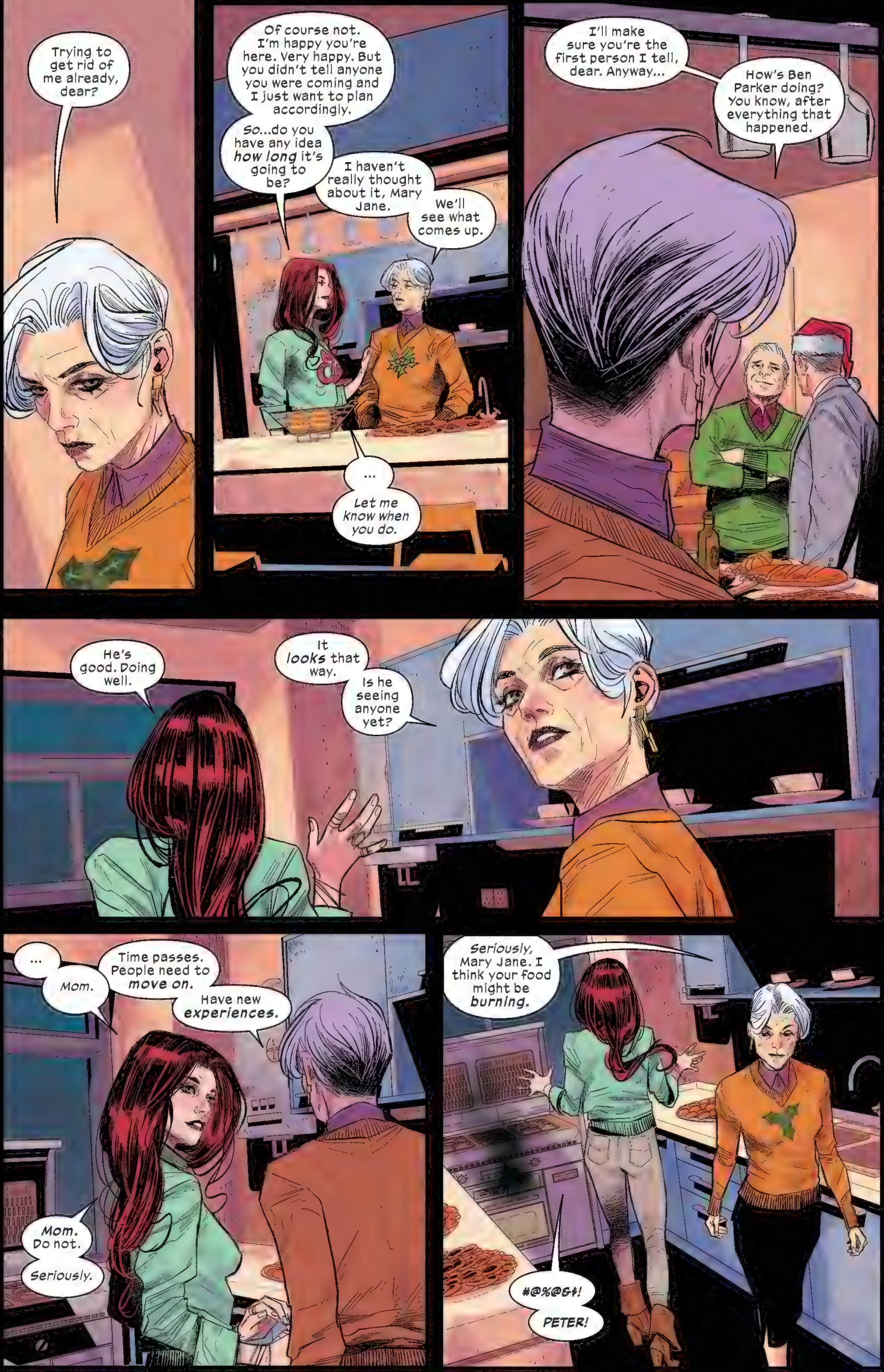
DECEMBER

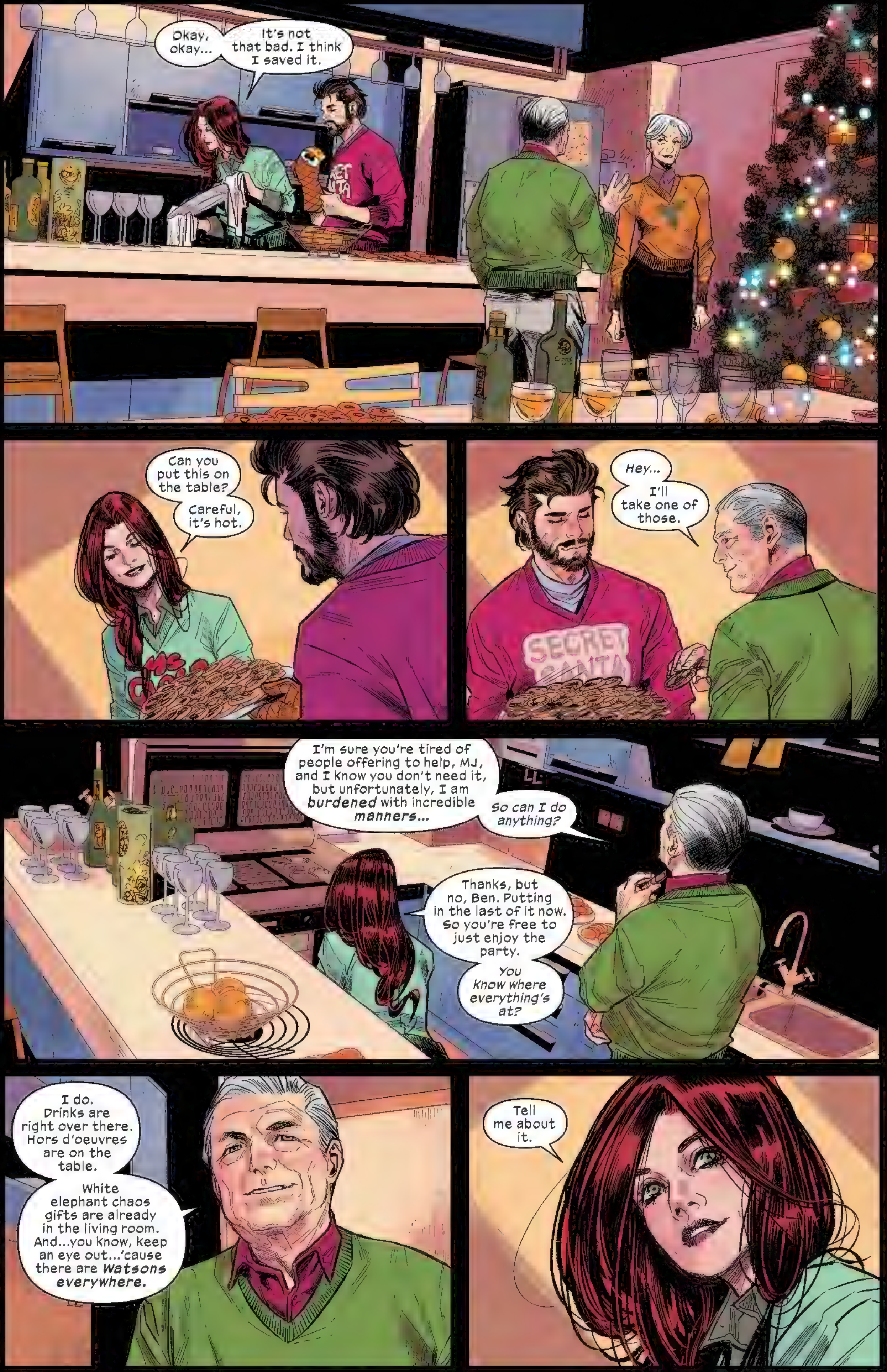

Hey, kiddo. Hope we're not late.

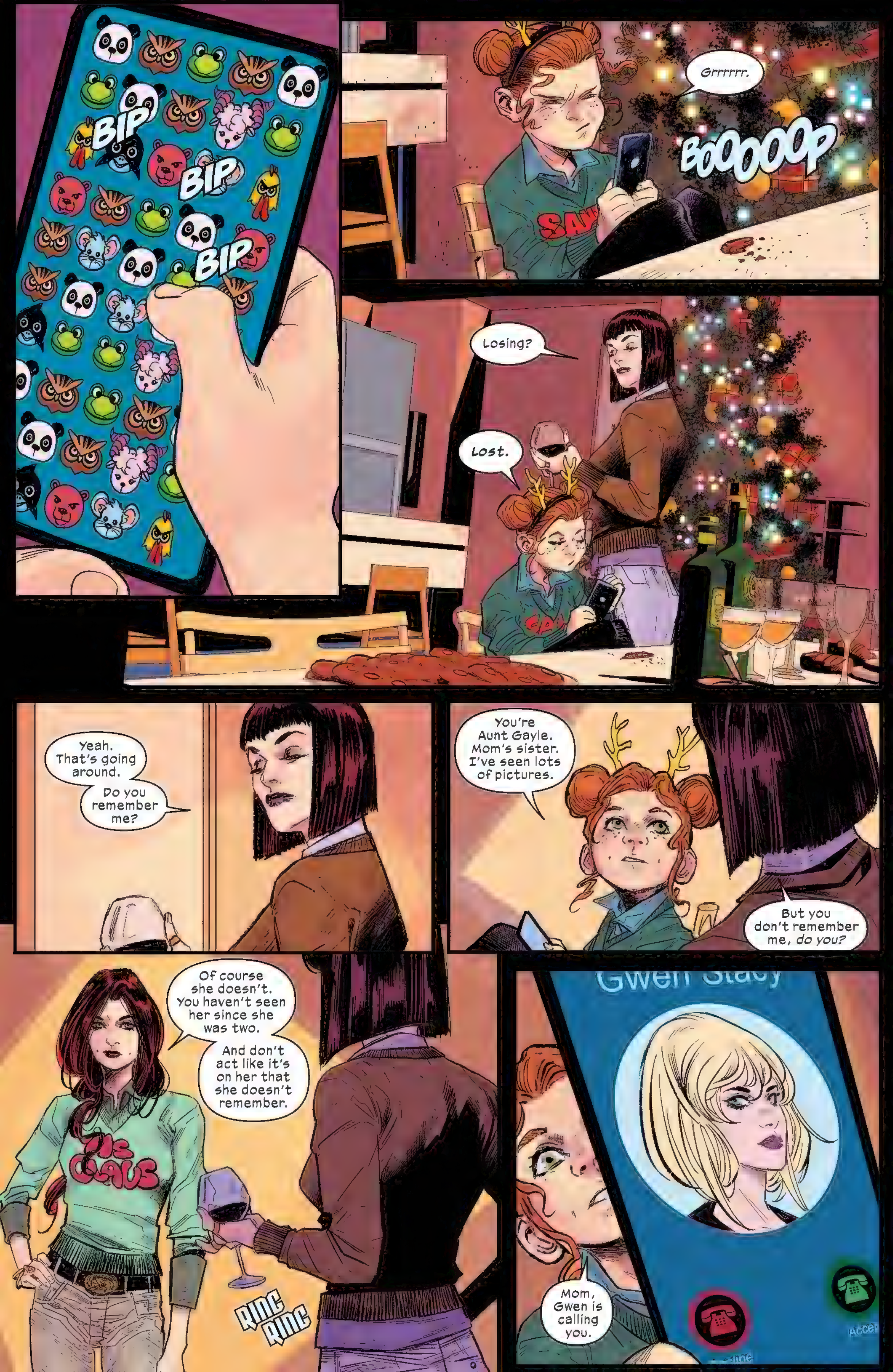

Nah, you're right on time.
Party's just getting started.
I see everyone's all dressed for the occasion.
Just like I said...
Christmas sweaters are a requirement for friends and family.
Enough. I'm wearing the ***hat.*** This is as *friendly* as I get.

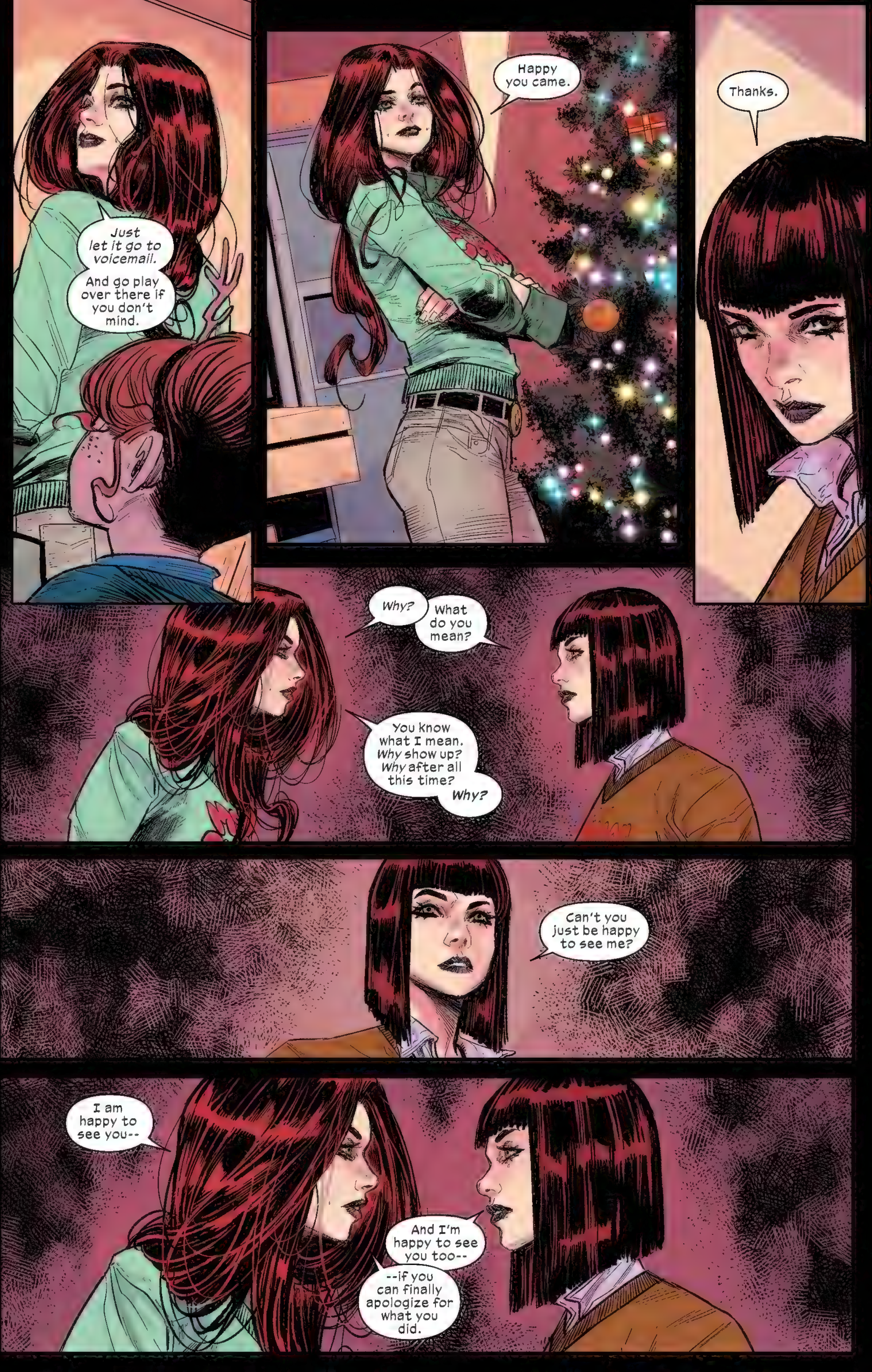

Huh. A bit of a different crowd this year...
Yeah. Mr. and Mrs. Brock couldn't make it, and then we had a few surprises...
Obviously you know Aunt Anna. She wouldn't miss this for the world.
Of course. Wait...is that Gayle?
Yeah. Big surprise.
Well, your mom does invite her sister every year...
Yeah but, you know, she never comes.
Soooo...that's a good thing. Right?
I dunno, Uncle Ben. I'm just a poor, simple teenager, way outta my depth when it comes to things like complex adult relationships.
MOM! JUST PLEASE DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! I'VE GOT IT UNDER CONTROL!
Speaking of...
Grandma's back from one of her trips.
Grandma?
Oh. My. Goodness. Madeline Watson. World traveler. Three-time widow. Occasional mother.
How's that going, Richard?
Well. It's Grandma...

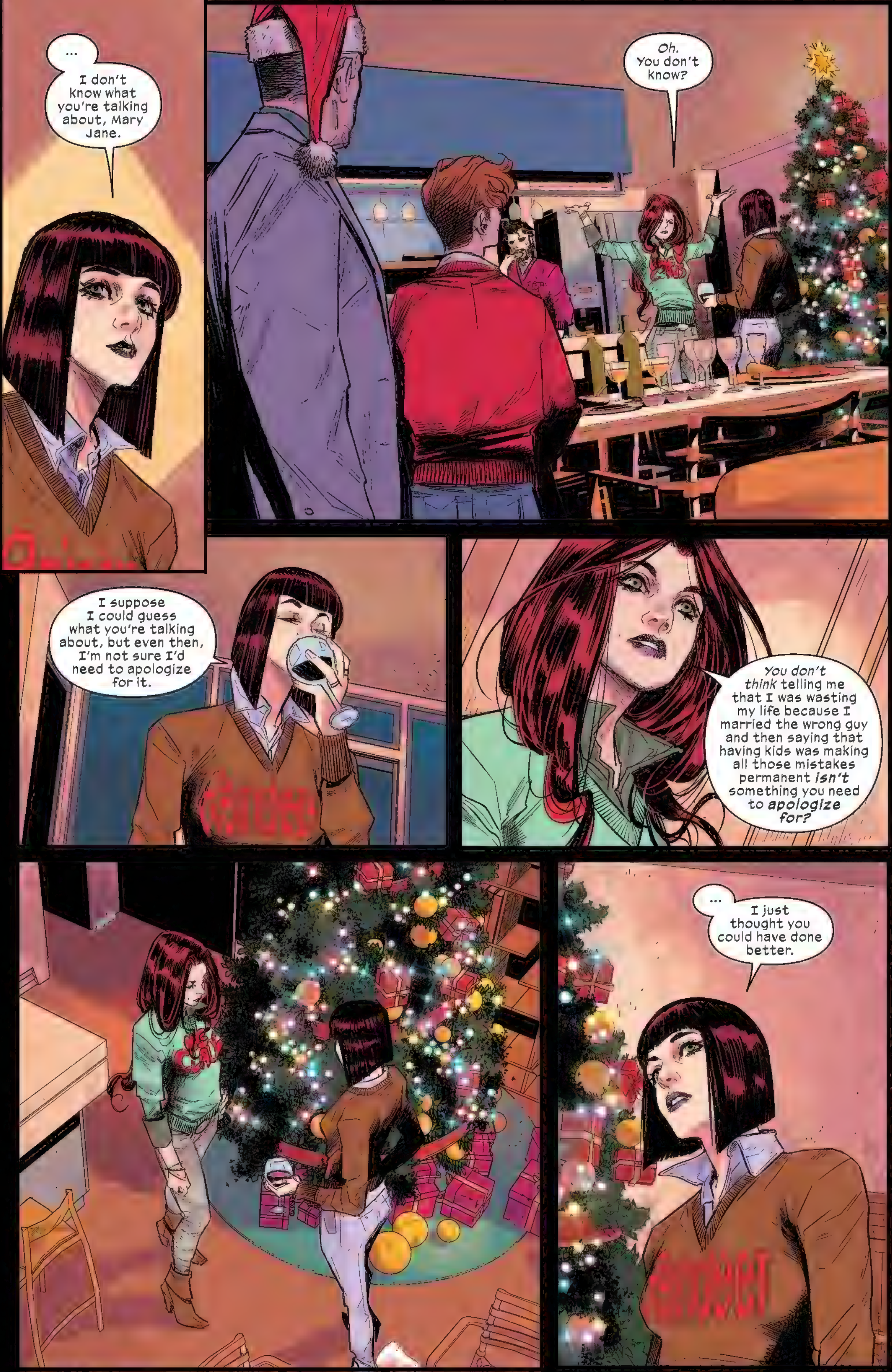

I'm just saying, Mary Jane, this is *a lot...*
But if you don't want my help...
It's fine, Mom. *Really.* I was trying to keep it simple. Casual finger food.
I might have overdone it.
Hey, Mom, can I play games on your phone?
Sure, May. Just let me know if someone calls.
What I meant was this is a lot for someone who doesn't cook. Won't cook. Can't cook.
Whichever it is.
It was catered, Mom. You just stick it in the oven and heat it up.
It's not a big deal.
And speaking of things that aren't a big deal...
...how long are you planning on staying in town?

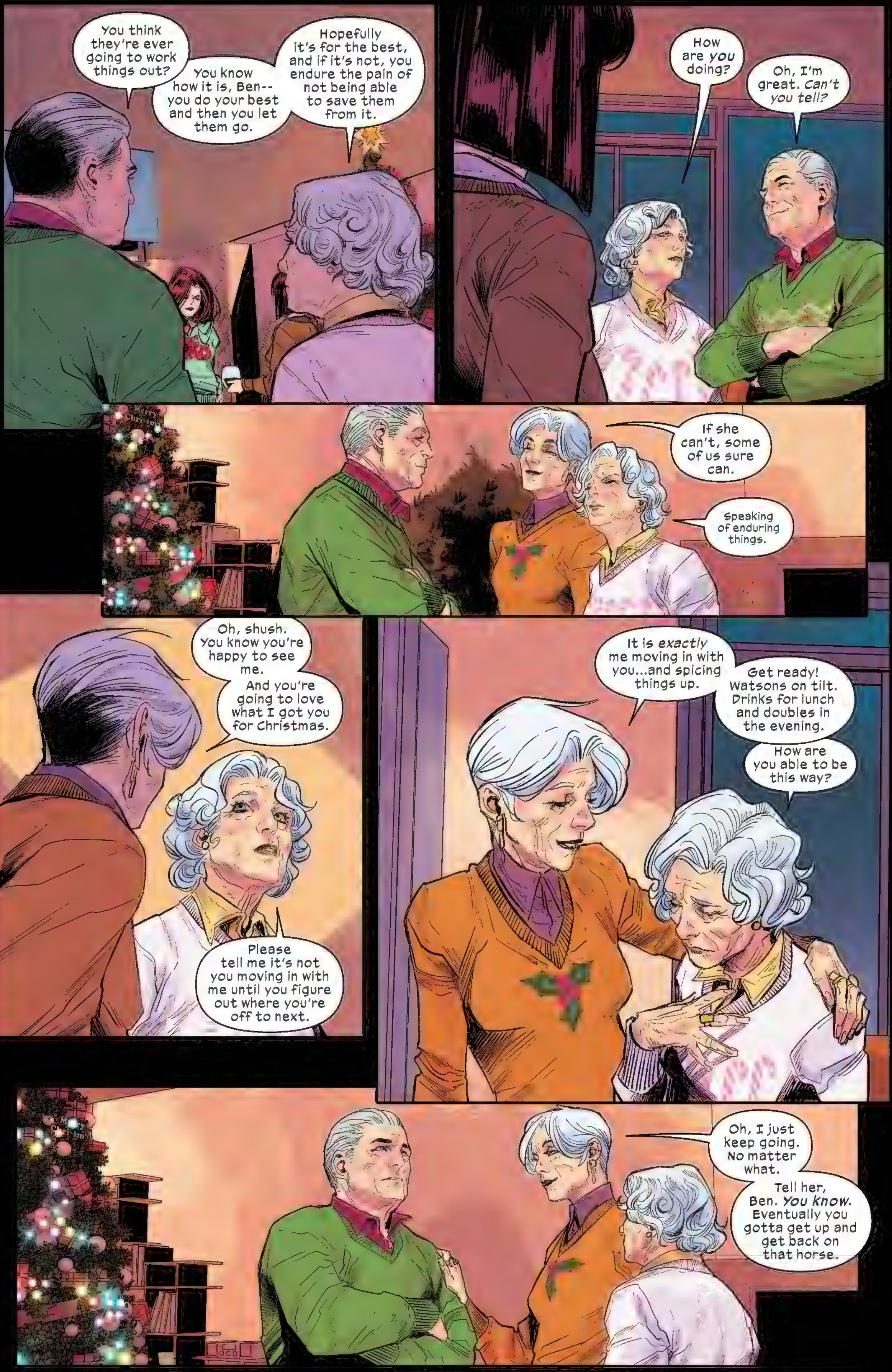

Trying to get rid of me already, dear?
Of course not. I'm happy you're here. Very happy. But you didn't tell anyone you were coming and I just want to plan accordingly.
So...do you have any idea *how long* it's going to be?
I haven't really thought about it, Mary Jane.
We'll see what comes up.
...
Let me know when you do.
I'll make sure you're the first person I tell, dear. Anyway...
How's Ben Parker doing? You know, after everything that happened.
He's good. Doing well.
It *looks* that way.
Is he seeing anyone yet?
...
Mom.
Time passes. People need to *move on.*
Have new *experiences.*
Mom. Do not.
Seriously.
Seriously, Mary Jane. I think your food might be *burning.*
#@%@&!!
PETER!

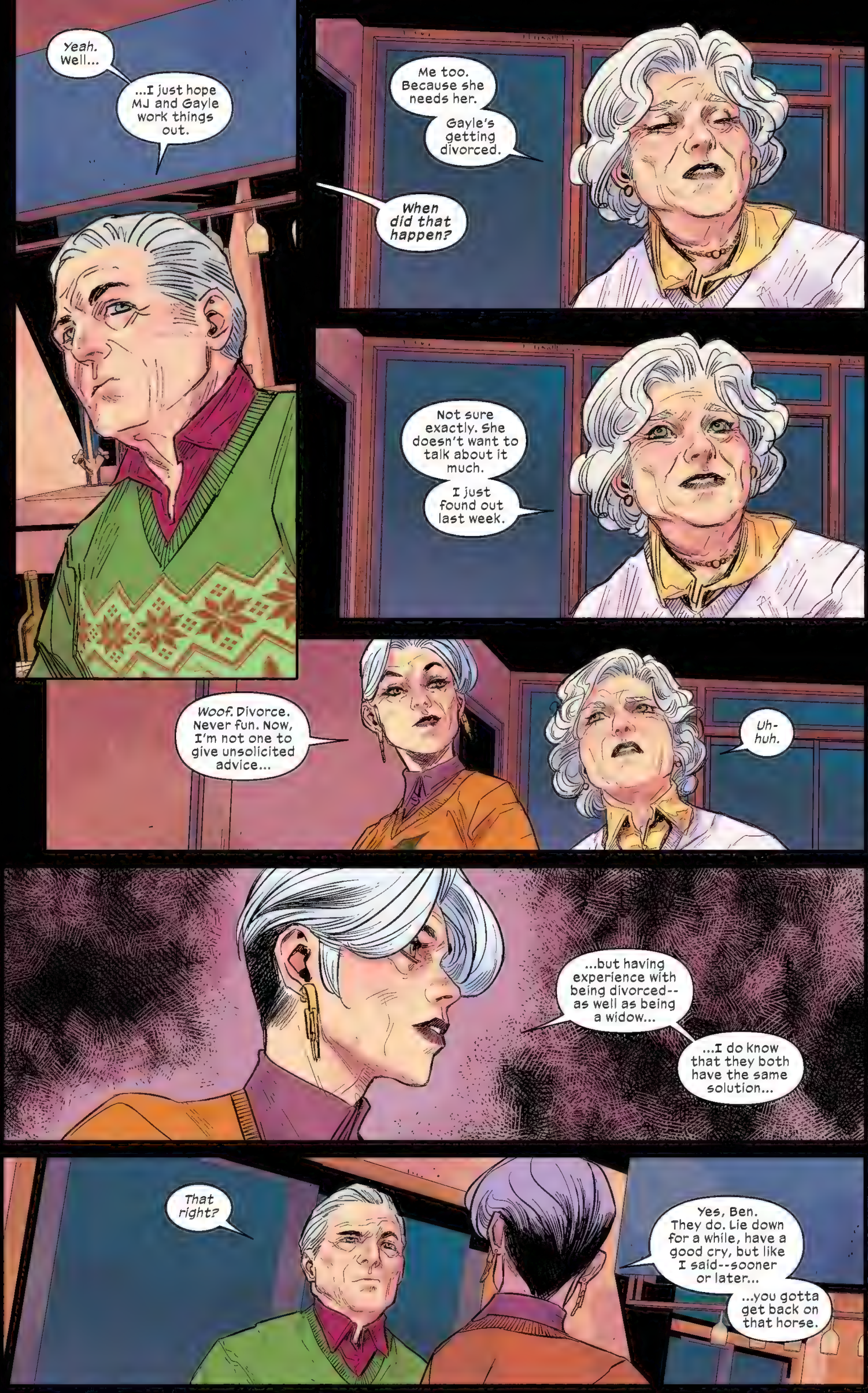

Okay, okay...
It's not that bad. I think I saved it.
Can you put this on the table?
Careful, it's hot.
Hey...
I'll take one of those.
I'm sure you're tired of people offering to help, MJ, and I know you don't need it, but unfortunately, I am *burdened* with incredible *manners...*
So can I do anything?
Thanks, but no, Ben. Putting in the last of it now. So you're free to just enjoy the party.
You know where everything's at?
I do. Drinks are right over there. Hors d'oeuvres are on the table.
White elephant chaos gifts are already in the living room. And...you know, keep an eye out...'cause there are *Watsons everywhere.*
Tell me about it.

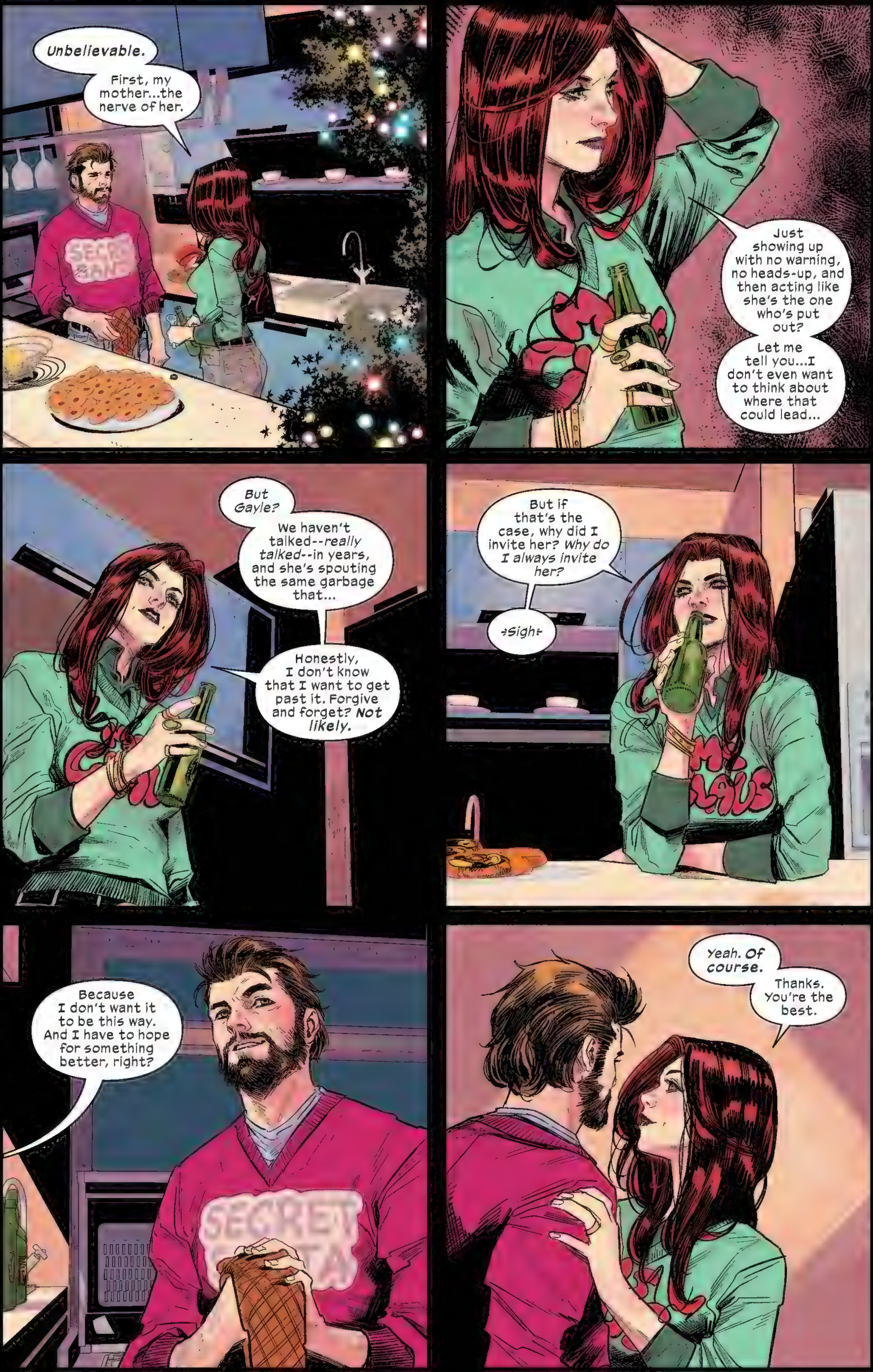

BIP
BIP
BIP
Grrrrrr.
BOOOOOP
Losing?
Lost.
Yeah. That's going around.
Do you remember me?
You're Aunt Gayle. Mom's sister. I've seen lots of pictures.
But you don't remember me, *do you?*
Of course she doesn't. You haven't seen her since she was two.
And don't act like it's on her that she doesn't remember.
RING RING
Gwen Stacy
Mom, Gwen is calling you.

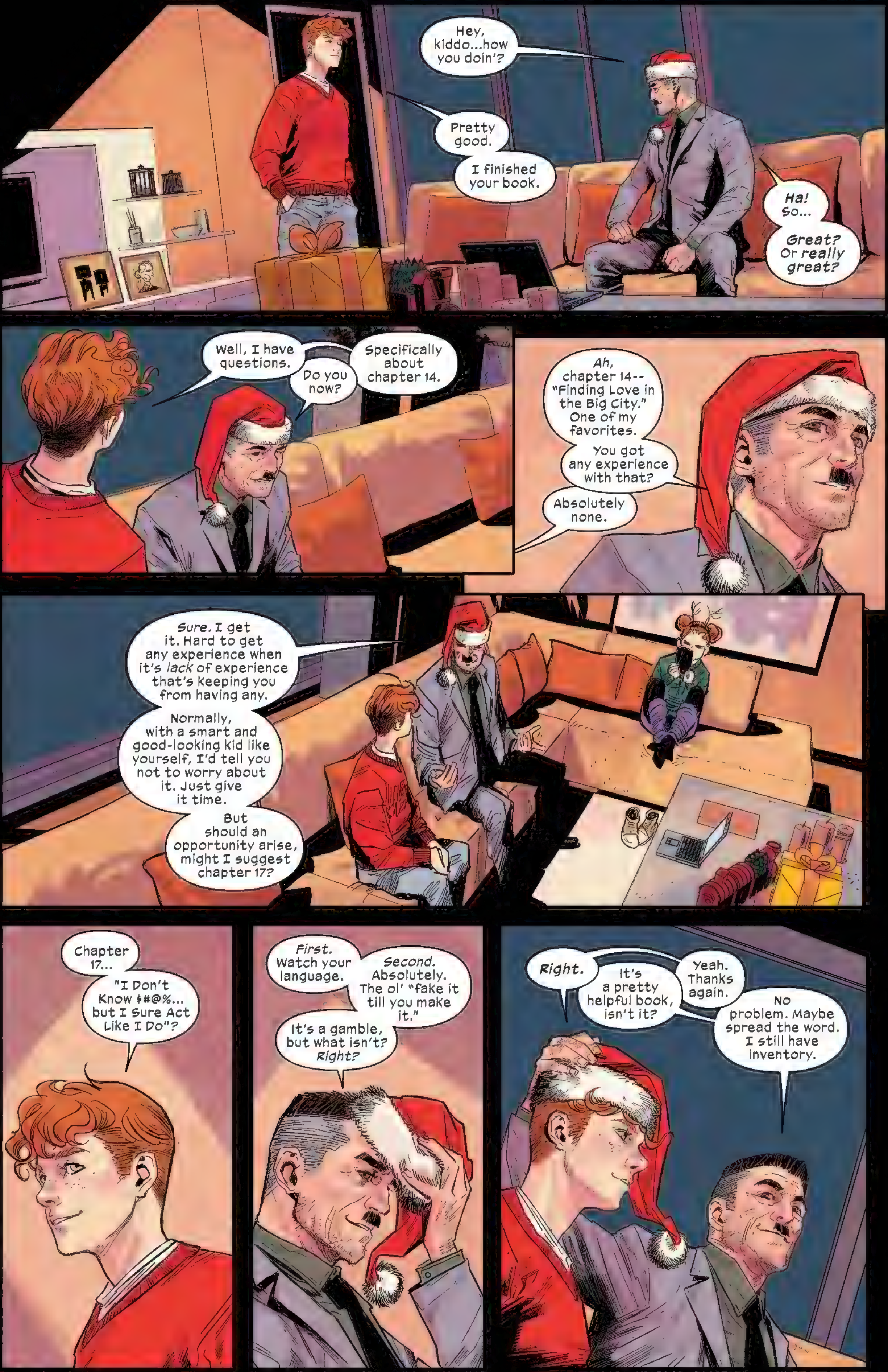

Just let it go to voicemail.
And go play over there if you don't mind.
Happy you came.
Thanks.
Why?
What do you mean?
You know what I mean. *Why* show up? *Why* after all this time? *Why?*
Can't you just be happy to see me?
I am happy to see you--
And I'm happy to see you too--
--if you can finally apologize for what you did.

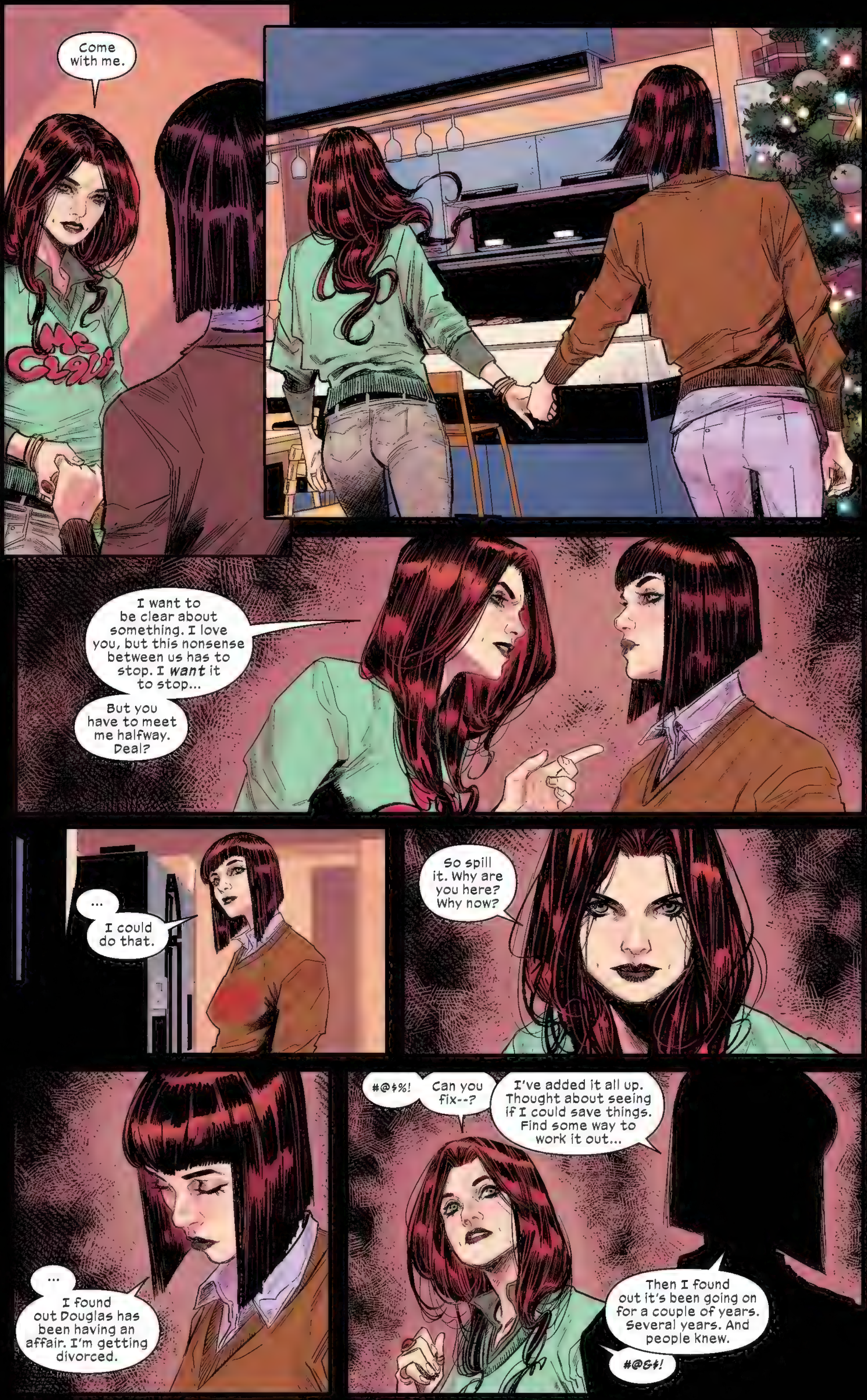

... I don't know what you're talking about, Mary Jane.
Oh. You don't know?
I suppose I could guess what you're talking about, but even then, I'm not sure I'd need to apologize for it.
You don't think telling me that I was wasting my life because I married the wrong guy and then saying that having kids was making all those mistakes permanent ***isn't*** something you need to ***apologize for?***
... I just thought you could have done better.

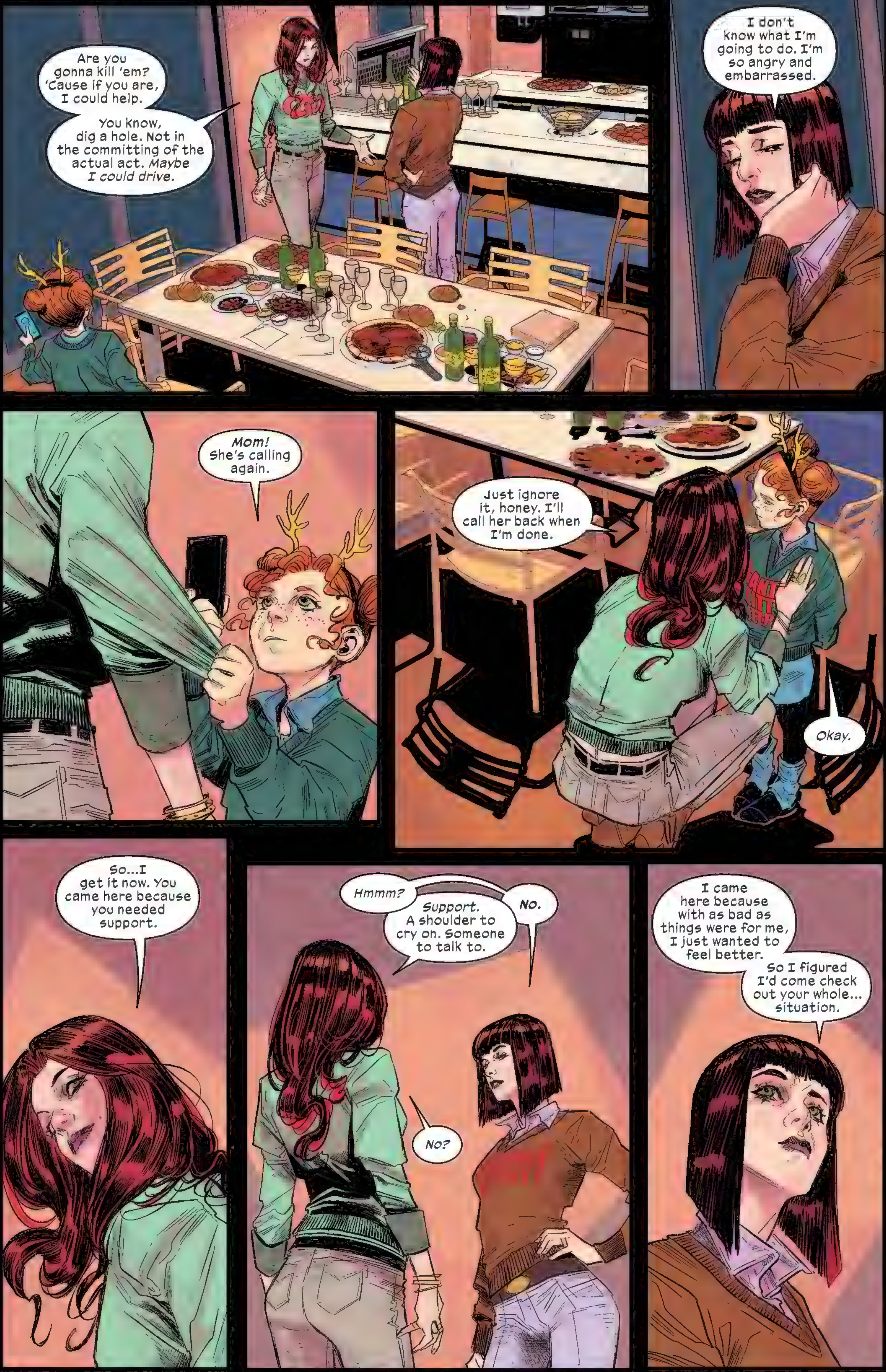

You think they're ever going to work things out?
You know how it is, Ben-- you do your best and then you let them go.
Hopefully it's for the best, and if it's not, you endure the pain of not being able to save them from it.
How are *you* doing?
Oh, I'm great. *Can't you tell?*
If she can't, some of us sure can.
Speaking of enduring things.
Oh, shush. You know you're happy to see me.
And you're going to love what I got you for Christmas.
Please tell me it's not you moving in with me until you figure out where you're off to next.
It is *exactly* me moving in with you...and spicing things up.
Get ready! Watsons on tilt. Drinks for lunch and doubles in the evening.
How are you able to be this way?
Oh, I just keep going. No matter what.
Tell her, Ben. *You know.* Eventually you gotta get up and get back on that horse.

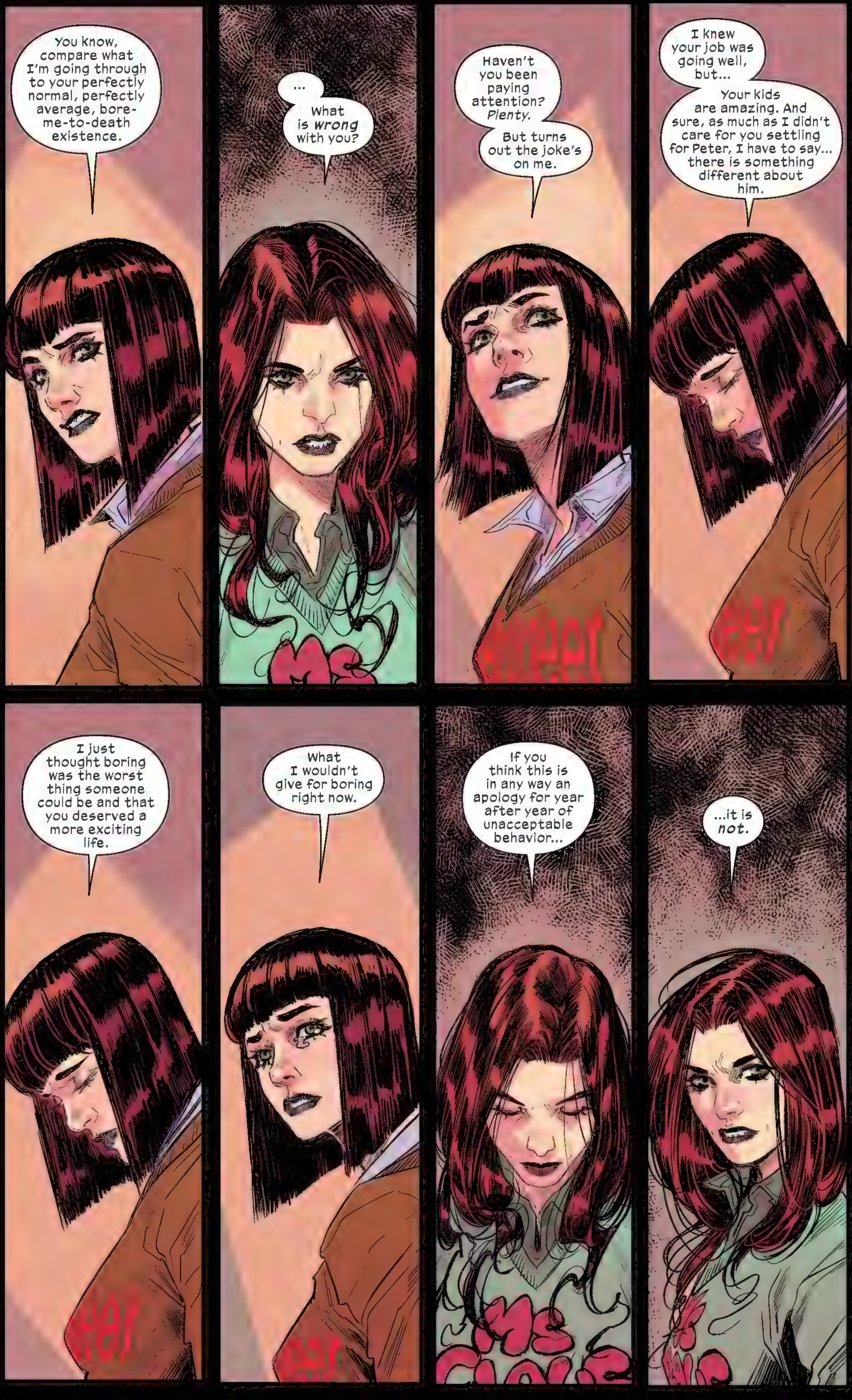

Yeah. Well...
...I just hope MJ and Gayle work things out.
Me too. Because she needs her.
Gayle's getting divorced.
When did that happen?
Not sure exactly. She doesn't want to talk about it much.
I just found out last week.
Woof. Divorce. Never fun. Now, I'm not one to give unsolicited advice...
Uh-huh.
...but having experience with being divorced--as well as being a widow...
...I do know that they both have the same solution...
That right?
Yes, Ben. They do. Lie down for a while, have a good cry, but like I said--sooner or later...
...you gotta get back on that horse.

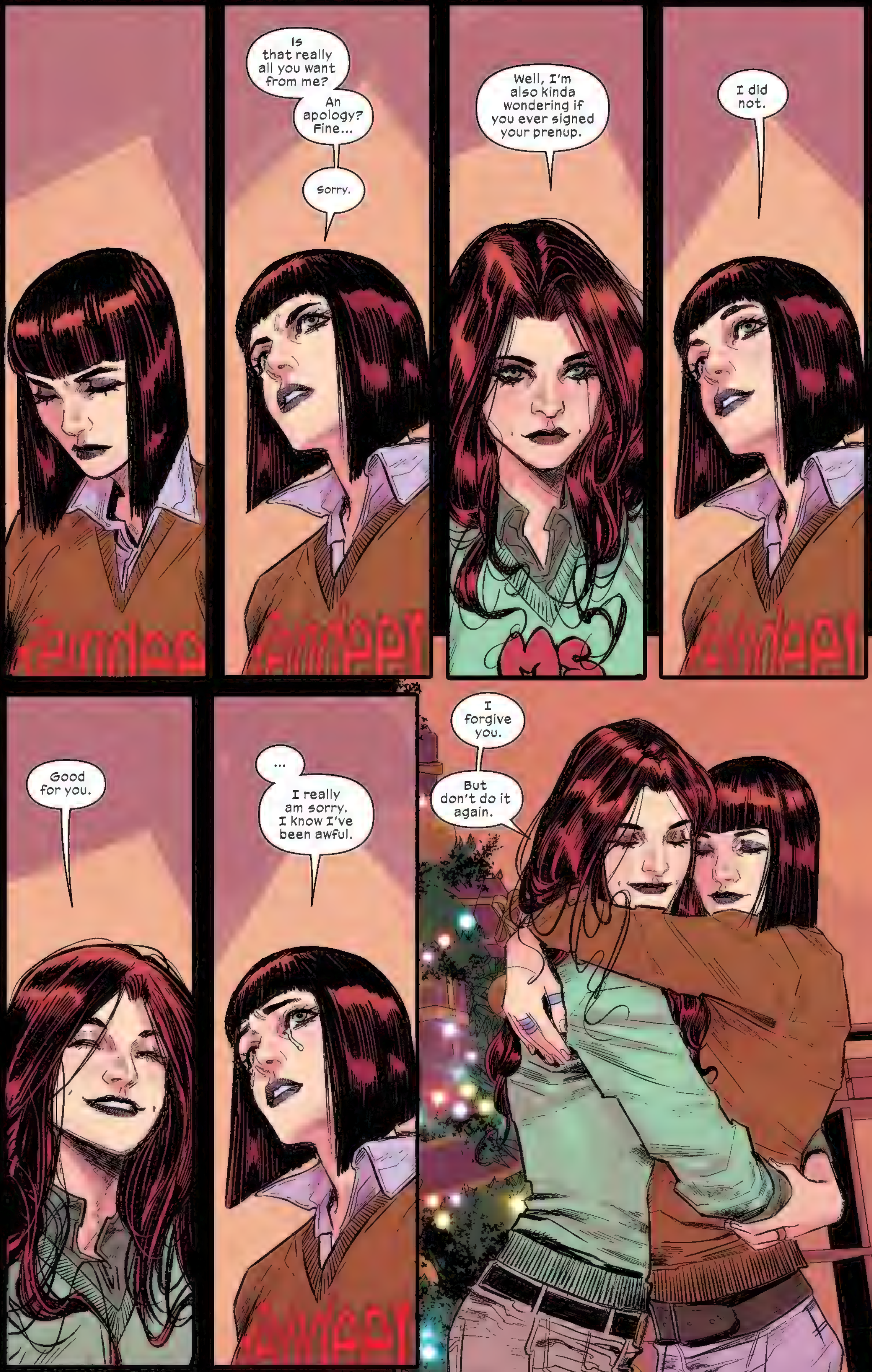

Unbelievable.
First, my mother...the nerve of her.
SECRET SANTA
Just showing up with no warning, no heads-up, and then acting like she's the one who's put out?
Let me tell you...I don't even want to think about where that could lead...
But Gayle?
We haven't talked--*really talked*--in years, and she's spouting the same garbage that...
Honestly, I don't know that I want to get past it. Forgive and forget? *Not likely.*
But if that's the case, why did I invite her? *Why do I always invite her?*
Sigh
Because I don't want it to be this way. And I have to hope for something better, right?
SECRET SANTA
Yeah. Of course.
Thanks. You're the best.

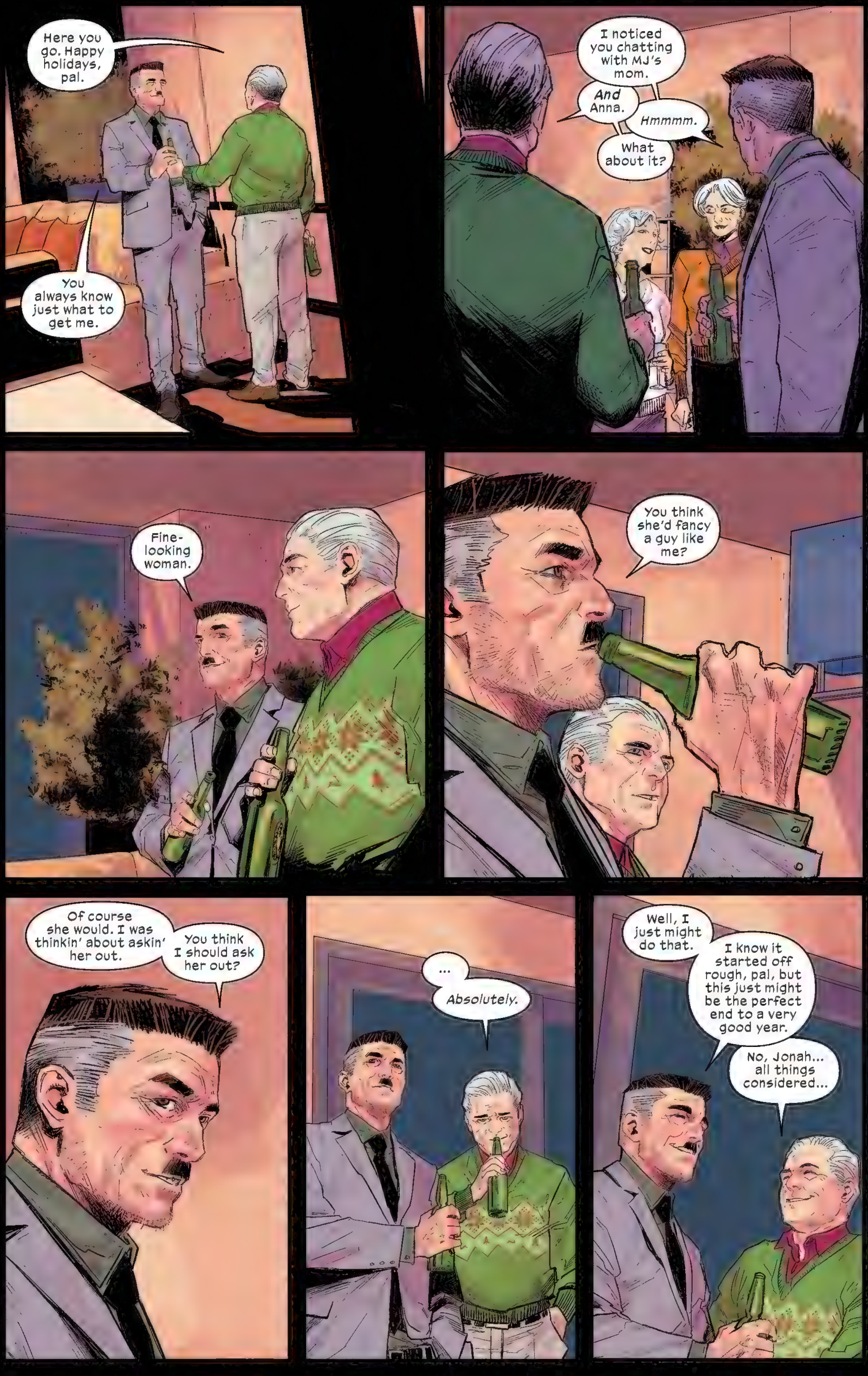

Hey, kiddo...how you doin'?
Pretty good.
I finished your book.
Ha! So...
Great? Or really great?
Well, I have questions.
Do you now?
Specifically about chapter 14.
Ah, chapter 14--"Finding Love in the Big City." One of my favorites.
You got any experience with that?
Absolutely none.
Sure. I get it. Hard to get any experience when it's *lack* of experience that's keeping you from having any.
Normally, with a smart and good-looking kid like yourself, I'd tell you not to worry about it. Just give it time.
But should an opportunity arise, might I suggest chapter 17?
Chapter 17...
"I Don't Know $#@%... but I Sure Act Like I Do"?
First. Watch your language.
Second. Absolutely. The ol' "fake it till you make it."
It's a gamble, but what isn't? *Right?*
Right.
Yeah. Thanks again.
It's a pretty helpful book, isn't it?
No problem. Maybe spread the word. I still have inventory.

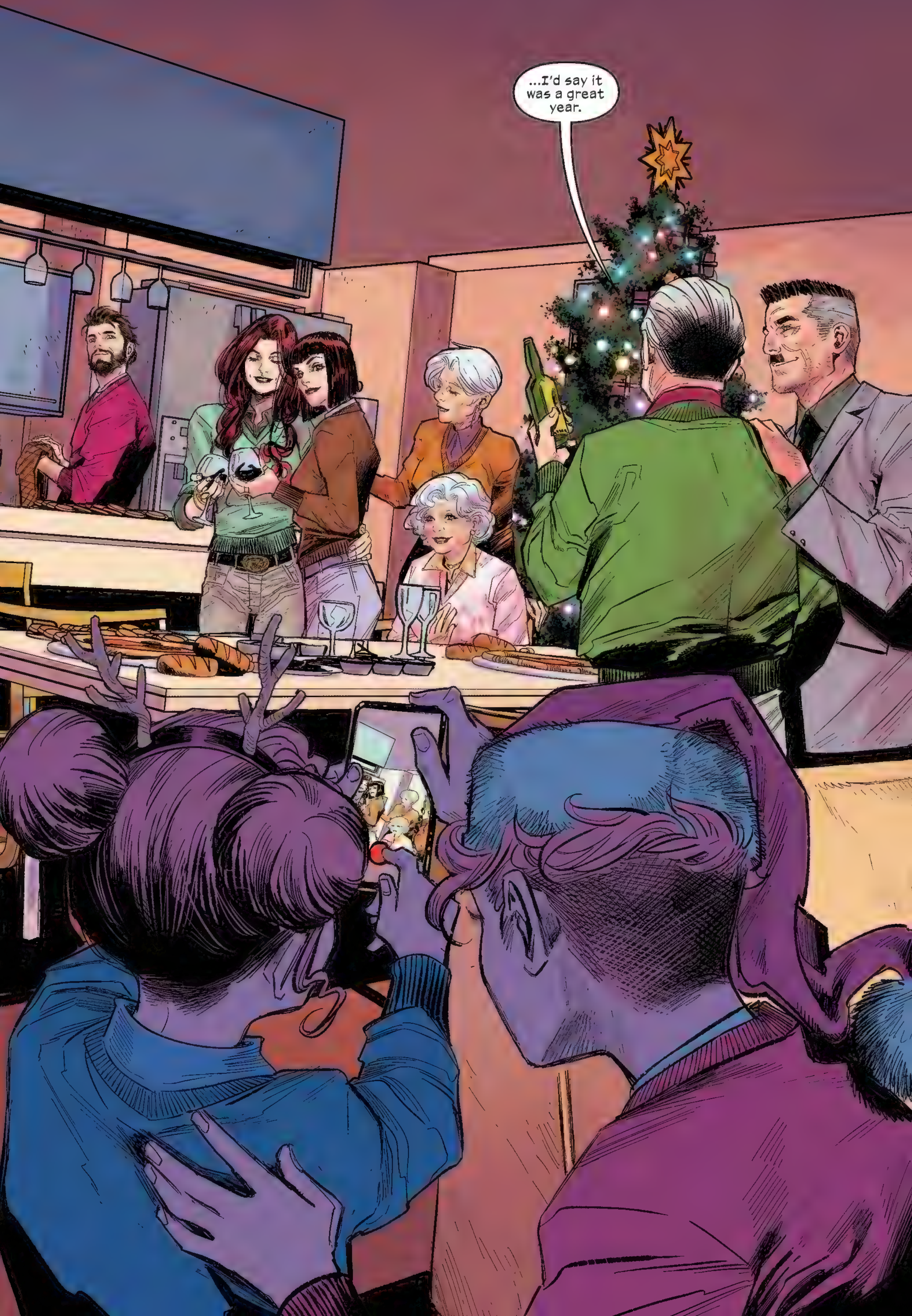

Come with me.
I want to be clear about something. I love you, but this nonsense between us has to stop. I *want* it to stop...
But you have to meet me halfway. Deal?
...
I could do that.
So spill it. Why are you here? Why now?
...
I found out Douglas has been having an affair. I'm getting divorced.
#@$%!
Can you fix--?
I've added it all up. Thought about seeing if I could save things. Find some way to work it out...
Then I found out it's been going on for a couple of years. Several years. And people knew.
#@&$!

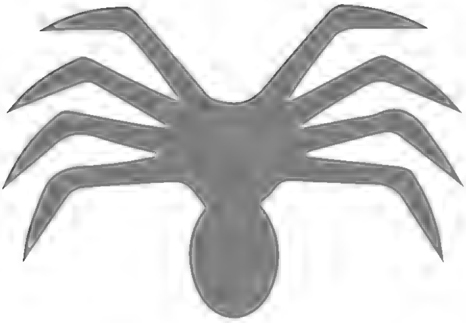

Are you gonna kill 'em? 'Cause if you are, I could help.
You know, dig a hole. Not in the committing of the actual act. *Maybe I could drive.*
I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm so angry and embarrassed.
Mom! She's calling again.
Just ignore it, honey. I'll call her back when I'm done.
Okay.
So...I get it now. You came here because you needed support.
Hmmm?
Support. A shoulder to cry on. Someone to talk to.
No.
No?
I came here because with as bad as things were for me, I just wanted to feel better.
So I figured I'd come check out your whole... situation.


You know, compare what I'm going through to your perfectly normal, perfectly average, bore-me-to-death existence.
...
What is *wrong* with you?
Haven't you been paying attention? *Plenty.*
But turns out the joke's on me.
I knew your job was going well, but...
Your kids are amazing. And sure, as much as I didn't care for you settling for Peter, I have to say... there is something different about him.
I just thought boring was the worst thing someone could be and that you deserved a more exciting life.
What I wouldn't give for boring right now.
If you think this is in any way an apology for year after year of unacceptable behavior...
...it is *not.*

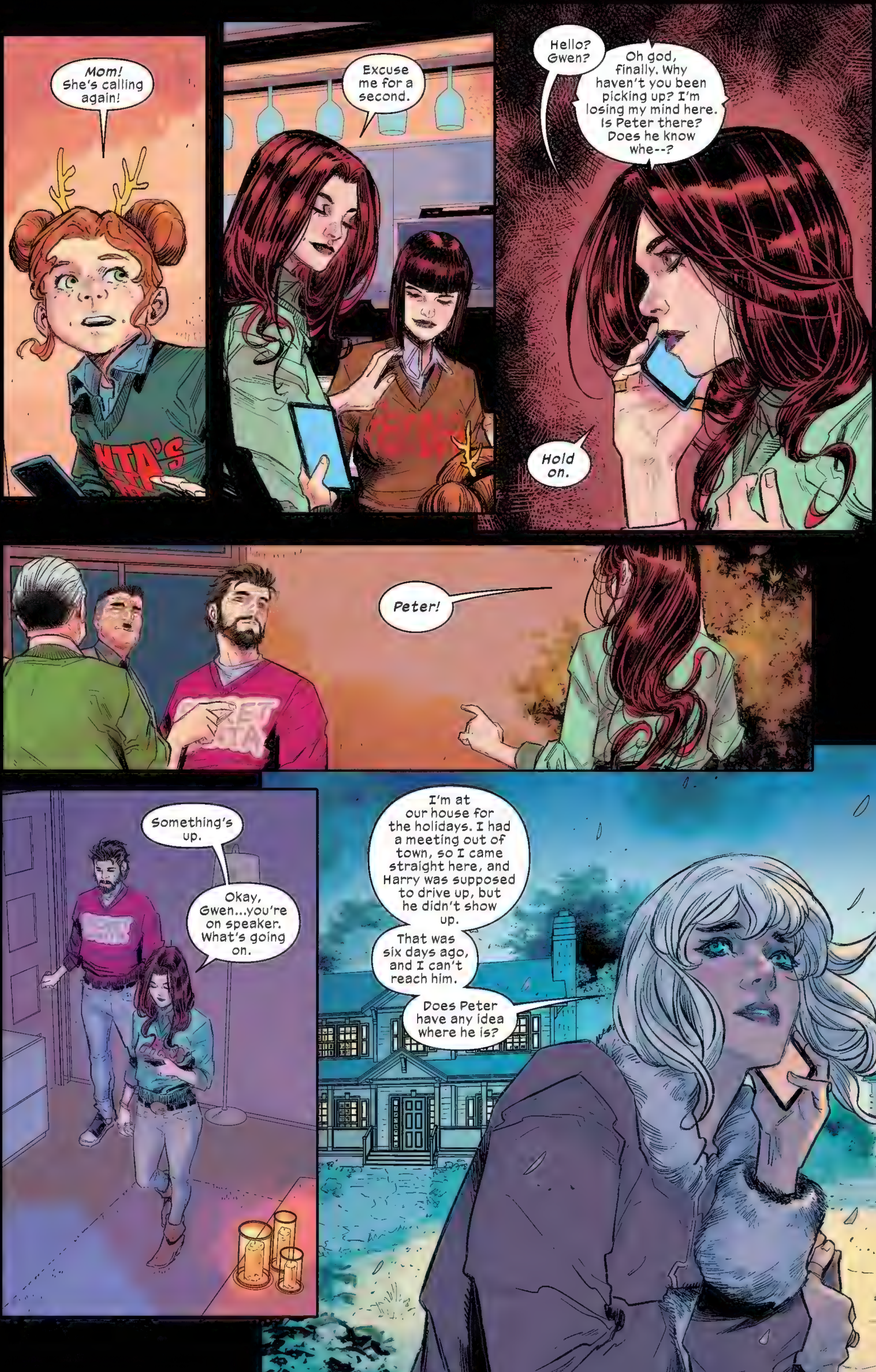

Is that really all you want from me?
An apology? Fine...
Sorry.
Well, I'm also kinda wondering if you ever signed your prenup.
I did not.
Good for you.
...
I really am sorry. I know I've been awful.
I forgive you.
But don't do it again.

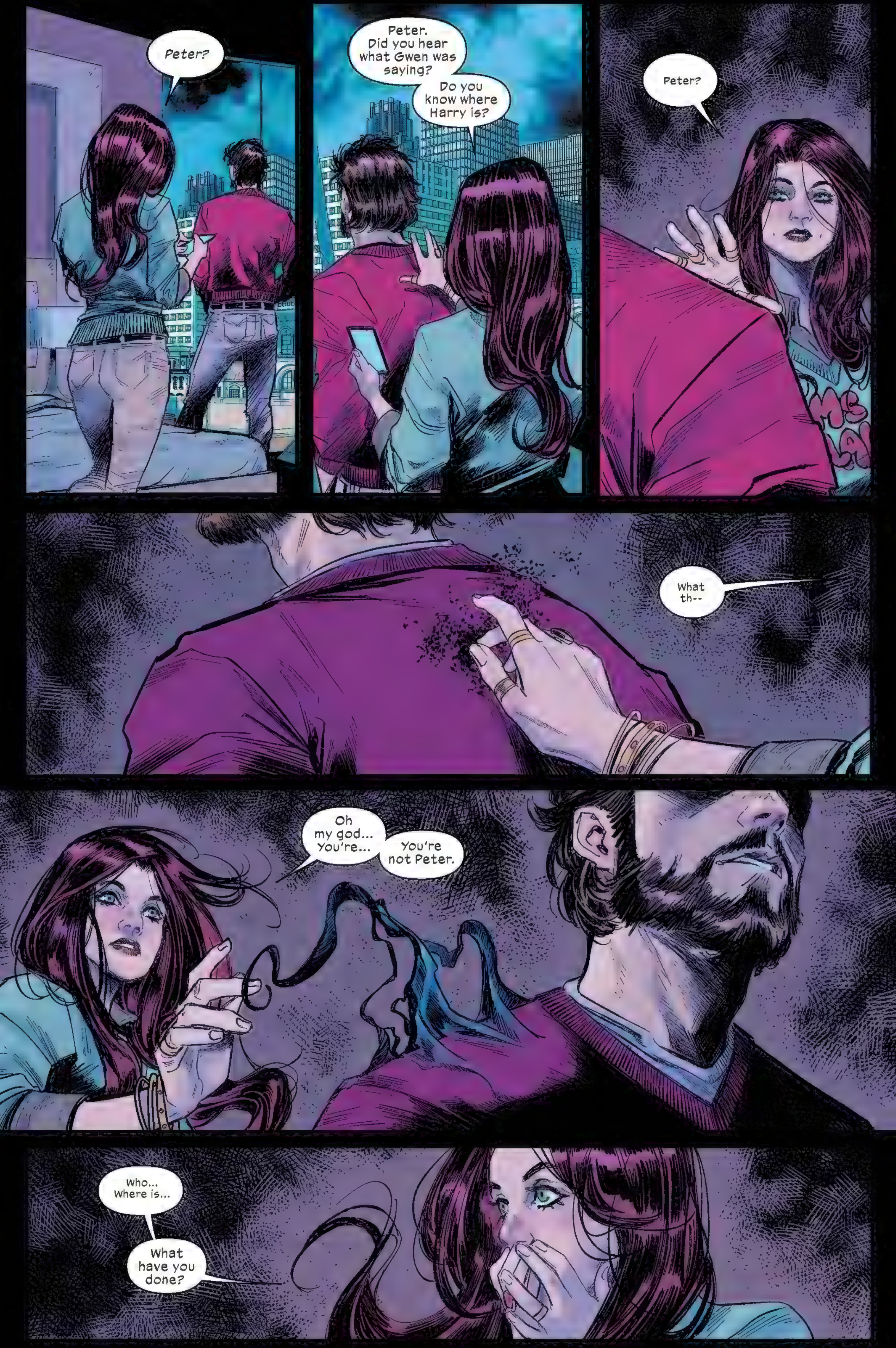

Here you go. Happy holidays, pal.
You always know just what to get me.
I noticed you chatting with MJ's mom.
And Anna.
Hmmmm.
What about it?
Fine-looking woman.
You think she'd fancy a guy like me?
Of course she would. I was thinkin' about askin' her out.
You think I should ask her out?
...
Absolutely.
Well, I just might do that.
I know it started off rough, pal, but this just might be the perfect end to a very good year.
No, Jonah... all things considered...

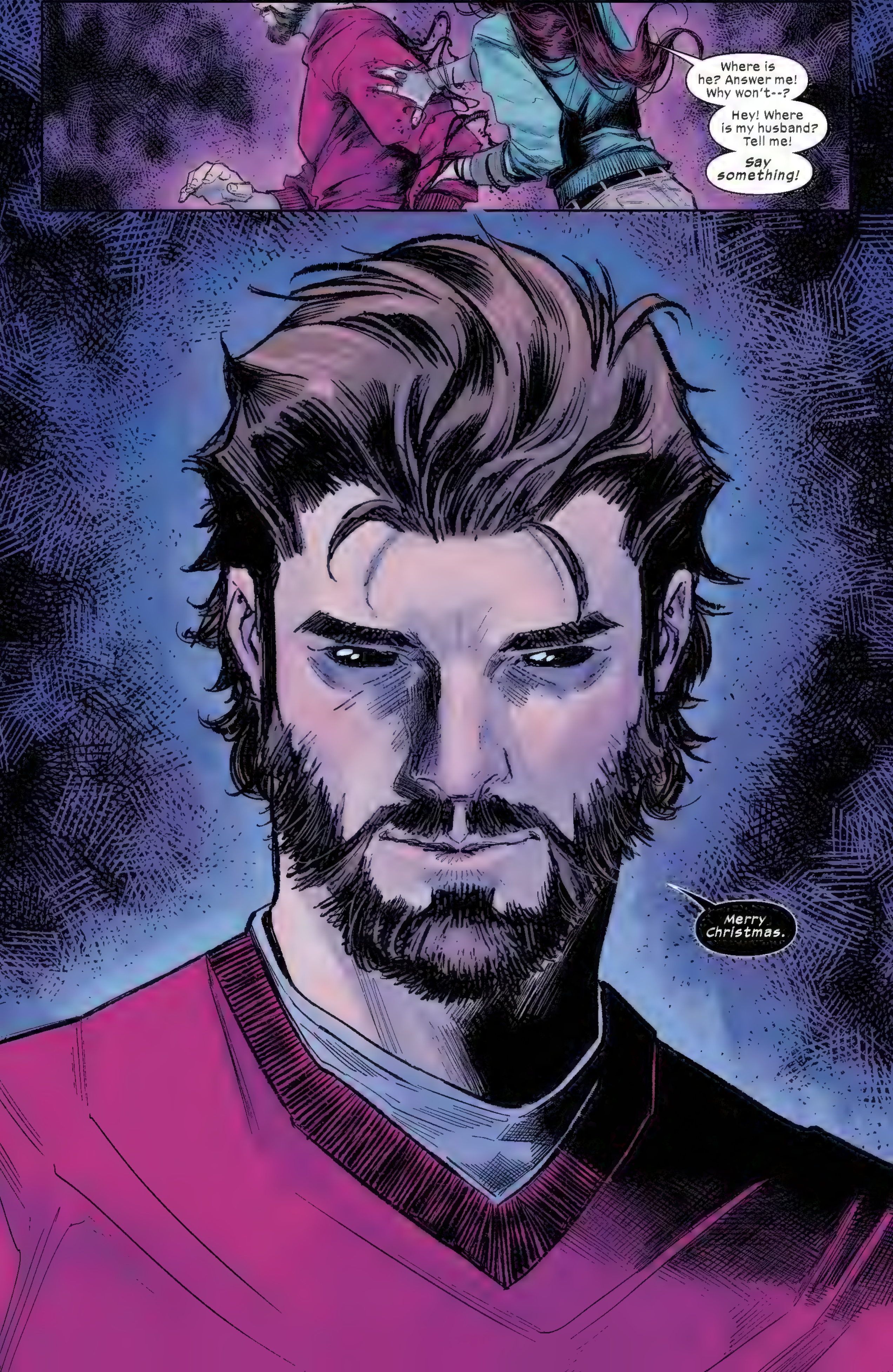

...I'd say it was a great year.



"**Happiness** is being surrounded by the people you love."


Mom! She's calling again!
NTA'S
Excuse me for a second.
Hello? Gwen?
Oh god, finally. Why haven't you been picking up? I'm losing my mind here. Is Peter there? Does he know whe--?
Hold on.
Peter!
Something's up.
Okay, Gwen...you're on speaker. What's going on.
I'm at our house for the holidays. I had a meeting out of town, so I came straight here, and Harry was supposed to drive up, but he didn't show up.
That was six days ago, and I can't reach him.
Does Peter have any idea where he is?


Peter?
Peter. Did you hear what Gwen was saying?
Do you know where Harry is?
Peter?
What th--
Oh my god... You're...
You're not Peter.
Who... Where is...
What have you done?


Where is he? Answer me! Why won't--?
Hey! Where is my husband? Tell me!
Say something!
Merry Christmas.

WRITER: **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
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LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **MARCO CHECCHETTO**
& MATTHEW WILSON
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EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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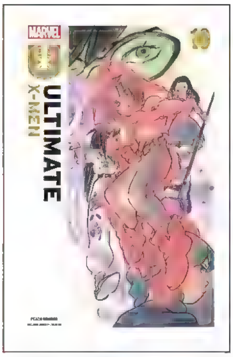
MARVEL
13
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | WILSON
JAN. 2024 RATED T $4.99 US

ON SALE IN **JANUARY**

ON SALE THIS MONTH

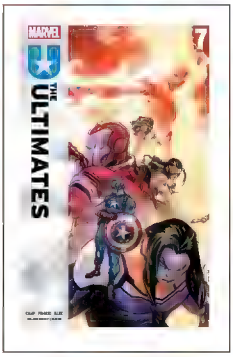
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #11

BY **BRYAN HILL** & **CARLOS NIETO**



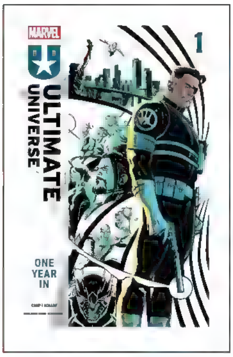
ULTIMATE X-MEN #10

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**



ULTIMATES #7

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**



ULTIMATE UNIVERSE: ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!
EMAIL US AT **ULTIMATEOFFICE@MARVEL.COM**
AND MARK YOUR LETTERS **"OKAY TO PRINT"**!

11

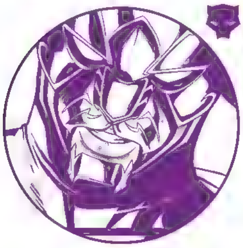
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** created his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero. To rule his perfected Earth, he placed super villains in charge of different regions, and together, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL** quietly orchestrated the history of the world.

Among them are **RA** and **KHONSHU**, who oversee Africa—all but the impenetrable, isolated kingdom of **WAKANDA**. But when Ra and Khonshu planted an assassin within Wakanda's borders, **KING T'CHALLA** was forced to send the kingdom into war.

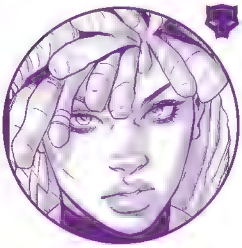
The war has raged for months. Khonshu has built an army that worships him as a god, calling himself **MOON KNIGHT**, and he's empowered them with an element that counters vibranium. That same element was forged into a dagger that brutally wounded **BLACK PANTHER**, leaving him with strange dreams and stranger behavior. While **STORM** and **KILLMONGER** are on a covert diplomatic mission, Moon Knight presses forward...

ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER

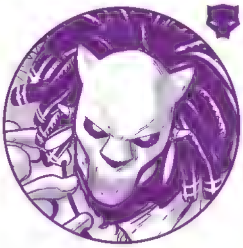
CAST:



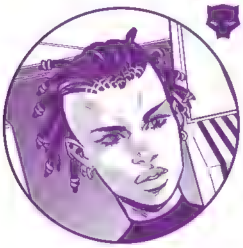
BLACK PANTHER
KING T'CHALLA



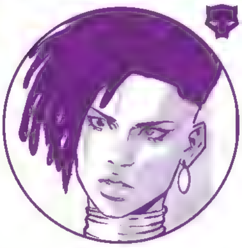
STORM
ORORO MUNROE



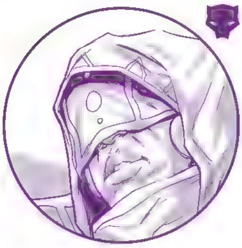
KILLMONGER
ERIK KILLMONGER



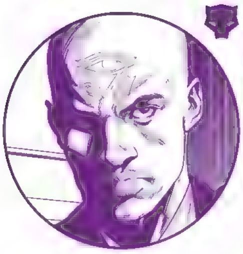
SHURI
WOMAN-AT-ARMS,
T'CHALLA'S SISTER



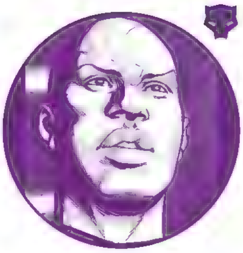
QUEEN OKOYE
HIGH MENTOR OF
THE DORA MILAJE



MATRON IMALA
SACRED MOTHER OF
THE VODU-KHAN

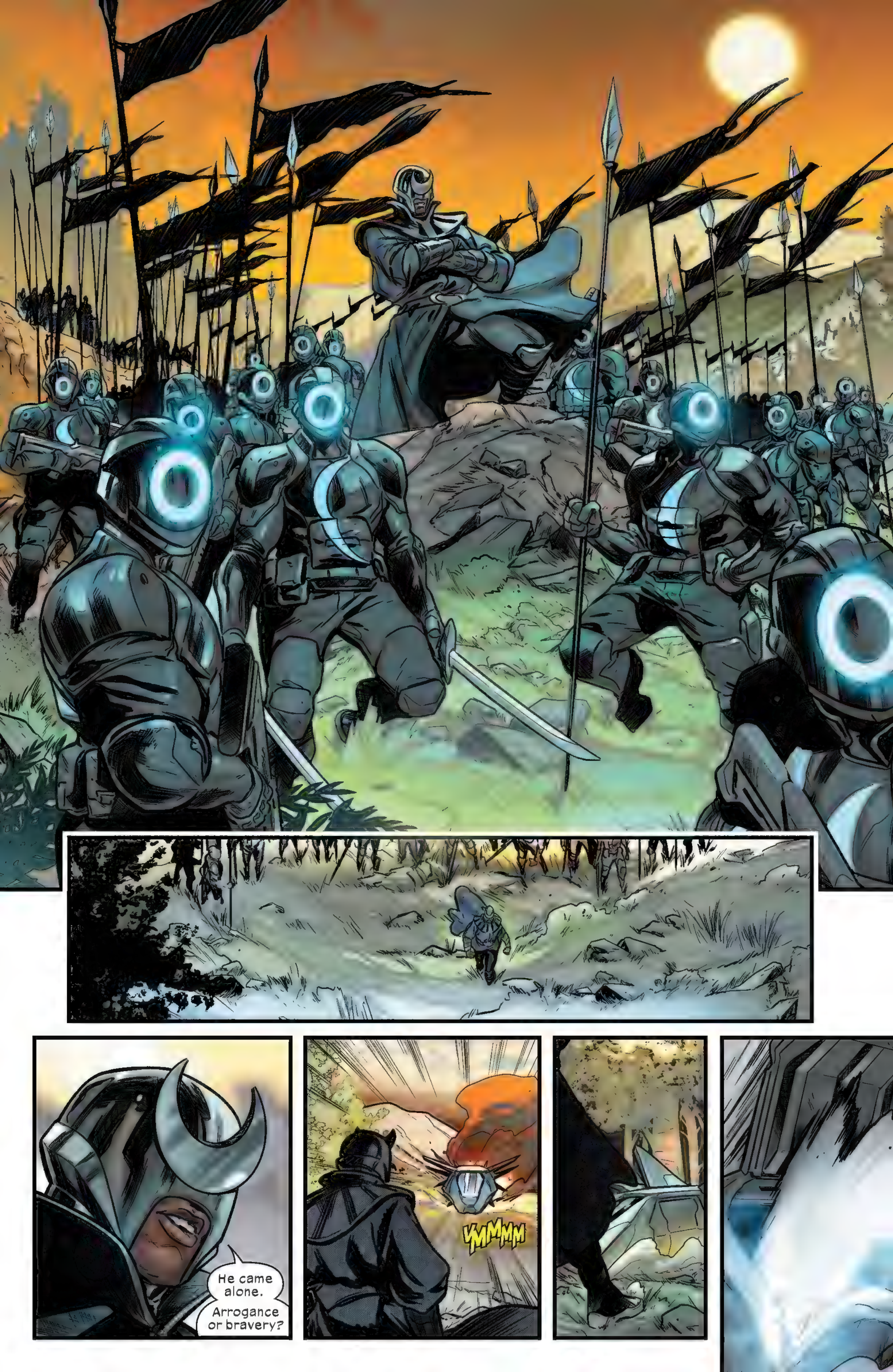


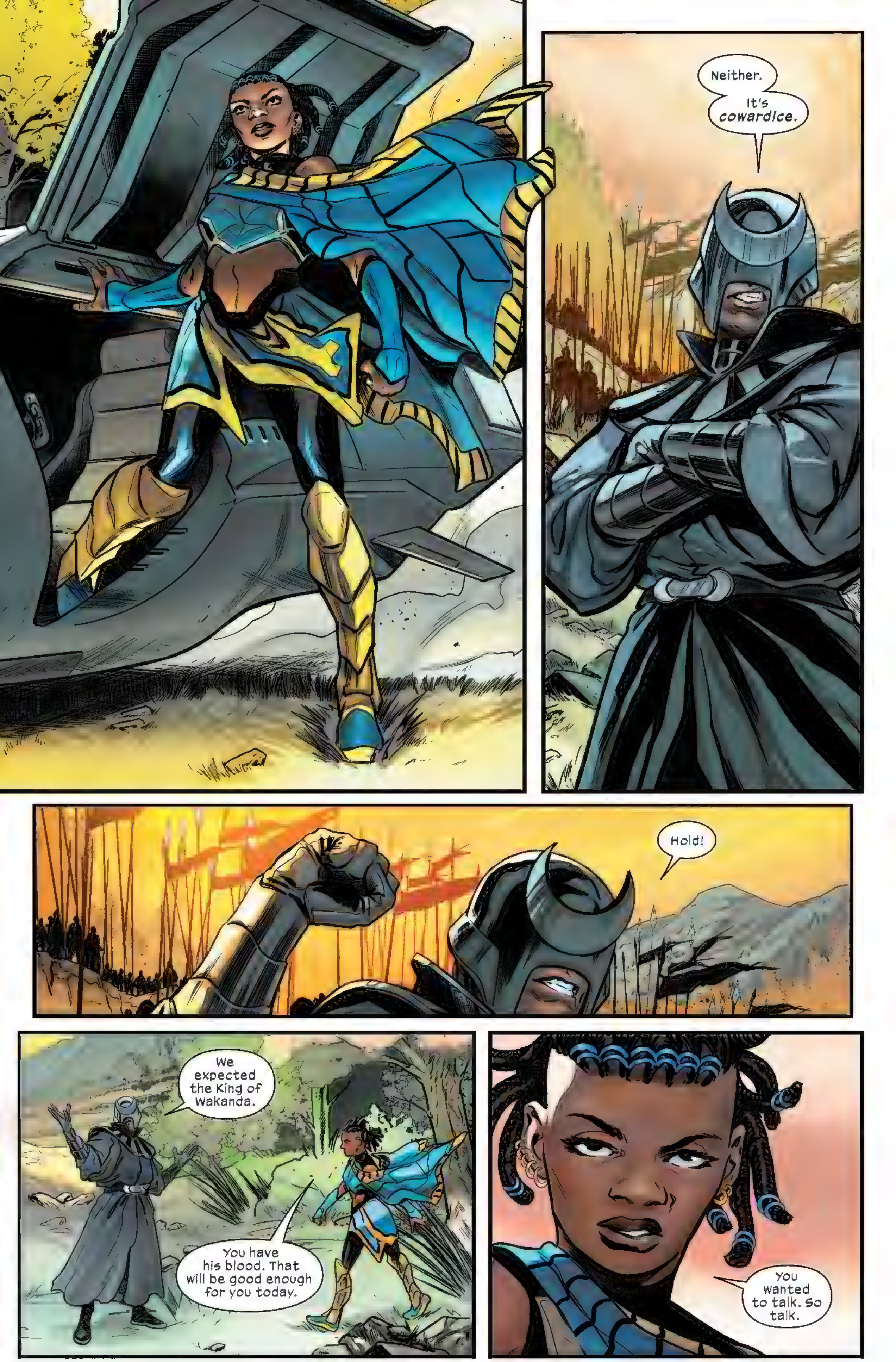
RA
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

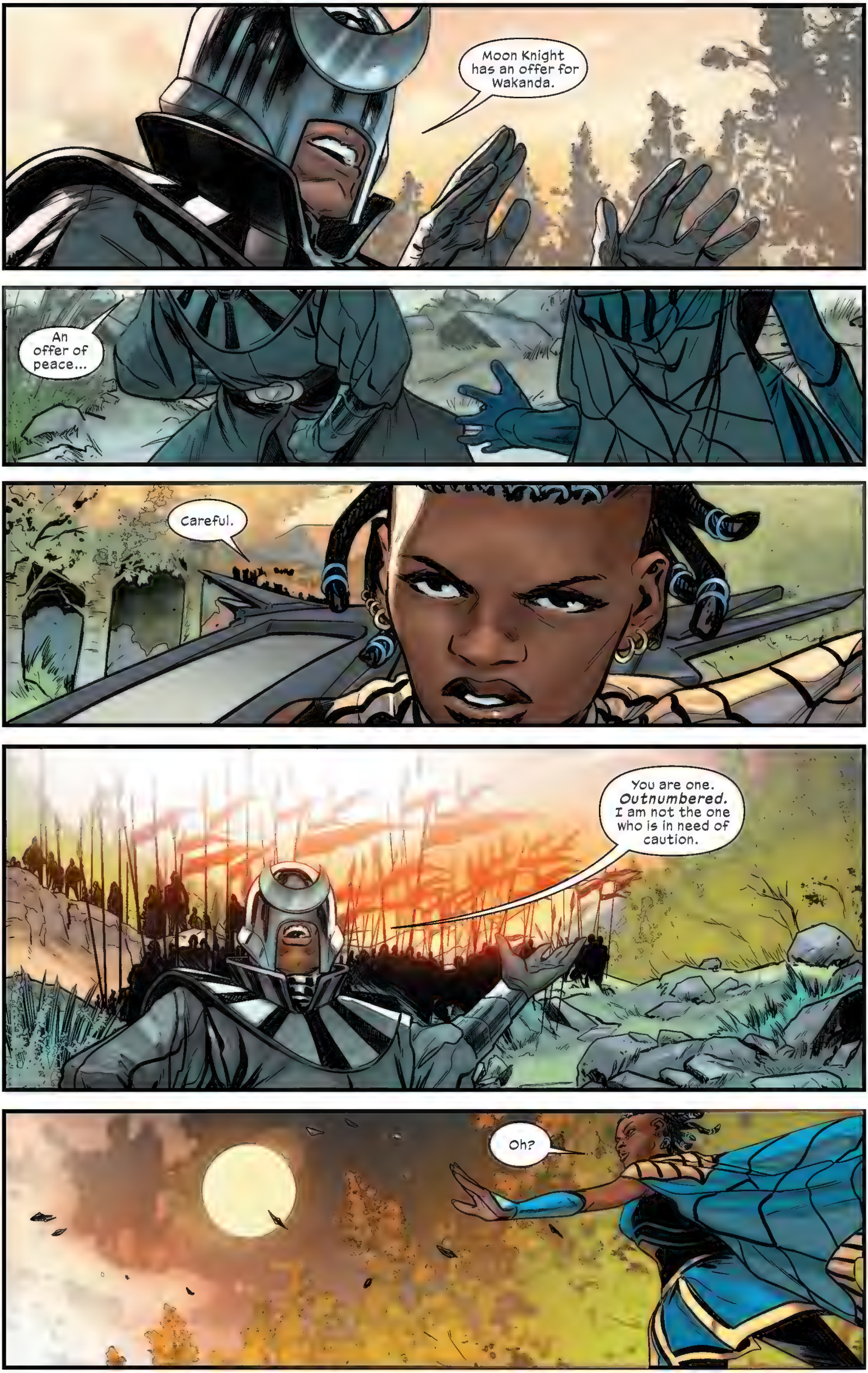


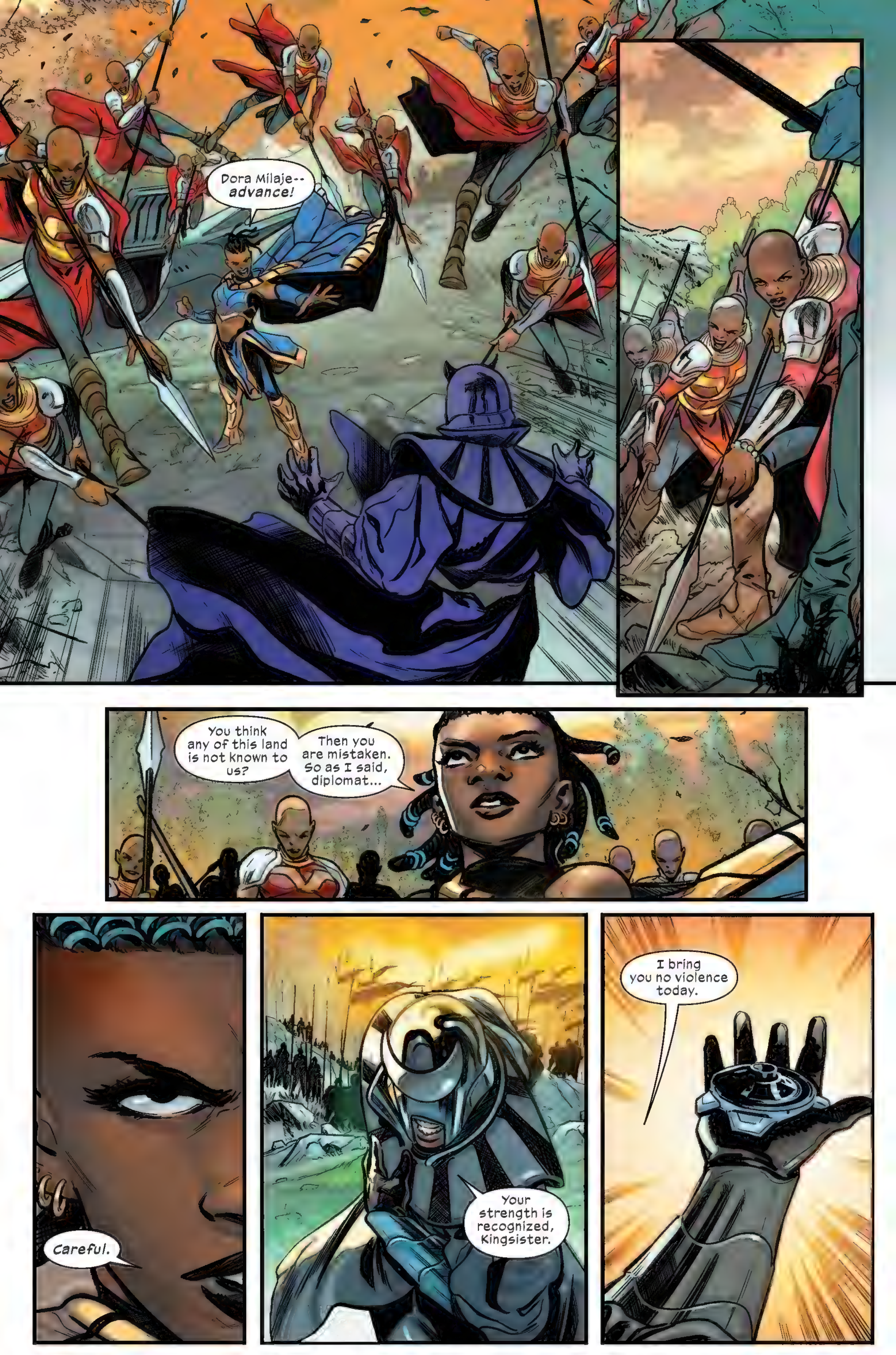
KHONSHU
MEMBER OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

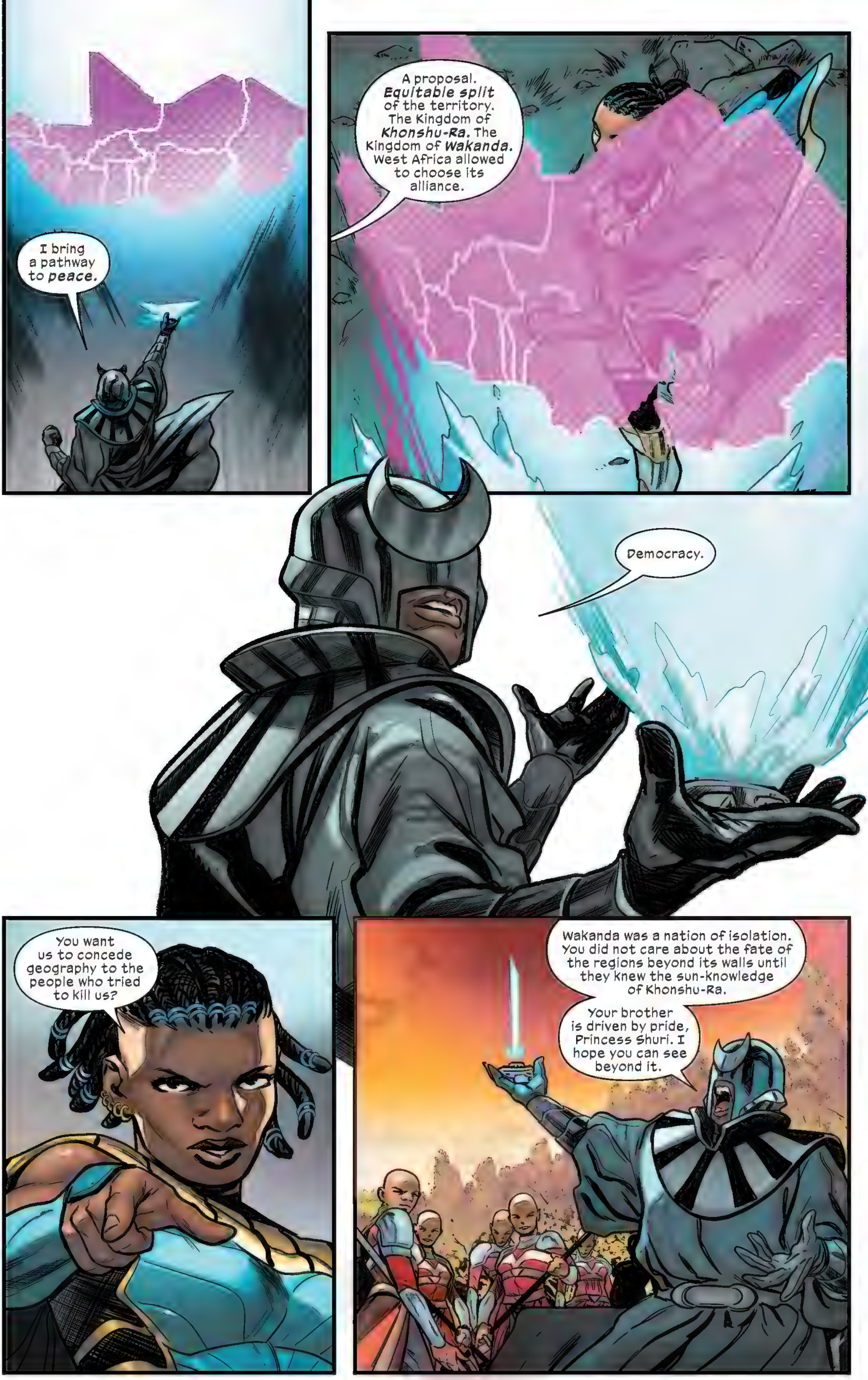
DECEMBER 2024

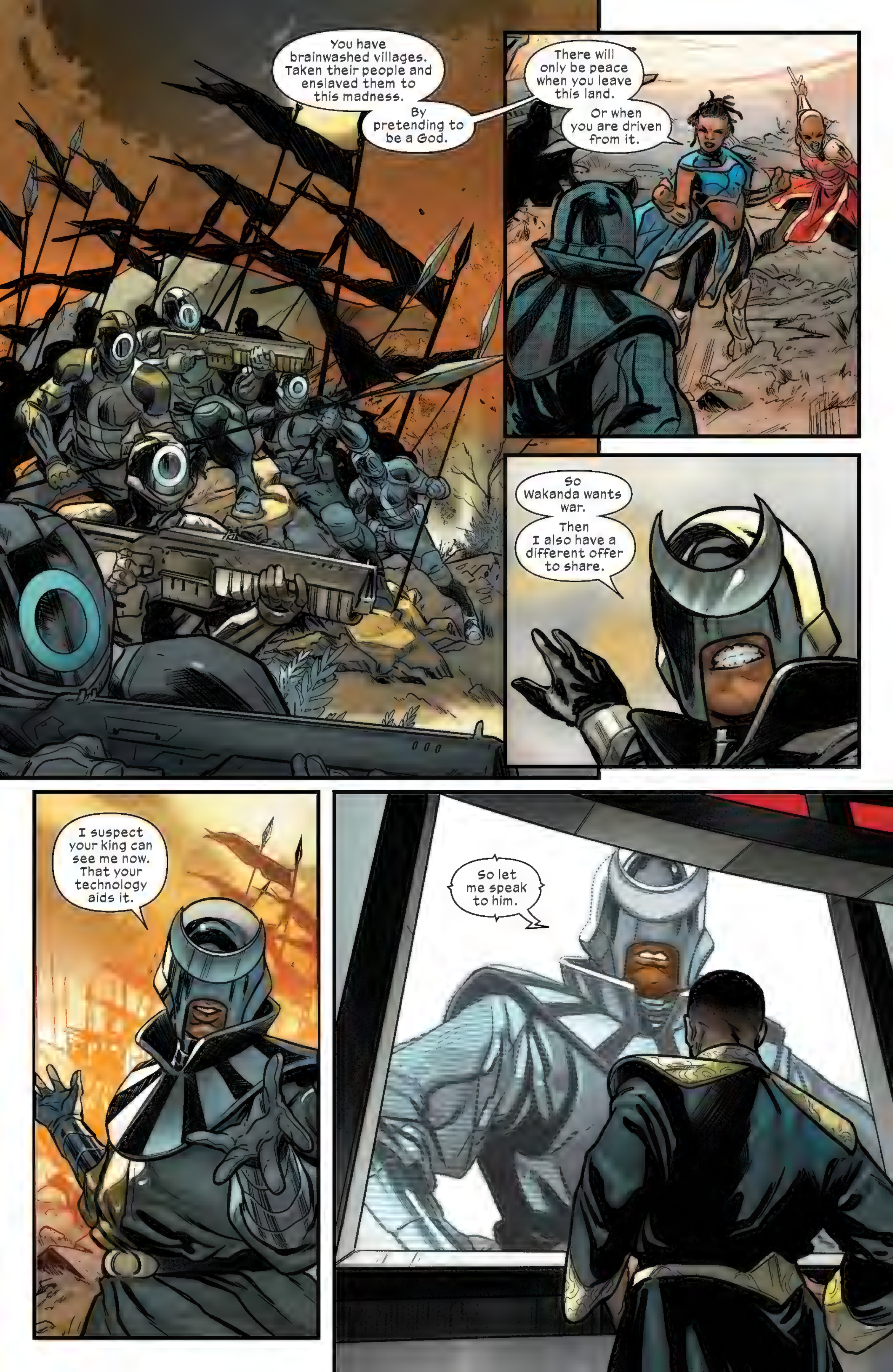

He came alone. Arrogance or bravery?
VMMMM

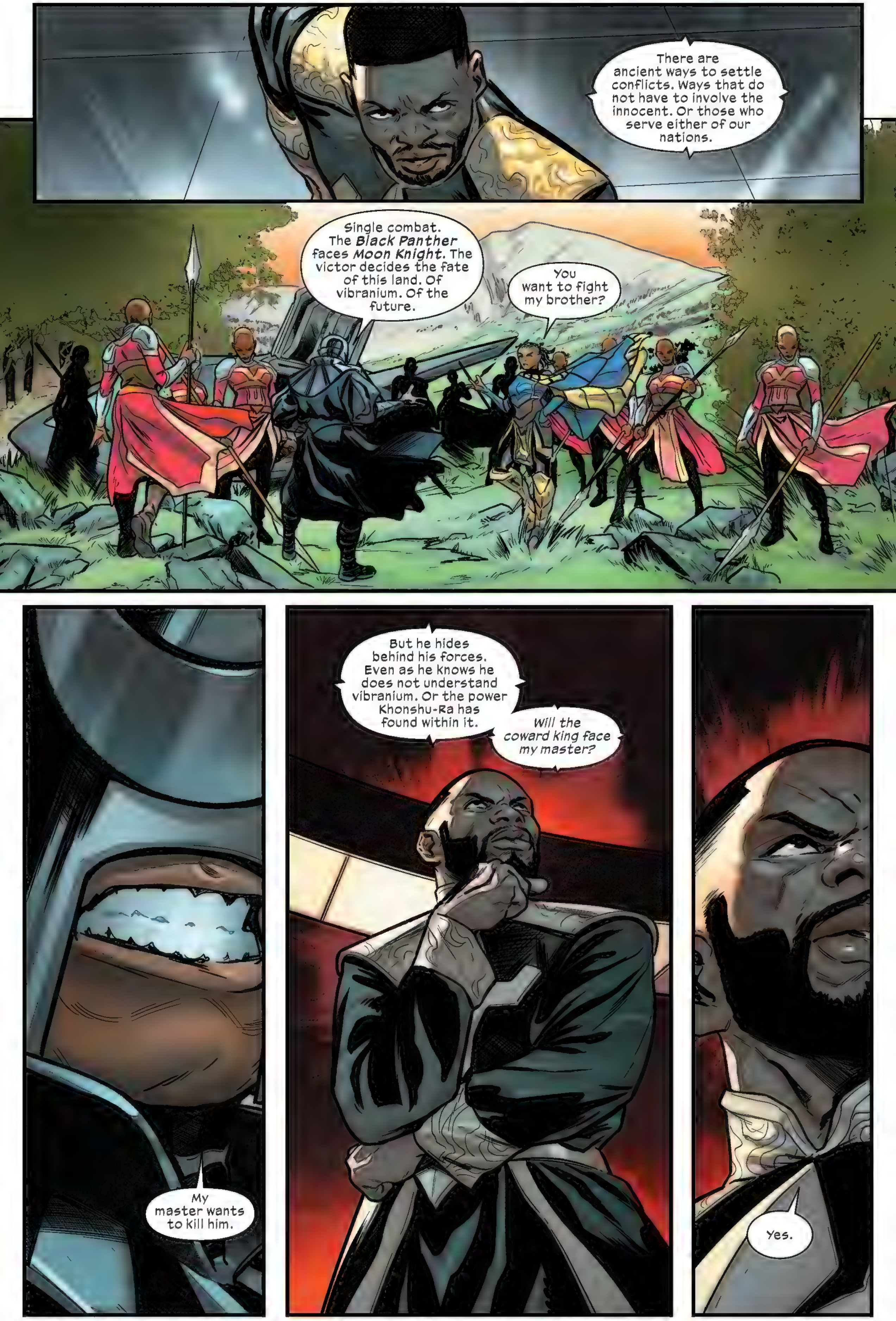

Neither.
It's *cowardice.*
Hold!
We expected the King of Wakanda.
You have his blood. That will be good enough for you today.
You wanted to talk. So talk.

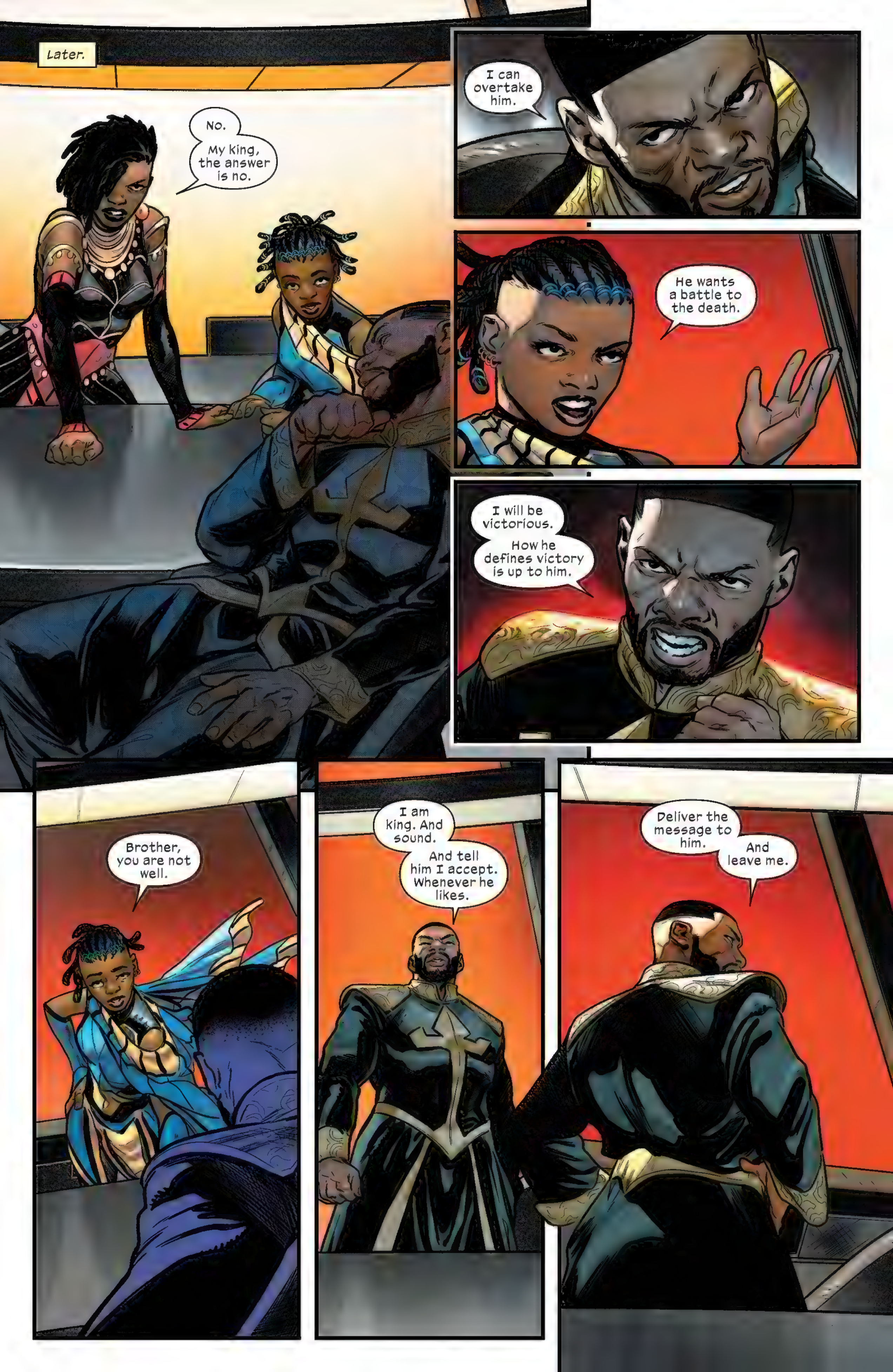

Moon Knight has an offer for Wakanda.
An offer of peace...
Careful.
You are one. *Outnumbered.* I am not the one who is in need of caution.
Oh?

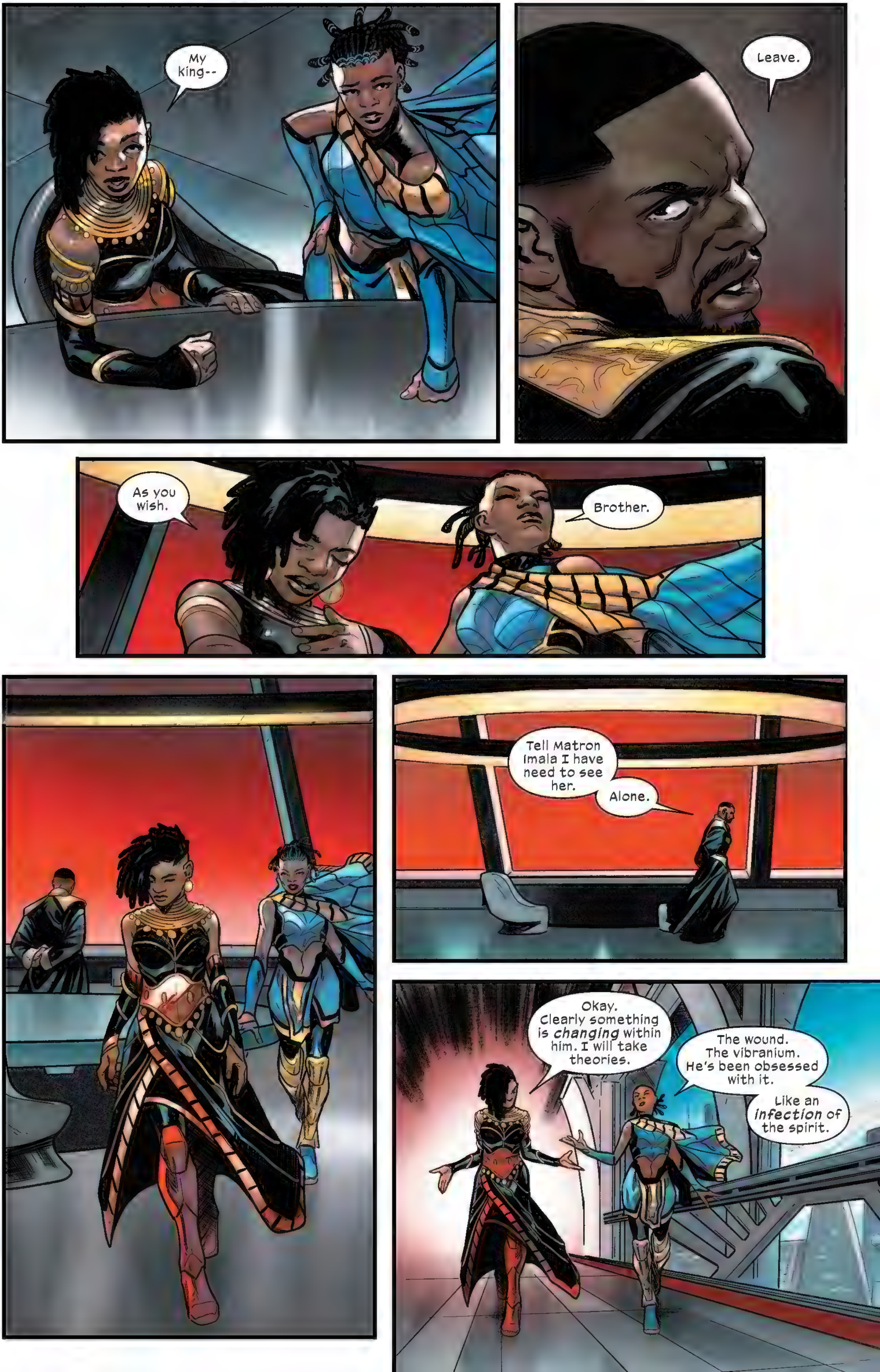

Dora Milaje-- *advance!*
You think any of this land is not known to us?
Then you are mistaken. So as I said, diplomat...
Careful.
Your strength is recognized, Kingsister.
I bring you no violence today.

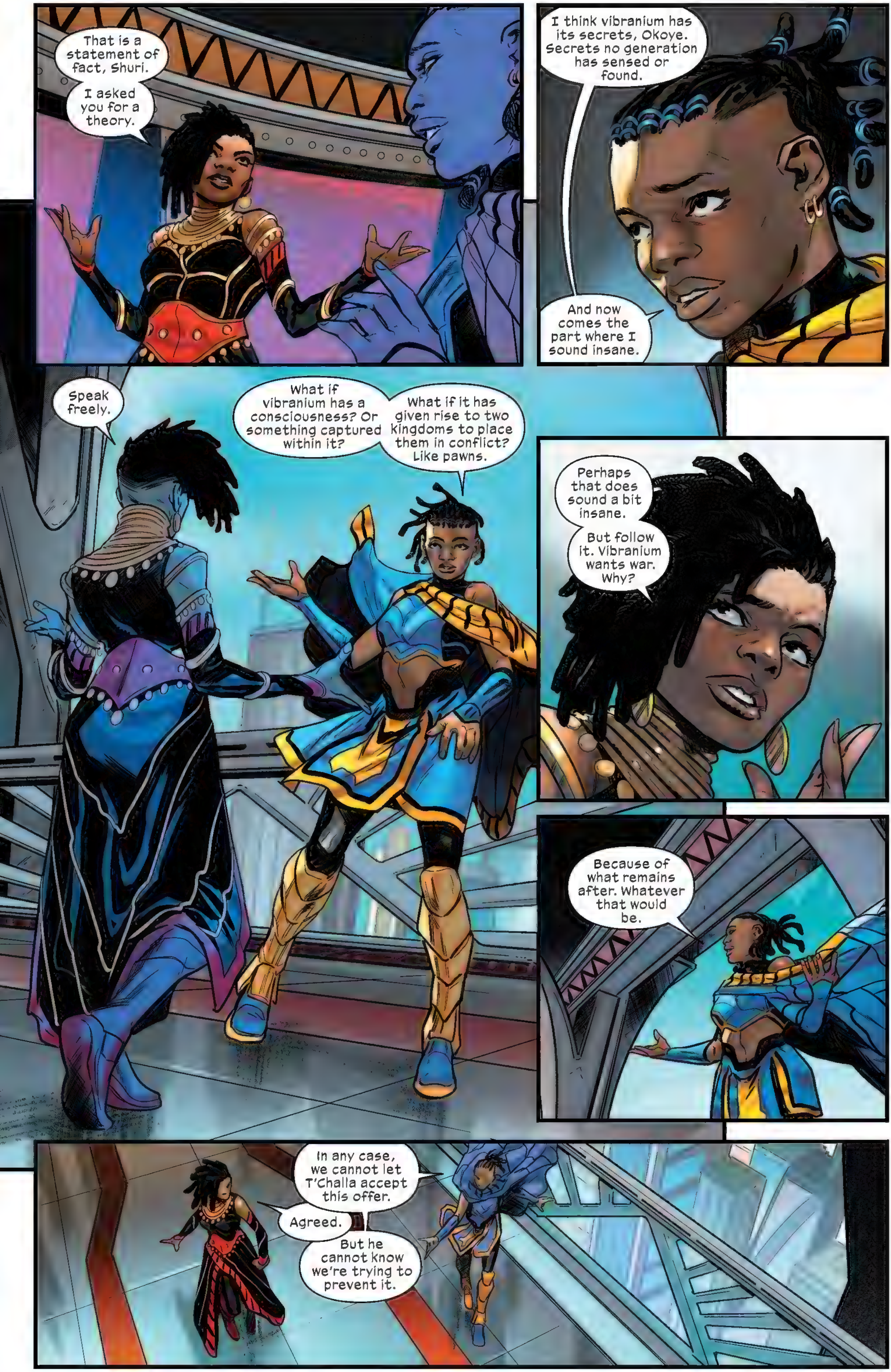

I bring a pathway to *peace.*
A proposal. ***Equitable split*** of the territory. The Kingdom of ***Khonshu-Ra.*** The Kingdom of ***Wakanda.*** West Africa allowed to choose its alliance.
Democracy.
You want us to concede geography to the people who tried to kill us?
Wakanda was a nation of isolation. You did not care about the fate of the regions beyond its walls until they knew the sun-knowledge of Khonshu-Ra.
Your brother is driven by pride, Princess Shuri. I hope you can see beyond it.

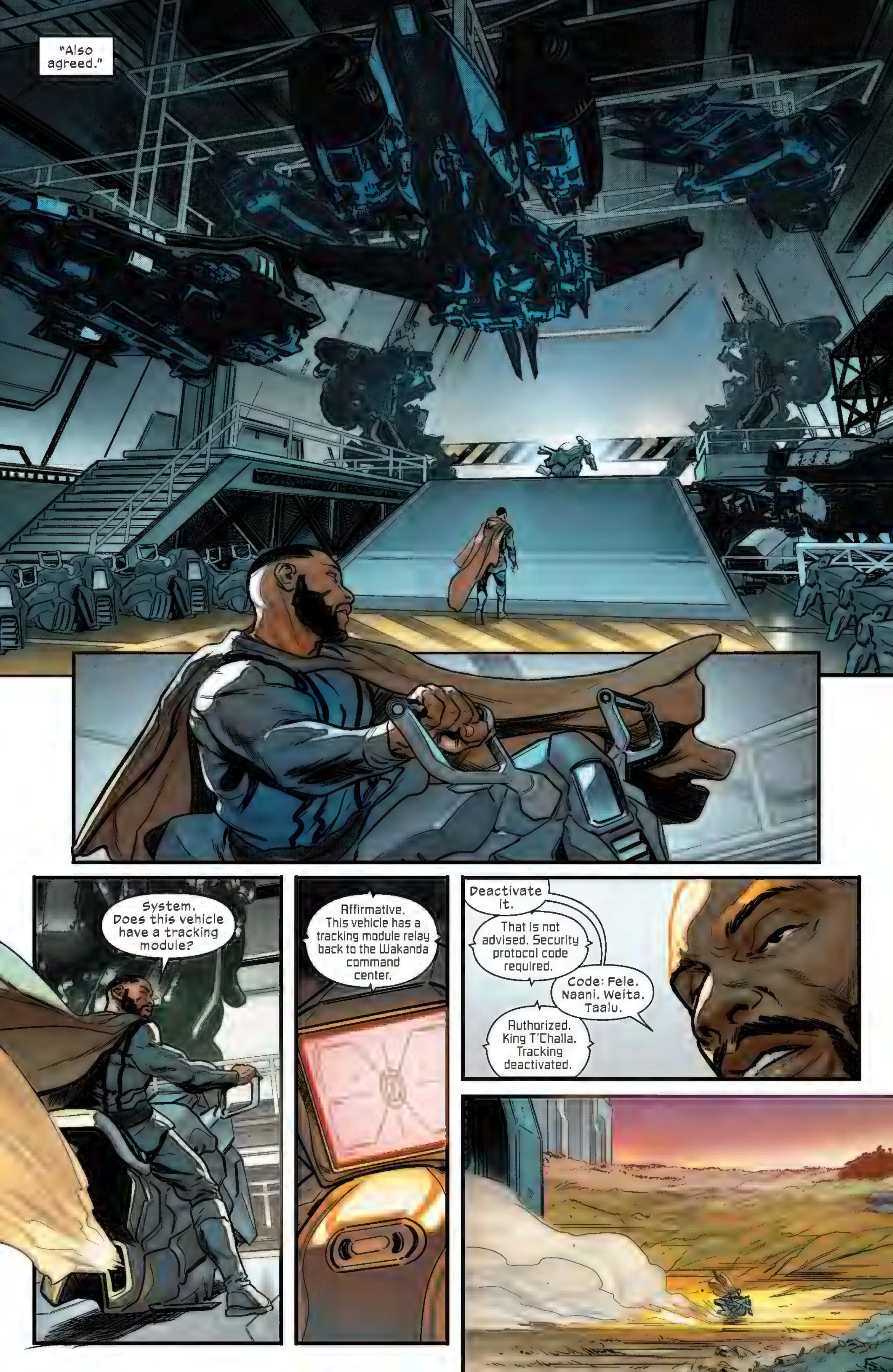

You have brainwashed villages. Taken their people and enslaved them to this madness.
By pretending to be a God.
There will only be peace when you leave this land.
Or when you are driven from it.
So Wakanda wants war.
Then I also have a different offer to share.
I suspect your king can see me now. That your technology aids it.
So let me speak to him.

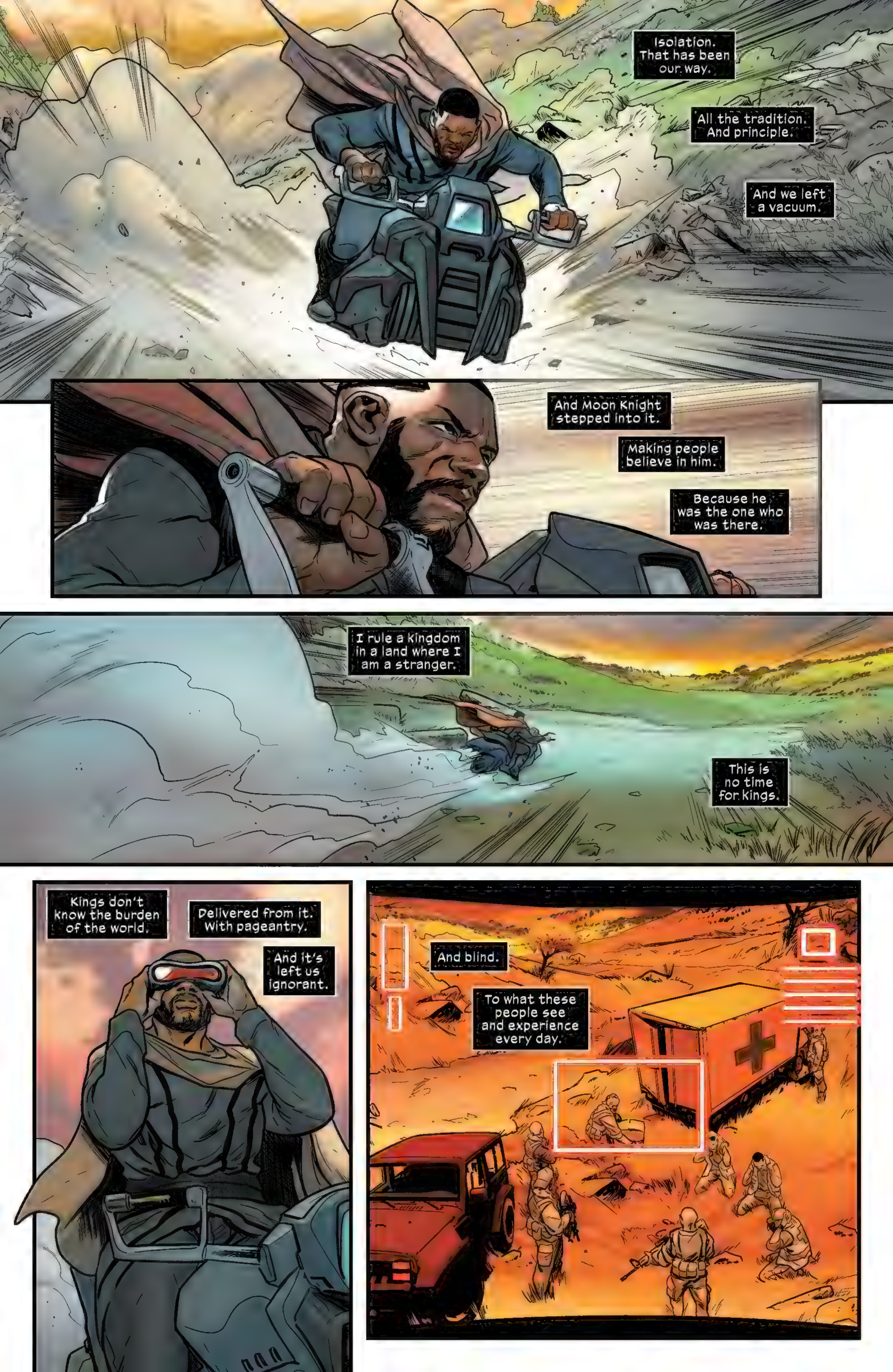

There are ancient ways to settle conflicts. Ways that do not have to involve the innocent. Or those who serve either of our nations.
Single combat. The *Black Panther* faces *Moon Knight*. The victor decides the fate of this land. Of vibranium. Of the future.
You want to fight my brother?
My master wants to kill him.
But he hides behind his forces. Even as he knows he does not understand vibranium. Or the power Khonshu-Ra has found within it.
Will the coward king face my master?
Yes.

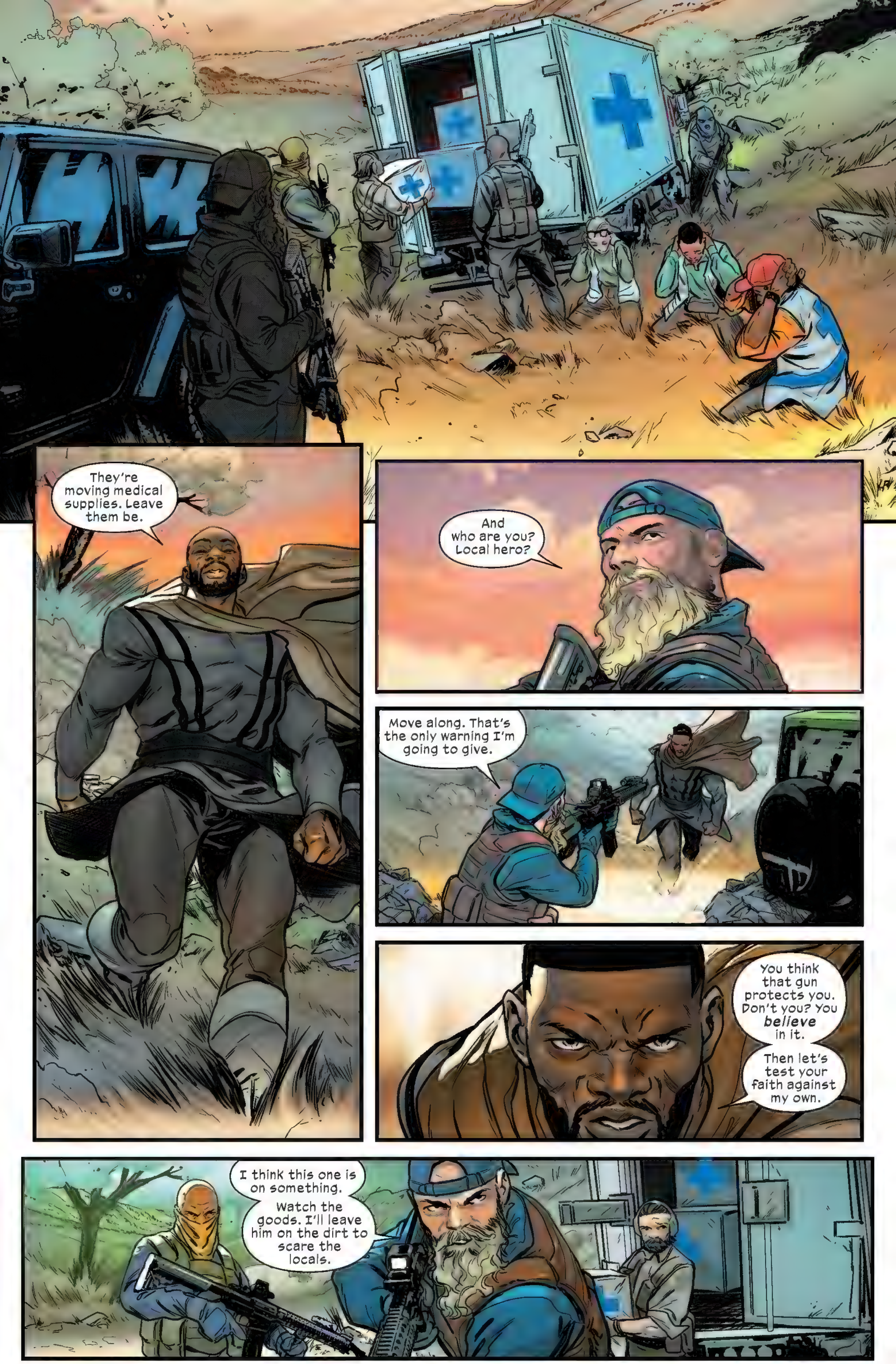

Later.
No.
My king, the answer is no.
I can overtake him.
He wants a battle to the death.
I will be victorious.
How he defines victory is up to him.
Brother, you are not well.
I am king. And sound.
And tell him I accept. Whenever he likes.
Deliver the message to him.
And leave me.

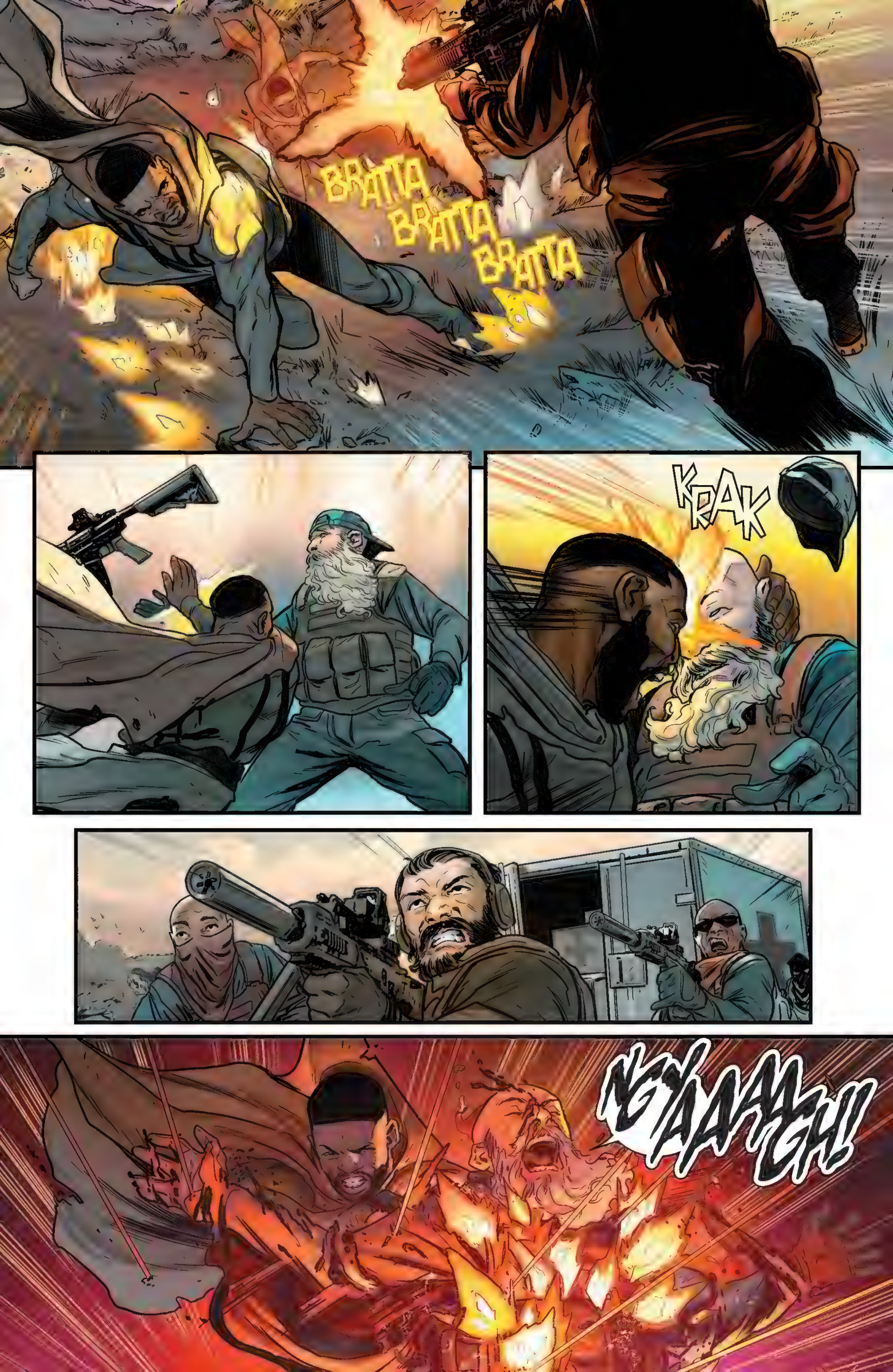

My king--
Leave.
As you wish.
Brother.
Tell Matron Imala I have need to see her.
Alone.
Okay. Clearly something is ***changing*** within him. I will take theories.
The wound. The vibranium. He's been obsessed with it.
Like an ***infection*** of the spirit.

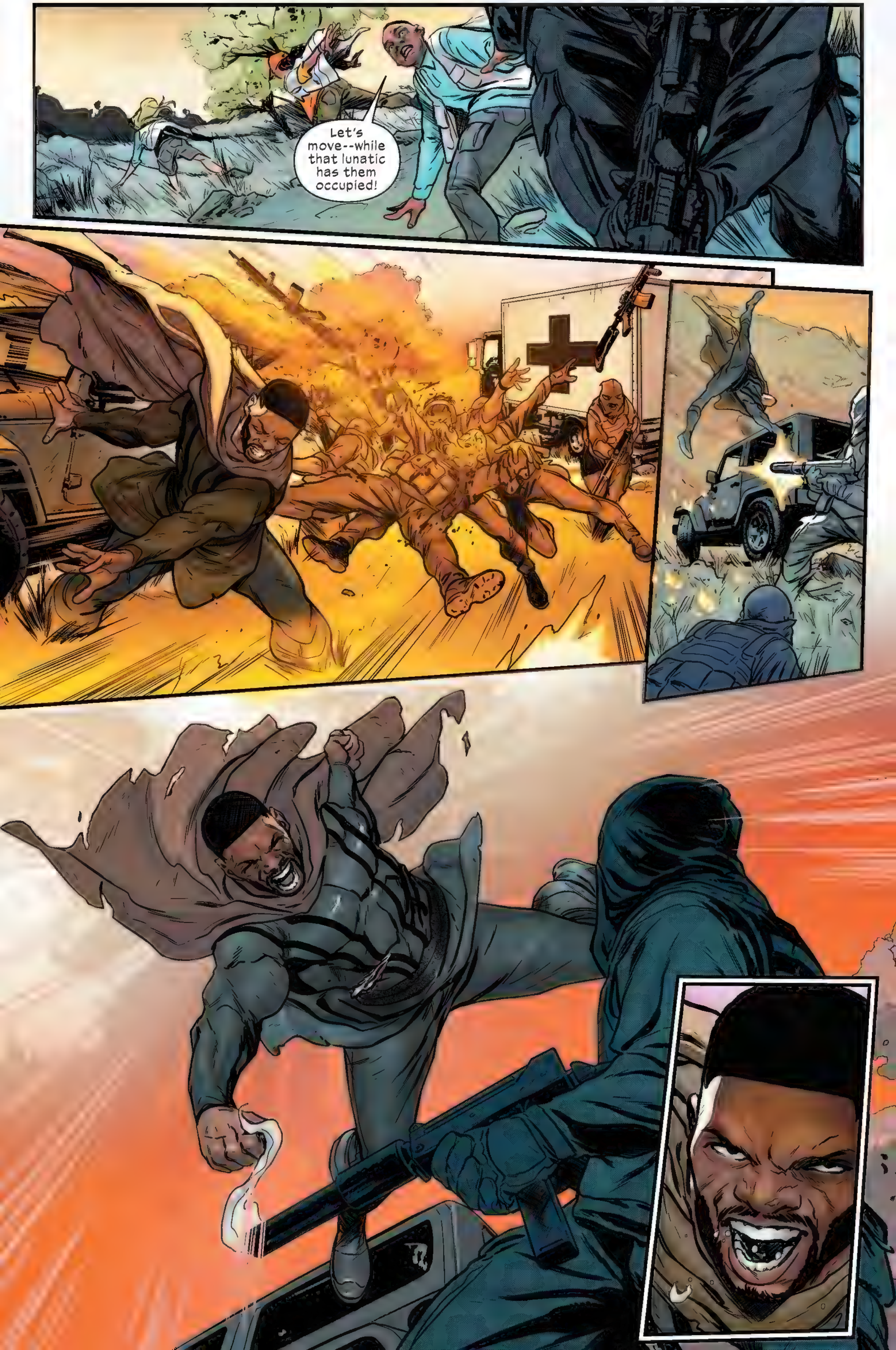

That is a statement of fact, Shuri.
I asked you for a theory.
I think vibranium has its secrets, Okoye. Secrets no generation has sensed or found.
And now comes the part where I sound insane.
Speak freely.
What if vibranium has a consciousness? Or something captured within it?
What if it has given rise to two kingdoms to place them in conflict? Like pawns.
Perhaps that does sound a bit insane.
But follow it. Vibranium wants war. Why?
Because of what remains after. Whatever that would be.
In any case, we cannot let T'Challa accept this offer.
Agreed.
But he cannot know we're trying to prevent it.

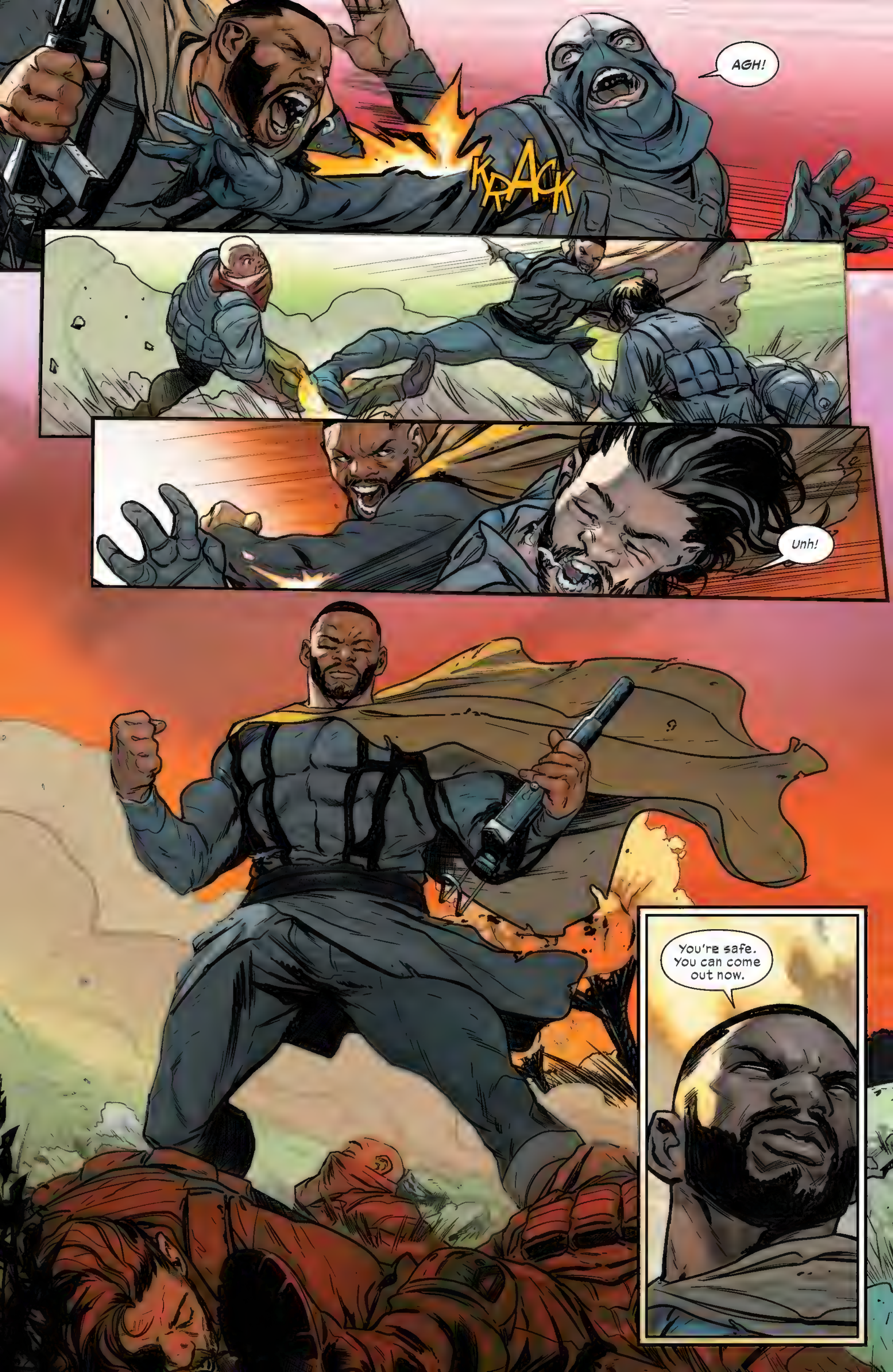

"Also agreed."
System. Does this vehicle have a tracking module?
Affirmative. This vehicle has a tracking module relay back to the Wakanda command center.
Deactivate it.
That is not advised. Security protocol code required.
Code: Fele. Naani. Weita. Taalu.
Authorized. King T'Challa. Tracking deactivated.

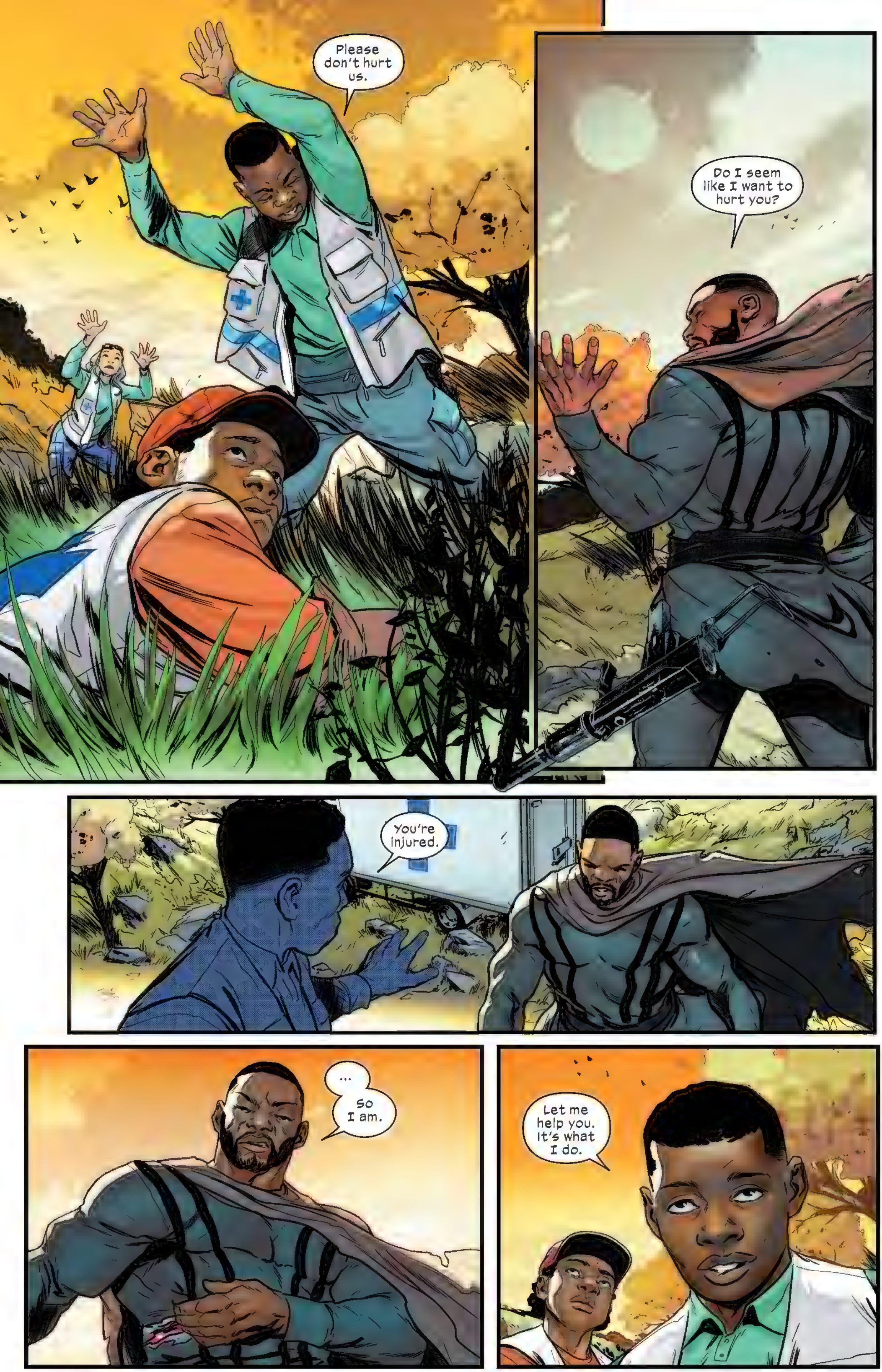

Isolation. That has been our way.
All the tradition. And principle.
And we left a vacuum.
And Moon Knight stepped into it.
Making people believe in him.
Because he was the one who was there.
I rule a kingdom in a land where I am a stranger.
This is no time for kings.
Kings don't know the burden of the world.
Delivered from it. With pageantry.
And it's left us ignorant.
And blind.
To what these people see and experience every day.

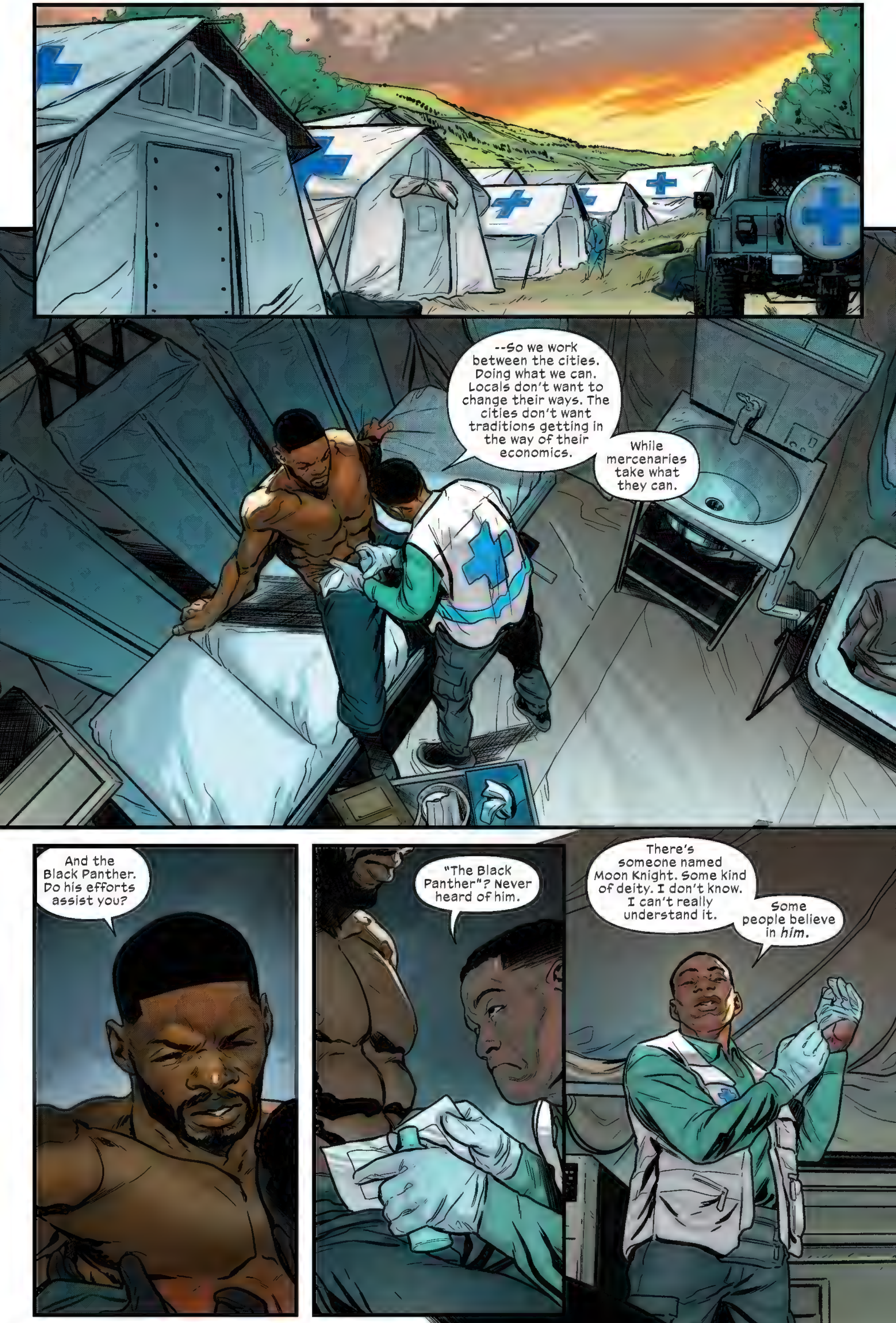

They're moving medical supplies. Leave them be.
And who are you? Local hero?
Move along. That's the only warning I'm going to give.
You think that gun protects you. Don't you? You *believe* in it.
Then let's test your faith against my own.
I think this one is on something.
Watch the goods. I'll leave him on the dirt to scare the locals.

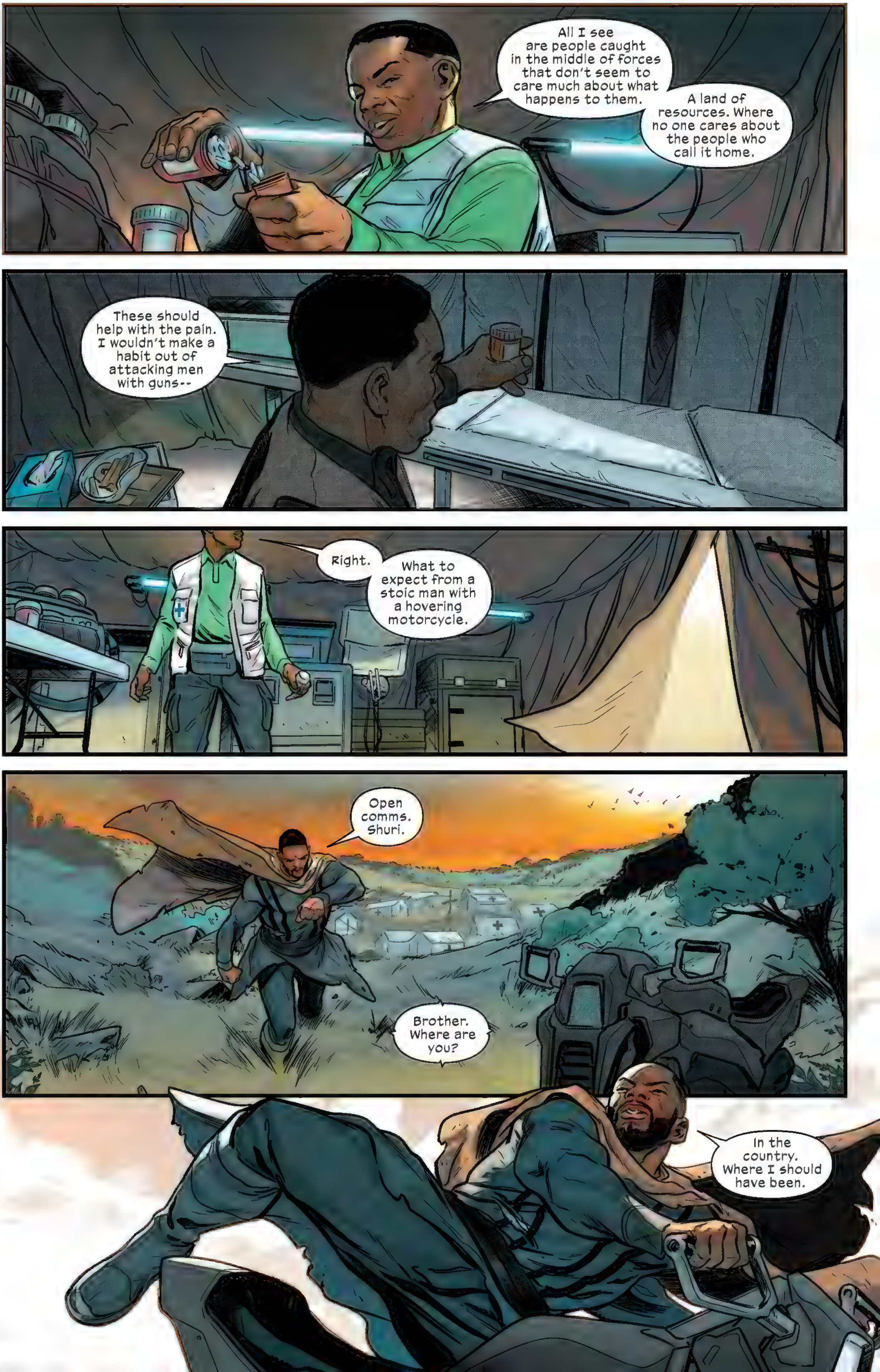

BRATTA
BRATTA
BRATTA
KRAK
NGYAAAAGH!

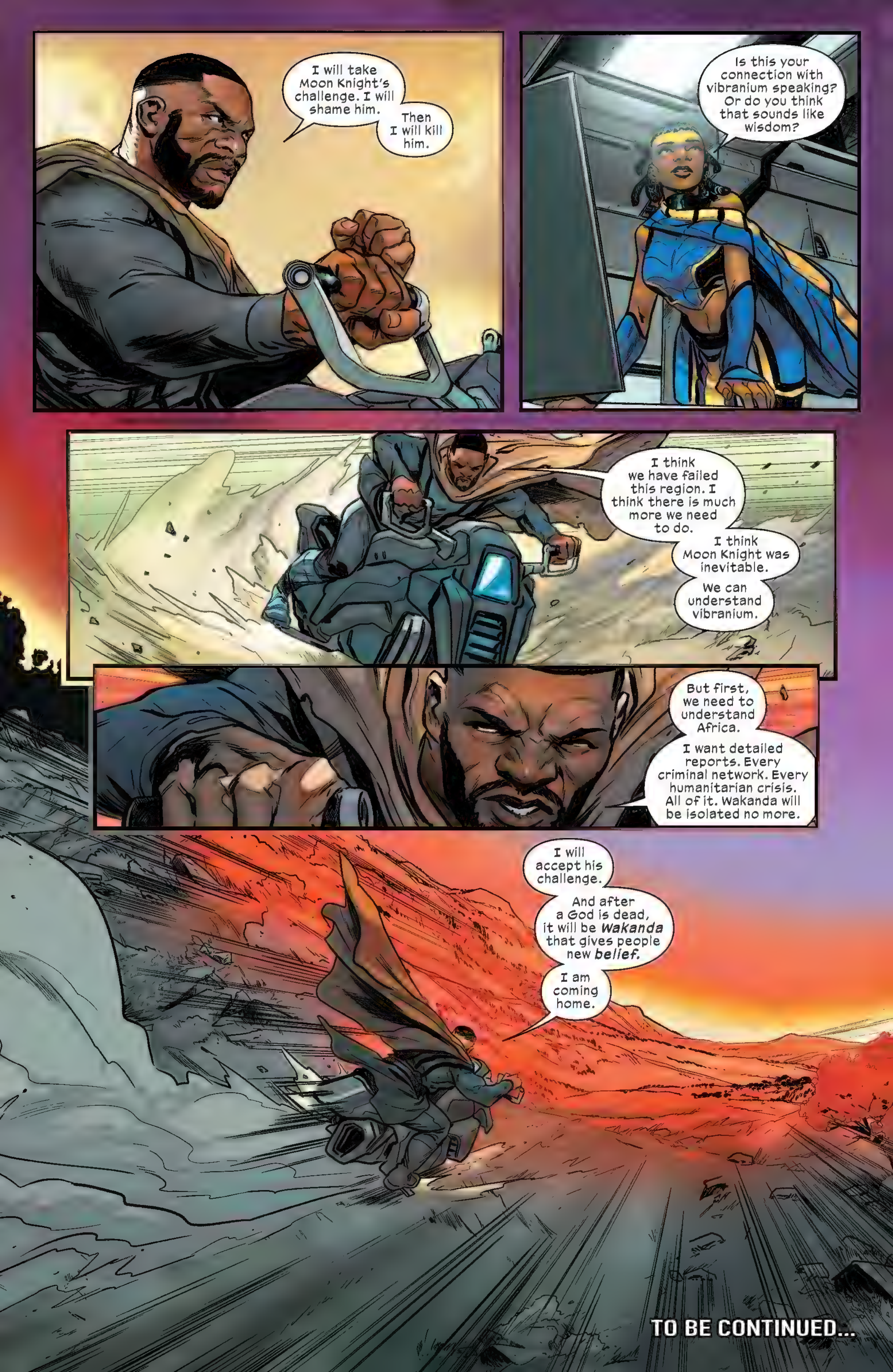

Let's move--while that lunatic has them occupied!


AGH!
KRACK
Unh!
You're safe. You can come out now.


Please don't hurt us.
Do I seem like I want to hurt you?
You're injured.
... So I am.
Let me help you. It's what I do.


--So we work between the cities. Doing what we can. Locals don't want to change their ways. The cities don't want traditions getting in the way of their economics.
While mercenaries take what they can.
And the Black Panther. Do his efforts assist you?
"The Black Panther"? Never heard of him.
There's someone named Moon Knight. Some kind of deity. I don't know. I can't really understand it.
Some people believe in *him.*


All I see are people caught in the middle of forces that don't seem to care much about what happens to them.
A land of resources. Where no one cares about the people who call it home.
These should help with the pain. I wouldn't make a habit out of attacking men with guns--
Right.
What to expect from a stoic man with a hovering motorcycle.
Open comms. Shuri.
Brother. Where are you?
In the country. Where I should have been.


I will take Moon Knight's challenge. I will shame him.
Then I will kill him.
Is this your connection with vibranium speaking? Or do you think that sounds like wisdom?
I think we have failed this region. I think there is much more we need to do.
I think Moon Knight was inevitable.
We can understand vibranium.
But first, we need to understand Africa.
I want detailed reports. Every criminal network. Every humanitarian crisis. All of it. Wakanda will be isolated no more.
I will accept his challenge.
And after a God is dead, it will be *Wakanda* that gives people new *belief.*
I am coming home.
TO BE CONTINUED...

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GUEST ARTIST: **CARLOS NIETO**

COLOR ARTIST: **DAVID CURIEL**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **STEFANO CASELLI & DAVID CURIEL**
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BLACK PANTHER CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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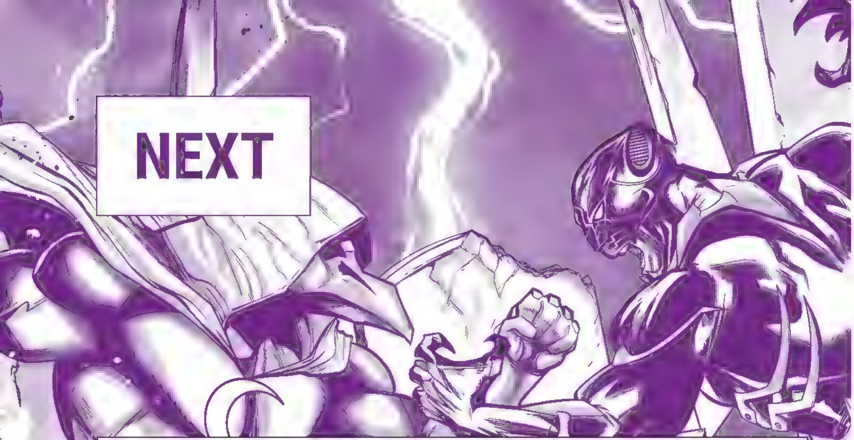

NEXT

MARVEL
12
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER
HILL | CASELLI | CURIEL
JAN. 2025 RATED T+ $4.99 US

ARTIST **STEFANO CASELLI** RETURNS FOR THE FINALE OF THE FIRST YEAR OF ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER!

ON SALE IN **JANUARY**

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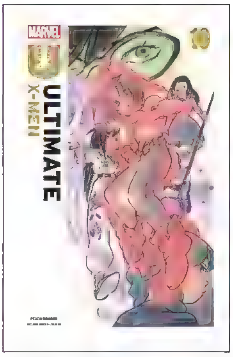
ON SALE THIS MONTH

MARVEL
12
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN

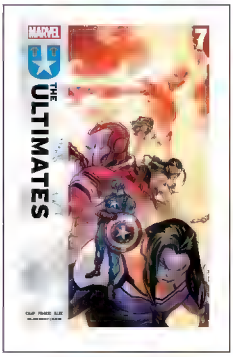
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #12

BY **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
& **MARCO CHECCHETTO**


MARVEL
10
ULTIMATE
X-MEN

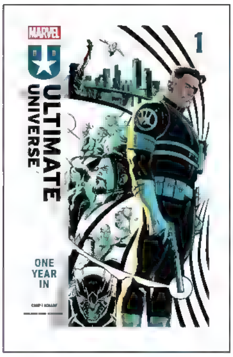
ULTIMATE X-MEN #10

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**


MARVEL
7
THE
ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #7

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**


MARVEL
1
ULTIMATE
UNIVERSE
ONE
YEAR
IN

**ULTIMATE UNIVERSE:
ONE YEAR IN #1**

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JONAS SCHARF**

10

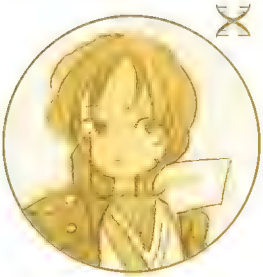
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero—except for those on his secret **MAKER'S COUNCIL**, whom he stationed to rule over different regions of the world. Overseeing the Eastern territory of **HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")** is **SUNFIRE** and his right hand, **VIPER.**

Unrest in Hi No Kuni has exploded ever since images of a human body in a suitcase went viral on social media. The body bore an unusual mark that connected it to the cult of superpowered "mutants" called **CHILDREN OF THE ATOM**—led by the zealous **MAESTER**, who secretly works for Viper.

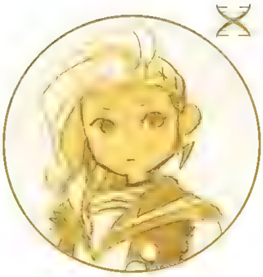
Hot on the cult's trail is a group of high schoolers, **HISAKO ICHIKI (ARMOR)**, **MEI IGARASHI (MAYSTORM)** and **NICO MINORU**—whose friends **NATSU** and **MORI** are unwilling cult members. Hisako's got her own troubles with social media after images of her mutant abilities went viral, linking her to a rash of mysterious suicides that claimed the lives of the bullies who tormented her childhood friend **TSUBASA.**

ULTIMATE X-MEN

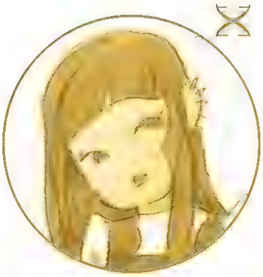
CAST:



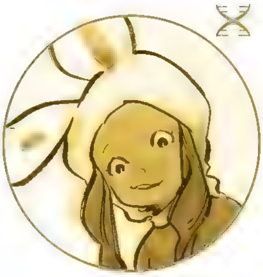
HISAKO ICHIKI
ARMOR



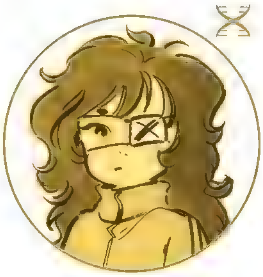
MEI IGARASHI
MAYSTORM



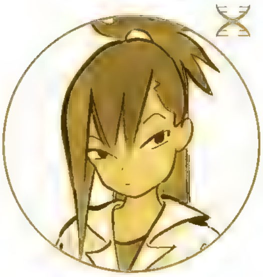
NICO MINORU
FLEDGLING PSYCHIC



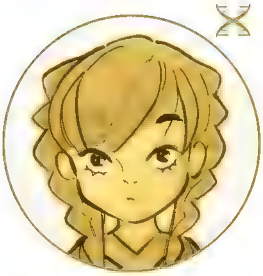
MORI
NICO'S FRIEND



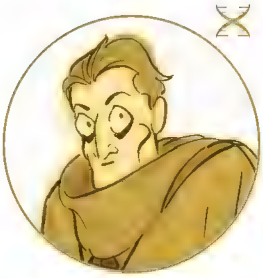
NATSU TSUKISHIMA
NICO'S FRIEND



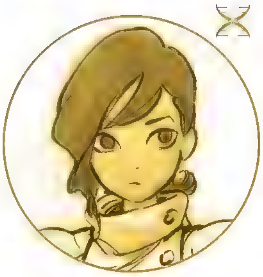
KANON SAINOUCHI
PSYLOCKE



NORIKO ASHIDA
SURGE, MEMBER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

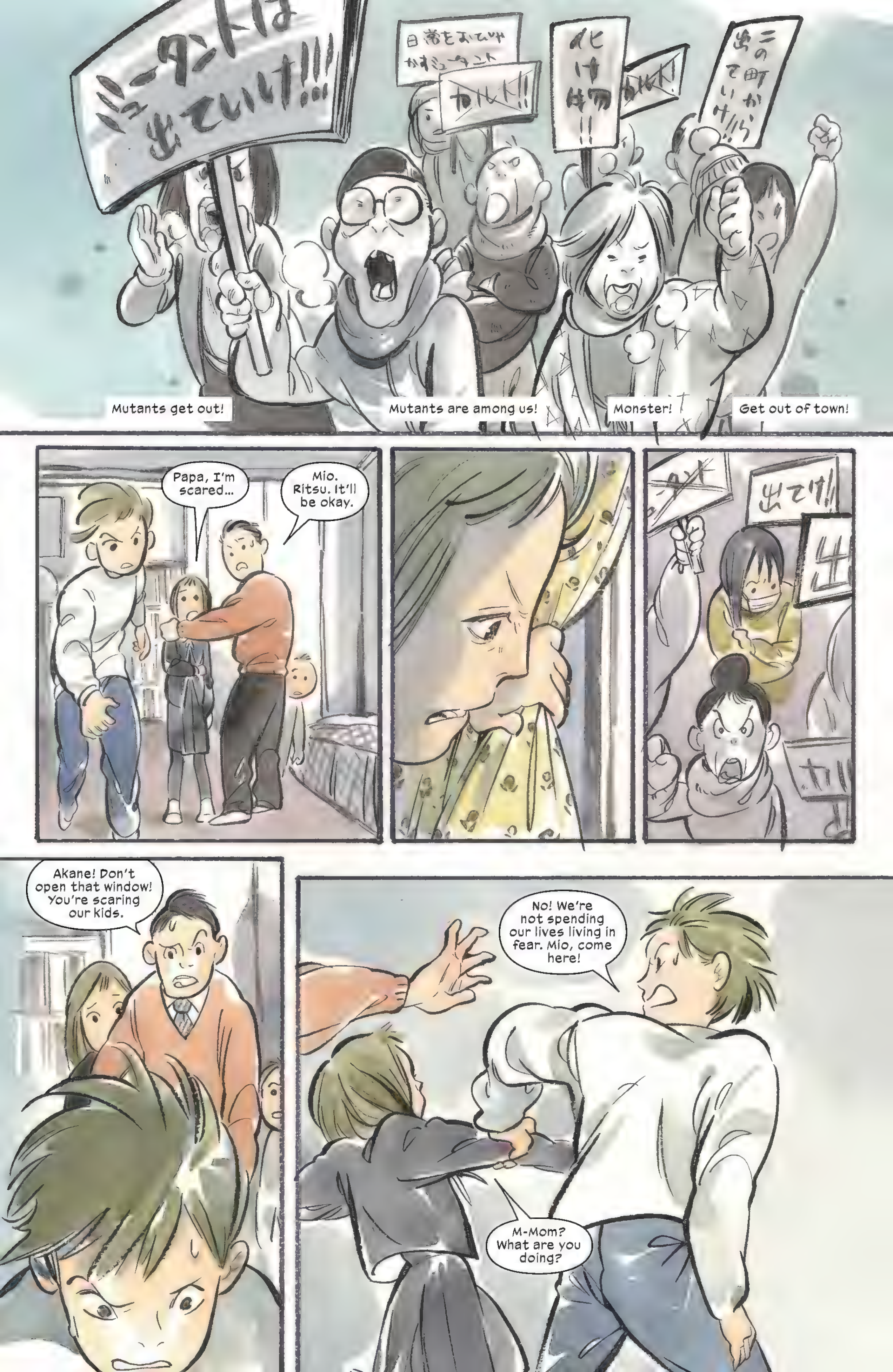


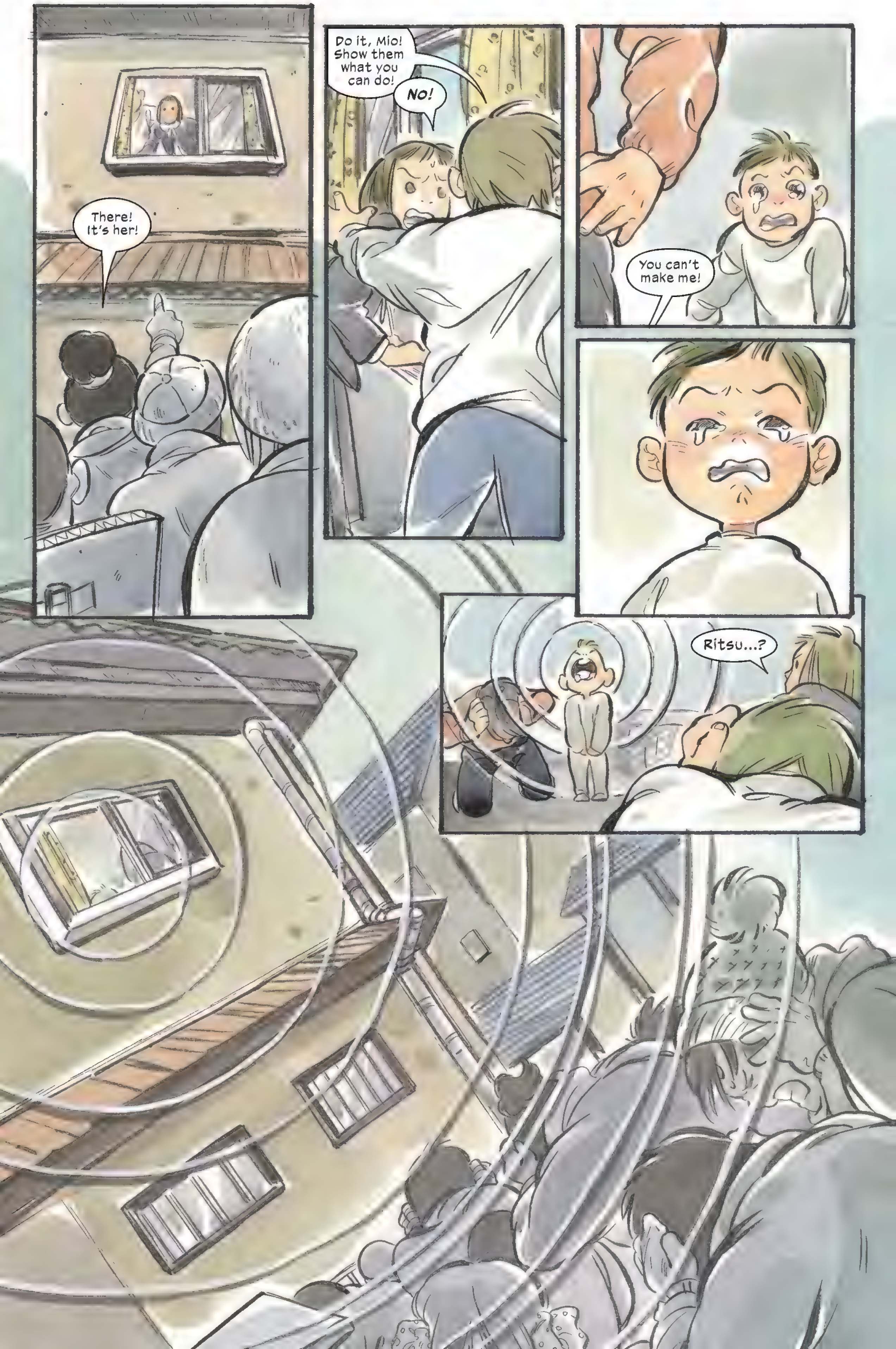
MAESTER
LEADER OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE ATOM

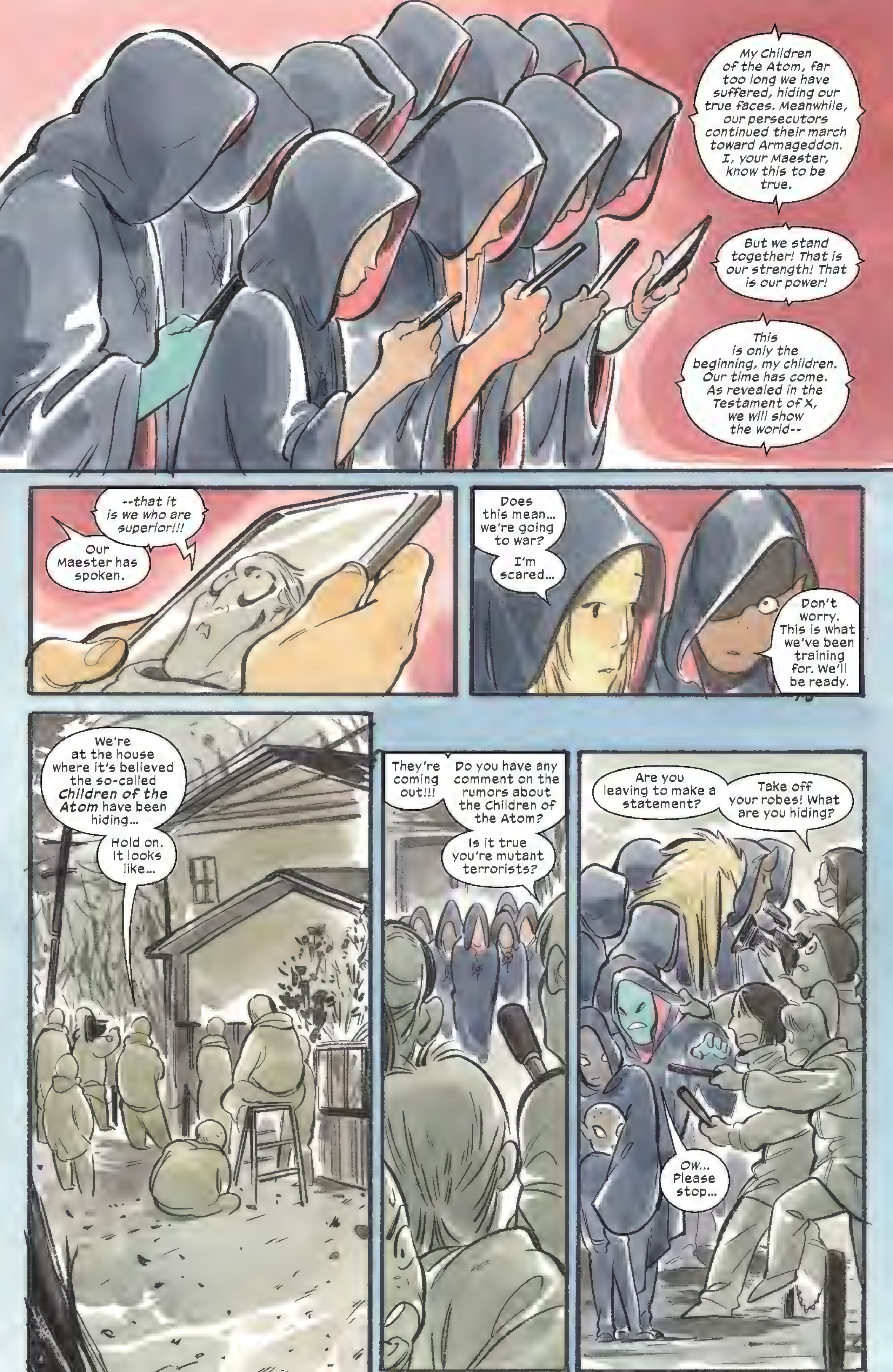


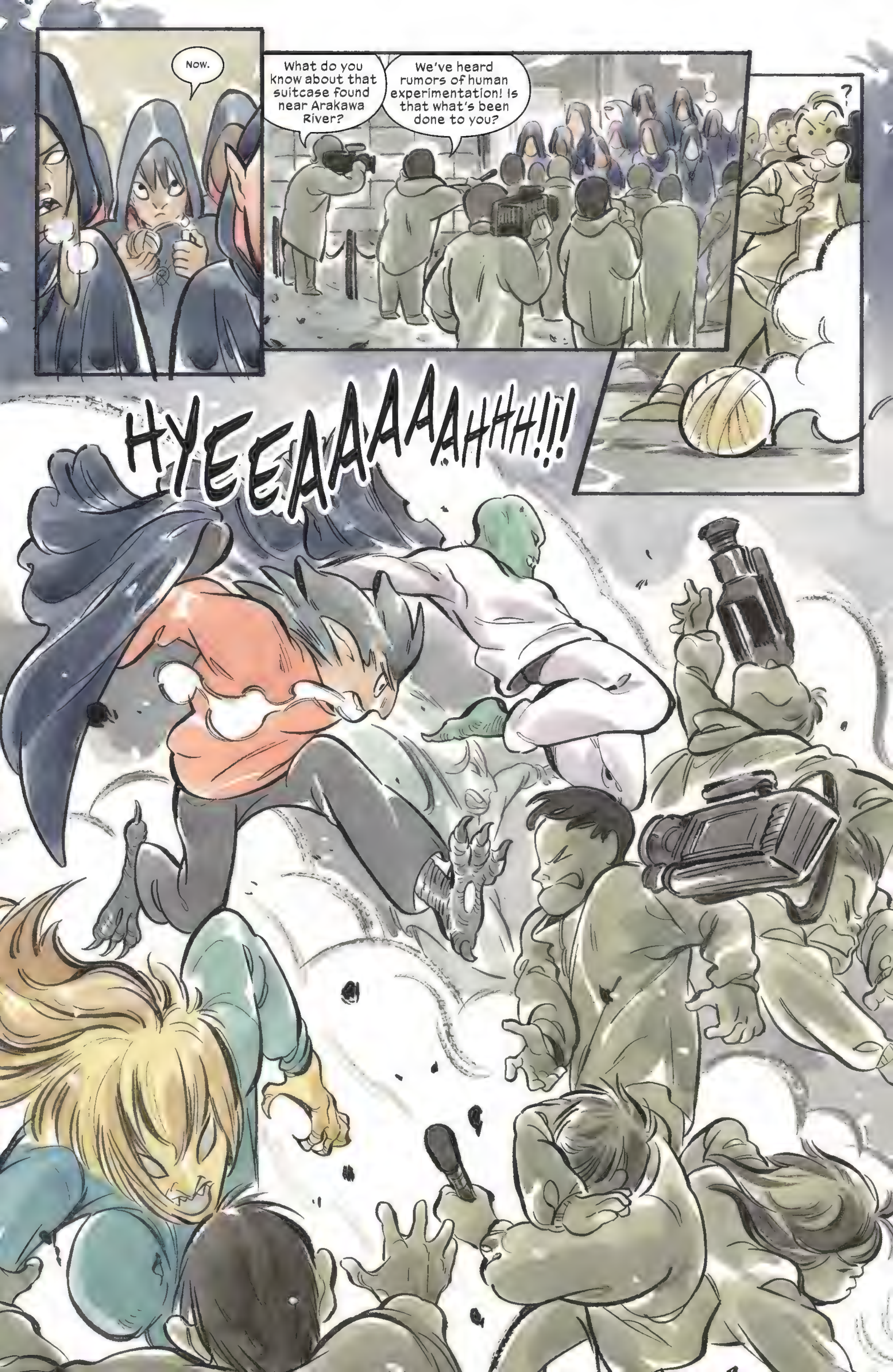
VIPER
PART OF THE
MAKER'S COUNCIL

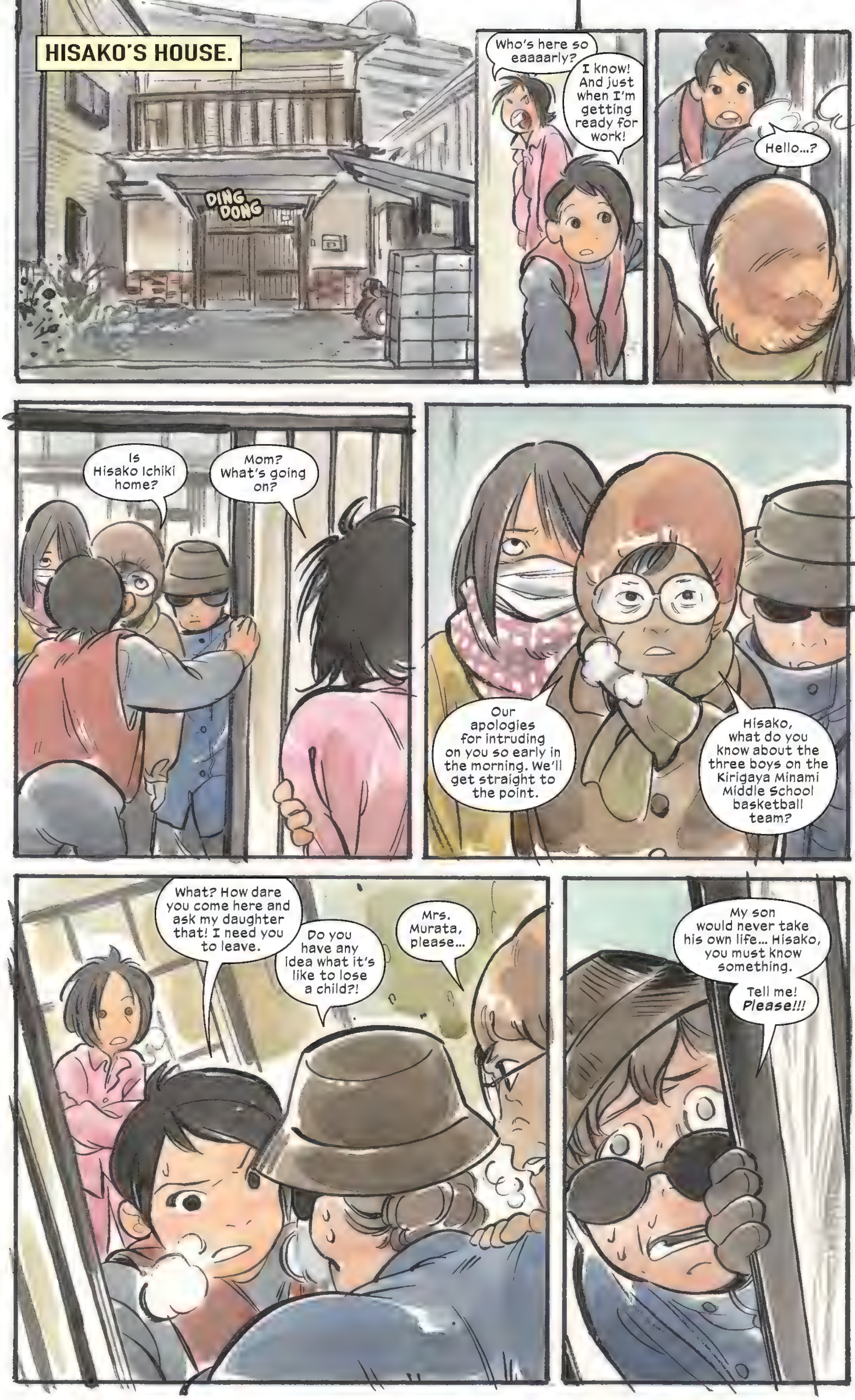
DECEMBER 2024

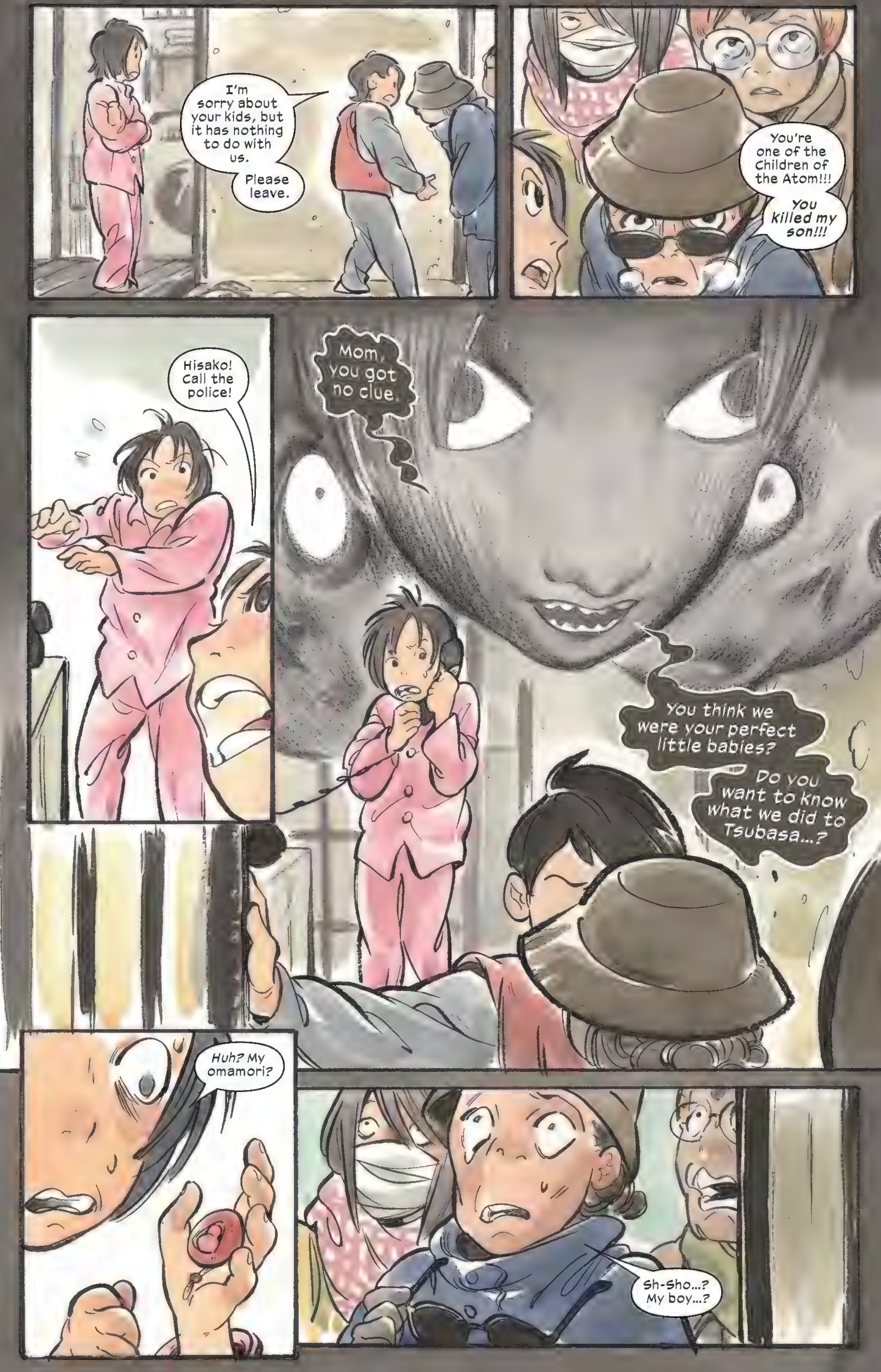

ミュータントは出ていけ!!!
日常をおびやかすミュータント
カルト!!
化け物!!
カルト!
この町から出ていけ!!
Mutants get out!
Mutants are among us!
Monster!
Get out of town!
Papa, I'm scared...
Mio. Ritsu. It'll be okay.
出てけ!!
出
カ
Akane! Don't open that window! You're scaring our kids.
No! We're not spending our lives living in fear. Mio, come here!
M-Mom? What are you doing?

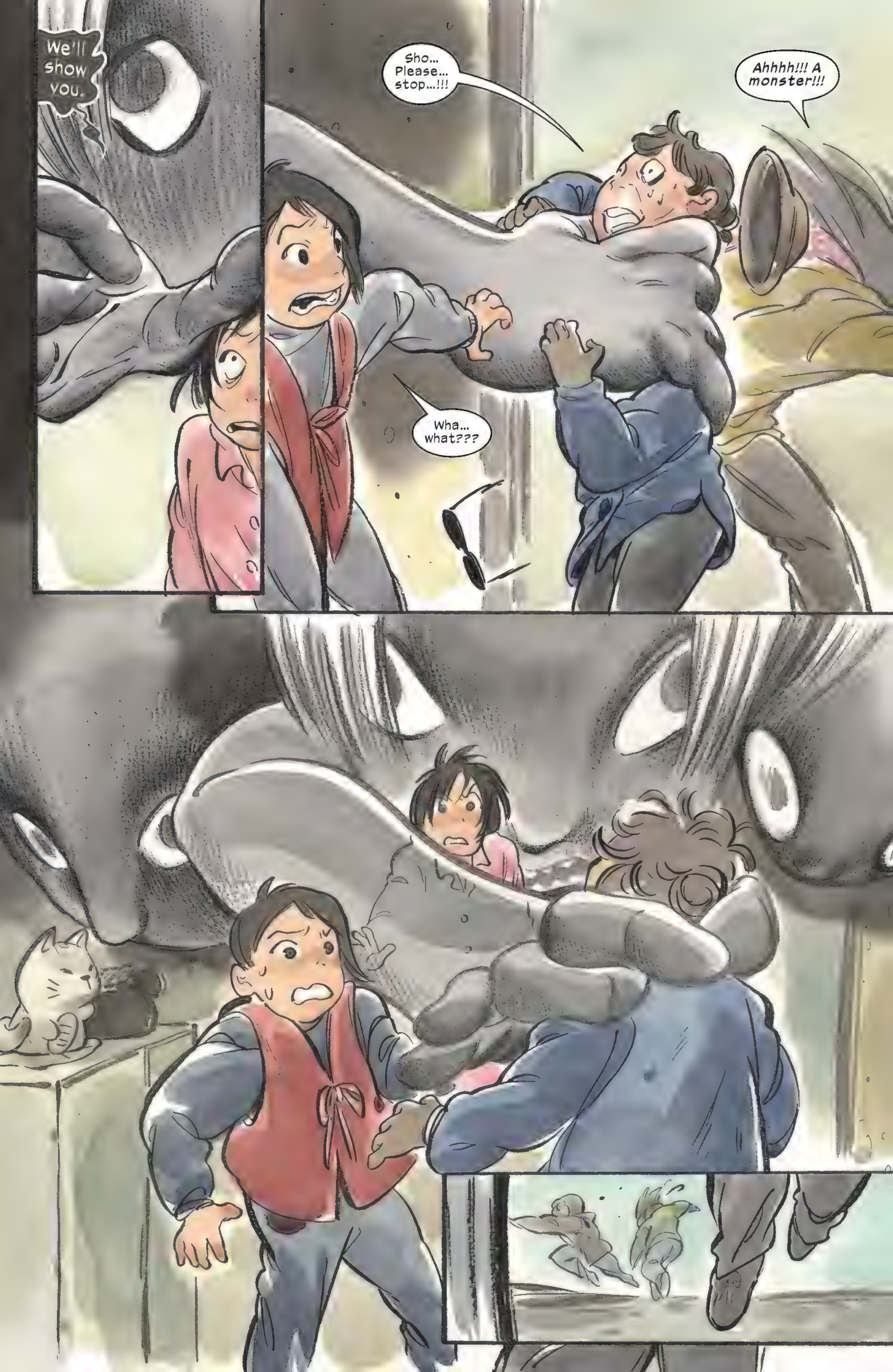

There! It's her!
Do it, Mio! Show them what you can do!
NO!
You can't make me!
Ritsu...?

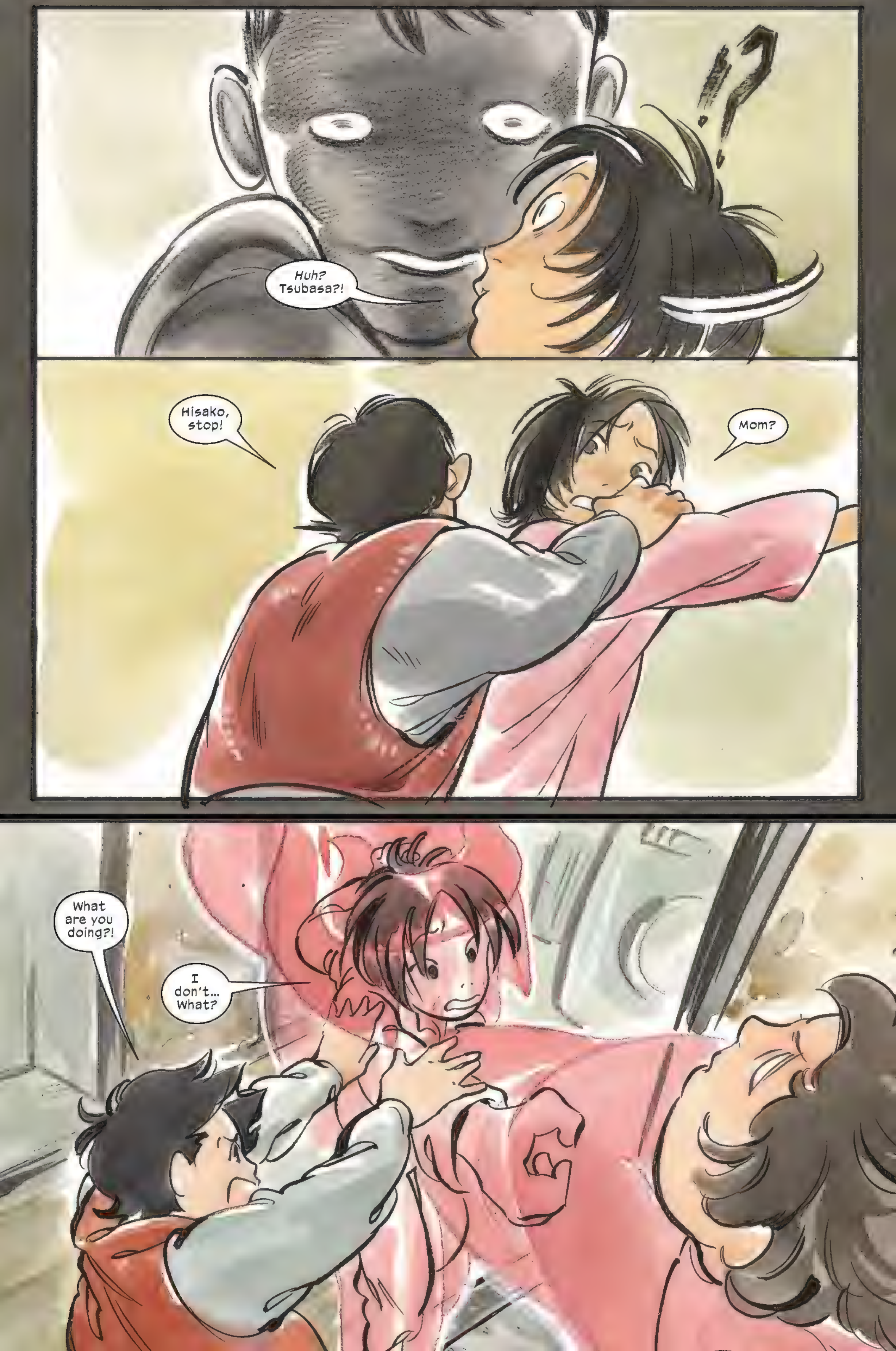

My Children of the Atom, far too long we have suffered, hiding our true faces. Meanwhile, our persecutors continued their march toward Armageddon. I, your Maester, know this to be true.
But we stand together! That is our strength! That is our power!
This is only the beginning, my children. Our time has come. As revealed in the Testament of X, we will show the world--
--that it is we who are superior!!!
Our Maester has spoken.
Does this mean... we're going to war?
I'm scared...
Don't worry. This is what we've been training for. We'll be ready.
We're at the house where it's believed the so-called *Children of the Atom* have been hiding...
Hold on. It looks like...
They're coming out!!!
Do you have any comment on the rumors about the Children of the Atom?
Is it true you're mutant terrorists?
Are you leaving to make a statement?
Take off your robes! What are you hiding?
Ow... Please stop...

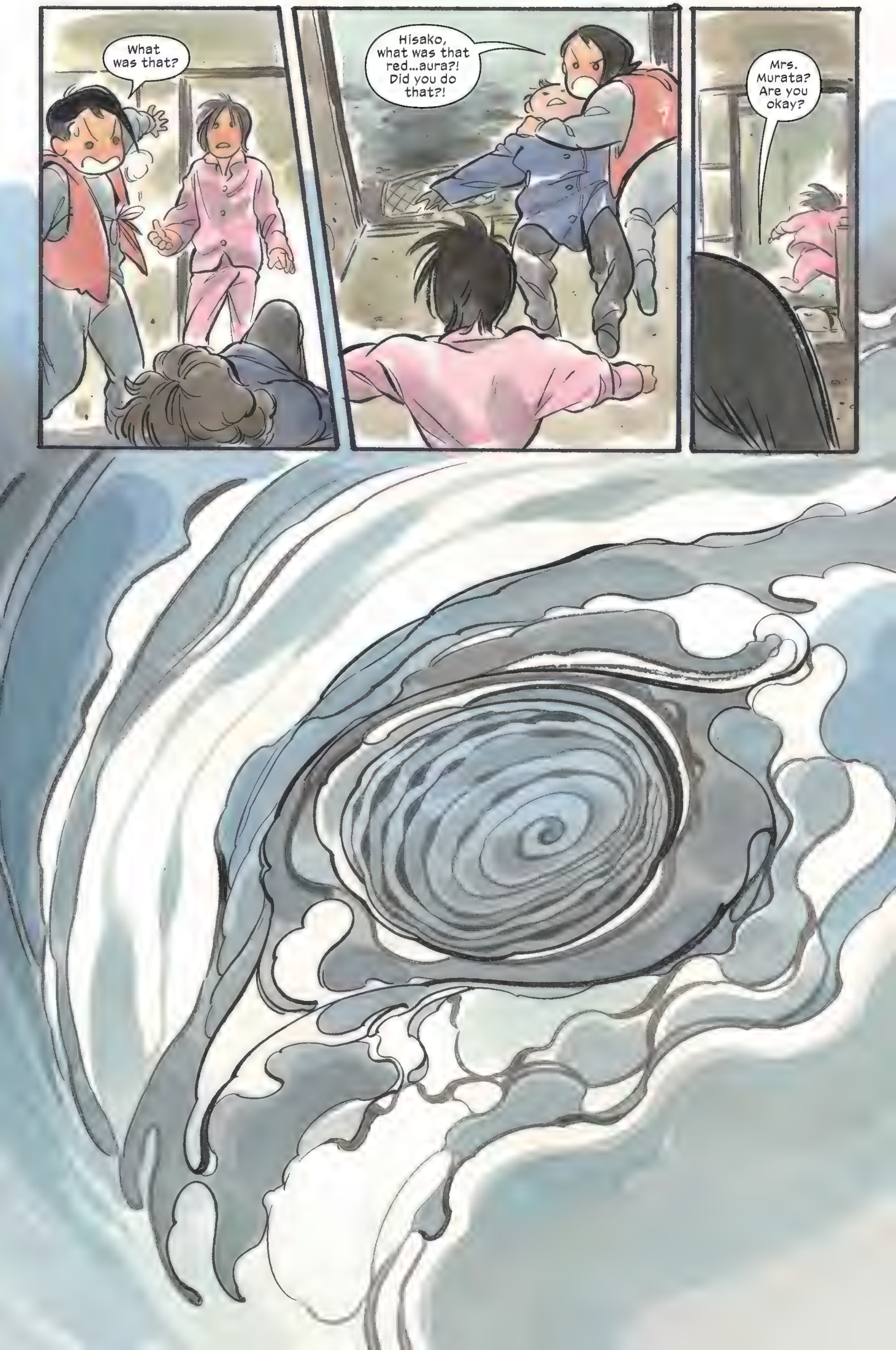

Now.
What do you know about that suitcase found near Arakawa River?
We've heard rumors of human experimentation! Is that what's been done to you?
?
HYEEAAAAAHHH!!!

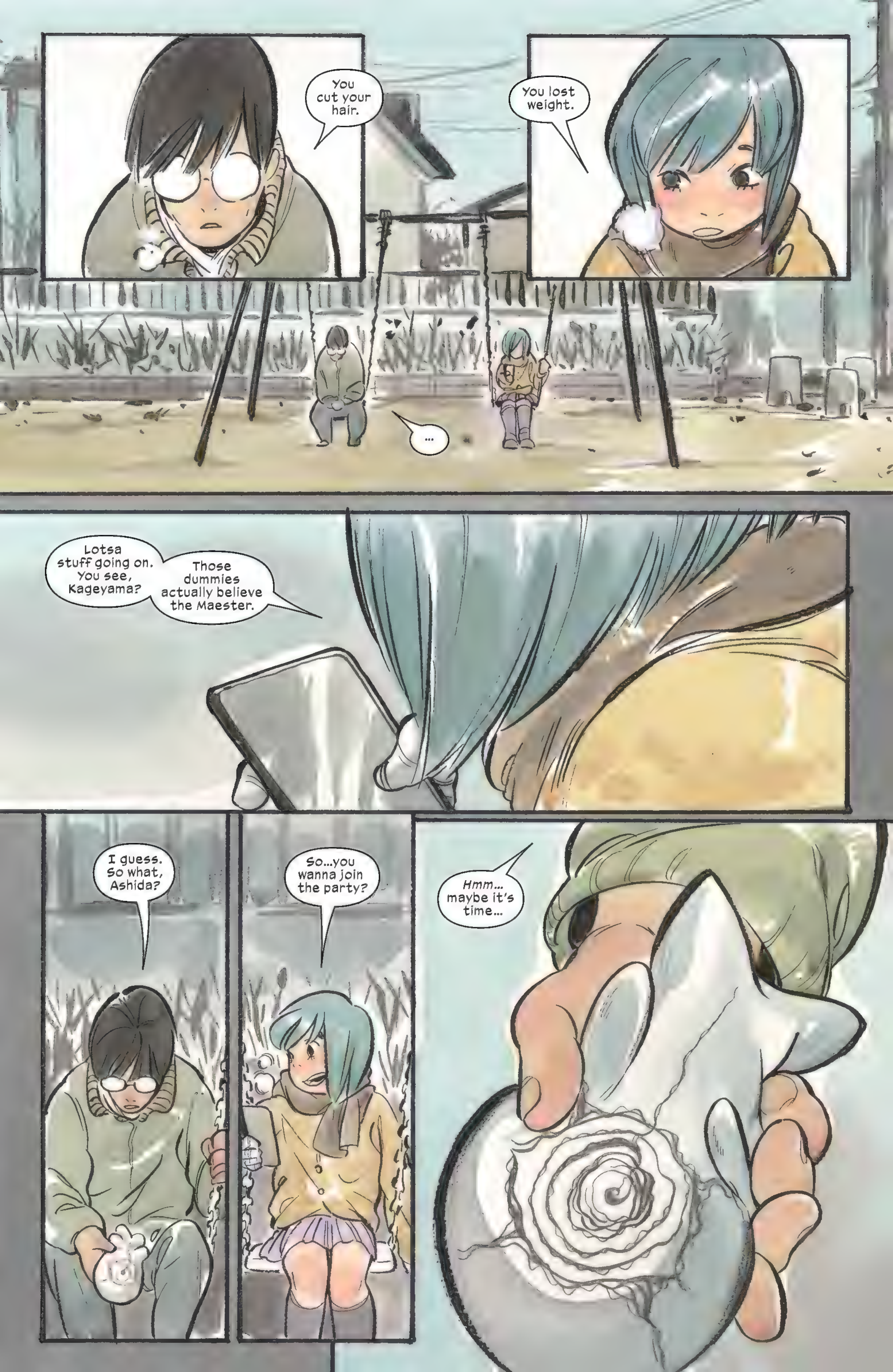

HISAKO'S HOUSE.
DING DONG
Who's here so eaaaarly?
I know! And just when I'm getting ready for work!
Hello...?
Is Hisako Ichiki home?
Mom? What's going on?
Our apologies for intruding on you so early in the morning. We'll get straight to the point.
Hisako, what do you know about the three boys on the Kirigaya Minami Middle School basketball team?
What? How dare you come here and ask my daughter that! I need you to leave.
Do you have any idea what it's like to lose a child?!
Mrs. Murata, please...
My son would never take his own life... Hisako, you must know something.
Tell me! *Please!!!*

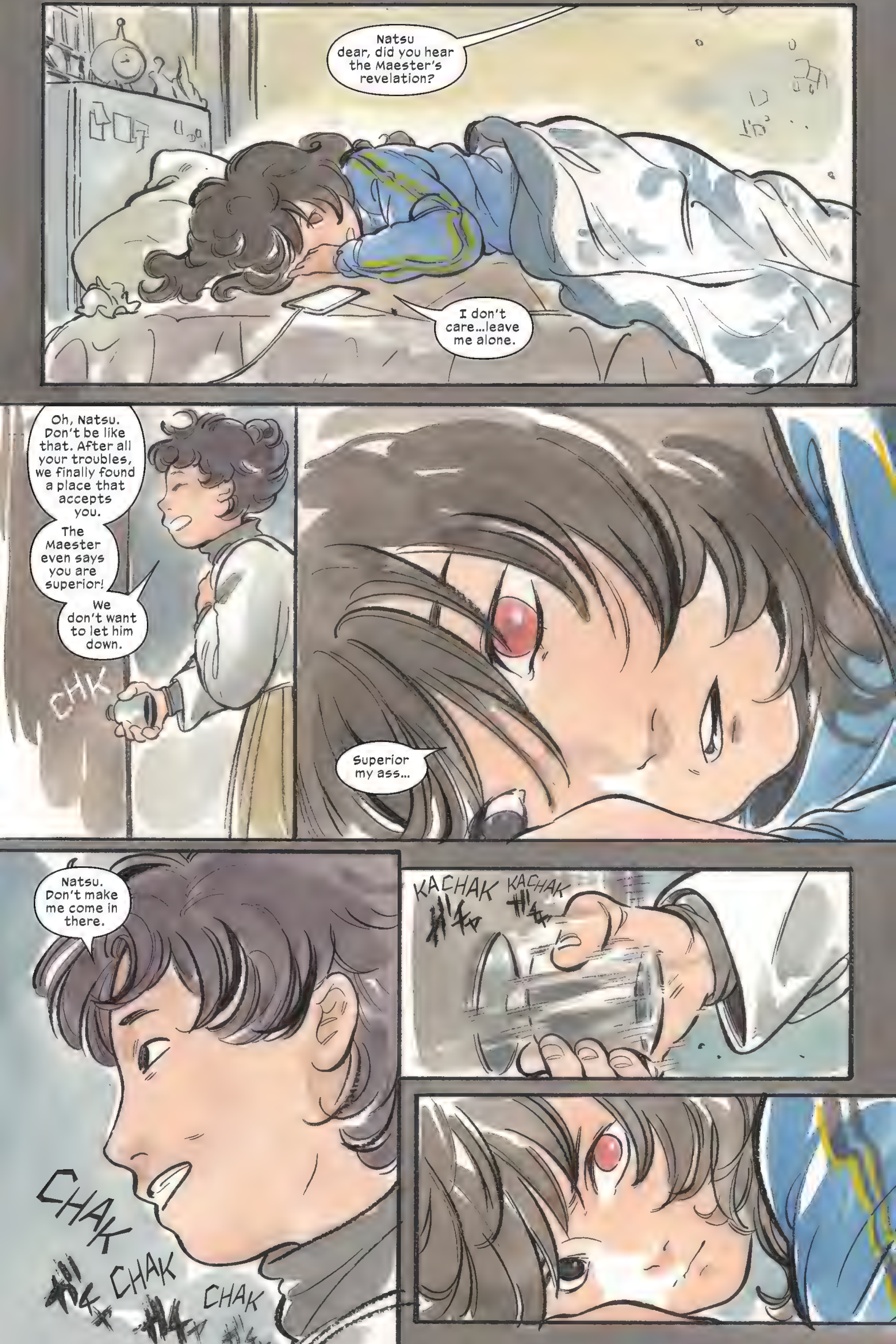

I'm sorry about your kids, but it has nothing to do with us.
Please leave.
You're one of the Children of the Atom!!!
You killed my son!!!
Hisako! Call the police!
Mom, you got no clue.
You think we were your perfect little babies?
Do you want to know what we did to Tsubasa...?
Huh? My omamori?
Sh-Sho...? My boy...?

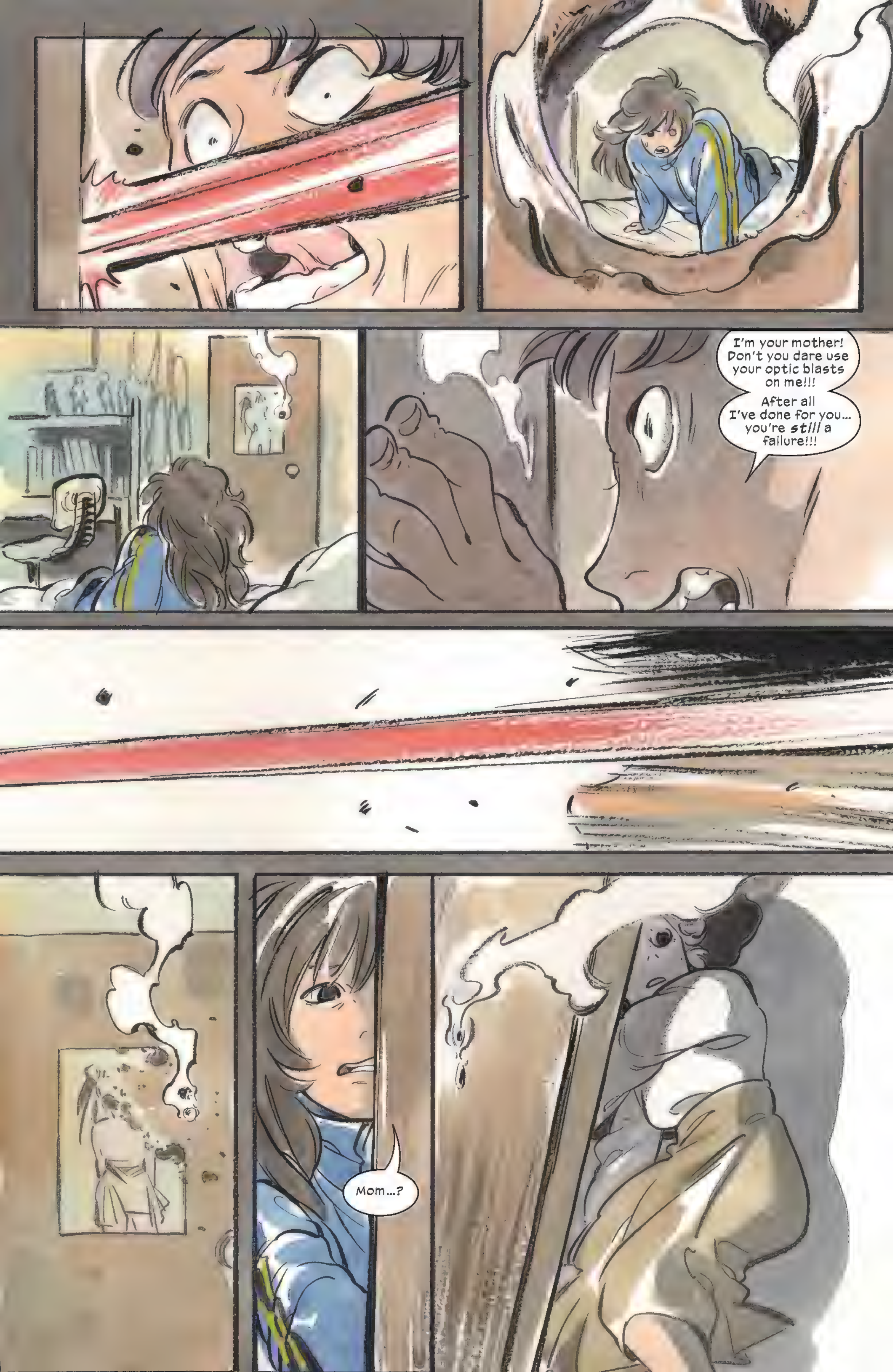

We'll show you.
Sho... Please... stop...!!!
Ahhhh!!! A monster!!!
Wha... what???

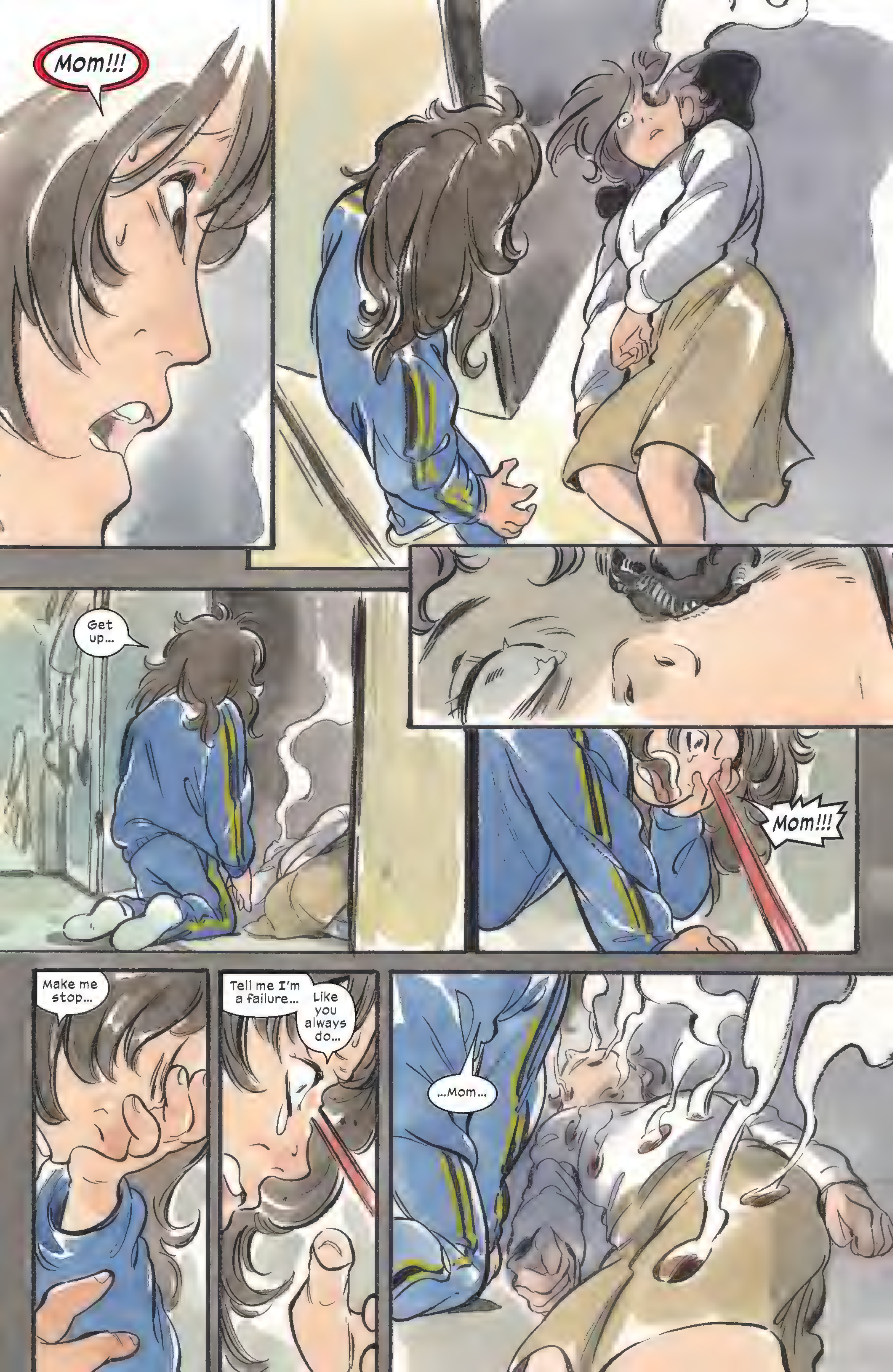

!?
Huh? Tsubasa?!
Hisako, stop!
Mom?
What are you doing?!
I don't… What?

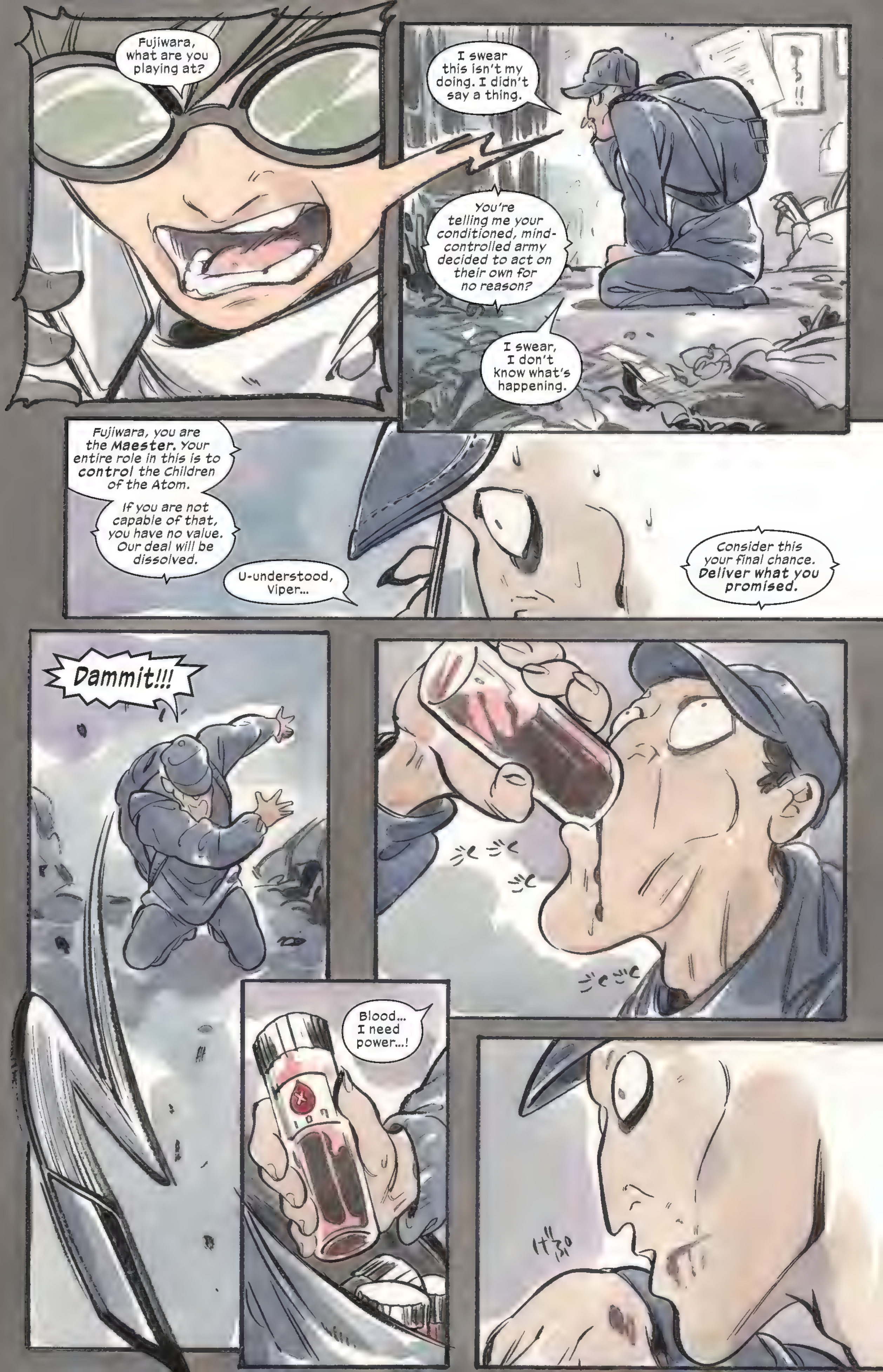

What was that?
Hisako, what was that red...aura?! Did you do that?!
Mrs. Murata? Are you okay?

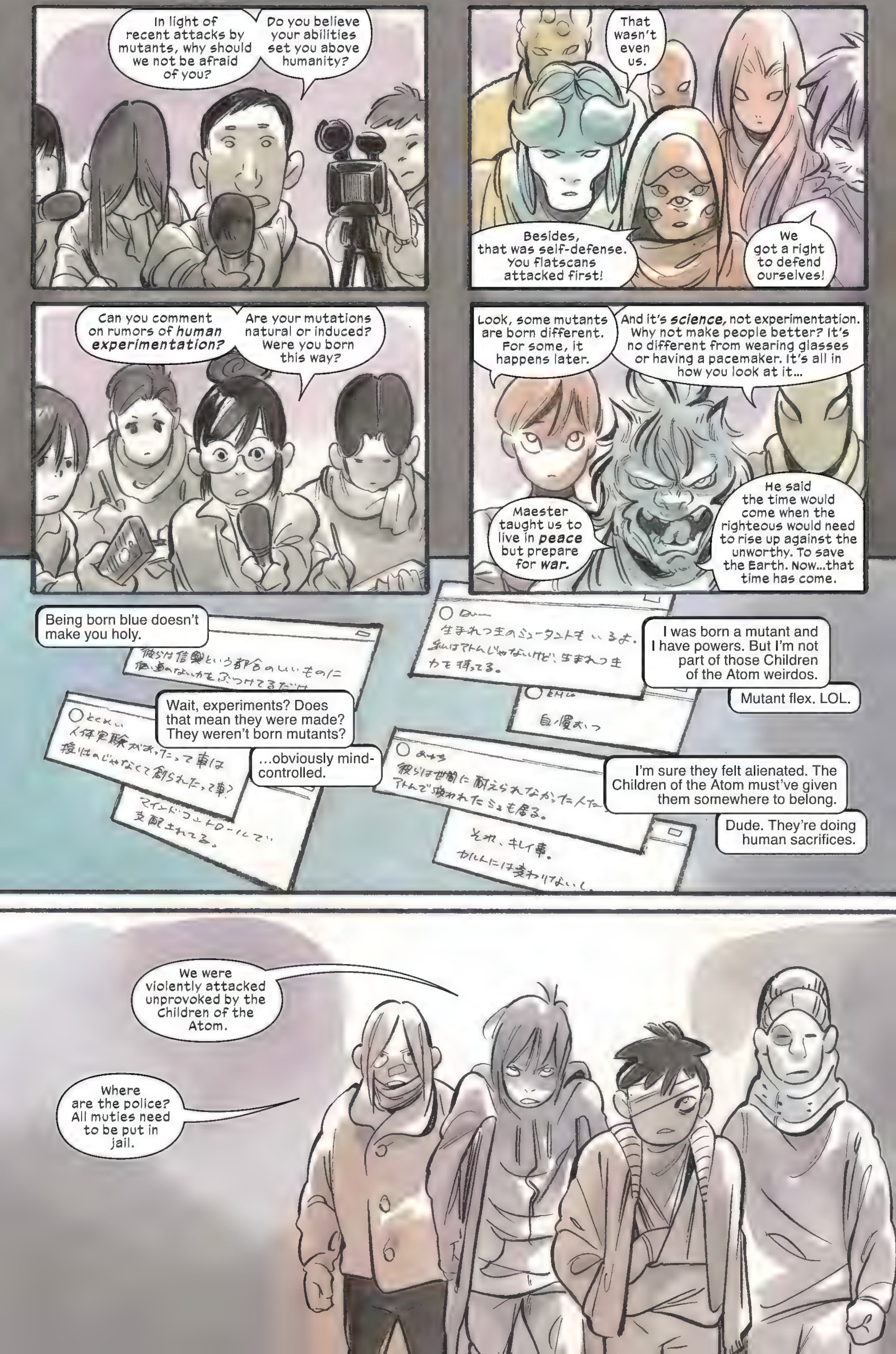

You cut your hair.
You lost weight.
...
Lotsa stuff going on. You see, Kageyama?
Those dummies actually believe the Maester.
I guess. So what, Ashida?
So...you wanna join the party?
Hmm... maybe it's time...

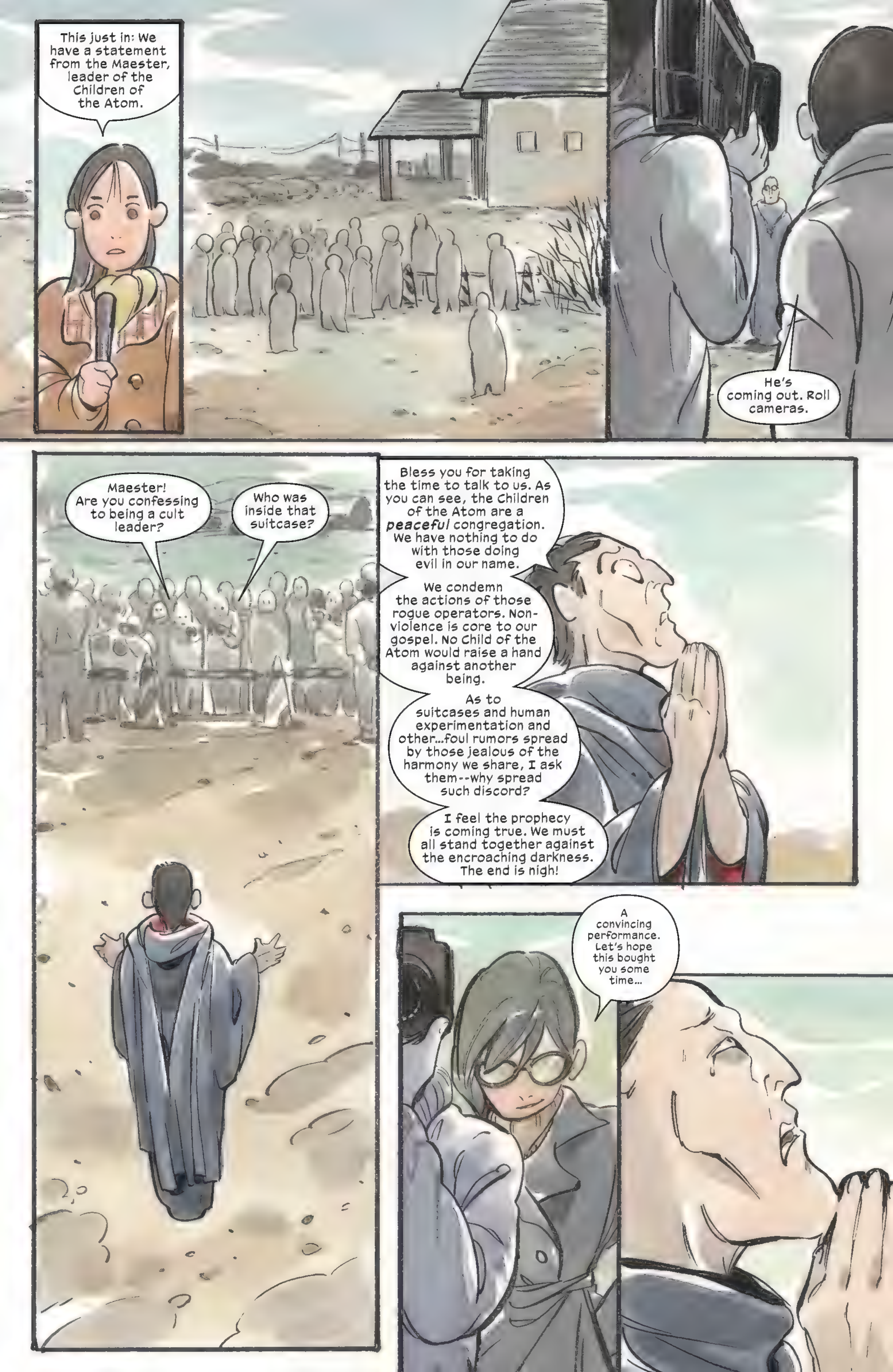

Natsu dear, did you hear the Maester's revelation?
I don't care...leave me alone.
Oh, Natsu. Don't be like that. After all your troubles, we finally found a place that accepts you.
The Maester even says you are superior!
We don't want to let him down.
CHK
Superior my ass...
Natsu. Don't make me come in there.
CHAK
CHAK
CHAK
KACHAK
KACHAK

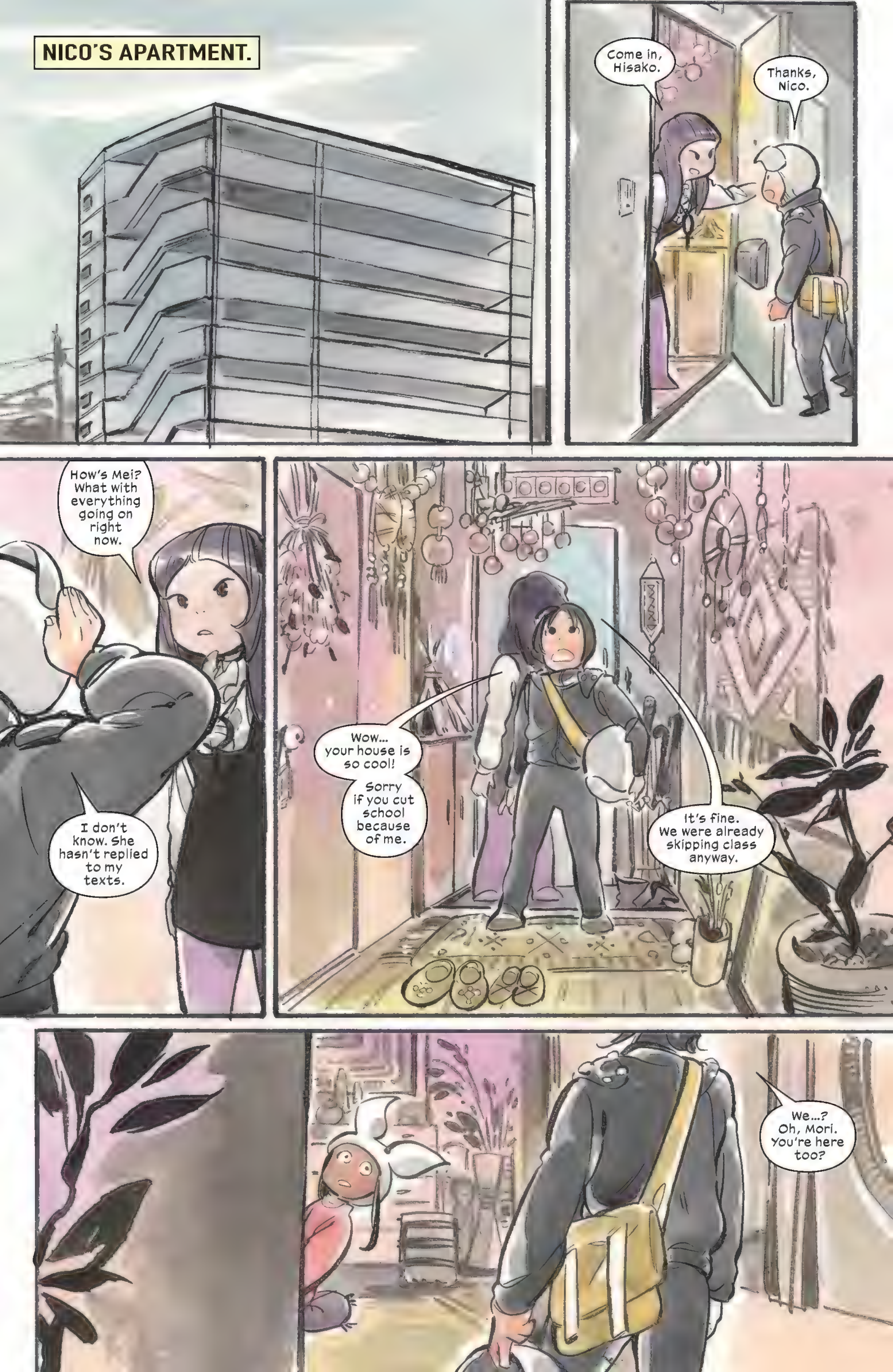

I'm your mother! Don't you dare use your optic blasts on me!!!
After all I've done for you... you're *still* a failure!!!
Mom...?

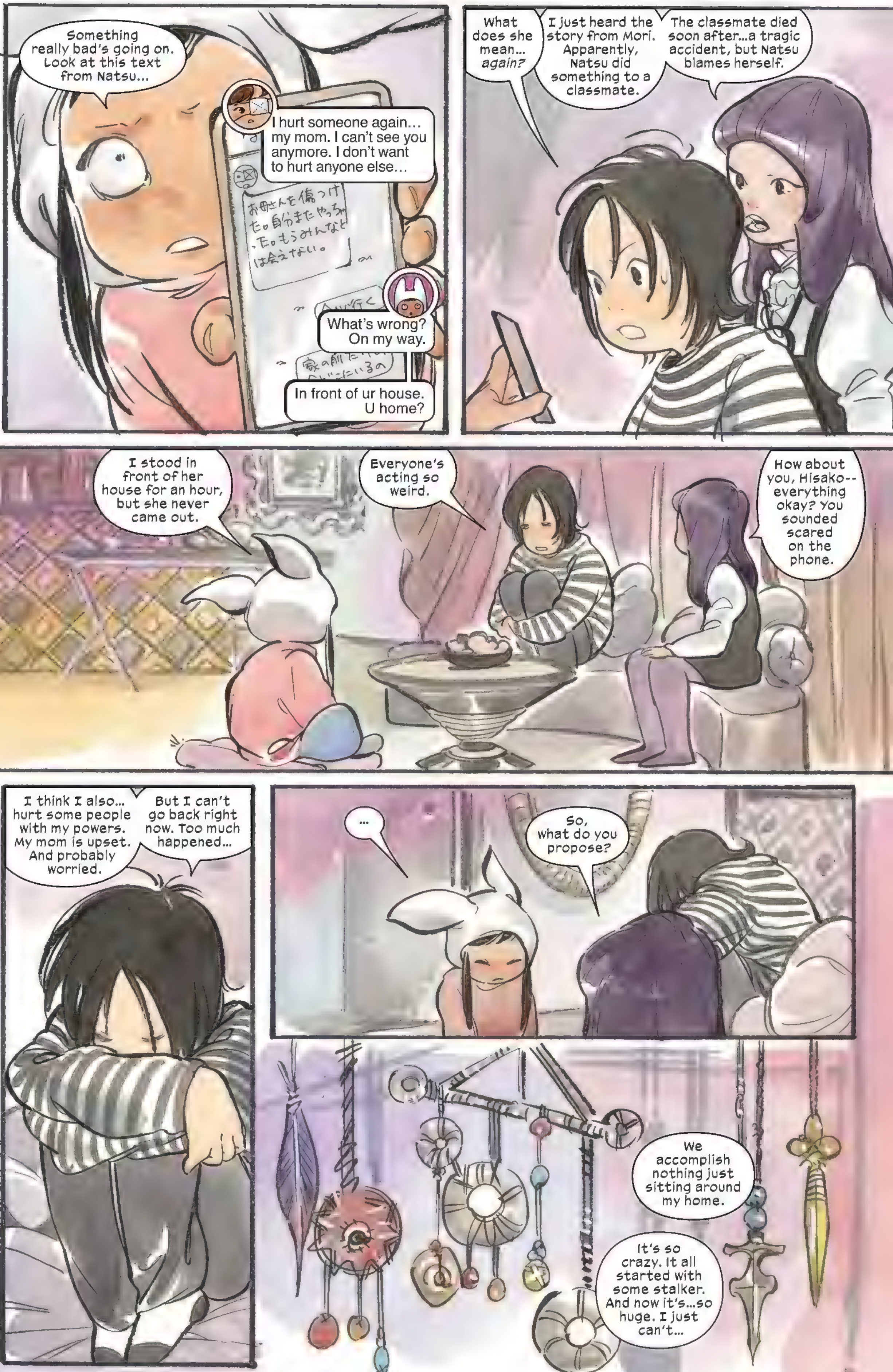

Mom!!!
Get up...
Mom!!!
Make me stop...
Tell me I'm a failure...
Like you always do...
...Mom...

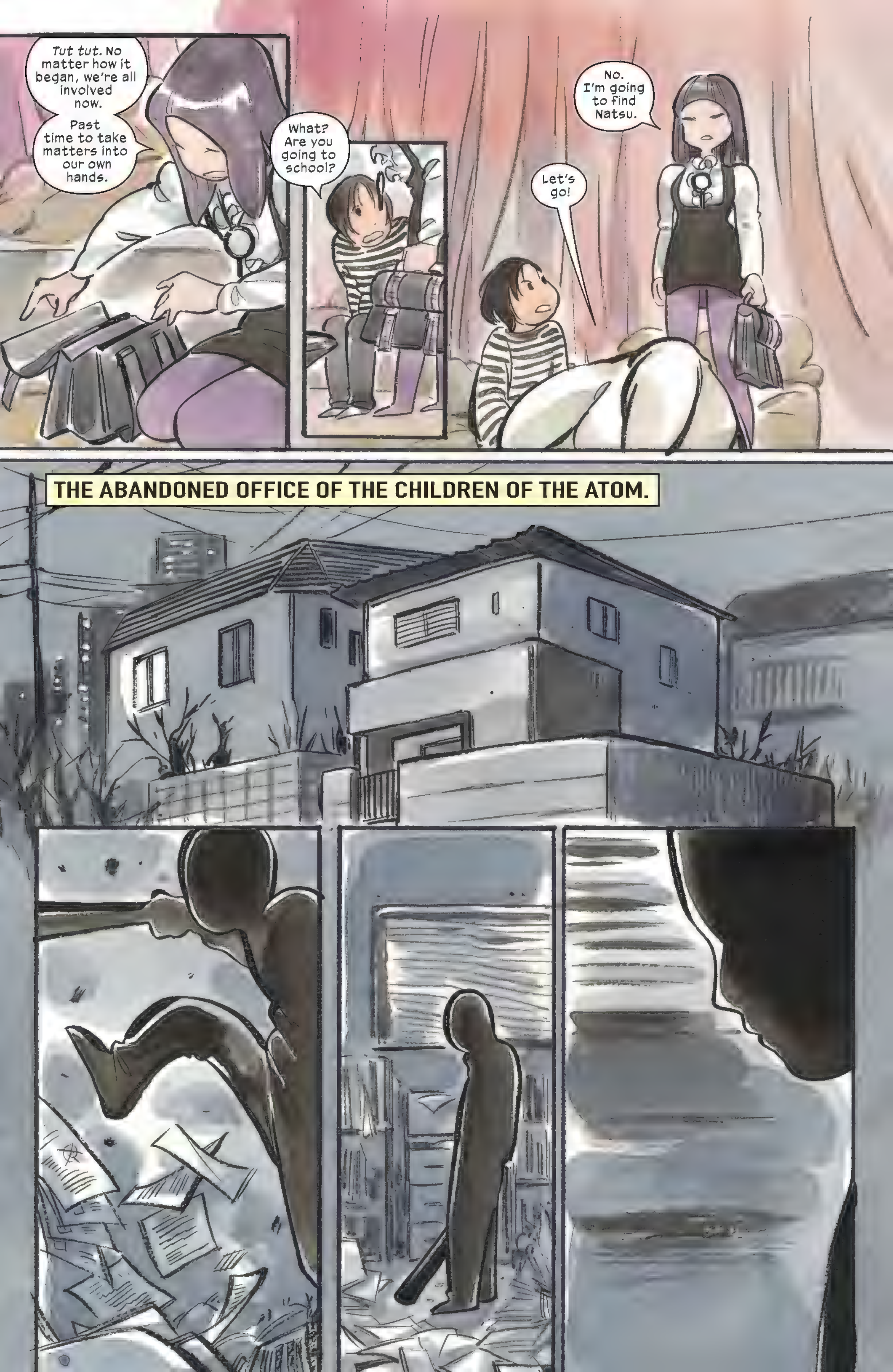

Fujiwara, what are you playing at?
I swear this isn't my doing. I didn't say a thing.
You're telling me your conditioned, mind-controlled army decided to act on their own for no reason?
I swear, I don't know what's happening.
*Fujiwara, you are the **Maester.** Your entire role in this is to **control** the Children of the Atom.*
If you are not capable of that, you have no value. Our deal will be dissolved.
U-understood, Viper...
Consider this your final chance. ***Deliver what you promised.***
Dammit!!!
Blood... I need power...!

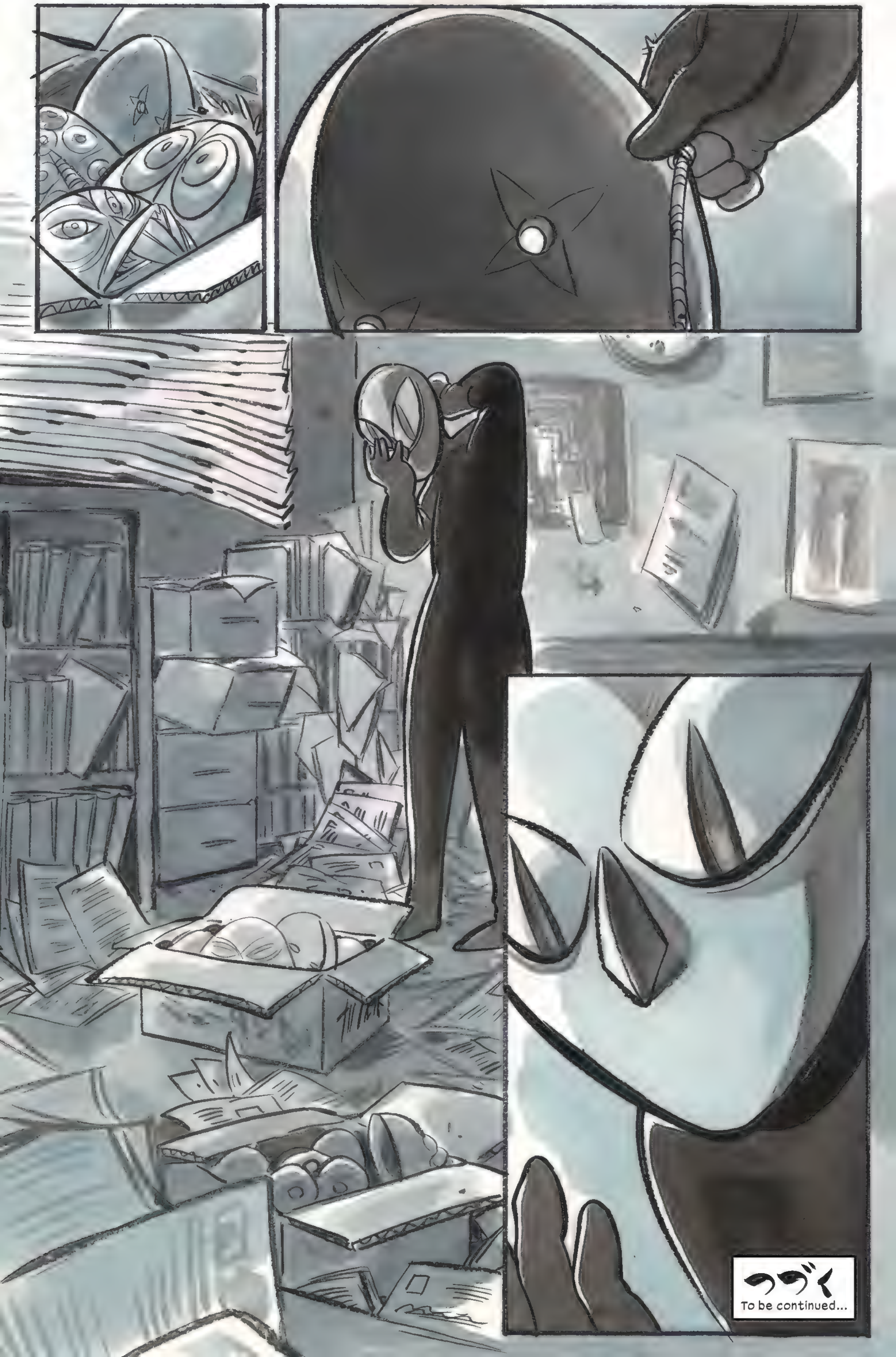

In light of recent attacks by mutants, why should we not be afraid of you?
Do you believe your abilities set you above humanity?
That wasn't even us.
Besides, that was self-defense. You flatscans attacked first!
We got a right to defend ourselves!
Can you comment on rumors of *human experimentation?*
Are your mutations natural or induced? Were you born this way?
Look, some mutants are born different. For some, it happens later.
And it's *science,* not experimentation. Why not make people better? It's no different from wearing glasses or having a pacemaker. It's all in how you look at it...
Maester taught us to live in *peace* but prepare for *war.*
He said the time would come when the righteous would need to rise up against the unworthy. To save the Earth. Now...that time has come.
Being born blue doesn't make you holy.
彼らは信仰という都合のいいものに 使い道のない力をぶつけてるだけ
○ とくめい
人体実験があったって事は 彼らは生まれつきじゃなくて創られたって事?
Wait, experiments? Does that mean they were made? They weren't born mutants?
マインドコントロールで 支配されてる。
...obviously mind-controlled.
○ ねー
生まれつきのミュータントもいるよ。 私はアトムじゃないけど、生まれつき力を持ってる。
I was born a mutant and I have powers. But I'm not part of those Children of the Atom weirdos.
○ えむ
自慢おつ
Mutant flex. LOL.
○ あゆち
彼らは世間に耐えられなかった人た アトムで救われたミュも居る。
I'm sure they felt alienated. The Children of the Atom must've given them somewhere to belong.
それ、キレイ事。 カルトには変わりないし。
Dude. They're doing human sacrifices.
We were violently attacked unprovoked by the Children of the Atom.
Where are the police? All muties need to be put in jail.


This just in: We have a statement from the Maester, leader of the Children of the Atom.
He's coming out. Roll cameras.
Maester! Are you confessing to being a cult leader?
Who was inside that suitcase?
Bless you for taking the time to talk to us. As you can see, the Children of the Atom are a *peaceful* congregation. We have nothing to do with those doing evil in our name.
We condemn the actions of those rogue operators. Non-violence is core to our gospel. No Child of the Atom would raise a hand against another being.
As to suitcases and human experimentation and other...foul rumors spread by those jealous of the harmony we share, I ask them--why spread such discord?
I feel the prophecy is coming true. We must all stand together against the encroaching darkness. The end is nigh!
A convincing performance. Let's hope this bought you some time...


NICO'S APARTMENT.
Come in, Hisako.
Thanks, Nico.
How's Mei? What with everything going on right now.
I don't know. She hasn't replied to my texts.
Wow... your house is so cool!
Sorry if you cut school because of me.
It's fine. We were already skipping class anyway.
We...? Oh, Mori. You're here too?


Something really bad's going on. Look at this text from Natsu...
I hurt someone again… my mom. I can't see you anymore. I don't want to hurt anyone else…
お母さんを傷つけた。自分またやっちゃった。もうみんなとは会えない。
行く
What's wrong? On my way.
家の前に
にいるの
In front of ur house. U home?
What does she mean... *again?*
I just heard the story from Mori. Apparently, Natsu did something to a classmate.
The classmate died soon after...a tragic accident, but Natsu blames herself.
I stood in front of her house for an hour, but she never came out.
Everyone's acting so weird.
How about you, Hisako--everything okay? You sounded scared on the phone.
I think I also... hurt some people with my powers. My mom is upset. And probably worried.
But I can't go back right now. Too much happened...
...
So, what do you propose?
We accomplish nothing just sitting around my home.
It's so crazy. It all started with some stalker. And now it's...so huge. I just can't...

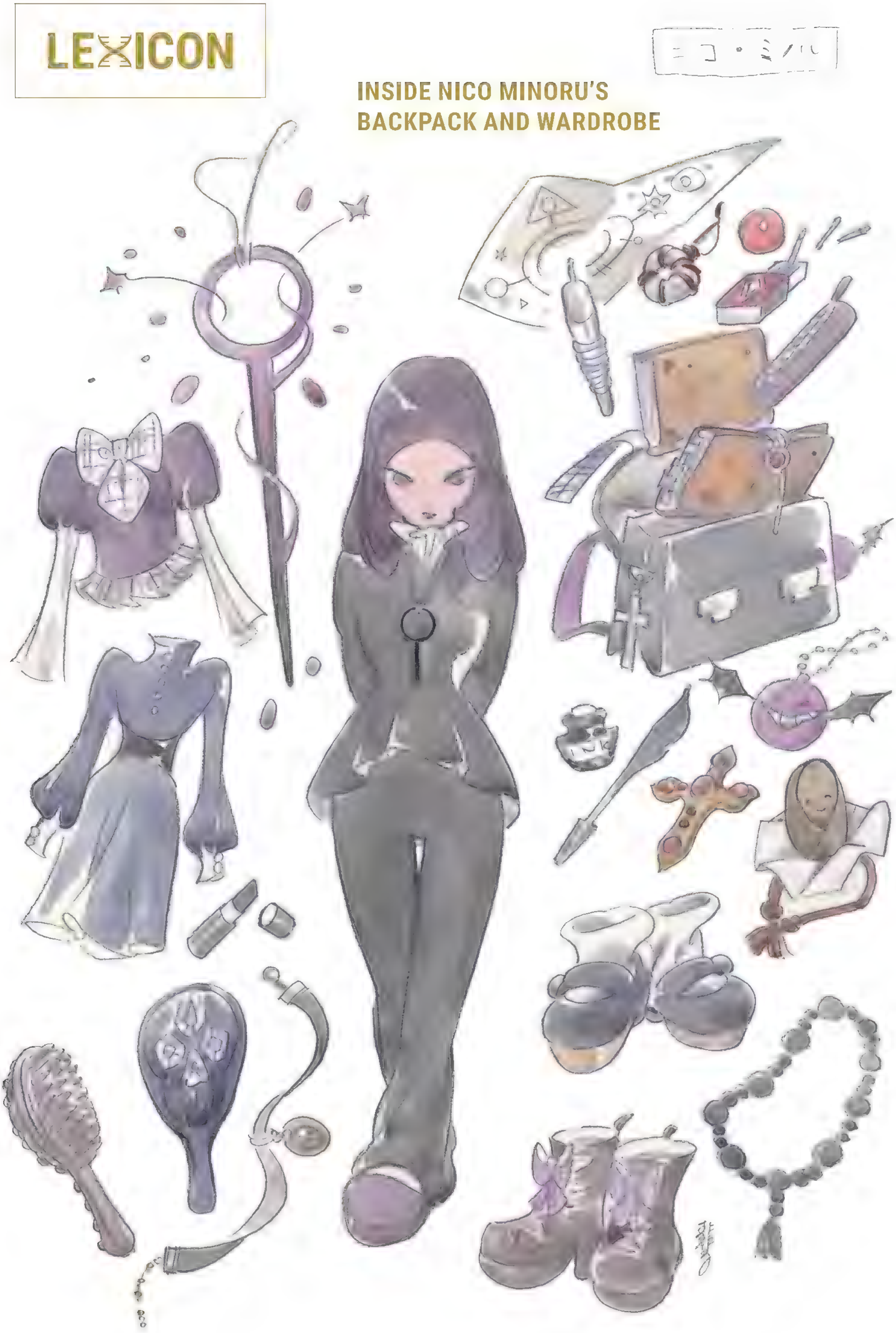

Tut tut. No matter how it began, we're all involved now.
Past time to take matters into our own hands.
What? Are you going to school?
No. I'm going to find Natsu.
Let's go!
THE ABANDONED OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE ATOM.



つづく
To be continued...

LEXICON

INSIDE NICO MINORU'S BACKPACK AND WARDROBE



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LETTERER: **VC's TRAVIS LANHAM**

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X-MEN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **JACK KIRBY**

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NEXT

MARVEL
11
ULTIMATE
X-MEN
PEACH MOMOKO
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SPIDER-MAN

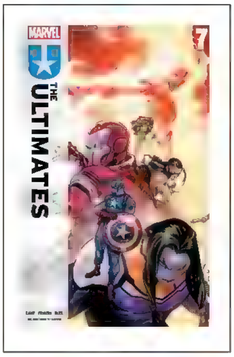
ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN #12

BY **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
& **MARCO CHECCHETTO**

MARVEL
11
ULTIMATE
BLACK PANTHER

ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #11

BY **BRYAN HILL** & **CARLOS NIETO**


MARVEL
7
THE
ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #7

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**

MARVEL
1
ULTIMATE
UNIVERSE
ONE
YEAR
IN

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE:
ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JONAS SCHARF**

7

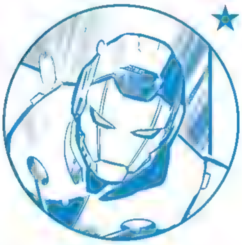
A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

But now the Maker is gone, locked away for the next twelve months by inventor **HOWARD STARK**. Howard's teenage son, **TONY**, took on the codename **IRON LAD** and began recruiting a network of heroes to fight back against the Maker's Council and prepare for the Maker's return--but not without consequences. To retaliate, the Council framed Tony for an attack on New York City that killed thousands.

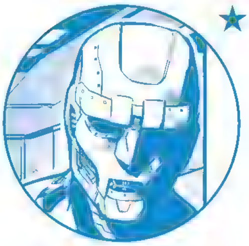
On a recent mission, the **ULTIMATES** were ambushed by Council member the **HULK**. They suffered a brutal defeat, but **DOOM** was able to rescue them by using the forbidden **IMMORTUS ENGINE**. Help arrived too late, though, as **SHE-HULK** made the devastating declaration that Iron Lad was dead...

THE ULTIMATES

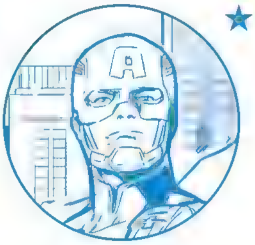
CAST:



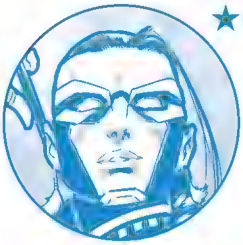
IRON LAD
TONY STARK



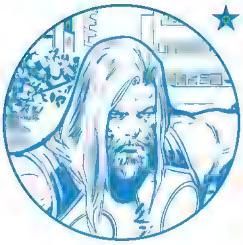
DOOM
REED RICHARDS



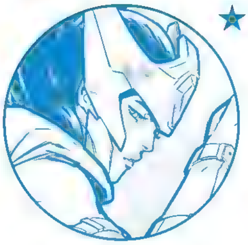
CAPTAIN AMERICA
STEVE ROGERS



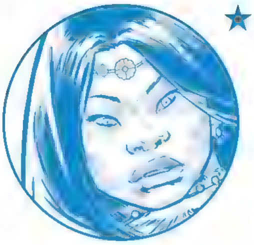
HAWKEYE
CHARLI RAMSEY



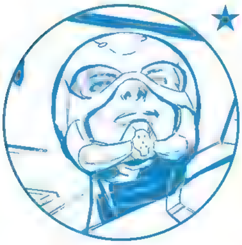
THOR
GOD OF THUNDER



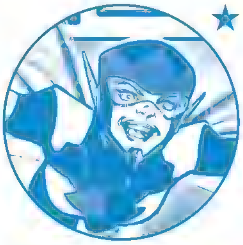
SIF
WARRIOR GODDESS



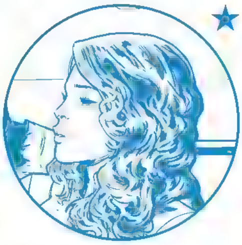
SHE-HULK
LEJORI JOENA ZAKARIA



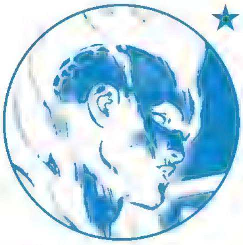
GIANT-MAN
HANK PYM



WASP
JANET VAN DYNE

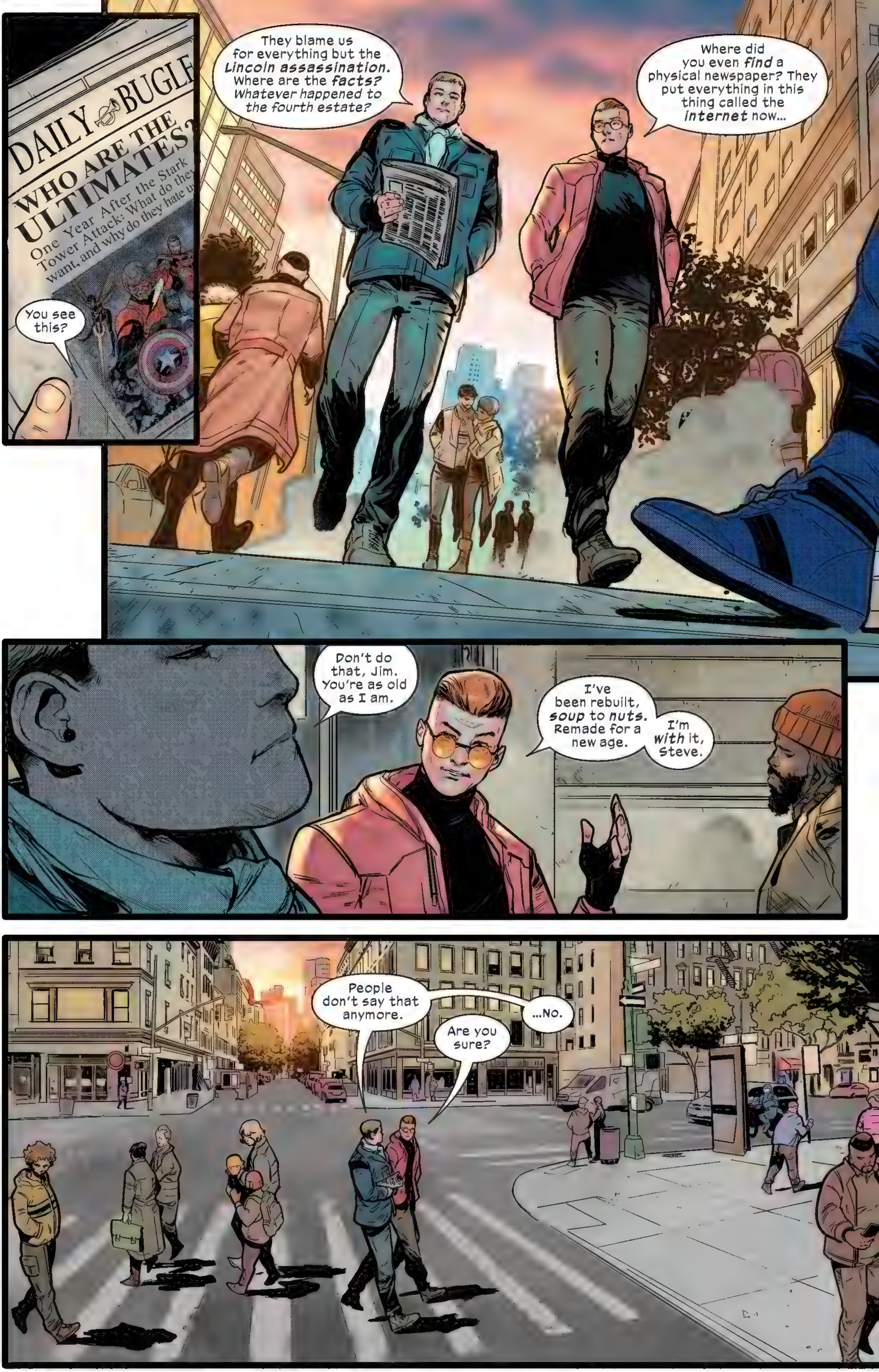


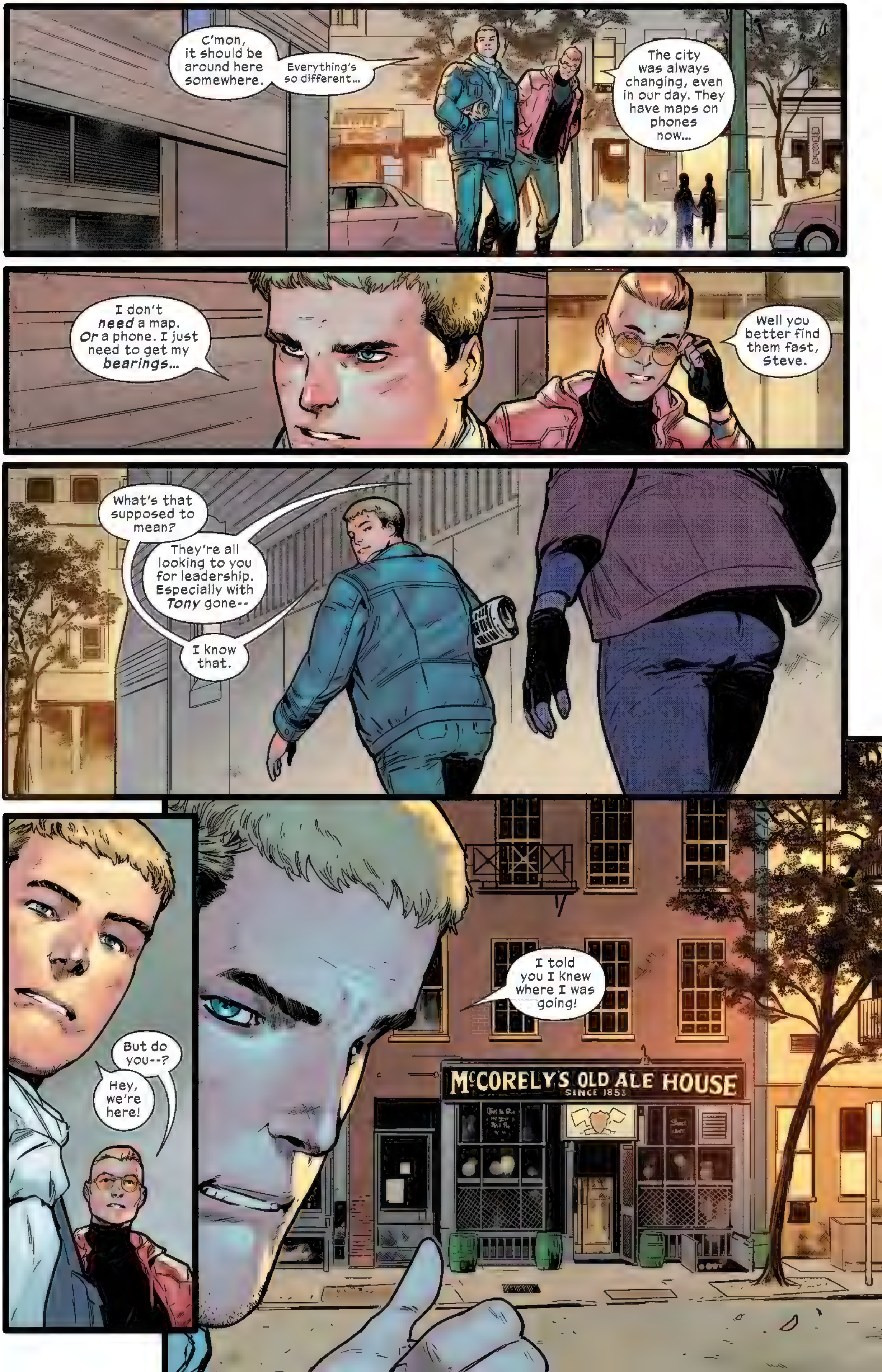
AMERICA CHAVEZ
COSMIC POWERHOUSE

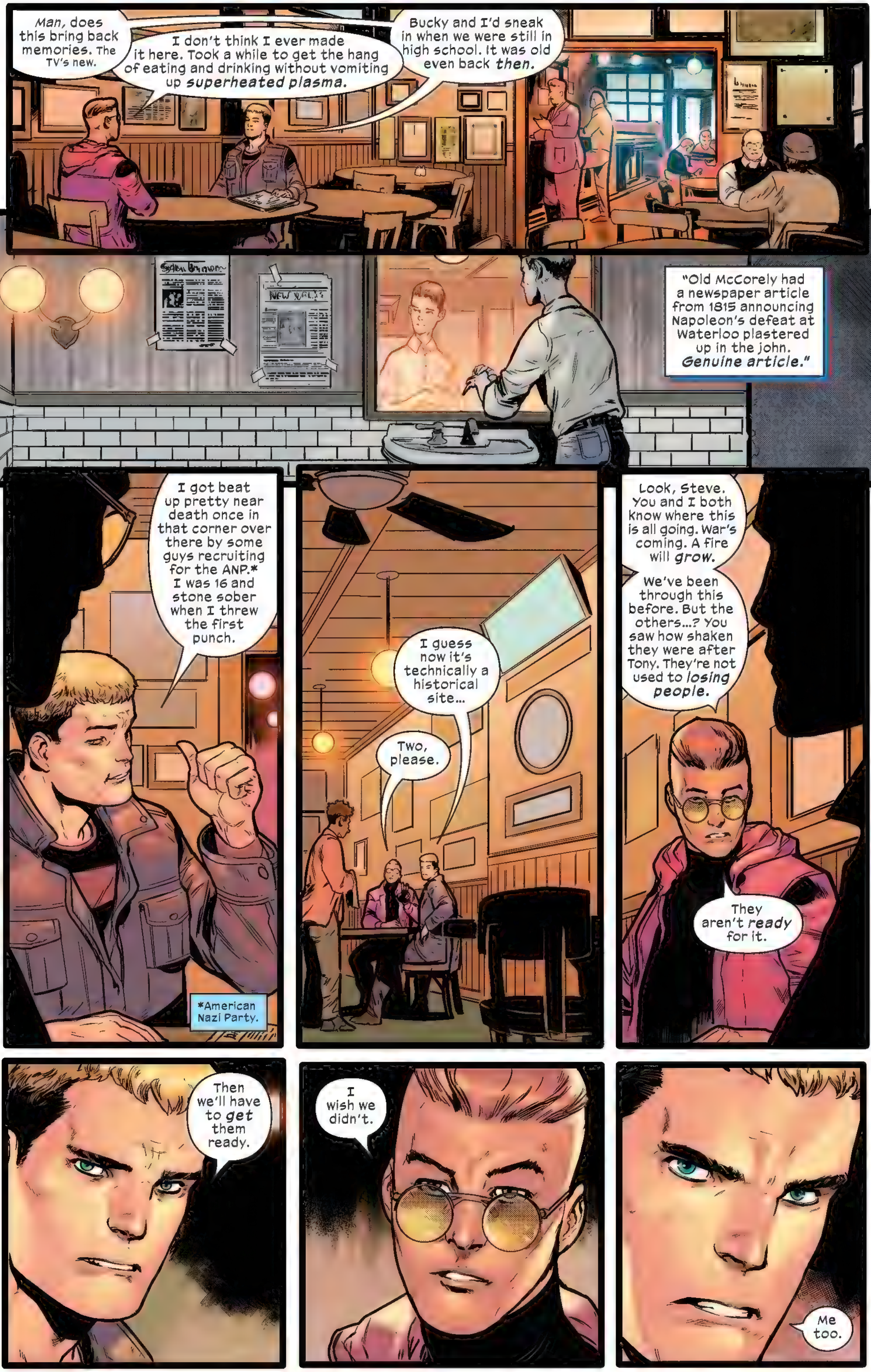


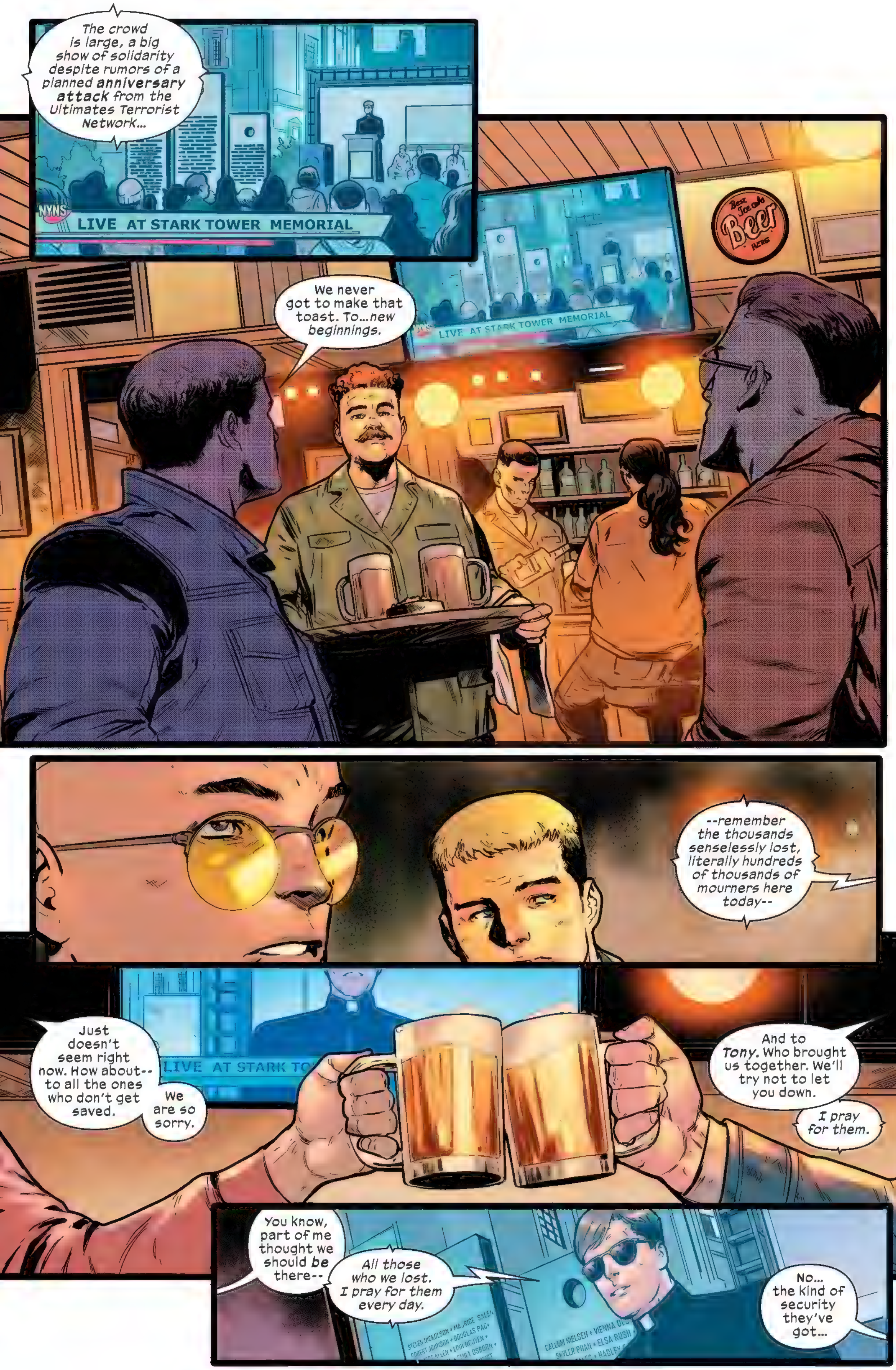
THE HUMAN TORCH
JIM HAMMOND

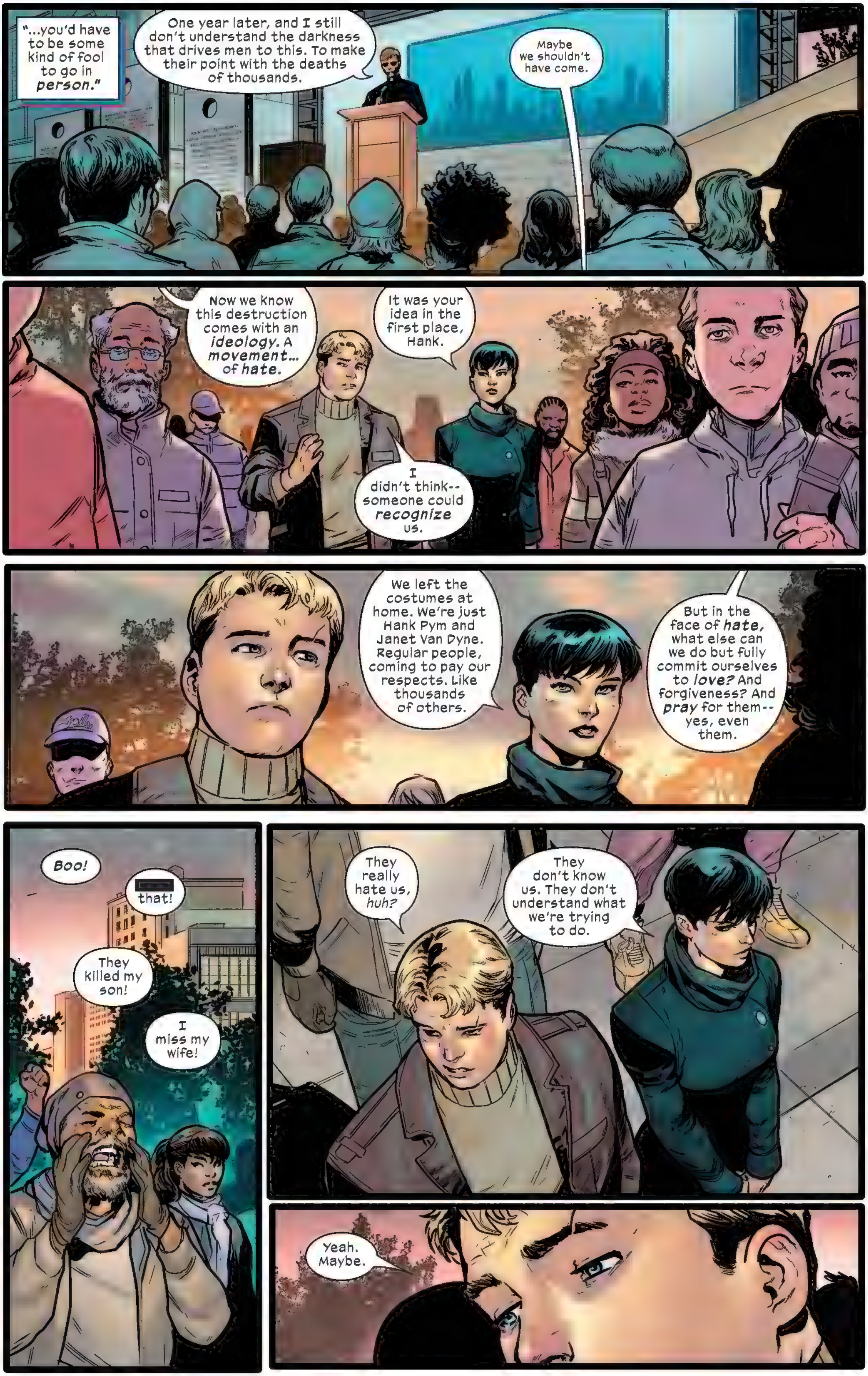
DECEMBER 2024

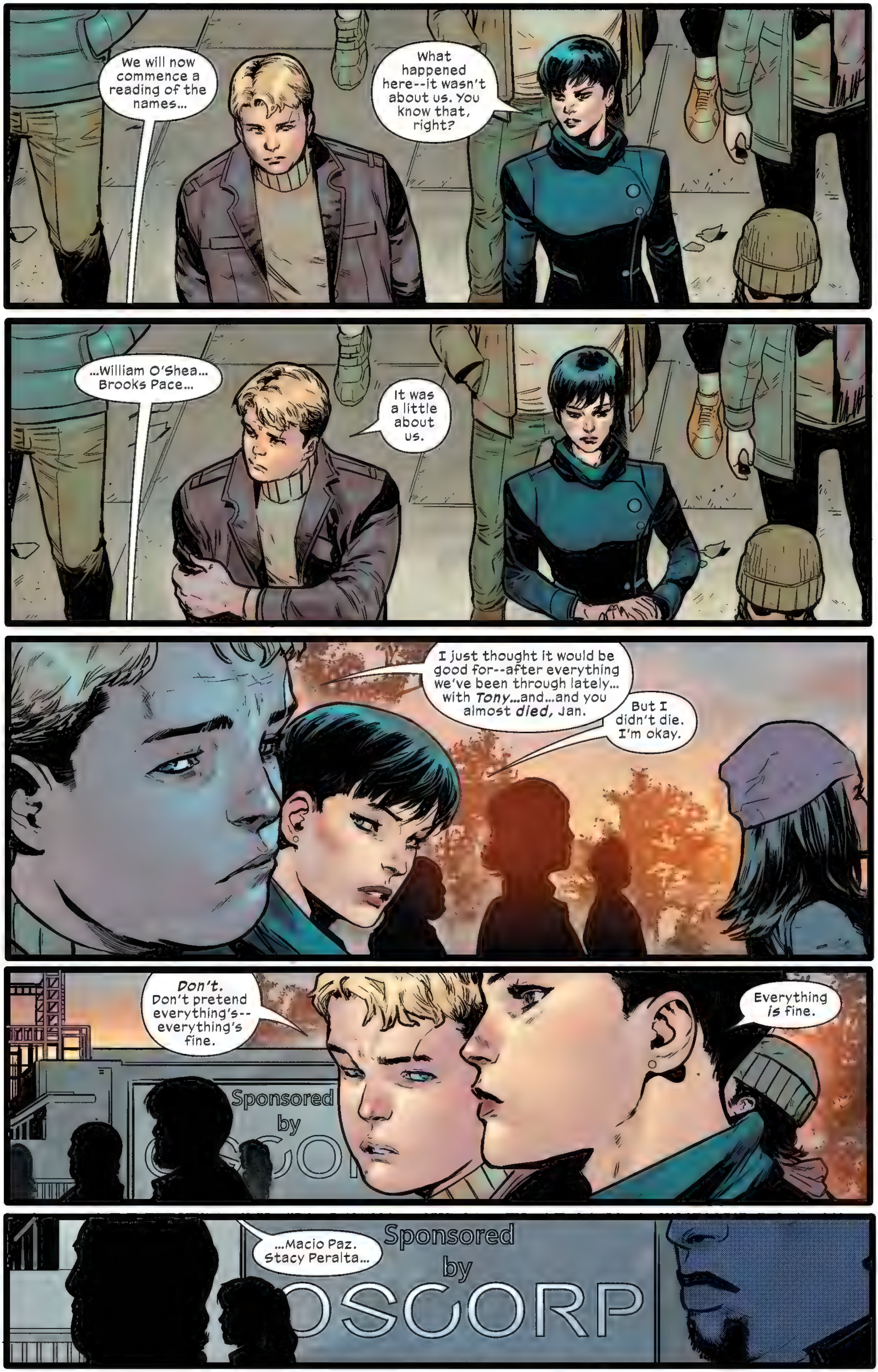

DAILY BUGLE
WHO ARE THE ULTIMATES?
One Year After the Stark Tower Attack: What do they want, and why do they hate u
You see this?
They blame us for everything but the *Lincoln assassination.* Where are the *facts?* Whatever happened to the fourth estate?
Where did you even *find* a physical newspaper? They put everything in this thing called the *internet* now...
Don't do that, Jim. You're as old as I am.
I've been rebuilt, *soup* to *nuts.* Remade for a new age.
I'm *with* it, Steve.
People don't say that anymore.
...No.
Are you sure?

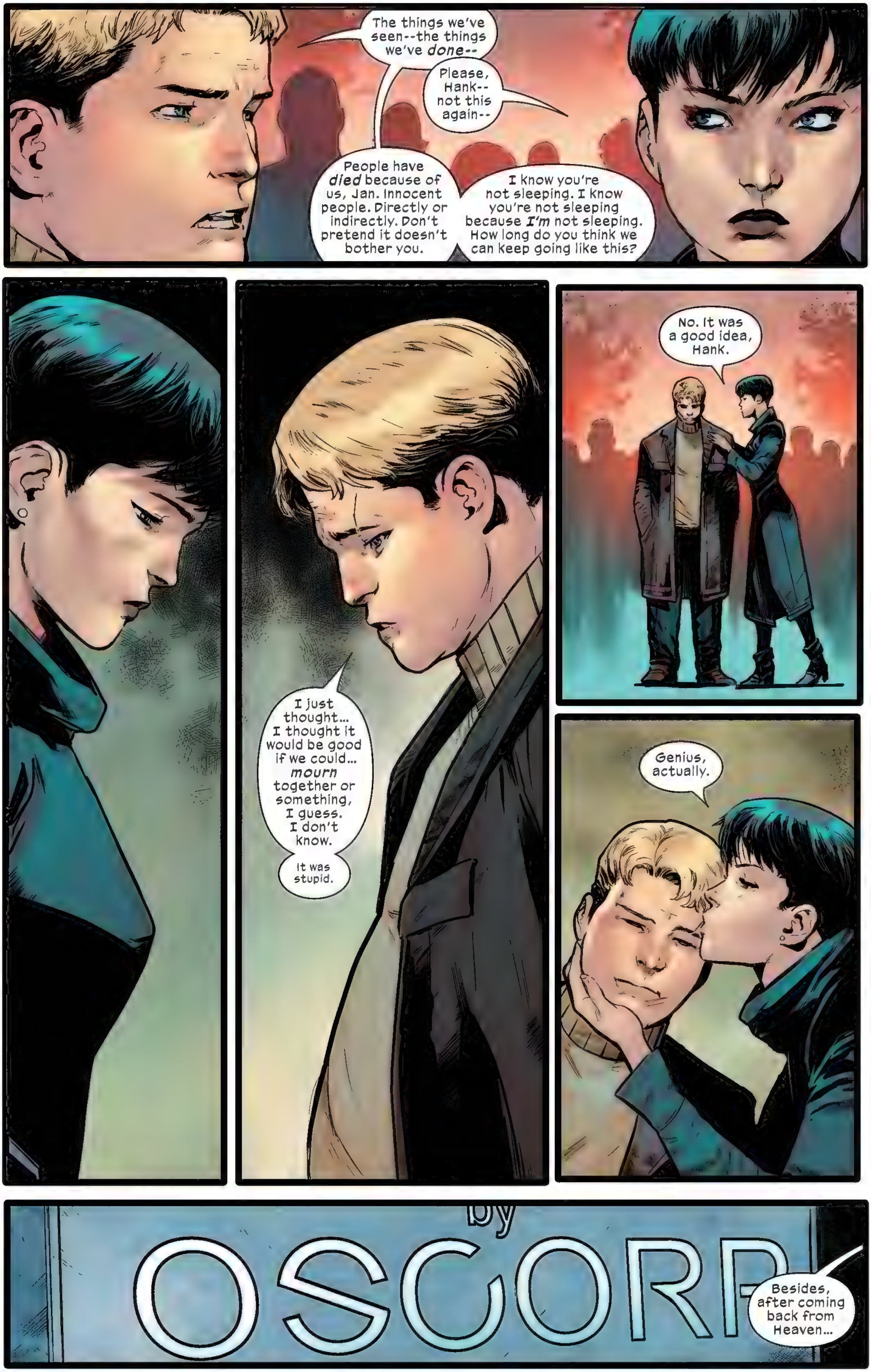

C'mon, it should be around here somewhere.
Everything's so different...
The city was always changing, even in our day. They have maps on phones now...
I don't *need* a map. *Or* a phone. I just need to get my *bearings*...
Well you better find them fast, Steve.
What's that supposed to mean?
They're all looking to you for leadership. Especially with *Tony* gone--
I know that.
But do you--?
Hey, we're here!
I told you I knew where I was going!
McCORELY'S OLD ALE HOUSE
SINCE 1853

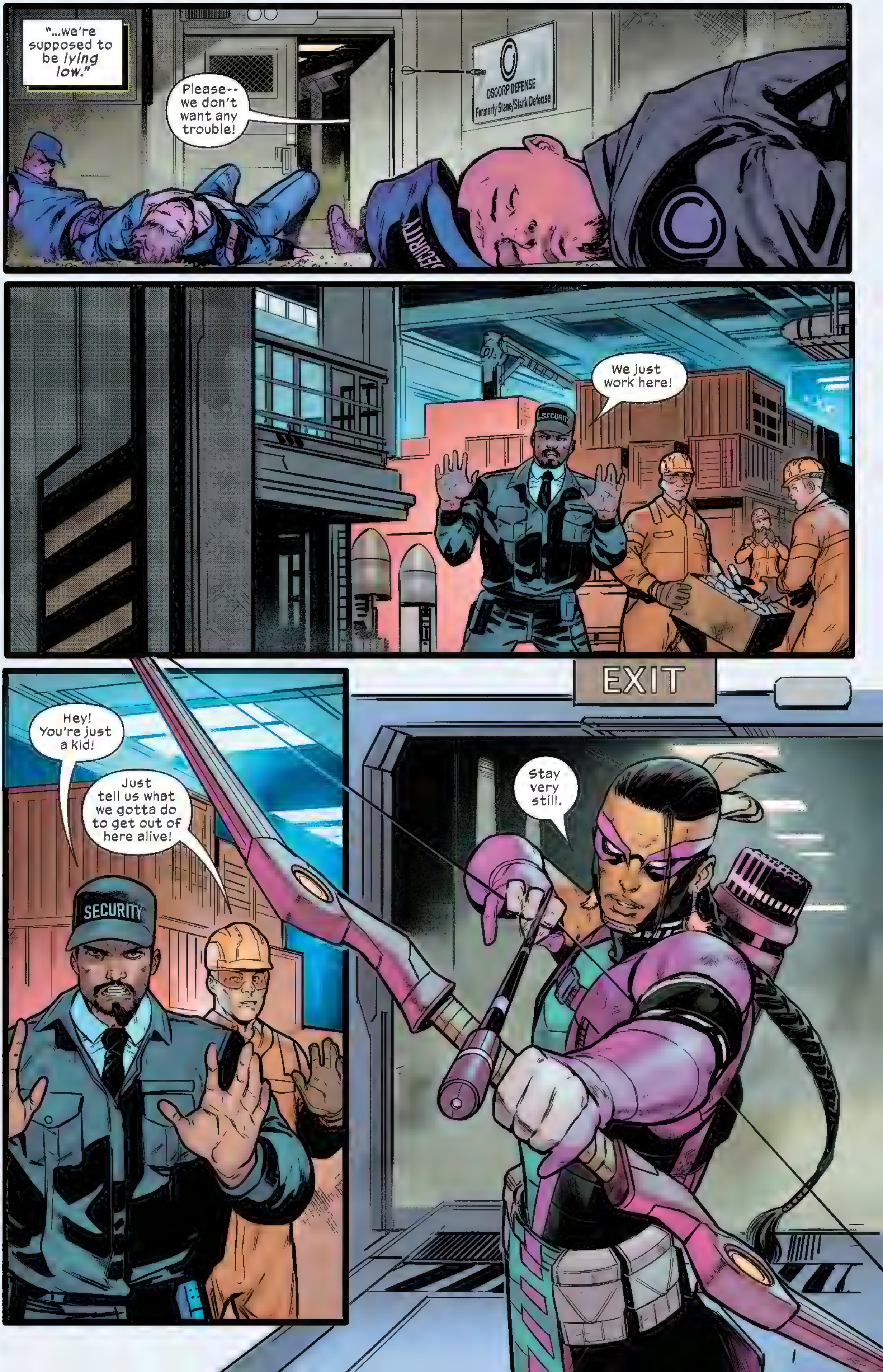

Man, does this bring back memories. The TV's new.
I don't think I ever made it here. Took a while to get the hang of eating and drinking without vomiting up *superheated plasma.*
Bucky and I'd sneak in when we were still in high school. It was old even back *then.*
"Old McCorely had a newspaper article from 1815 announcing Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo plastered up in the john. *Genuine article.*"
I got beat up pretty near death once in that corner over there by some guys recruiting for the ANP.* I was 16 and stone sober when I threw the first punch.
*American Nazi Party.
I guess now it's technically a historical site...
Two, please.
Look, Steve. You and I both know where this is all going. War's coming. A fire will *grow.*
We've been through this before. But the others...? You saw how shaken they were after Tony. They're not used to *losing people.*
They aren't *ready* for it.
Then we'll have to *get* them ready.
I wish we didn't.
Me too.

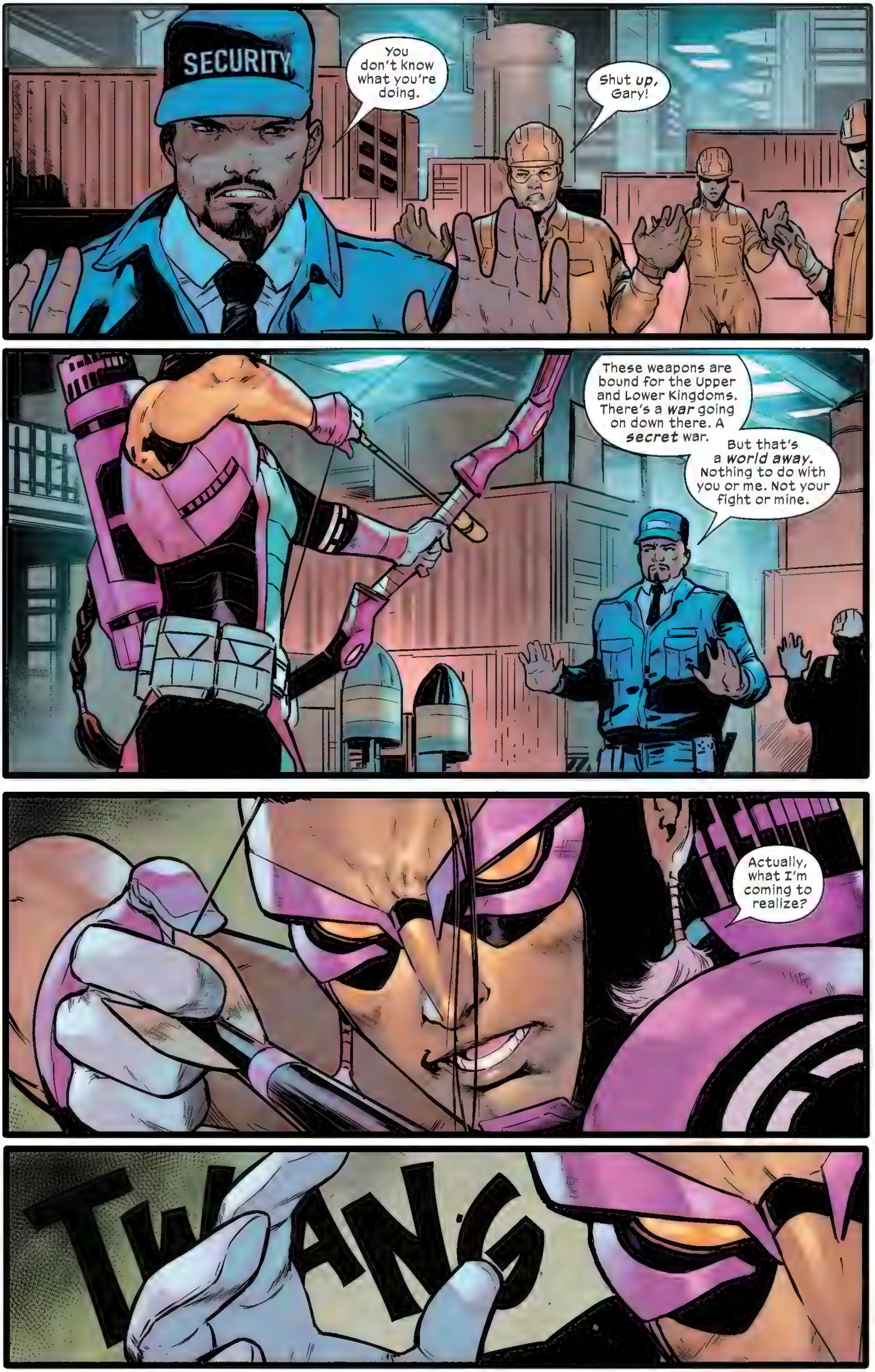

The crowd is large, a big show of solidarity despite rumors of a planned **anniversary attack** from the Ultimates Terrorist Network...
NYNS
LIVE AT STARK TOWER MEMORIAL
We never got to make that toast. To...*new* beginnings.
LIVE AT STARK TOWER MEMORIAL
Beer
--remember the thousands senselessly lost, literally hundreds of thousands of mourners here today--
Just doesn't seem right now. How about--to all the ones who don't get saved.
We are so sorry.
LIVE AT STARK TO
And to ***Tony.*** Who brought us together. We'll try not to let you down.
I pray for them.
You know, part of me thought we should ***be*** there--
All those who we lost. I pray for them every day.
No... the kind of security they've got...
STEVEN NICKOLSON • MAURICE SALEH
ROBERT JOHNSON • DOUGLAS PAC•
LINH NGUYEN •
EMILY OSBORN •
CALLUM NIELSEN • VIENNA
SKYLER PHAN • ELSA RUSH •
HADLEY

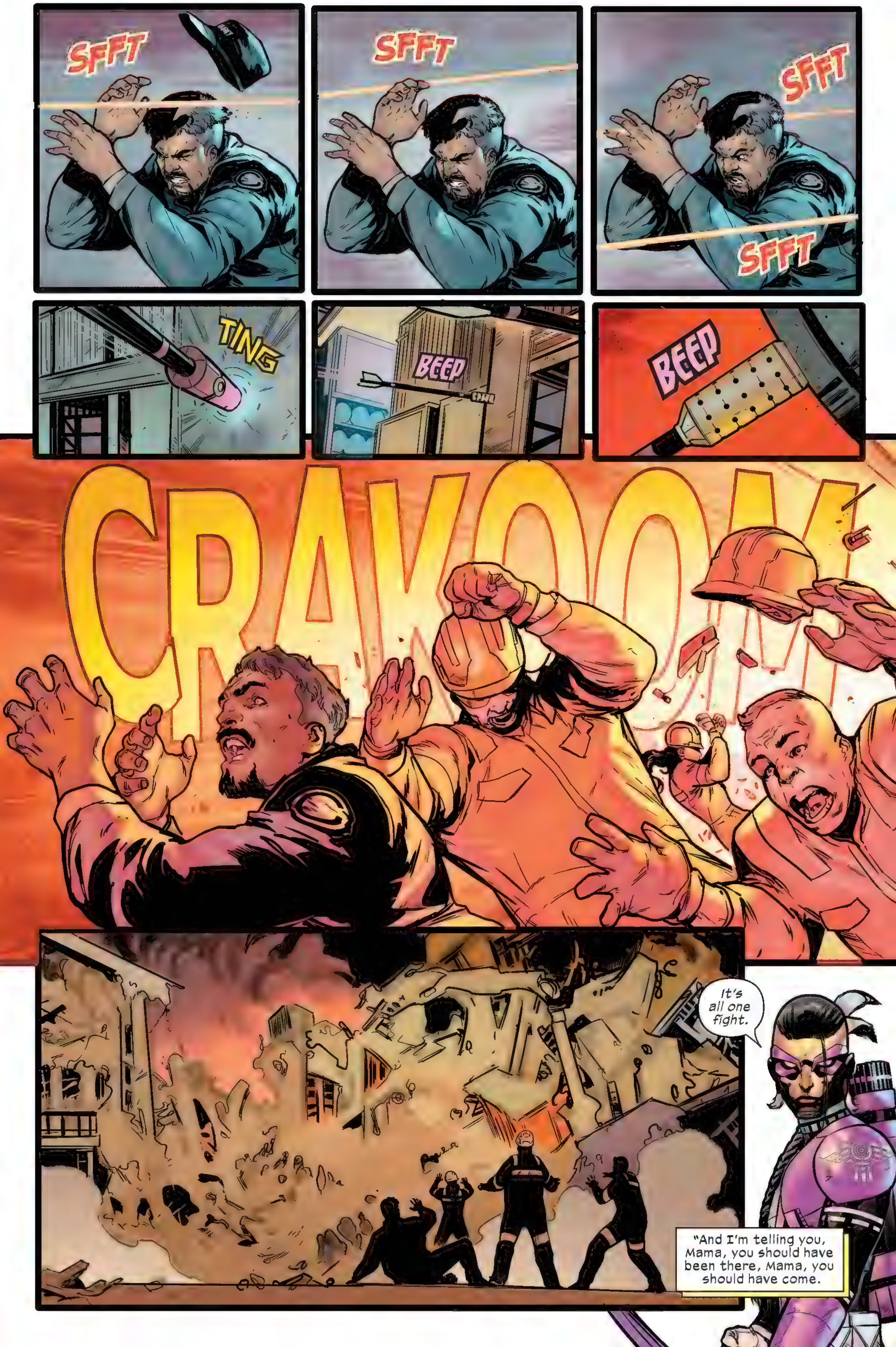

"...you'd have to be some kind of fool to go in *person*."
One year later, and I still don't understand the darkness that drives men to this. To make their point with the deaths of thousands.
Maybe we shouldn't have come.
Now we know this destruction comes with an *ideology*. A *movement*... of *hate*.
It was your idea in the first place, Hank.
I didn't think--someone could *recognize* us.
We left the costumes at home. We're just Hank Pym and Janet Van Dyne. Regular people, coming to pay our respects. Like thousands of others.
But in the face of *hate*, what else can we do but fully commit ourselves to *love?* And forgiveness? And *pray* for them--yes, even them.
Boo!
[redacted] that!
They killed my son!
I miss my wife!
They really hate us, *huh?*
They don't know us. They don't understand what we're trying to do.
Yeah. Maybe.

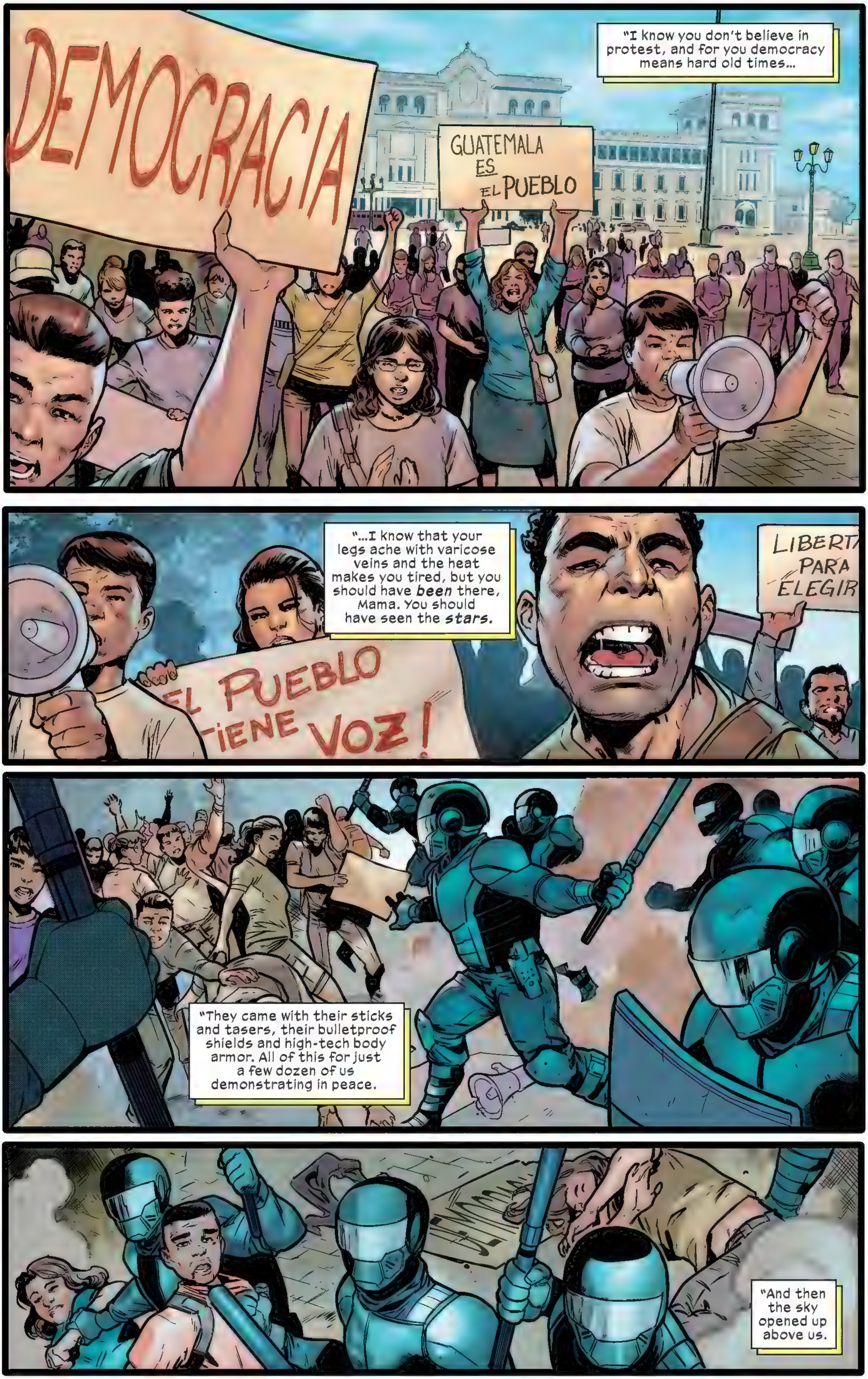

We will now commence a reading of the names...
What happened here--it wasn't about us. You know that, right?
...William O'Shea... Brooks Pace...
It was a little about us.
I just thought it would be good for--after everything we've been through lately... with *Tony*...and...and you almost *died*, Jan.
But I didn't die. I'm okay.
Don't. Don't pretend everything's--everything's fine.
Everything *is* fine.
Sponsored by
...Macio Paz. Stacy Peralta...
Sponsored by
OSCORP

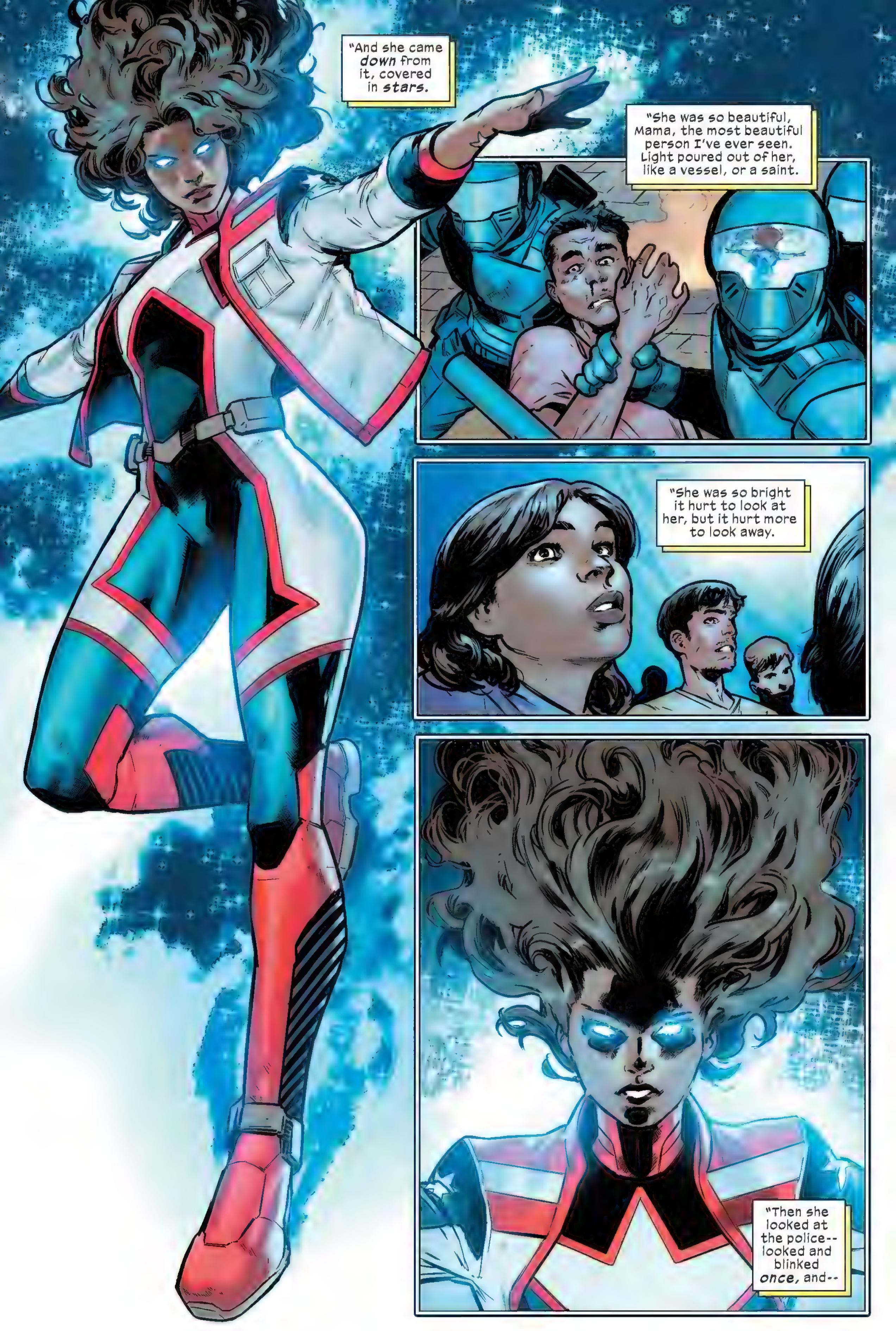

The things we've seen--the things we've *done*--
Please, Hank--not this again--
People have *died* because of us, Jan. Innocent people. Directly or indirectly. Don't pretend it doesn't bother you.
I know you're not sleeping. I know you're not sleeping because *I'm* not sleeping. How long do you think we can keep going like this?
I just thought... I thought it would be good if we could... *mourn* together or something, I guess. I don't know.
It was stupid.
No. It was a good idea, Hank.
Genius, actually.
by
OSCORP
Besides, after coming back from Heaven...

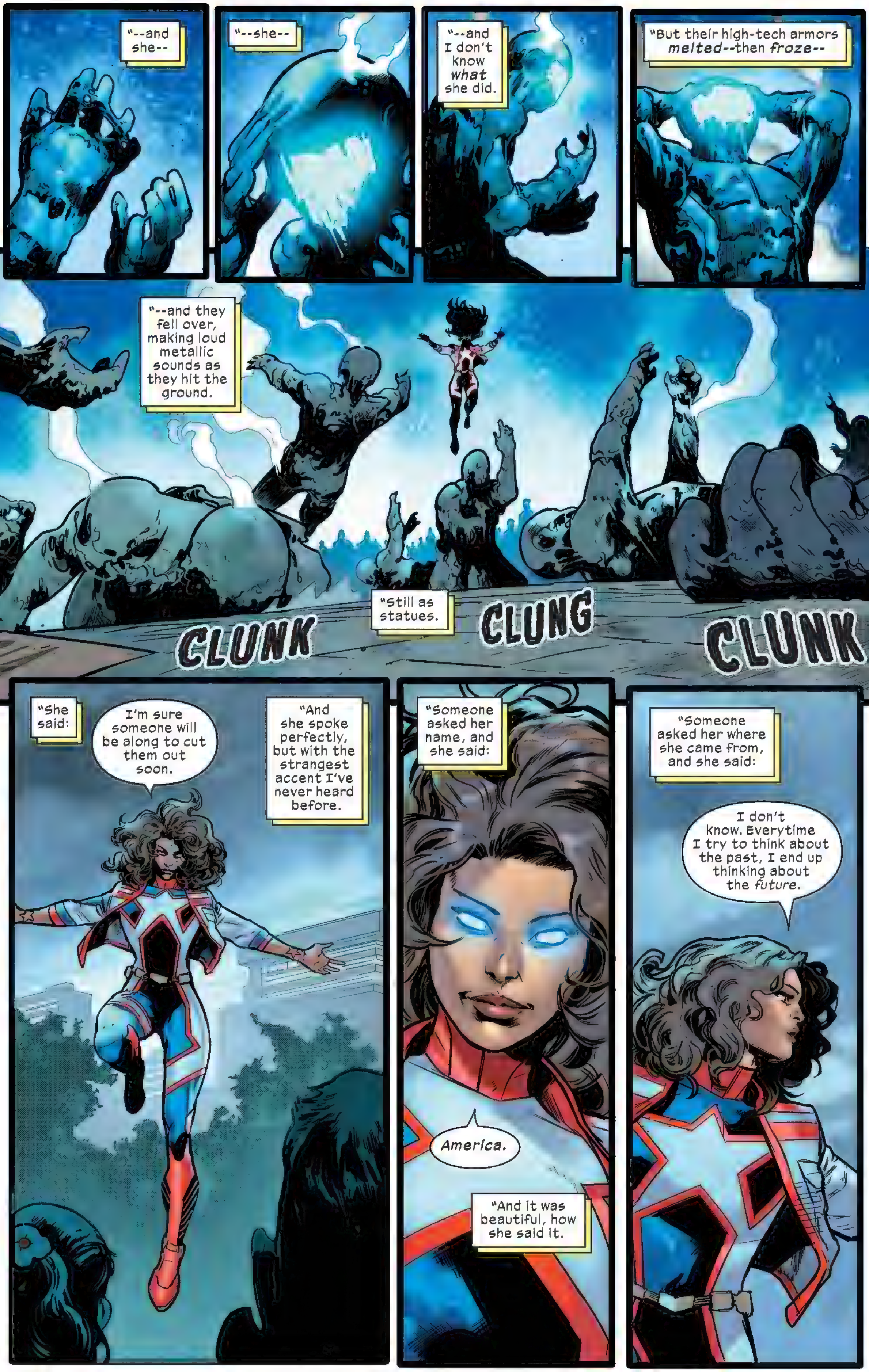

"...we're supposed to be *lying* low."
OSCORP DEFENSE
Formerly Stane/Stark Defense
Please-- we don't want any trouble!
SECURITY
We just work here!
SECURITY
Hey! You're just a kid!
Just tell us what we gotta do to get out of here alive!
SECURITY
EXIT
Stay very still.

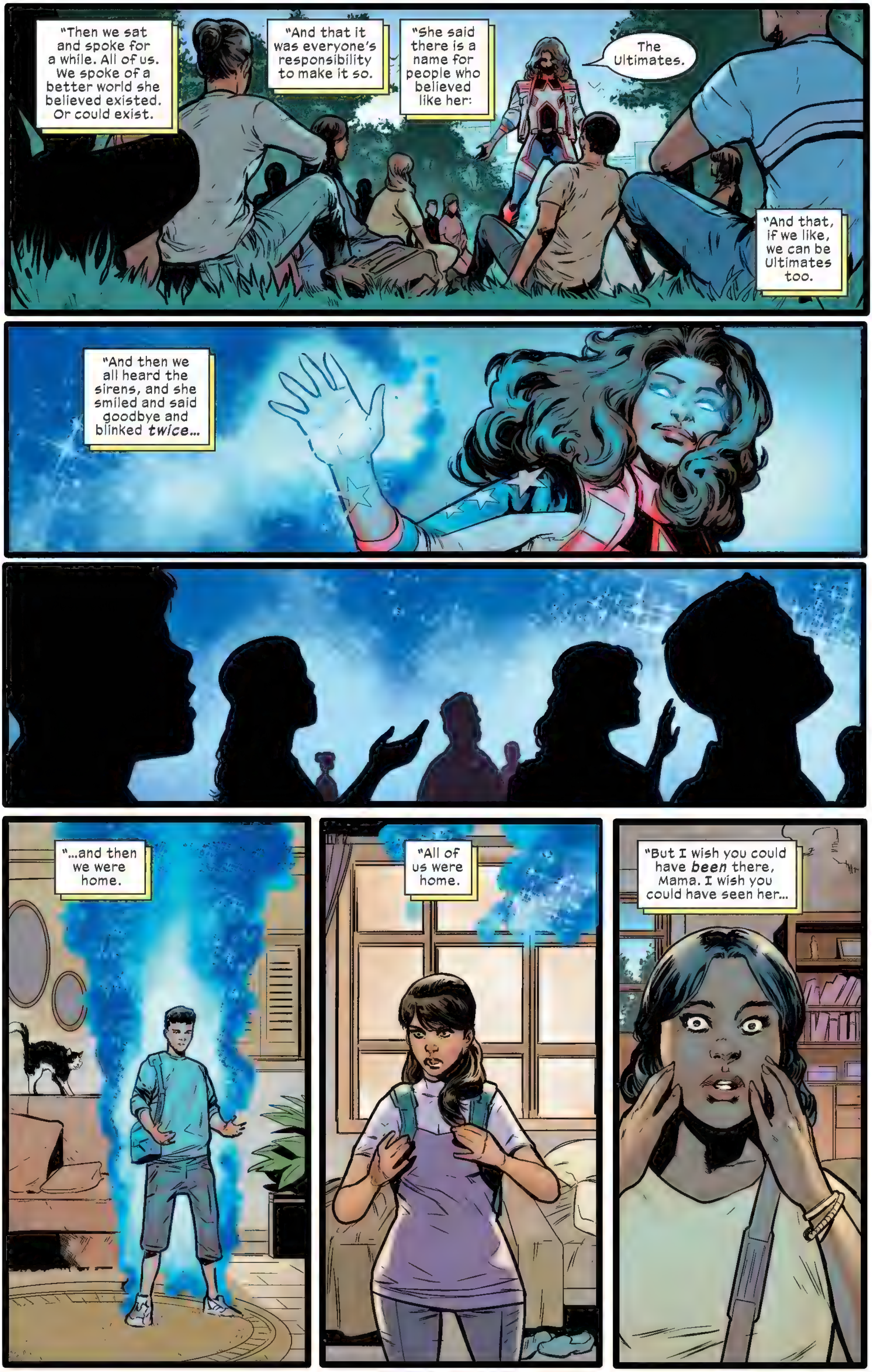

SECURITY
You don't know what you're doing.
Shut *up*, Gary!
These weapons are bound for the Upper and Lower Kingdoms. There's a *war* going on down there. A ***secret*** war.
But that's a ***world away***. Nothing to do with you or me. Not your fight or mine.
Actually, what I'm coming to realize?
TWANG

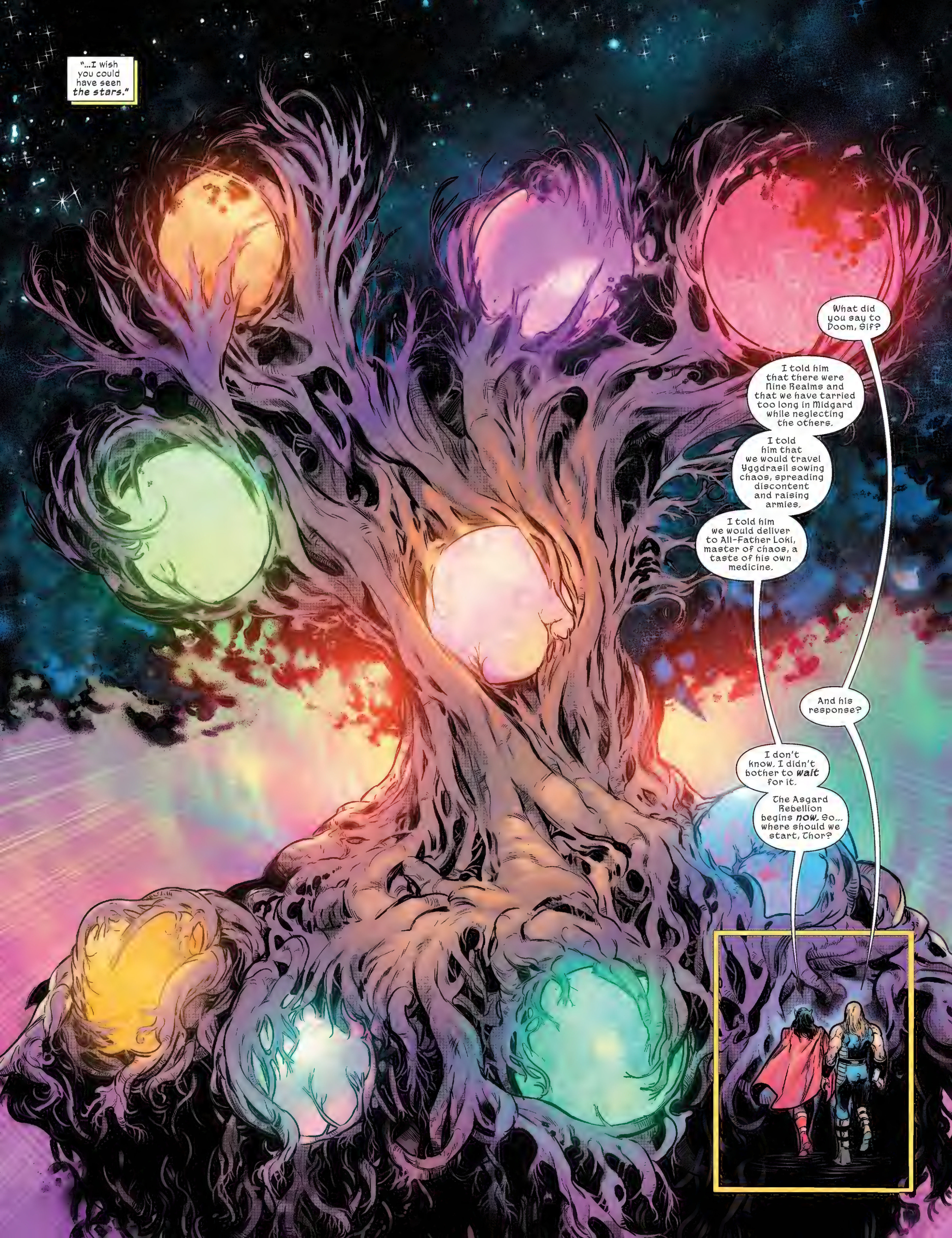

SFFT
SFFT
SFFT
SFFT
TING
BEEP
BEEP
CRAKOOM
It's all one fight.
"And I'm telling you, Mama, you should have been there, Mama, you should have come.

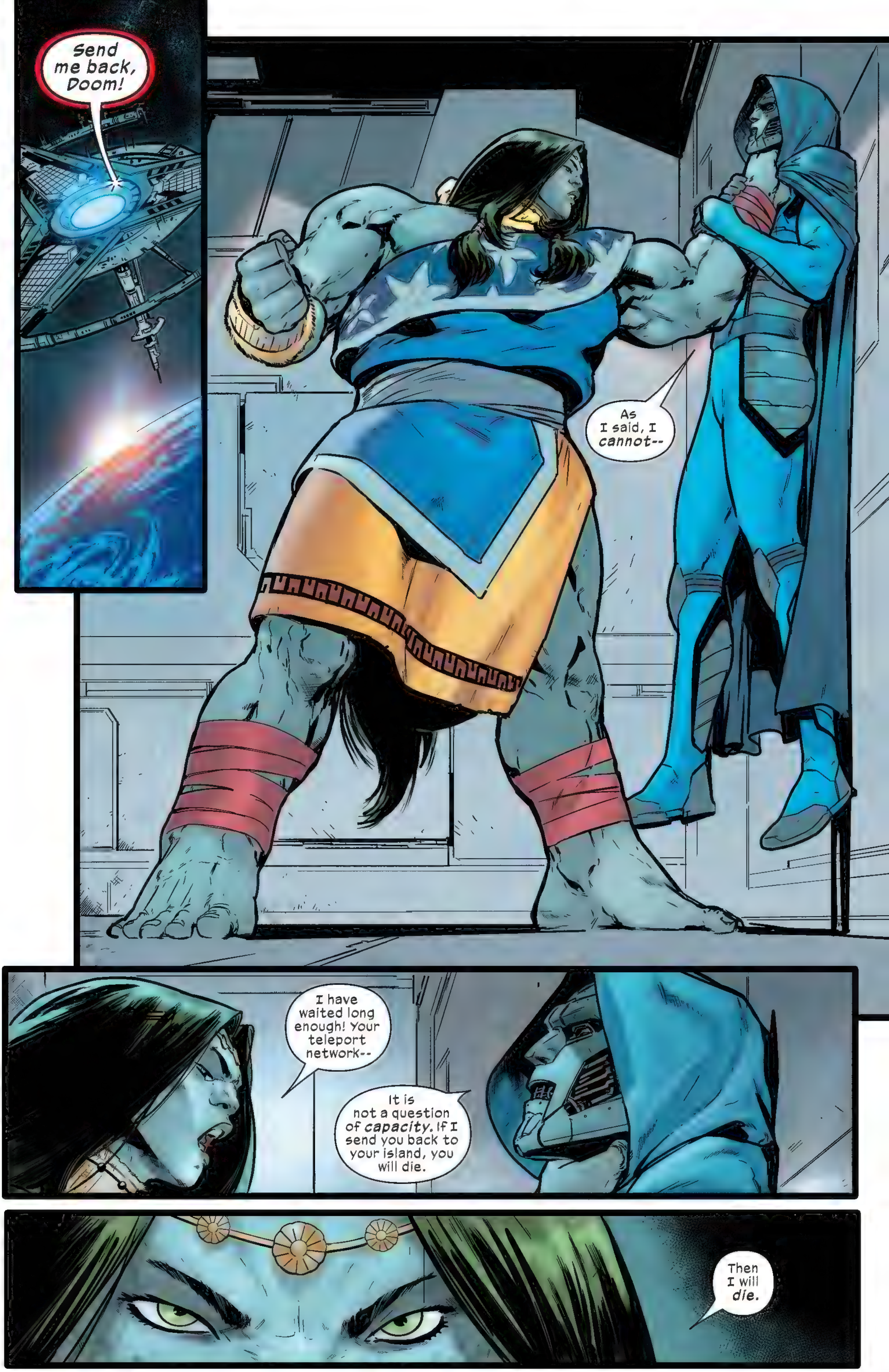

DEMOCRACIA
GUATEMALA ES EL PUEBLO
"I know you don't believe in protest, and for you democracy means hard old times...
"...I know that your legs ache with varicose veins and the heat makes you tired, but you should have *been* there, Mama. You should have seen the *stars*.
LIBERTA PARA ELEGIR
EL PUEBLO TIENE VOZ!
"They came with their sticks and tasers, their bulletproof shields and high-tech body armor. All of this for just a few dozen of us demonstrating in peace.
"And then the sky opened up above us.

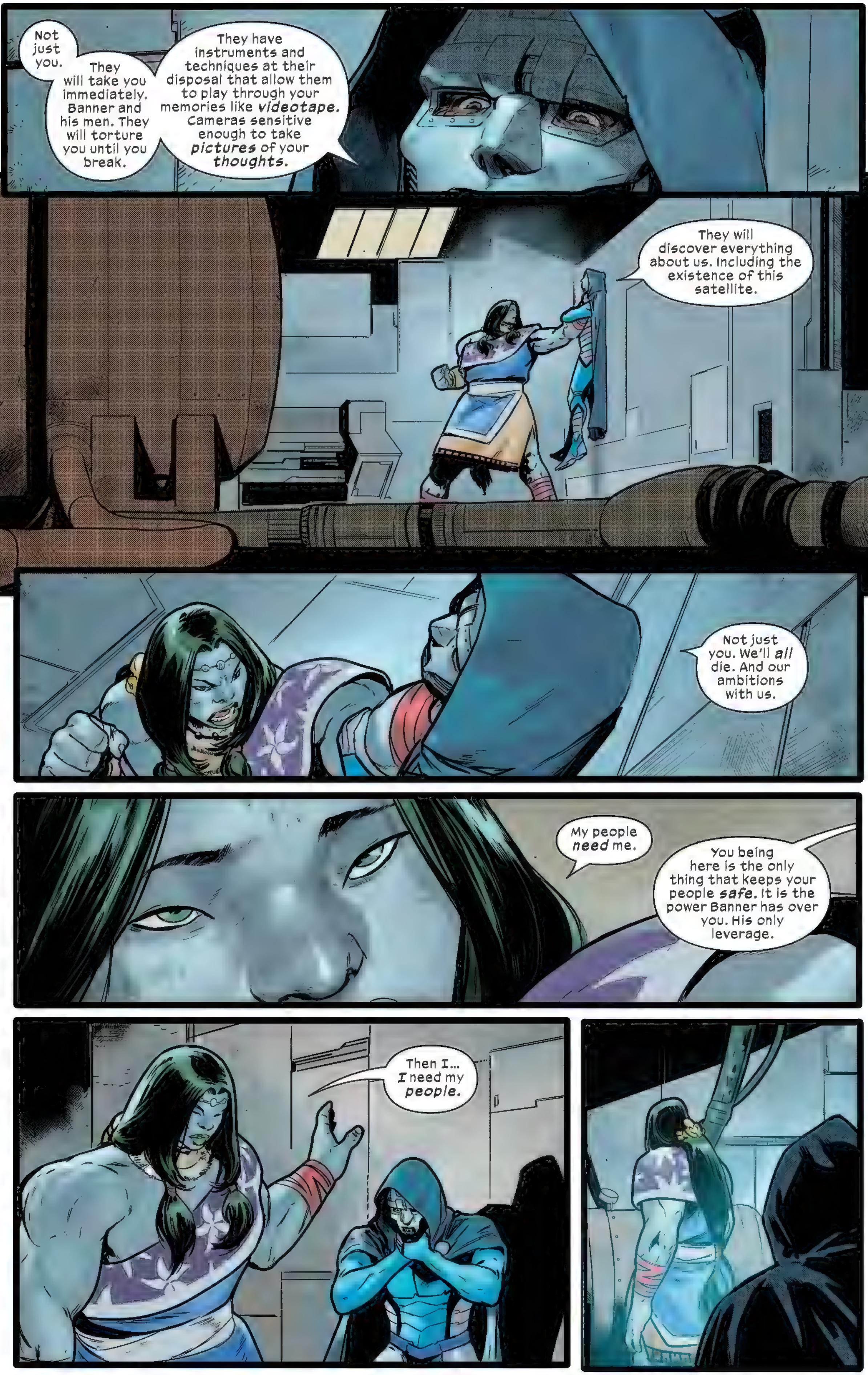

"And she came *down* from it, covered in ***stars.***
"She was so beautiful, Mama, the most beautiful person I've ever seen. Light poured out of her, like a vessel, or a saint.
"She was so bright it hurt to look at her, but it hurt more to look away.
"Then she looked at the police--looked and blinked *once*, and--

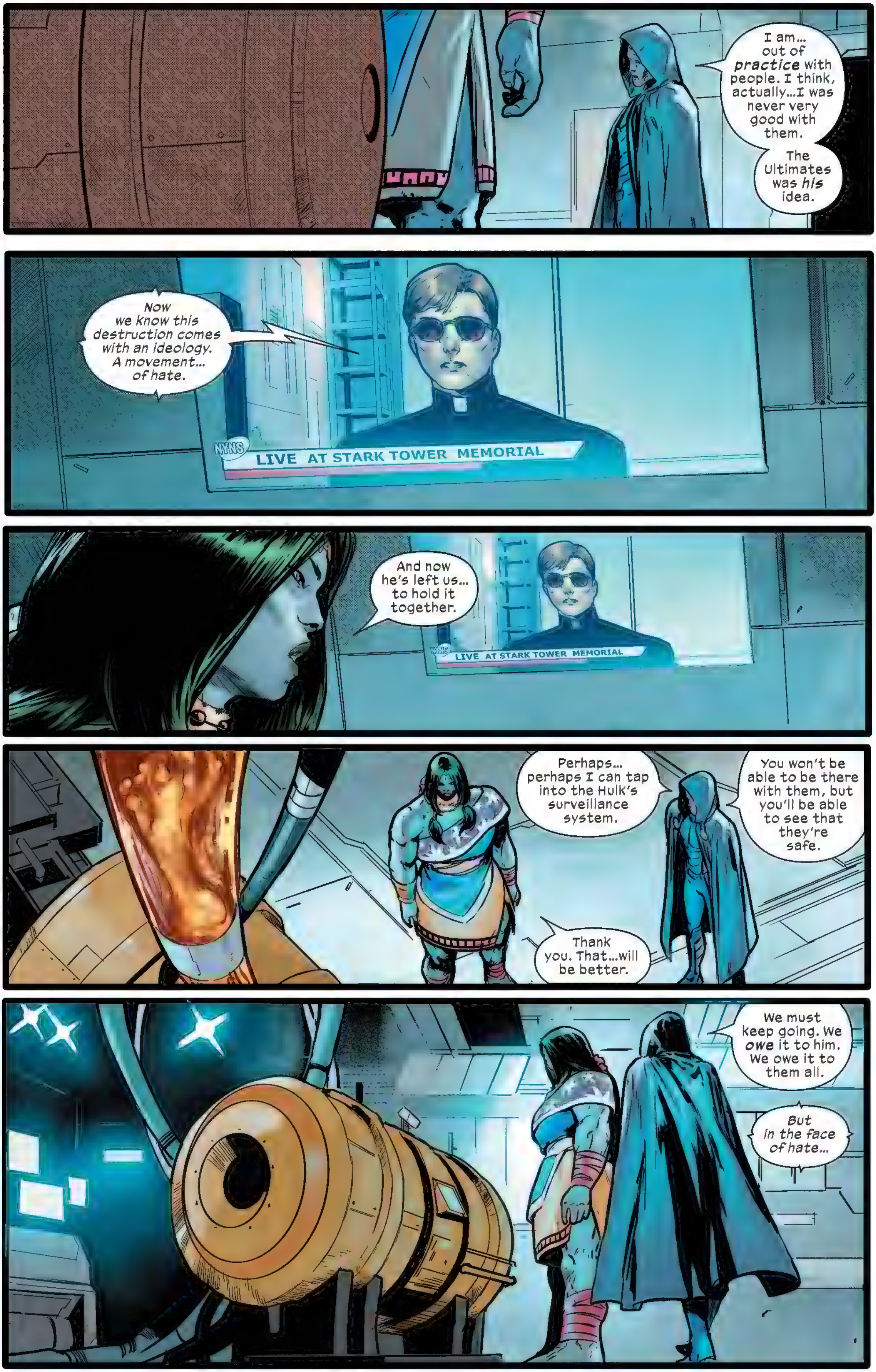

"--and she--
"--she--
"--and I don't know *what* she did.
"But their high-tech armors *melted*--then *froze*--
"--and they fell over, making loud metallic sounds as they hit the ground.
CLUNK
"Still as statues.
CLUNG
CLUNK
"She said:
I'm sure someone will be along to cut them out soon.
"And she spoke perfectly, but with the strangest accent I've never heard before.
"Someone asked her name, and she said:
America.
"And it was beautiful, how she said it.
"Someone asked her where she came from, and she said:
I don't know. Everytime I try to think about the past, I end up thinking about the *future*.

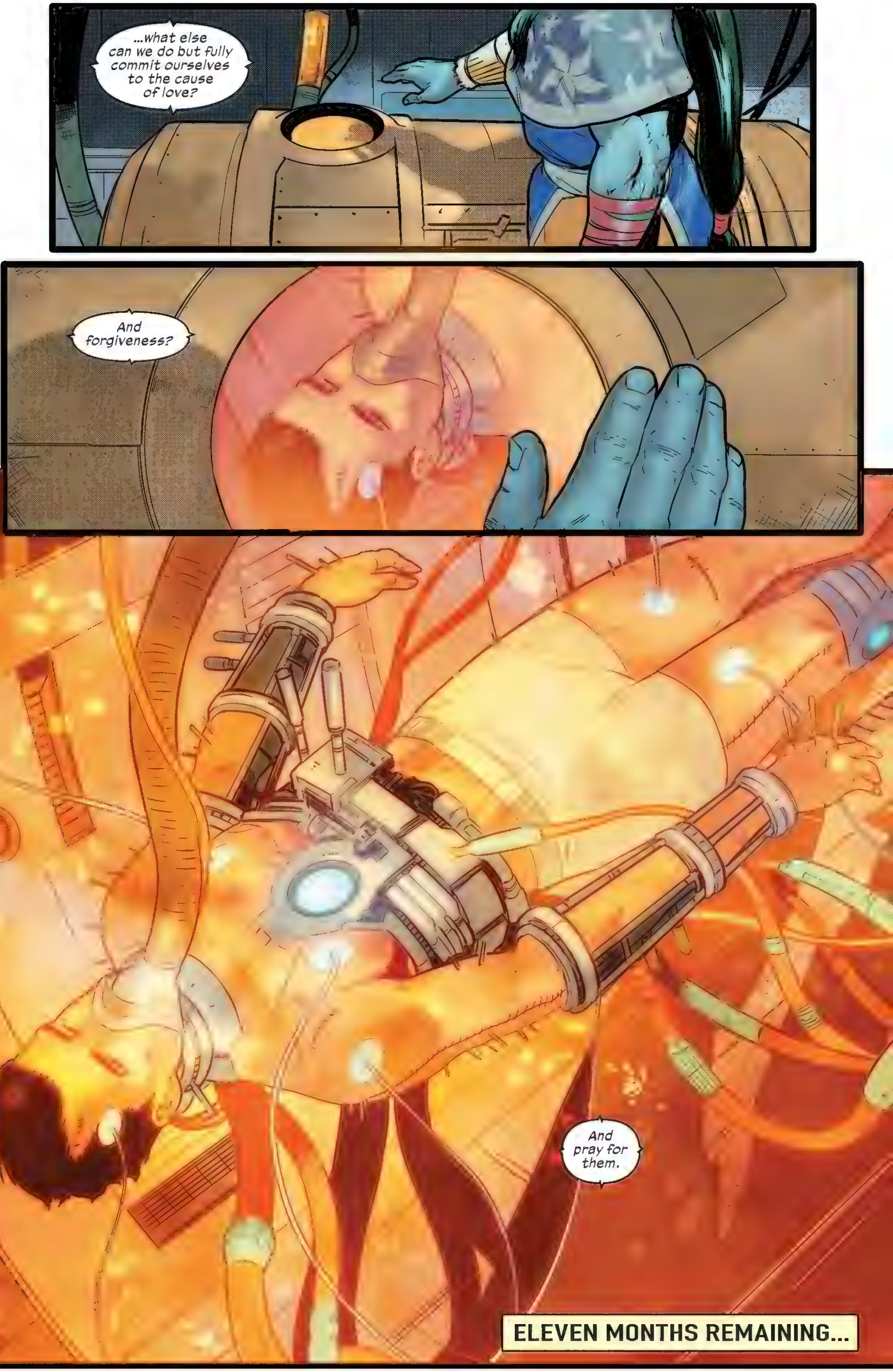

"Then we sat and spoke for a while. All of us. We spoke of a better world she believed existed. Or could exist.
"And that it was everyone's responsibility to make it so.
"She said there is a name for people who believed like her:
The Ultimates.
"And that, if we like, we can be Ultimates too.
"And then we all heard the sirens, and she smiled and said goodbye and blinked *twice*...
"...and then we were home.
"All of us were home.
"But I wish you could have *been* there, Mama. I wish you could have seen her...


"...I wish you could have seen *the stars.*"
What did you say to Doom, Sif?
I told him that there were Nine Realms and that we have tarried too long in Midgard while neglecting the others.
I told him that we would travel Yggdrasil sowing chaos, spreading discontent and raising armies.
I told him we would deliver to All-Father Loki, master of chaos, a taste of his own medicine.
And his response?
I don't know. I didn't bother to *wait* for it.
The Asgard Rebellion begins *now.* So... where should we start, Thor?


Send me back, Doom!
As I said, I *cannot--*
I have waited long enough! Your teleport network--
It is not a question of *capacity.* If I send you back to your island, you will die.
Then I will *die.*


Not just you.
They will take you immediately. Banner and his men. They will torture you until you break.
They have instruments and techniques at their disposal that allow them to play through your memories like *videotape.* Cameras sensitive enough to take *pictures* of your *thoughts.*
They will discover everything about us. Including the existence of this satellite.
Not just you. We'll *all* die. And our ambitions with us.
My people *need* me.
You being here is the only thing that keeps your people *safe.* It is the power Banner has over you. His only leverage.
Then I... *I* need my *people.*


I am... out of *practice* with people. I think, actually...I was never very good with them.
The Ultimates was *his* idea.
Now we know this destruction comes with an ideology. A movement... of hate.
NYNS
LIVE AT STARK TOWER MEMORIAL
And now he's left us... to hold it together.
NYNS
LIVE AT STARK TOWER MEMORIAL
Perhaps... perhaps I can tap into the Hulk's surveillance system.
You won't be able to be there with them, but you'll be able to see that they're safe.
Thank you. That...will be better.
We must keep going. We *owe* it to him. We owe it to them all.
But in the face of hate...


...what else can we do but fully commit ourselves to the cause of love?
And forgiveness?
And pray for them.
ELEVEN MONTHS REMAINING...

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MARVEL
ULTIMATE UNIVERSE
ONE YEAR IN
1

ULTIMATE UNIVERSE: ONE YEAR IN #1

BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JONAS SCHARF**

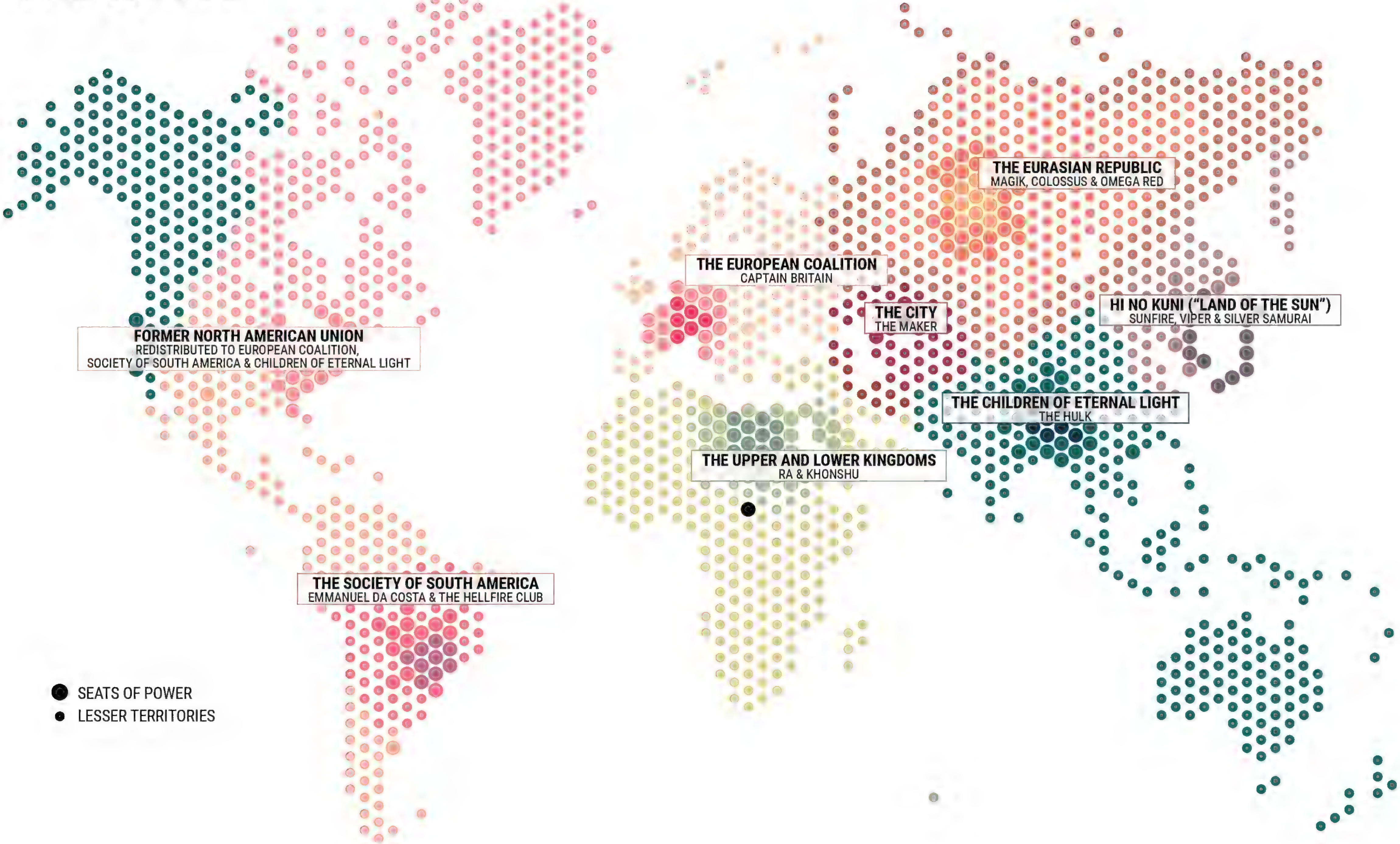
1

A diabolical genius known as **THE MAKER** used time travel to create his ideal Earth by systematically preventing anyone from ever becoming a super hero and by establishing a secret council of super villains, **THE MAKER'S COUNCIL**, that rules the world from the shadows.

One year ago, inventor **HOWARD STARK** sealed himself and the Maker inside **THE CITY**, an advanced dome of the Maker's own design, after he learned the truth about the Council. His teenage son, **TONY**, took on the codename **IRON LAD** and began trying to re-create a world of super heroes to fight against the Council—and to prepare for the dome's opening in two years' time.

But the Council members have moved on to plots of their own, expanding their influences in the Maker's absence...

THE WORLD


FORMER NORTH AMERICAN UNION
REDISTRIBUTED TO EUROPEAN COALITION,
SOCIETY OF SOUTH AMERICA & CHILDREN OF ETERNAL LIGHT
THE EUROPEAN COALITION
CAPTAIN BRITAIN
THE CITY
THE MAKER
THE EURASIAN REPUBLIC
MAGIK, COLOSSUS & OMEGA RED
HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")
SUNFIRE, VIPER & SILVER SAMURAI
THE CHILDREN OF ETERNAL LIGHT
THE HULK
THE UPPER AND LOWER KINGDOMS
RA & KHONSHU
THE SOCIETY OF SOUTH AMERICA
EMMANUEL DA COSTA & THE HELLFIRE CLUB
● SEATS OF POWER
● LESSER TERRITORIES

THE WORLD

AS REMADE BY THE MAKER'S COUNCIL

● ~~THE NORTH AMERICAN UNION~~ REDISTRIBUTED
● ~~REGIONAL SUBSIDIARIES~~ REDISTRIBUTED

● THE SOCIETY OF SOUTH AMERICA
● REGIONAL CLUBS
● FRACTIONAL CULTURES

● THE EUROPEAN COALITION
● REGIONAL GOVERNORS
● FIEFDOMS

● THE CITY
● LATVERIAN TERRITORIES

● THE UPPER AND LOWER KINGDOMS
● REGIONAL DYNASTIES
● LOCAL TEMPLES

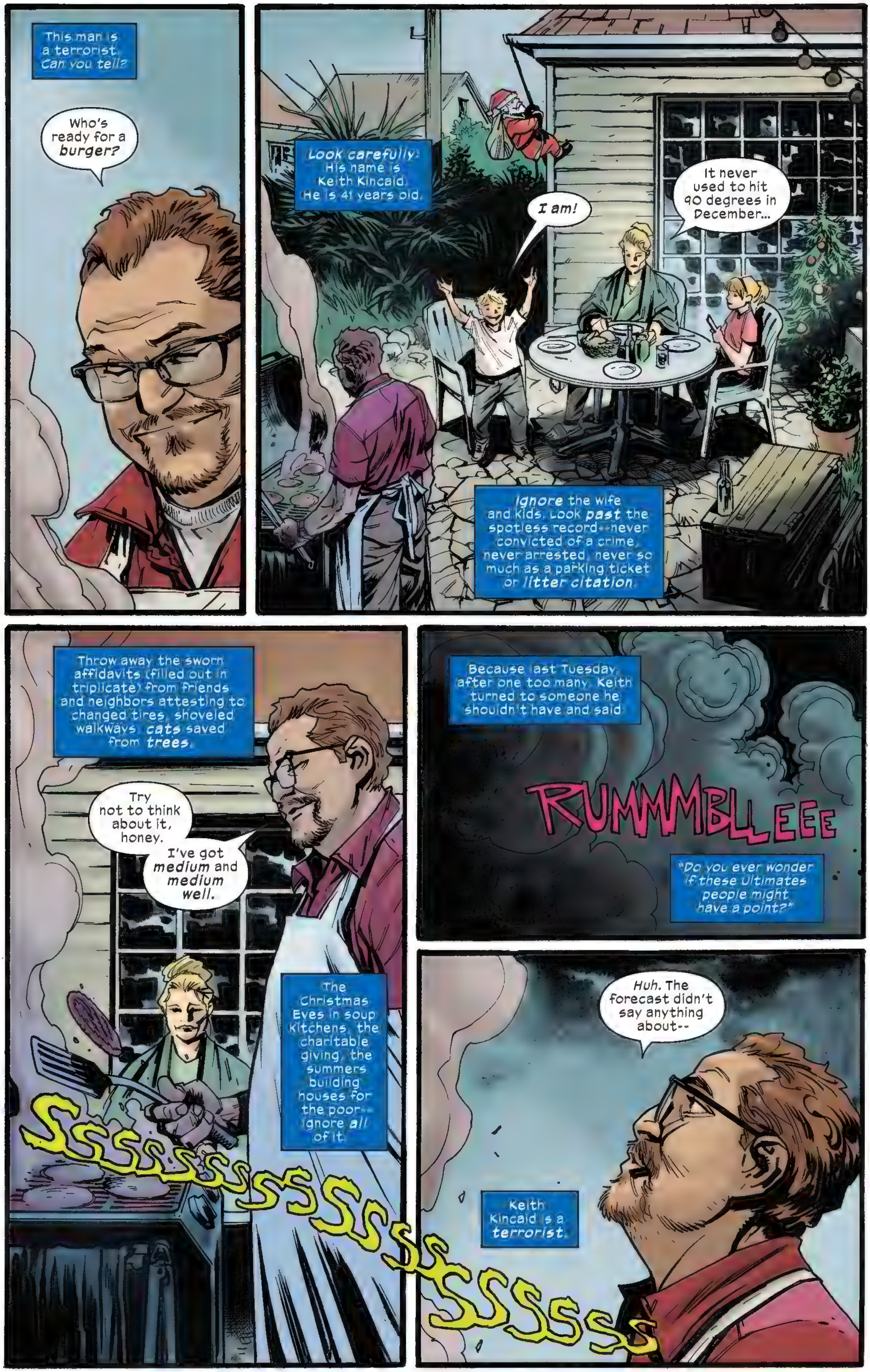
● THE EURASIAN REPUBLIC
● REGIONAL DIRECTORS
● LOCAL SCHOOLS

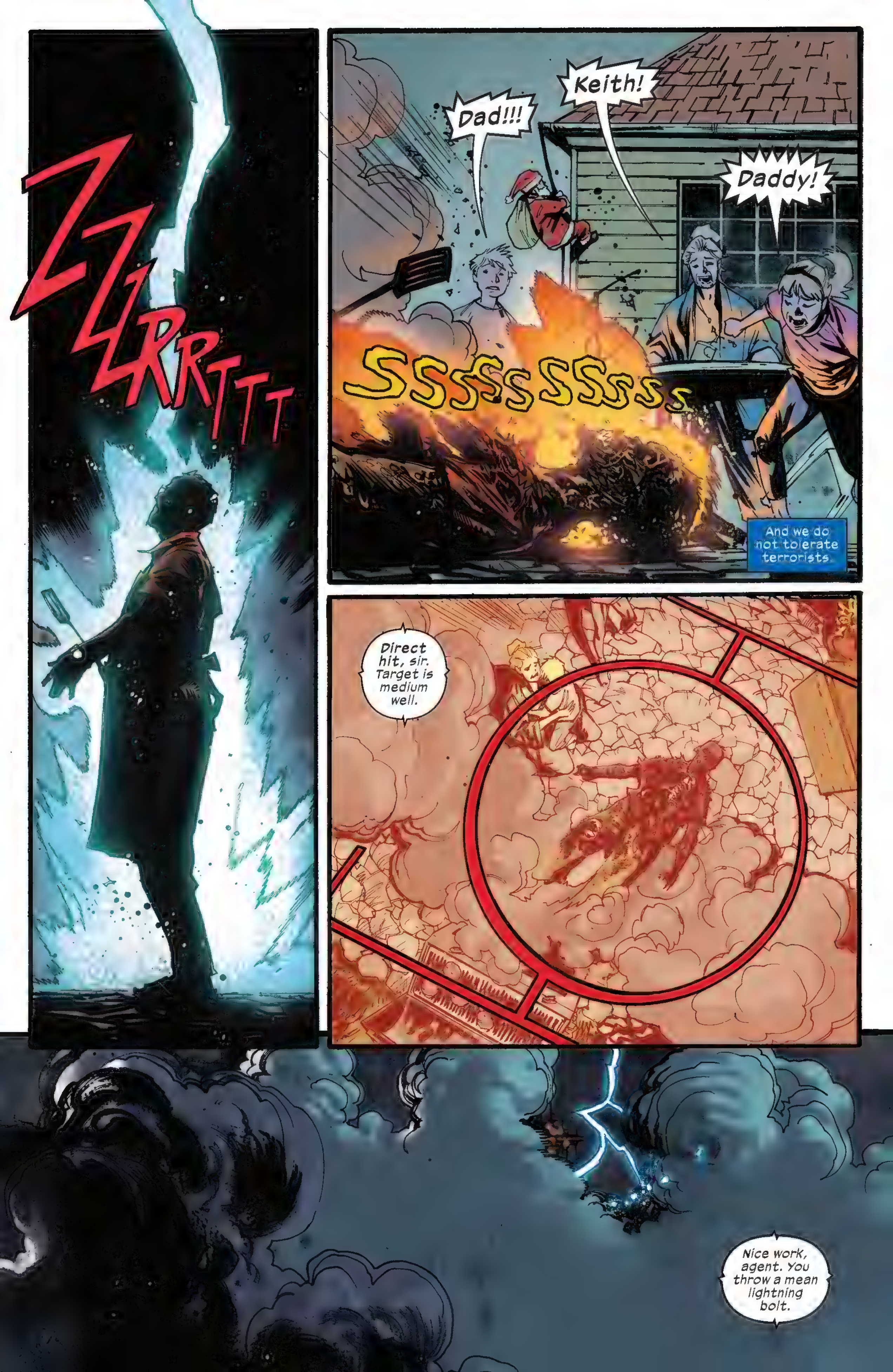
● THE CHILDREN OF ETERNAL LIGHT
● THE SHADOWS OF THE IMMORTAL HAND

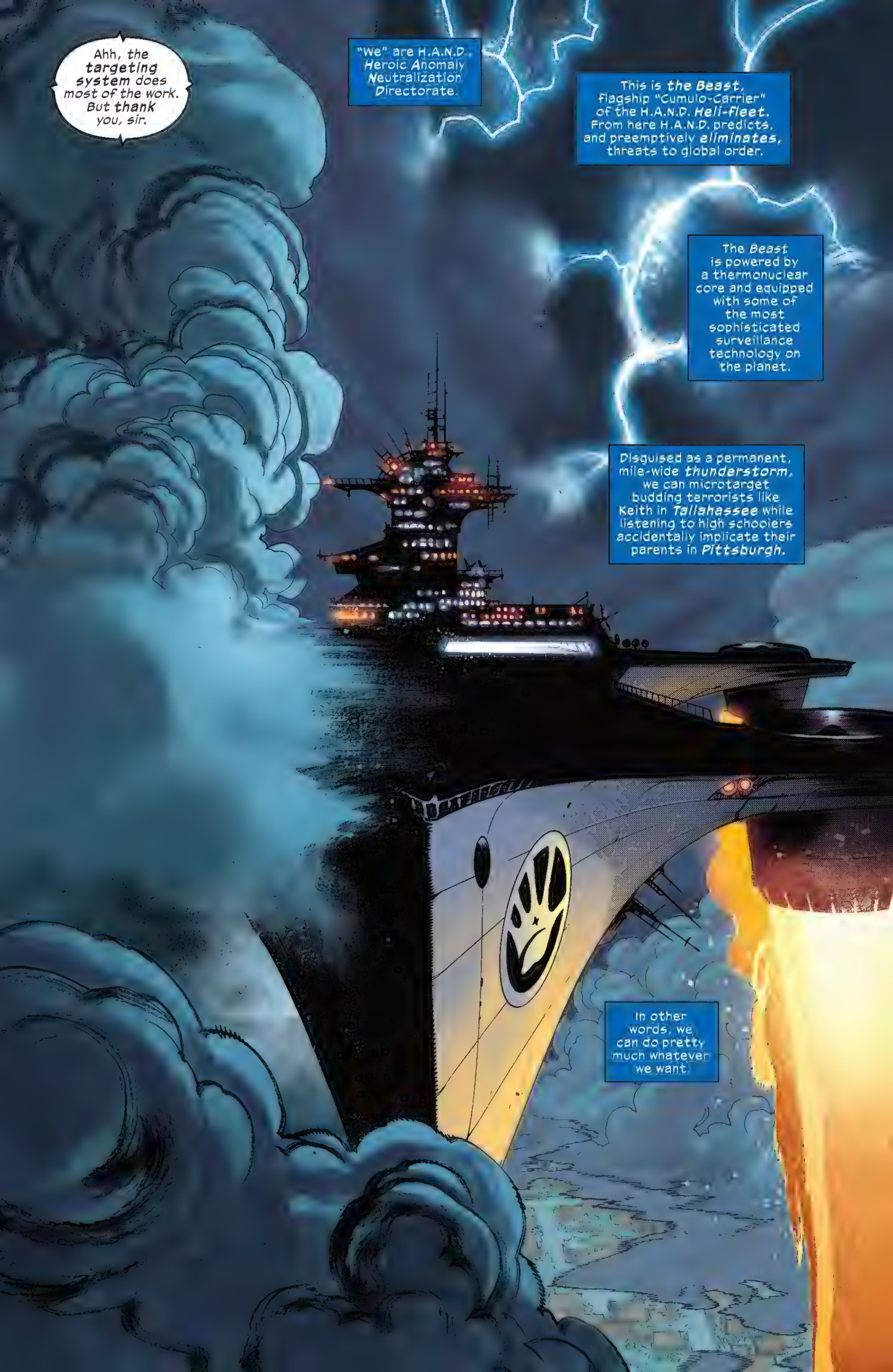
● HI NO KUNI ("LAND OF THE SUN")
● DAIMYOS

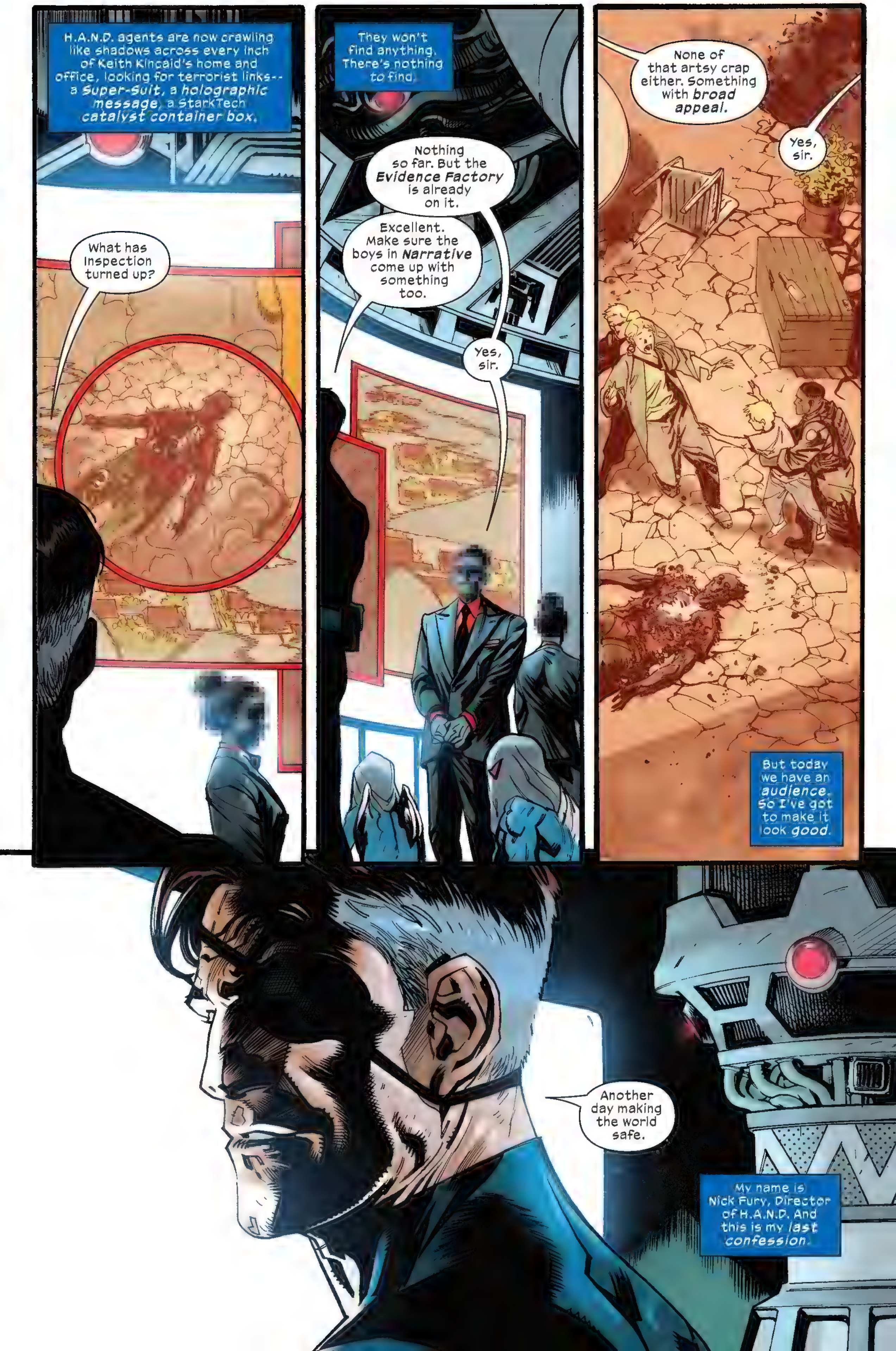
● WAKANDA

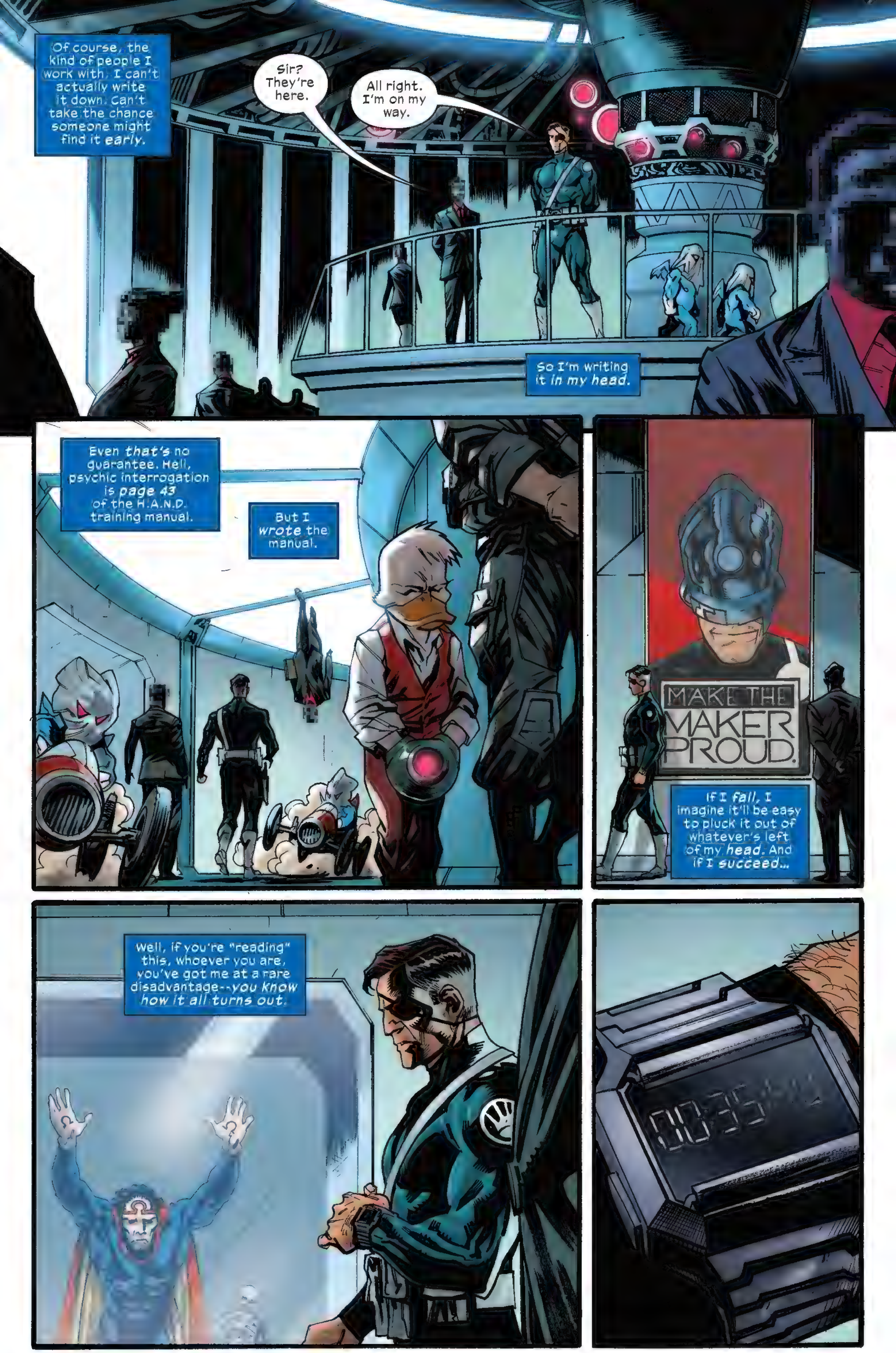
1963-2024

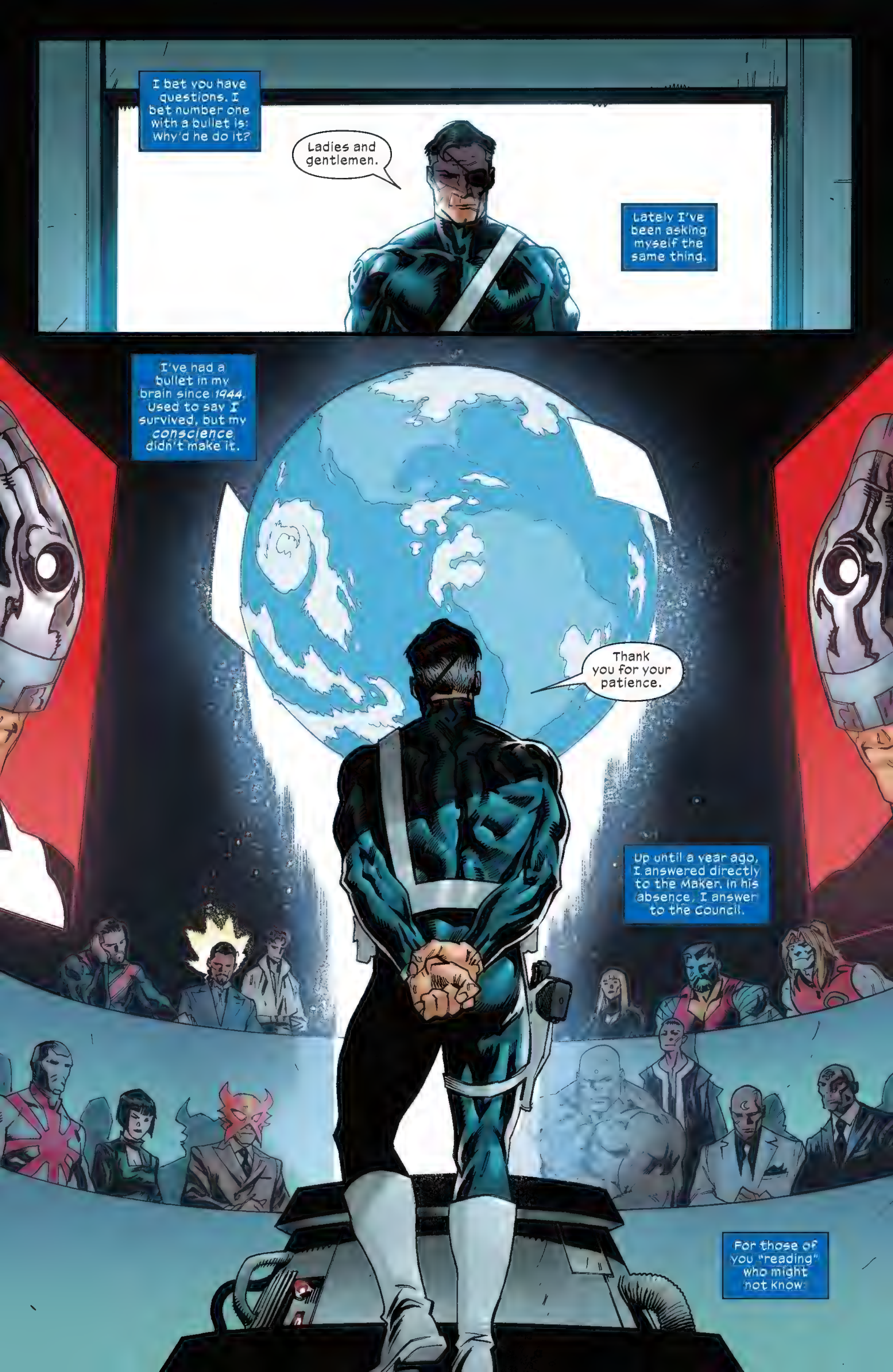

This man is a terrorist. Can you tell?
Who's ready for a *burger?*
Look carefully: His name is Keith Kincaid. He is 41 years old.
I am!
It never used to hit 90 degrees in December...
Ignore the wife and kids. Look *past* the spotless record--never convicted of a crime, never arrested, never so much as a parking ticket or *litter citation.*
Throw away the sworn affidavits (filled out in triplicate) from friends and neighbors attesting to changed tires, shoveled walkways, *cats* saved from *trees.*
Try not to think about it, honey.
I've got *medium* and *medium well.*
The Christmas Eves in soup kitchens, the charitable giving, the summers building houses for the poor--ignore *all* of it.
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
Because last Tuesday, after one too many, Keith turned to someone he shouldn't have and said
RUMMMBLLEEE
"Do you ever wonder if these Ultimates people might have a point?"
Huh. The forecast didn't say anything about--
Keith Kincaid is a *terrorist.*

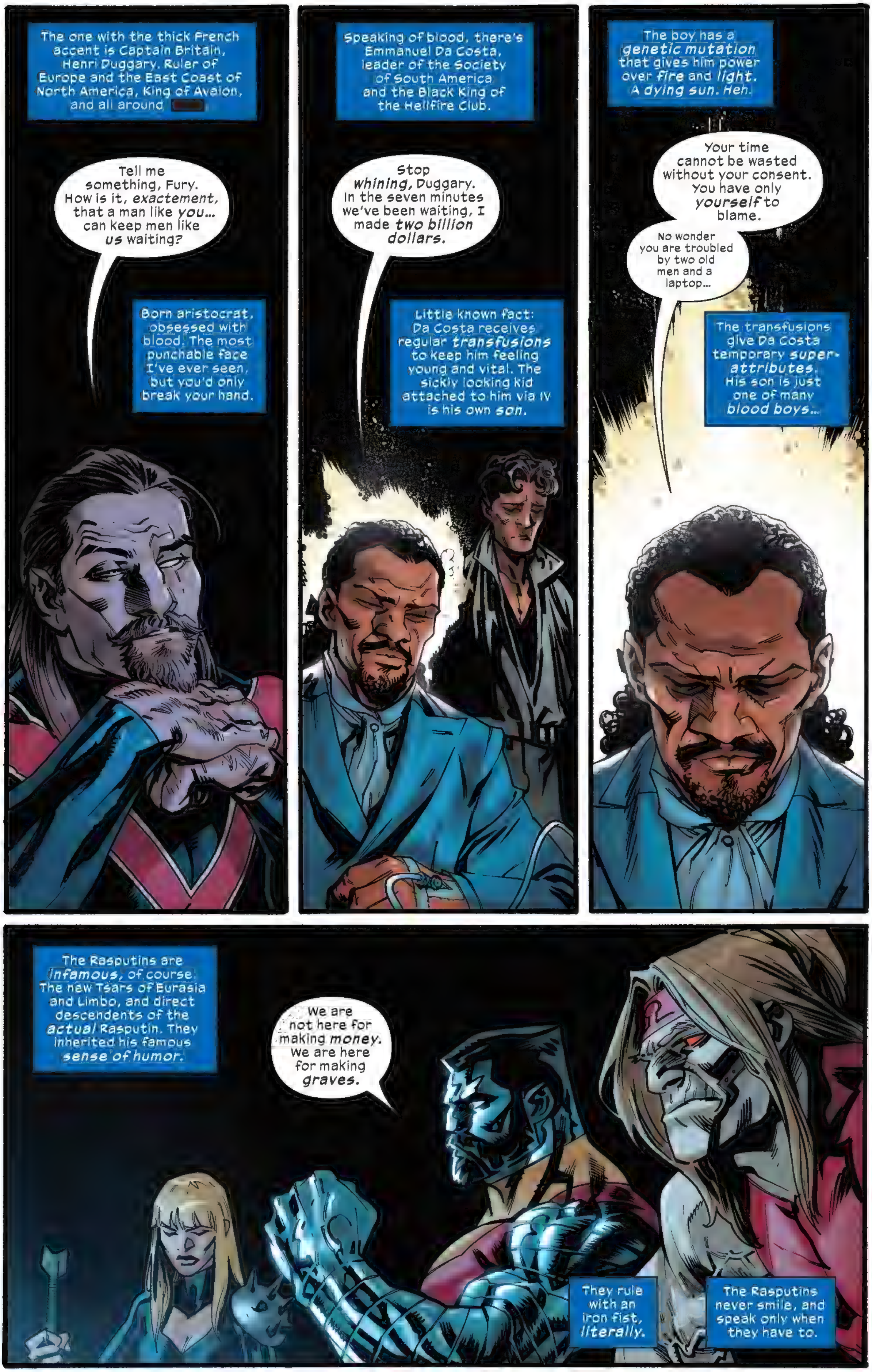

ZZRRTTT
Dad!!!
Keith!
Daddy!
SSSSSSSsss
And we do not tolerate terrorists.
Direct hit, sir. Target is medium well.
Nice work, agent. You throw a mean lightning bolt.

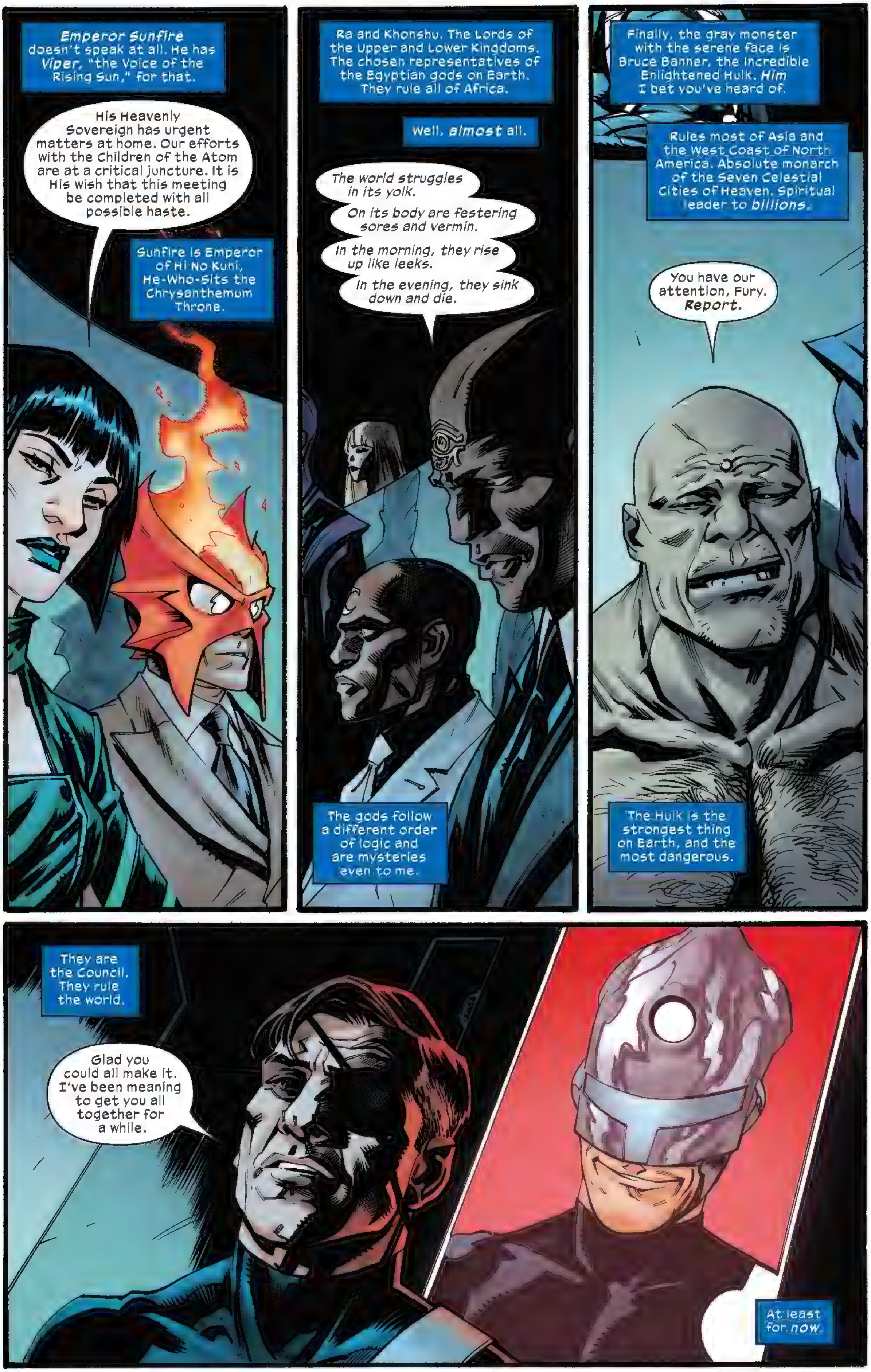

Ahh, the **targeting system** does most of the work. But **thank** you, sir.
"We" are H.A.N.D. *Heroic Anomaly Neutralization Directorate.*
This is ***the Beast,*** flagship "Cumulo-Carrier" of the H.A.N.D. ***Heli-Fleet.*** From here H.A.N.D. predicts, and preemptively ***eliminates,*** threats to global order.
The *Beast* is powered by a thermonuclear core and equipped with some of the most sophisticated surveillance technology on the planet.
Disguised as a permanent, mile-wide ***thunderstorm,*** we can microtarget budding terrorists like Keith in *Tallahassee* while listening to high schoolers accidentally implicate their parents in ***Pittsburgh.***
In other words, we can do pretty much whatever we want.

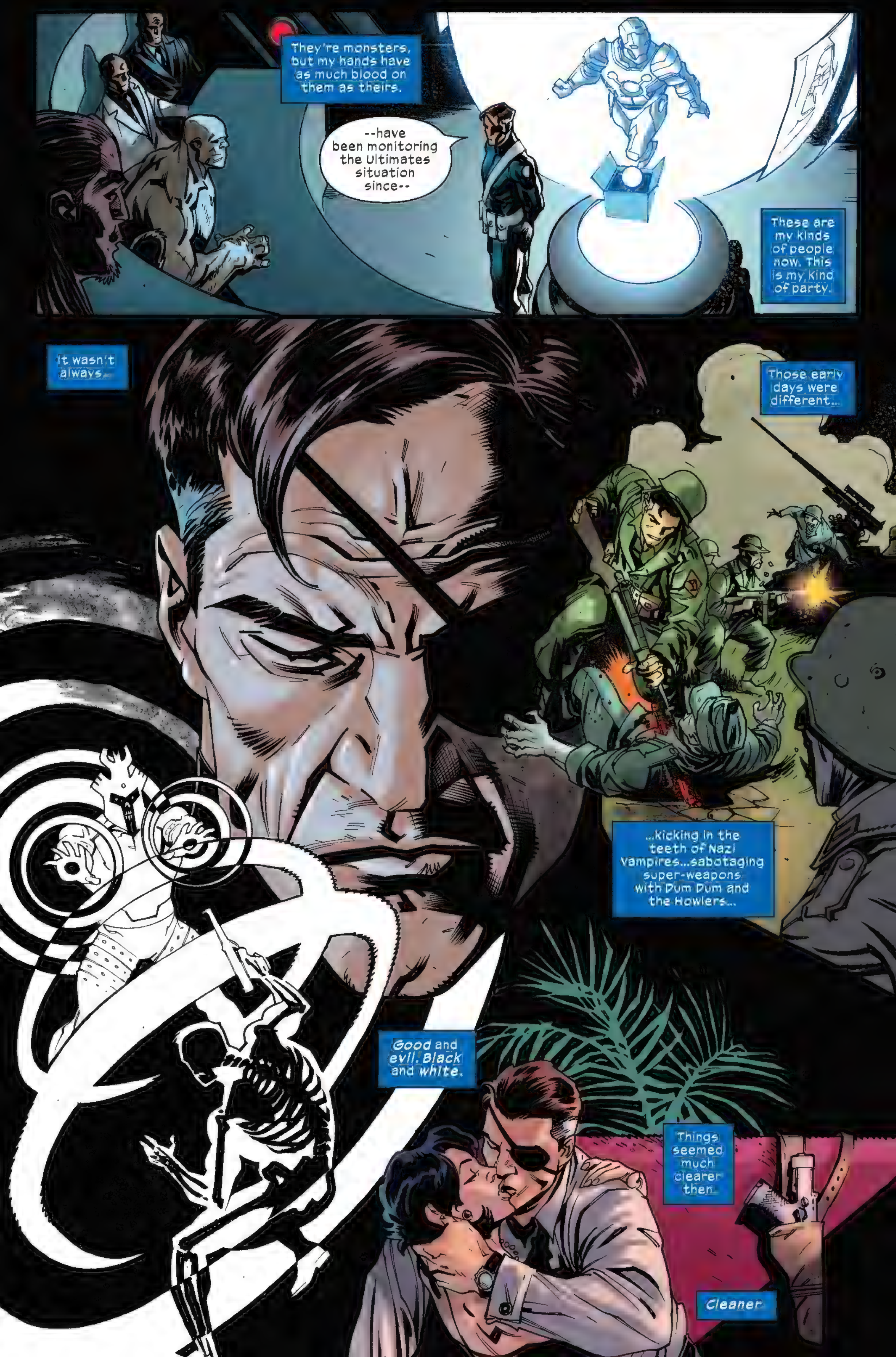

H.A.N.D. agents are now crawling like shadows across every inch of Keith Kincaid's home and office, looking for terrorist links-- a **Super-Suit**, a **holographic message**, a StarkTech **catalyst container box**.
What has Inspection turned up?
They won't find anything. There's nothing to find.
Nothing so far. But the **Evidence Factory** is already on it.
Excellent. Make sure the boys in **Narrative** come up with something too.
Yes, sir.
None of that artsy crap either. Something with **broad appeal.**
Yes, sir.
But today we have an **audience**. So I've got to make it look **good**.
Another day making the world safe.
My name is Nick Fury, Director of H.A.N.D. And this is my **last confession**.

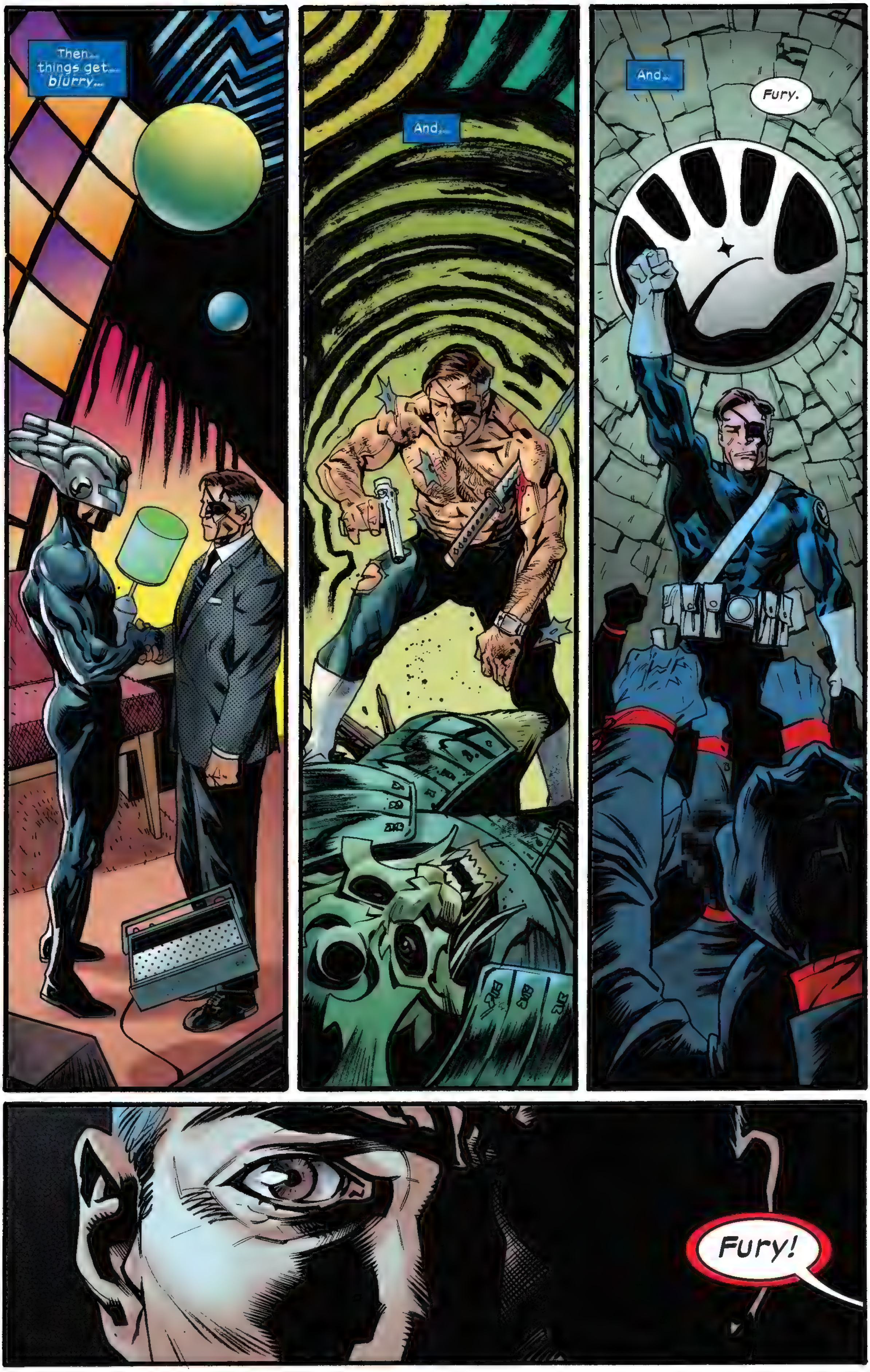

Of course, the kind of people I work with, I can't actually write it down. Can't take the chance someone might find it *early*.
Sir? They're here.
All right. I'm on my way.
So I'm writing it *in my head*.
Even *that's* no guarantee. Hell, psychic interrogation is *page 43* of the H.A.N.D. training manual.
But I *wrote* the manual.
MAKE THE MAKER PROUD.
If I *fall*, I imagine it'll be easy to pluck it out of whatever's left of my *head*. And if I *succeed*...
Well, if you're "reading" this, whoever you are, you've got me at a rare disadvantage--*you know how it all turns out*.
0035

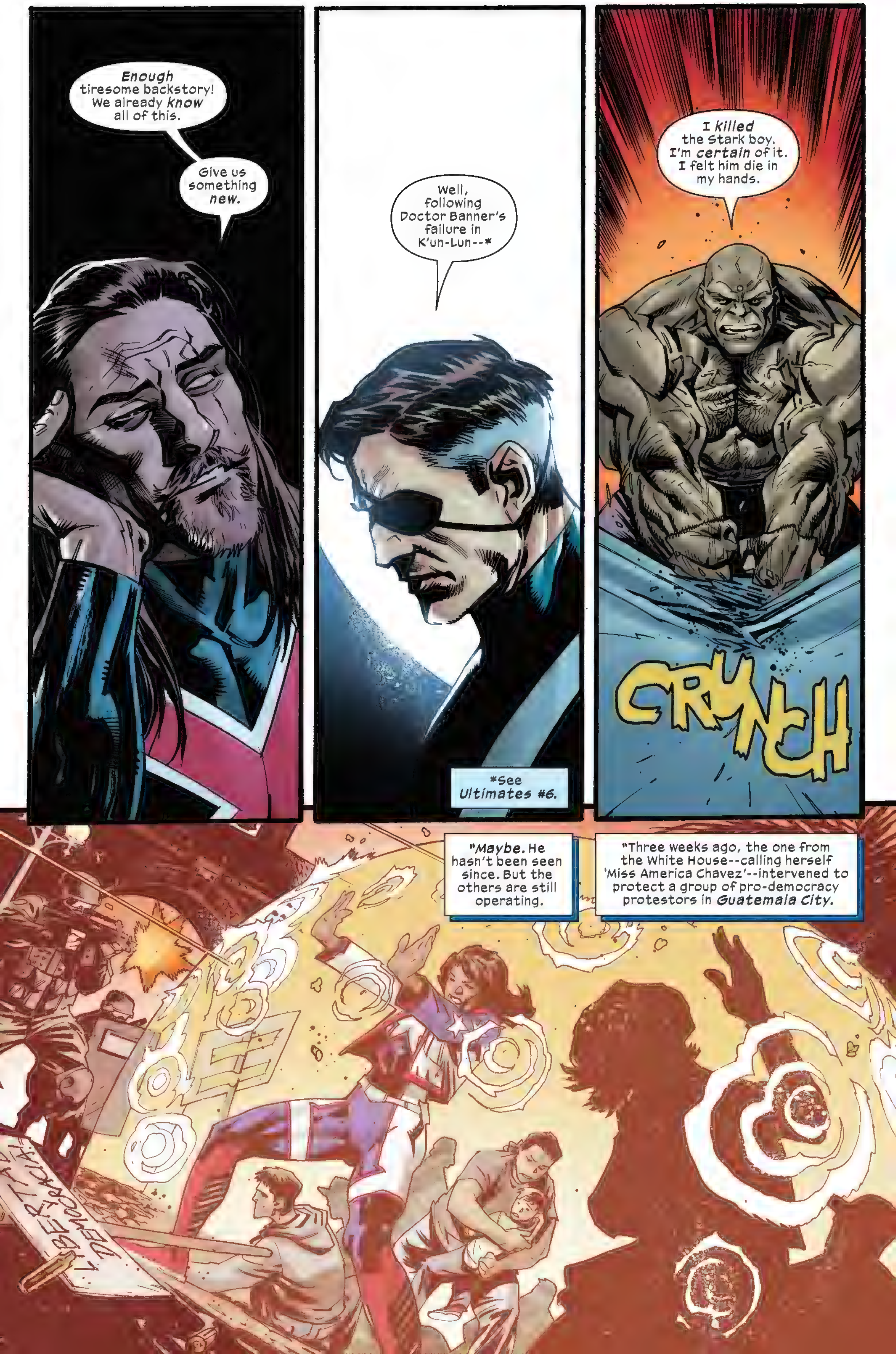

I bet you have questions. I bet number one with a bullet is: Why'd he do it?
Ladies and gentlemen.
Lately I've been asking myself the same thing.
I've had a bullet in my brain since *1944*. Used to say *I* survived, but my *conscience* didn't make it.
Thank you for your patience.
Up until a year ago, I answered directly to the Maker. In his absence, I answer to the Council.
For those of you "reading" who might not know:

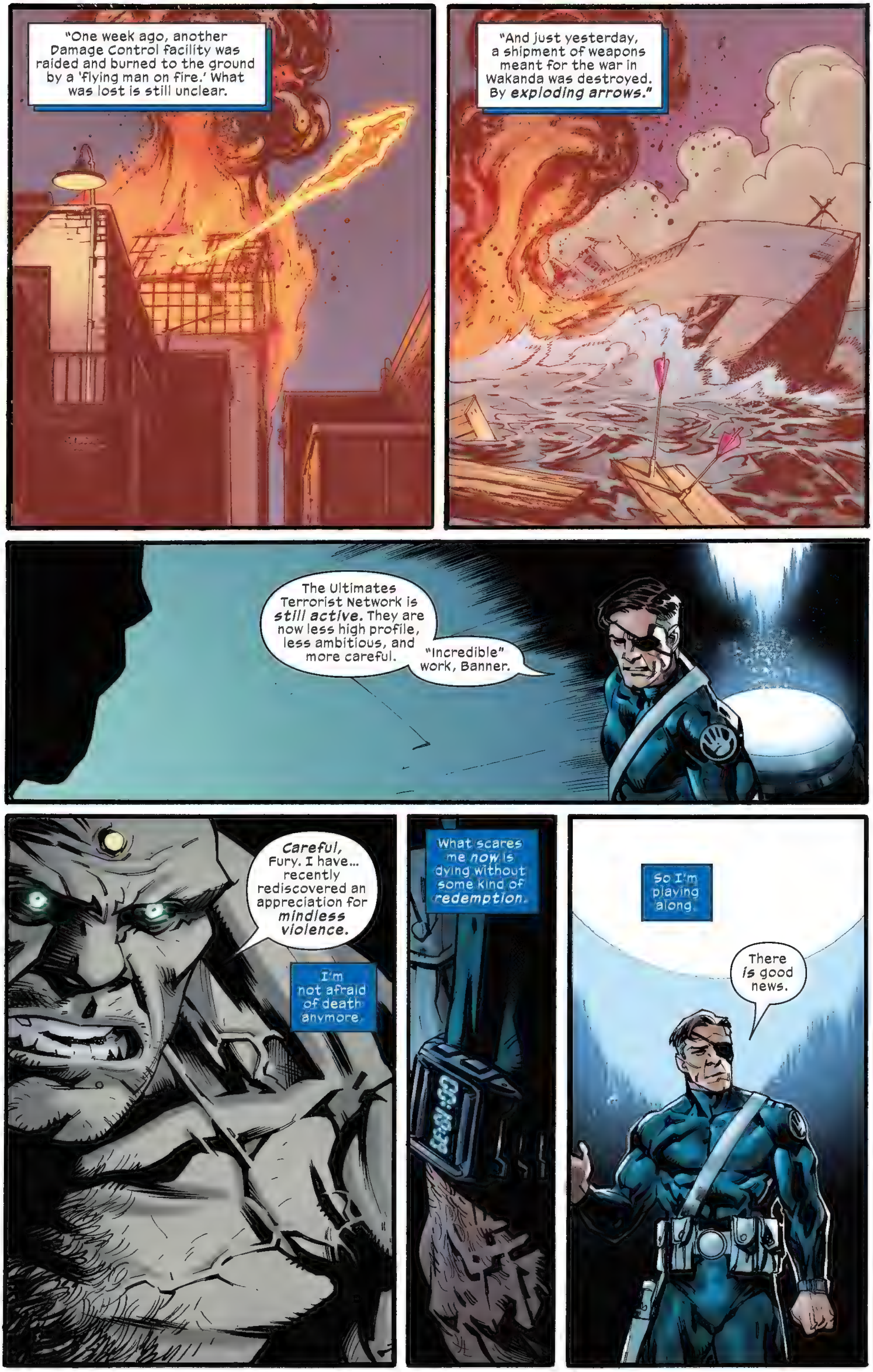

The one with the thick French accent is Captain Britain, Henri Duggary. Ruler of Europe and the East Coast of North America, King of Avalon, and all around [redacted]
Tell me something, Fury. How is it, *exactement*, that a man like *you*... can keep men like *us* waiting?
Born aristocrat, obsessed with blood. The most punchable face I've ever seen, but you'd only break your hand.
Speaking of blood, there's Emmanuel Da Costa, leader of the Society of South America and the Black King of the Hellfire Club.
Stop *whining*, Duggary. In the seven minutes we've been waiting, I made *two billion dollars*.
Little known fact: Da Costa receives regular *transfusions* to keep him feeling young and vital. The sickly looking kid attached to him via IV is his own *son*.
The boy has a *genetic mutation* that gives him power over *fire* and *light*. A *dying sun. Heh.*
Your time cannot be wasted without your consent. You have only *yourself* to blame.
No wonder you are troubled by two old men and a laptop...
The transfusions give Da Costa temporary *super-attributes*. His son is just one of many *blood boys*...
The Rasputins are *infamous*, of course. The new Tsars of Eurasia and Limbo, and direct descendents of the *actual* Rasputin. They inherited his famous *sense of humor*.
We are not here for making *money*. We are here for making *graves*.
They rule with an iron fist, *literally*.
The Rasputins never smile, and speak only when they have to.

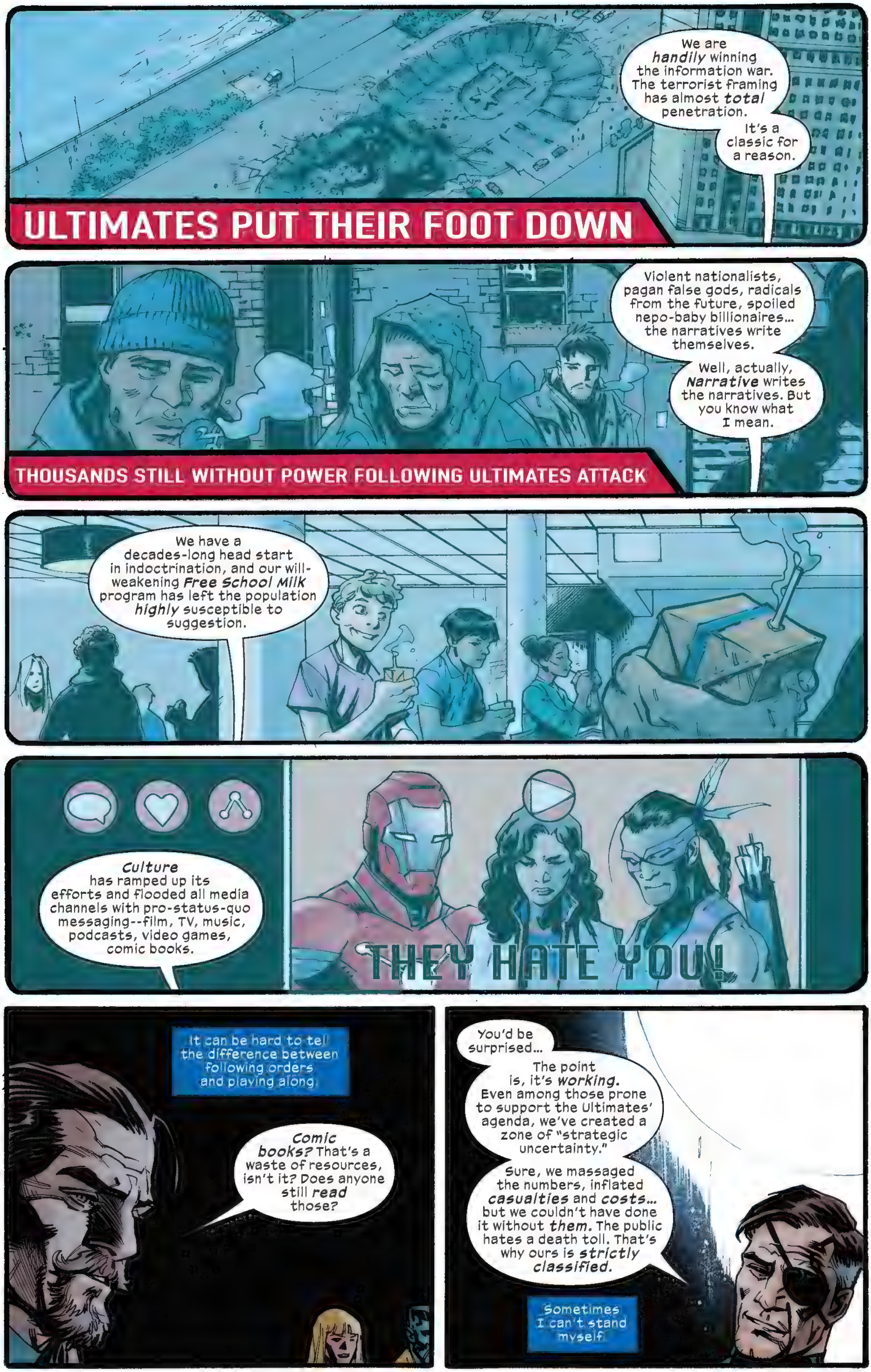

Emperor Sunfire doesn't speak at all. He has *Viper*, "the Voice of the Rising Sun," for that.
His Heavenly Sovereign has urgent matters at home. Our efforts with the Children of the Atom are at a critical juncture. It is His wish that this meeting be completed with all possible haste.
Sunfire is Emperor of Hi No Kuni, He-Who-Sits the Chrysanthemum Throne.
Ra and Khonshu. The Lords of the Upper and Lower Kingdoms. The chosen representatives of the Egyptian gods on Earth. They rule all of Africa.
Well, *almost* all.
The world struggles in its yolk.
On its body are festering sores and vermin.
In the morning, they rise up like leeks.
In the evening, they sink down and die.
The gods follow a different order of logic and are mysteries even to me.
Finally, the gray monster with the serene face is Bruce Banner, the Incredible Enlightened Hulk. *Him* I bet you've heard of.
Rules most of Asia and the West Coast of North America. Absolute monarch of the Seven Celestial Cities of Heaven. Spiritual leader to *billions*.
You have our attention, Fury. *Report.*
The Hulk is the strongest thing on Earth, and the most dangerous.
They are the Council. They rule the world.
Glad you could all make it. I've been meaning to get you all together for a while.
At least for *now*.

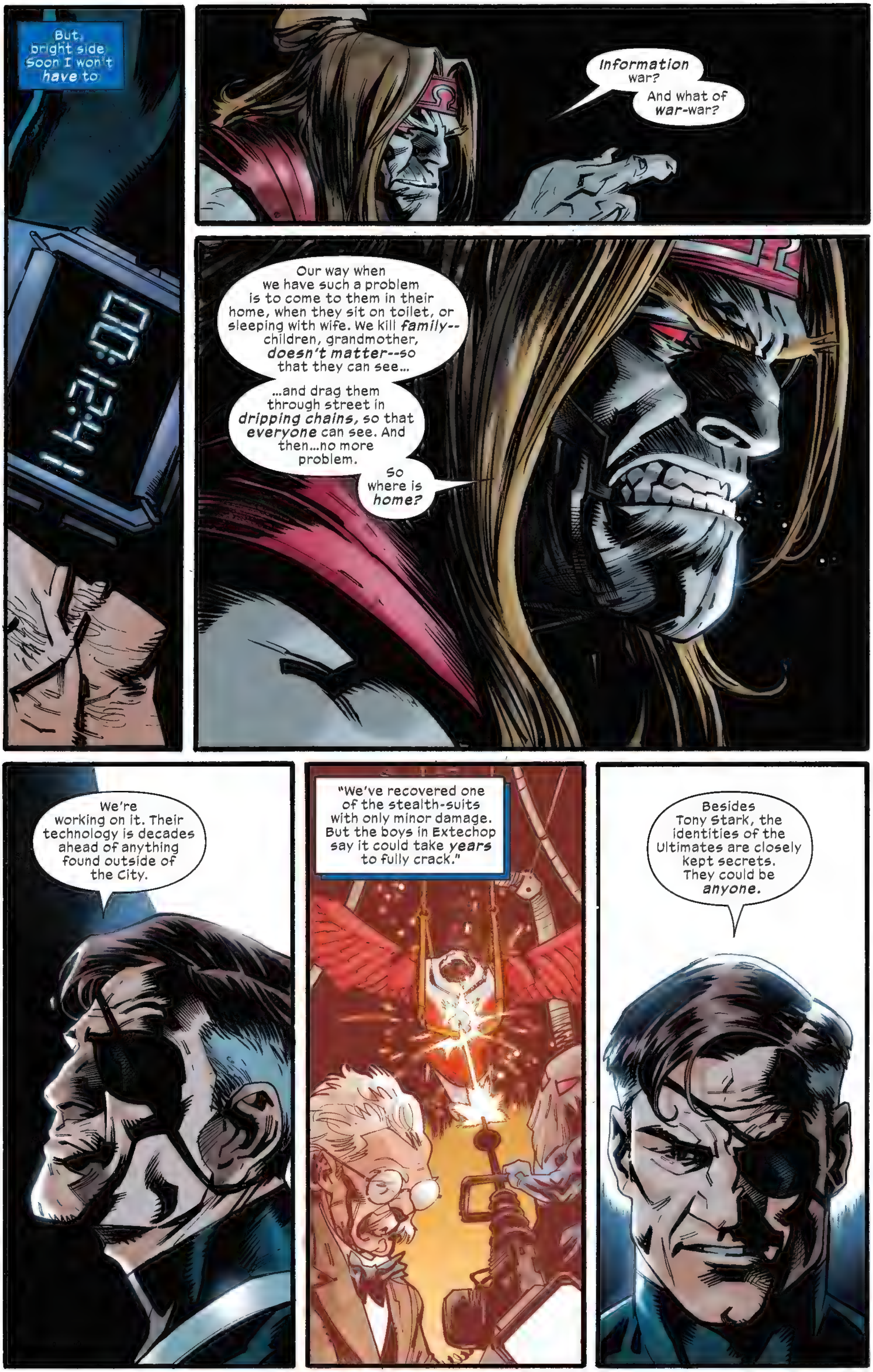

They're monsters, but my hands have as much blood on them as theirs.
--have been monitoring the Ultimates situation since--
These are my kinds of people now. This is my kind of party.
It wasn't always...
Those early days were different...
...kicking in the teeth of Nazi vampires...sabotaging super-weapons with Dum Dum and the Howlers...
Good and evil. Black and white.
Things seemed much clearer then.
Cleaner.

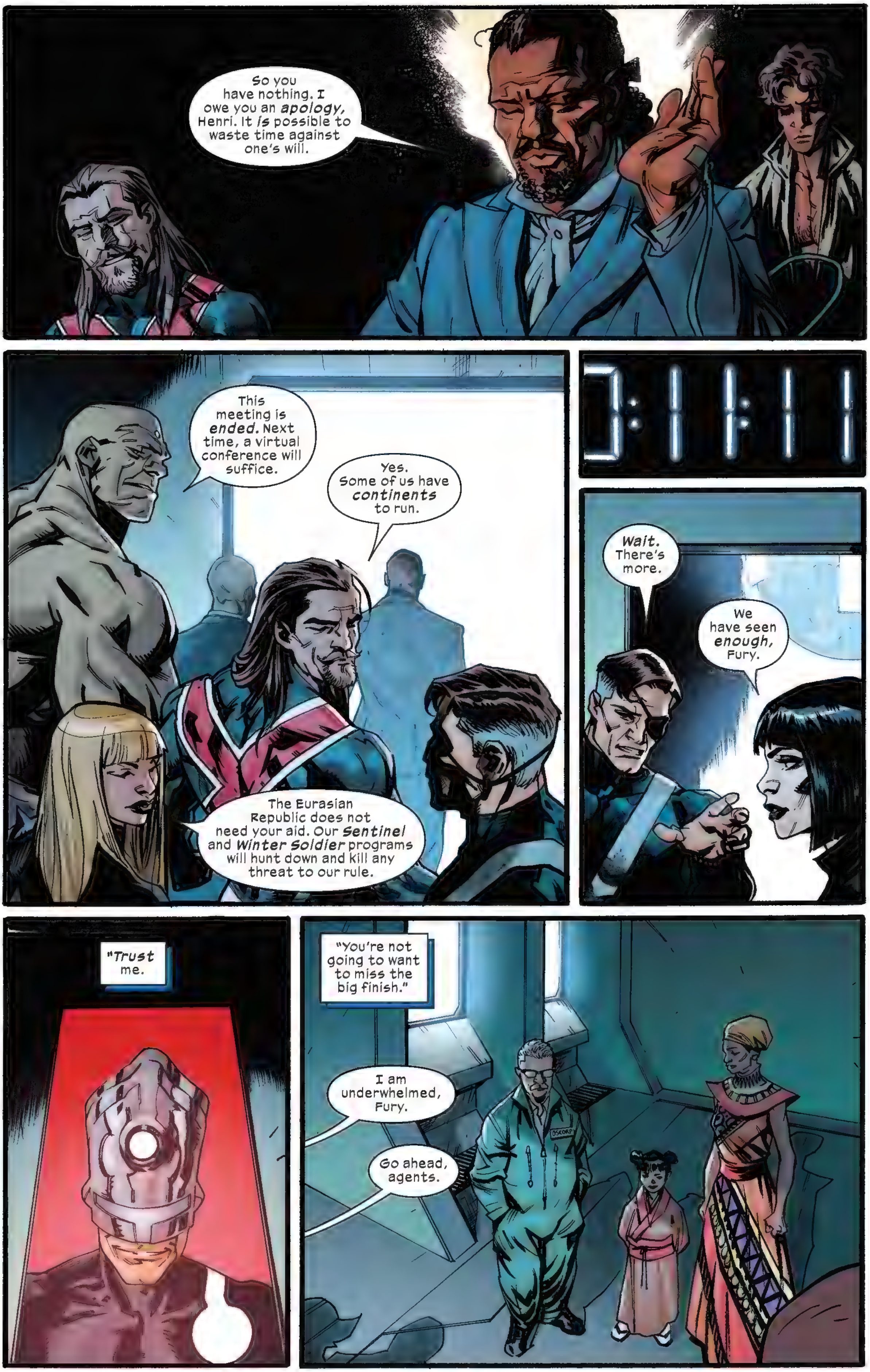

Then... things get... blurry...
And...
And...
Fury.
Fury!

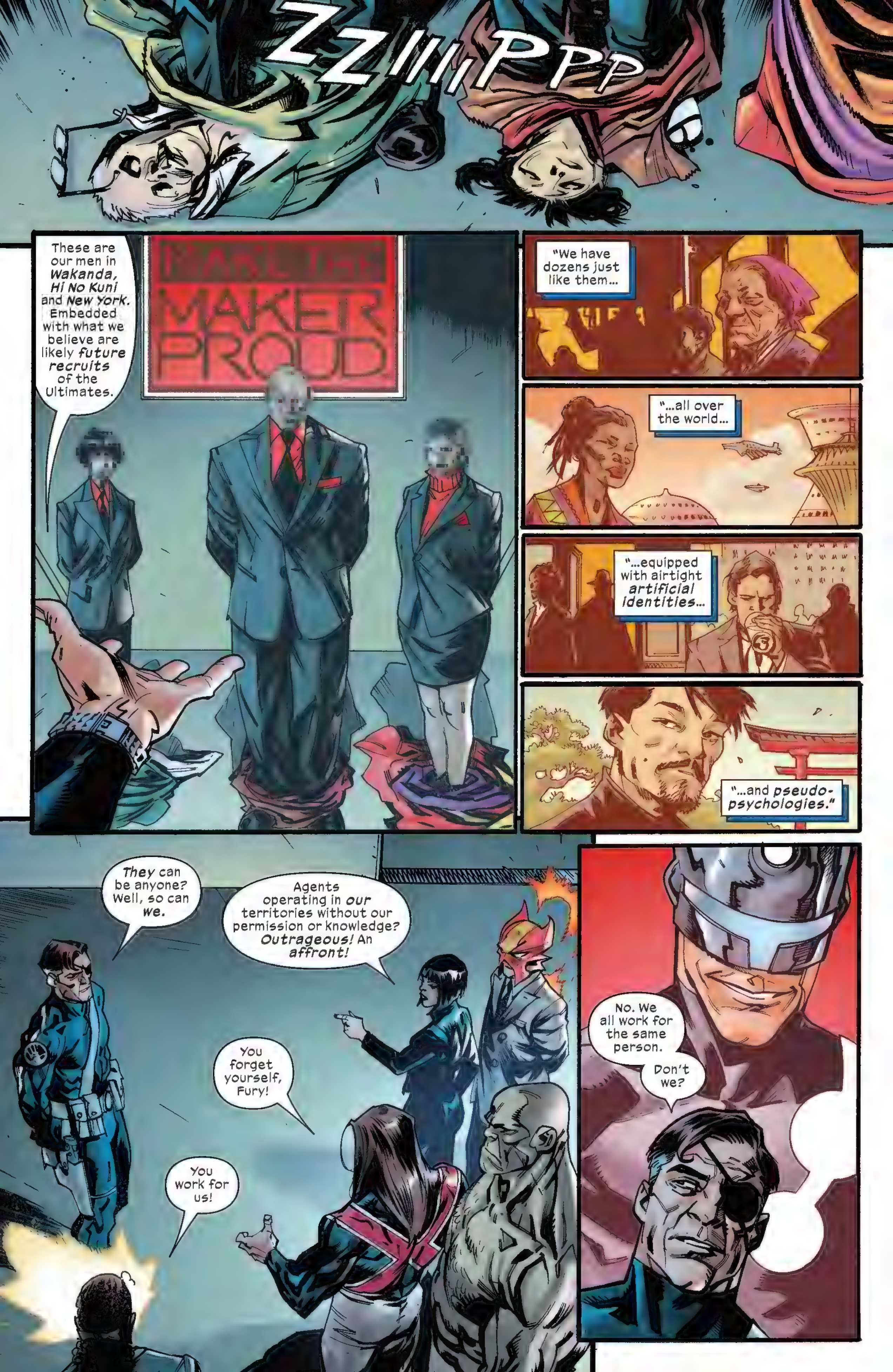

Enough tiresome backstory! We already know all of this.
Give us something new.
Well, following Doctor Banner's failure in K'un-Lun--*
*See Ultimates #6.
I killed the Stark boy. I'm certain of it. I felt him die in my hands.
CRUNCH
"Maybe. He hasn't seen been since. But the others are still operating.
"Three weeks ago, the one from the White House--calling herself 'Miss America Chavez'--intervened to protect a group of pro-democracy protestors in Guatemala City.
LIBERTAD! DEMOCRACIA

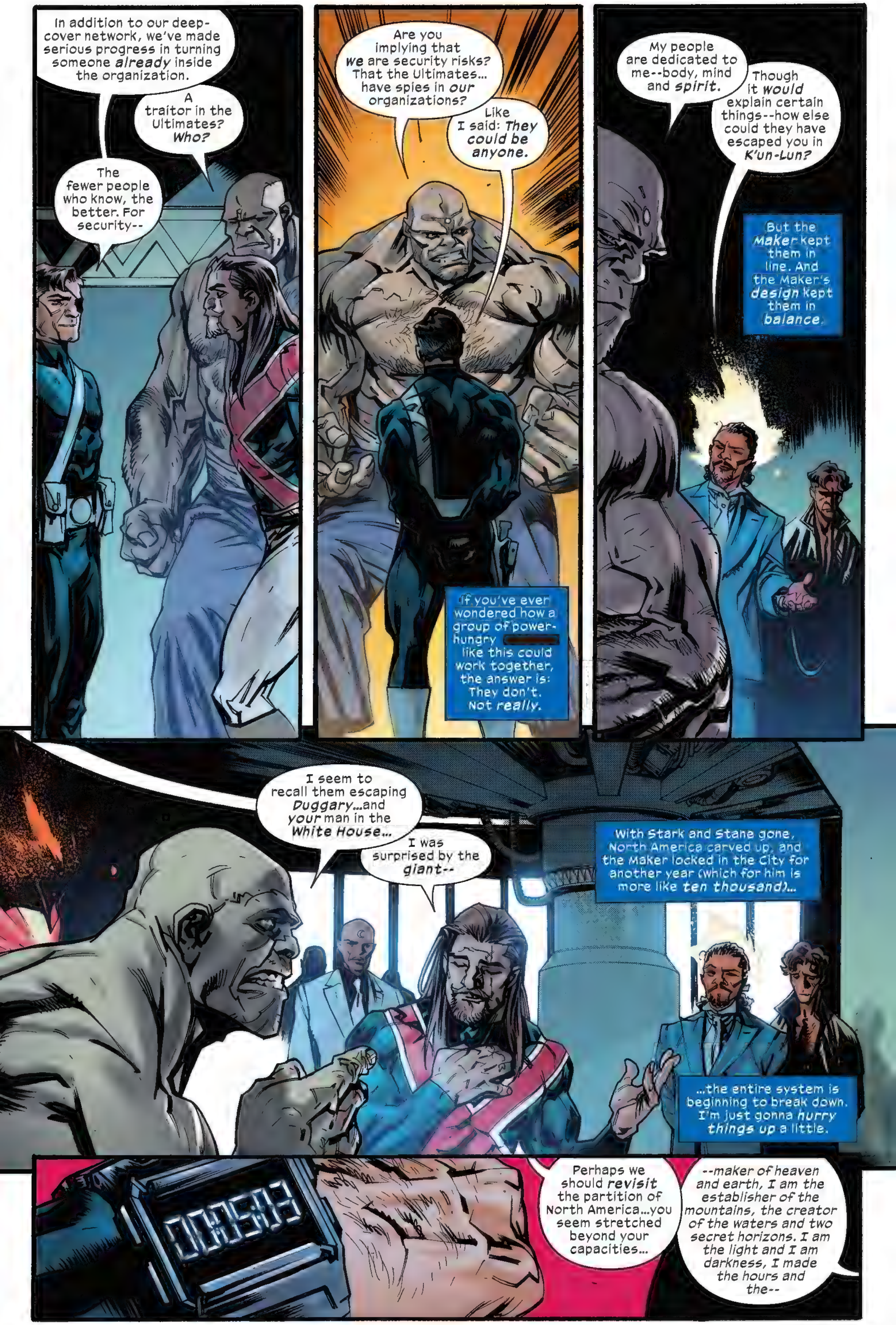

"One week ago, another Damage Control facility was raided and burned to the ground by a 'flying man on fire.' What was lost is still unclear.
"And just yesterday, a shipment of weapons meant for the war in Wakanda was destroyed. By *exploding arrows.*"
The Ultimates Terrorist Network is *still active.* They are now less high profile, less ambitious, and more careful.
"Incredible" work, Banner.
Careful, Fury. I have... recently rediscovered an appreciation for *mindless violence.*
I'm not afraid of death anymore.
What scares me *now* is dying without some kind of *redemption.*
So I'm playing along.
There *is* good news.

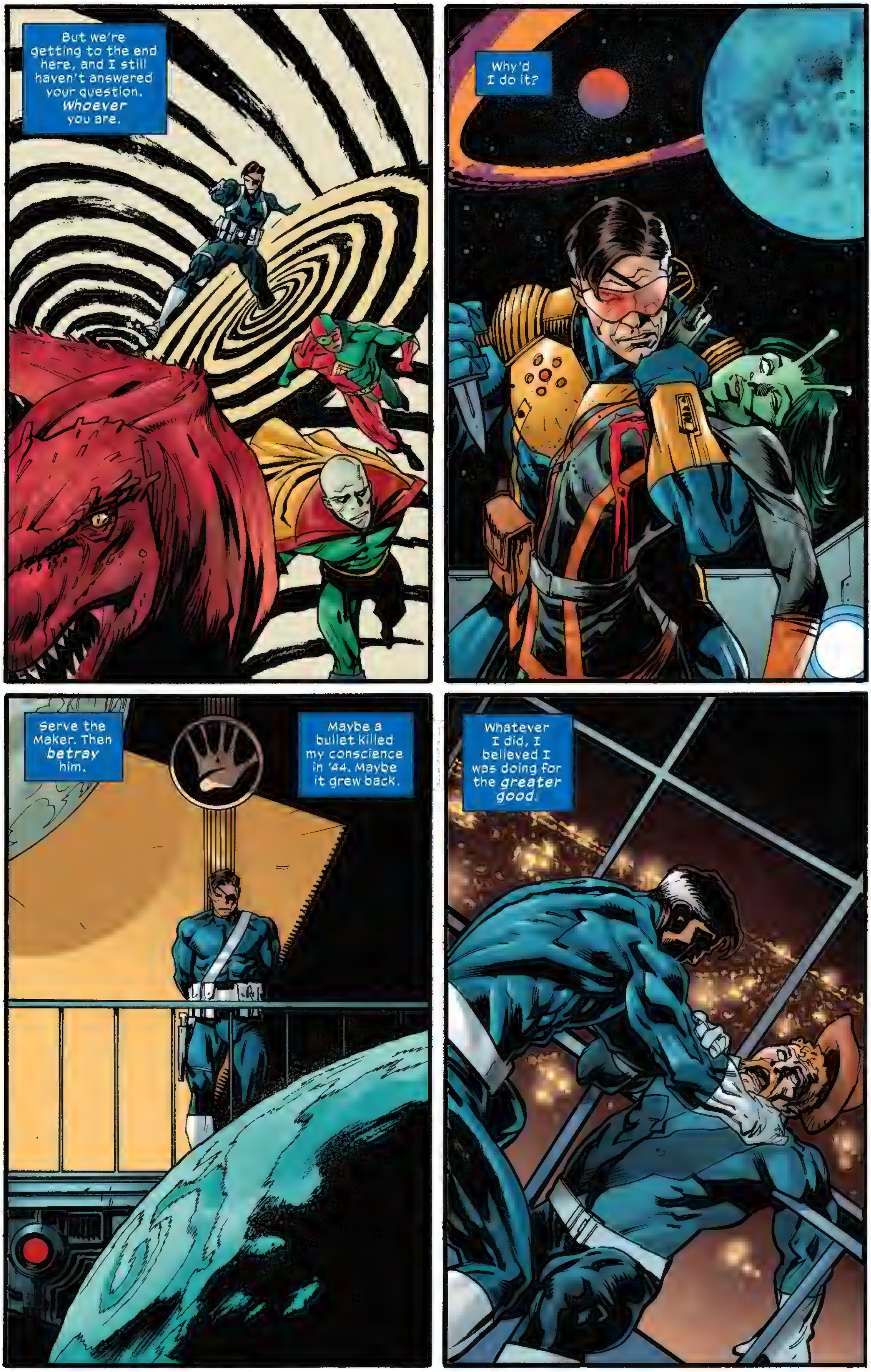

We are *handily* winning the information war. The terrorist framing has almost *total* penetration.
It's a classic for a reason.
ULTIMATES PUT THEIR FOOT DOWN
Violent nationalists, pagan false gods, radicals from the future, spoiled nepo-baby billionaires... the narratives write themselves.
Well, actually, *Narrative* writes the narratives. But you know what I mean.
THOUSANDS STILL WITHOUT POWER FOLLOWING ULTIMATES ATTACK
We have a decades-long head start in indoctrination, and our will-weakening *Free School Milk* program has left the population *highly* susceptible to suggestion.
Culture has ramped up its efforts and flooded all media channels with pro-status-quo messaging--film, TV, music, podcasts, video games, comic books.
THEY HATE YOU!
It can be hard to tell the difference between following orders and playing along.
Comic books? That's a waste of resources, isn't it? Does anyone still *read* those?
You'd be surprised...
The point is, it's *working.* Even among those prone to support the Ultimates' agenda, we've created a zone of "strategic uncertainty."
Sure, we massaged the numbers, inflated *casualties* and *costs*... but we couldn't have done it without *them.* The public hates a death toll. That's why ours is *strictly classified.*
Sometimes I can't stand myself.

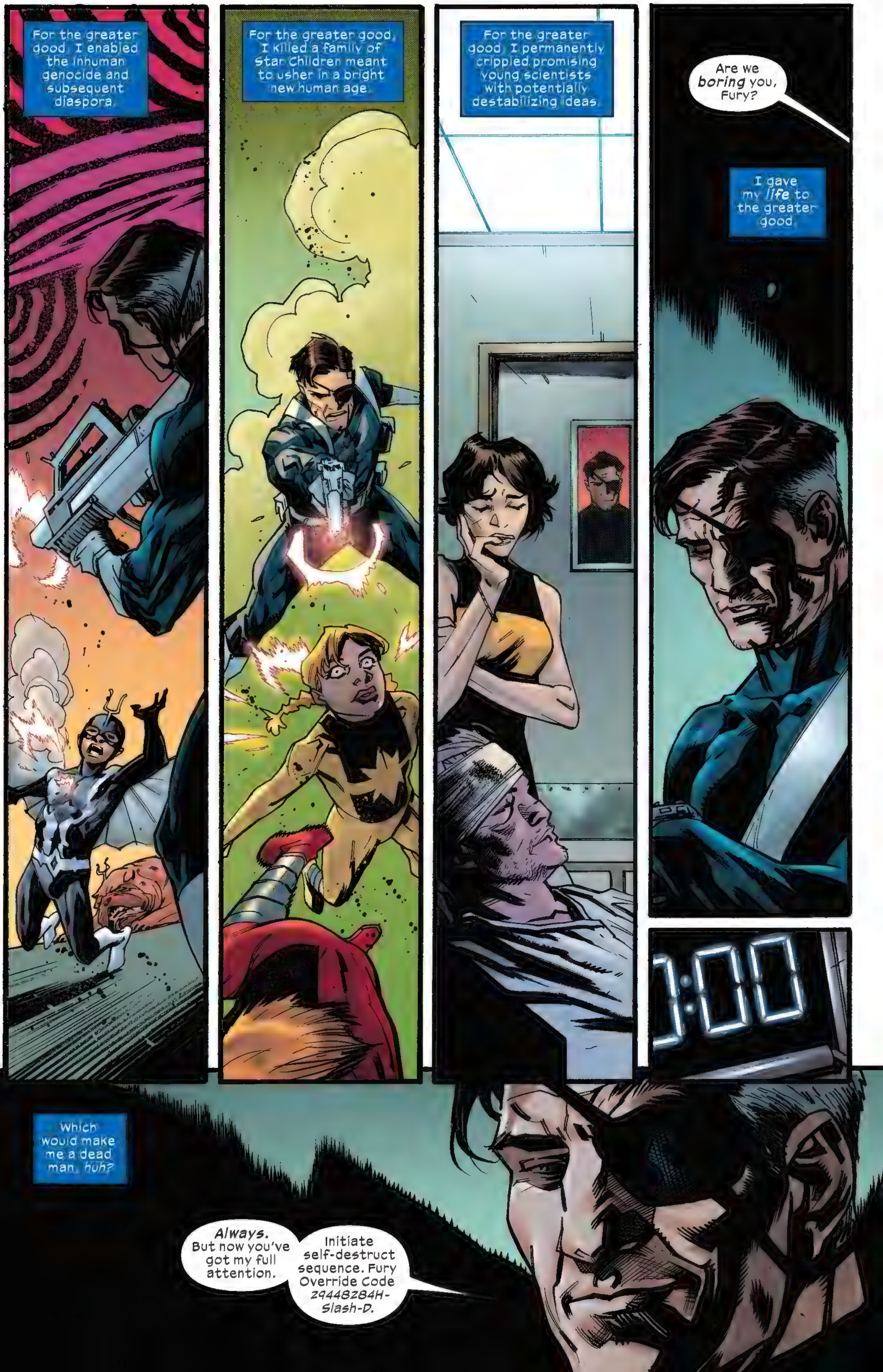

But, bright side soon I won't *have* to.
00:12:41
Information war?
And what of *war*-war?
Our way when we have such a problem is to come to them in their home, when they sit on toilet, or sleeping with wife. We kill *family*-- children, grandmother, *doesn't matter*--so that they can see...
...and drag them through street in *dripping chains,* so that *everyone* can see. And then...no more problem.
So where is *home?*
We're working on it. Their technology is decades ahead of anything found outside of the City.
"We've recovered one of the stealth-suits with only minor damage. But the boys in Extechop say it could take *years* to fully crack."
Besides Tony Stark, the identities of the Ultimates are closely kept secrets. They could be *anyone.*

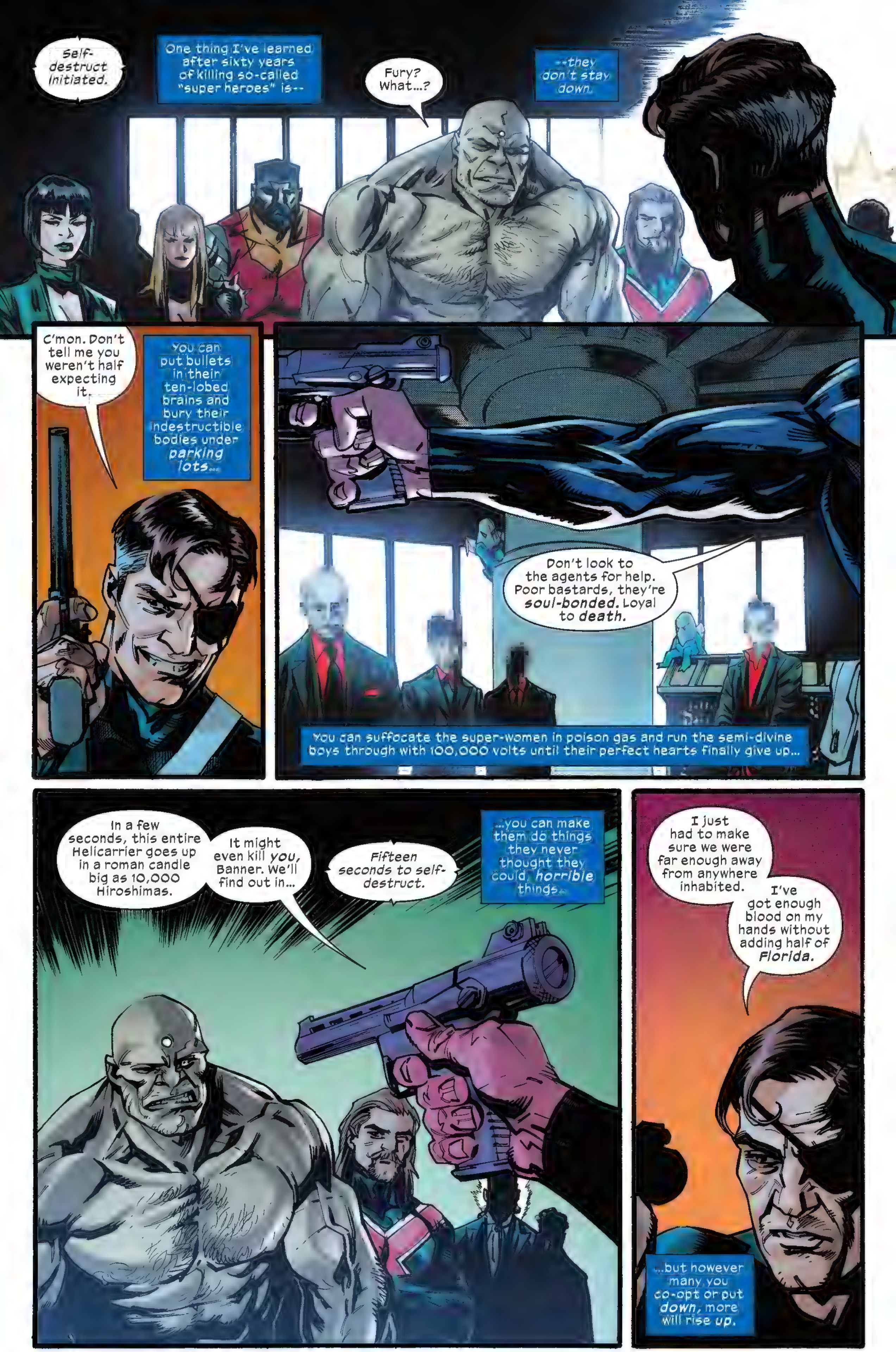

So you have nothing. I owe you an *apology,* Henri. It *is* possible to waste time against one's will.
This meeting is *ended.* Next time, a virtual conference will suffice.
Yes. Some of us have *continents* to run.
The Eurasian Republic does not need your aid. Our *Sentinel* and *Winter Soldier* programs will hunt down and kill any threat to our rule.
0:11:11
Wait. There's more.
We have seen *enough,* Fury.
"*Trust* me.
"You're not going to want to miss the big finish."
I am underwhelmed, Fury.
Go ahead, agents.
OSCORP

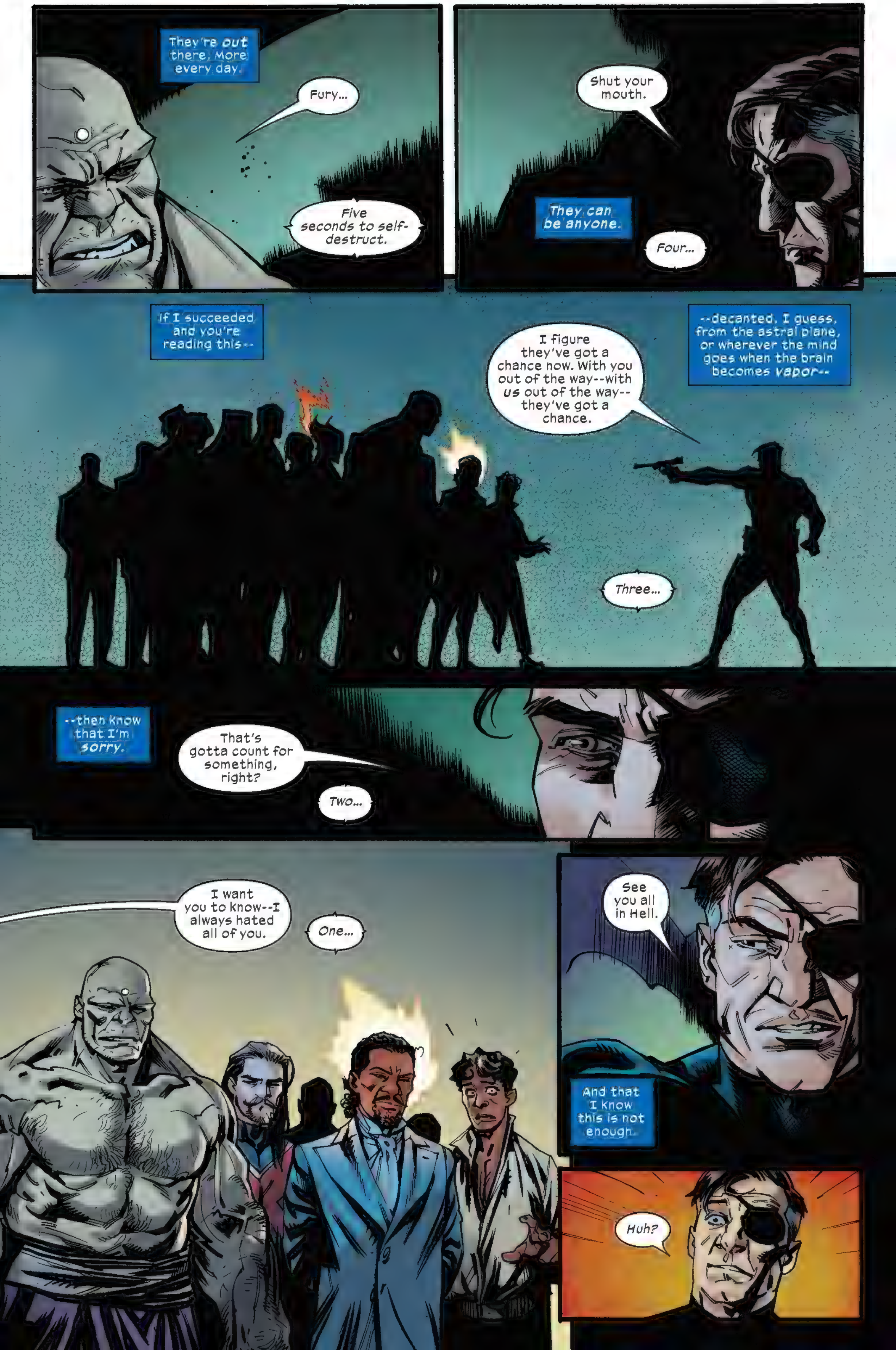

ZZIIIIPPP
MAKE THE MAKER PROUD
These are our men in *Wakanda, Hi No Kuni* and *New York.* Embedded with what we believe are likely *future recruits* of the Ultimates.
"We have dozens just like them...
"...all over the world...
"...equipped with airtight *artificial identities*...
"...and *pseudo-psychologies.*"
They can be anyone? Well, so can *we.*
Agents operating in *our* territories without our permission or knowledge? *Outrageous!* An *affront!*
You forget yourself, Fury!
You work for us!
No. We all work for the same person.
Don't we?

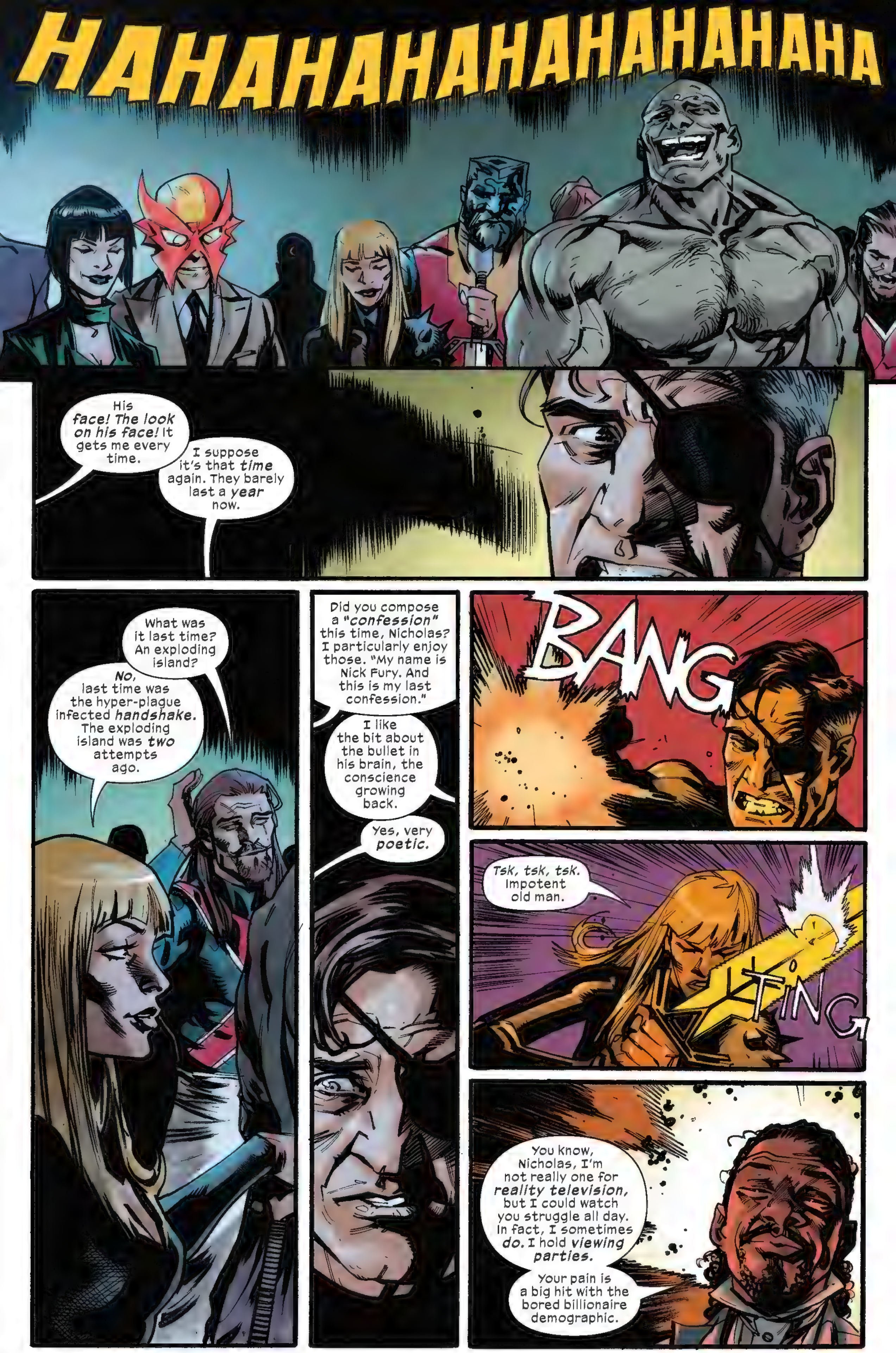

In addition to our deep-cover network, we've made serious progress in turning someone *already* inside the organization.
A traitor in the Ultimates? *Who?*
The fewer people who know, the better. For security--
Are you implying that *we* are security risks? That the Ultimates... have spies in *our* organizations?
Like I said: *They could be anyone.*
If you've ever wondered how a group of power-hungry [redacted] like this could work together, the answer is: They don't. Not *really.*
My people are dedicated to me--body, mind and *spirit.*
Though it *would* explain certain things--how else could they have escaped you in *K'un-Lun?*
But the *Maker* kept them in line. And the Maker's *design* kept them in *balance.*
I seem to recall them escaping *Duggary*...and *your* man in the *White House*...
I was surprised by the *giant*--
With Stark and Stane gone, North America carved up, and the Maker locked in the City for another year (which for him is more like *ten thousand*)...
...the entire system is beginning to break down. I'm just gonna *hurry things up* a little.
Perhaps we should *revisit* the partition of North America...you seem stretched beyond your capacities...
--maker of heaven and earth, I am the establisher of the mountains, the creator of the waters and two secret horizons. I am the light and I am darkness, I made the hours and the--

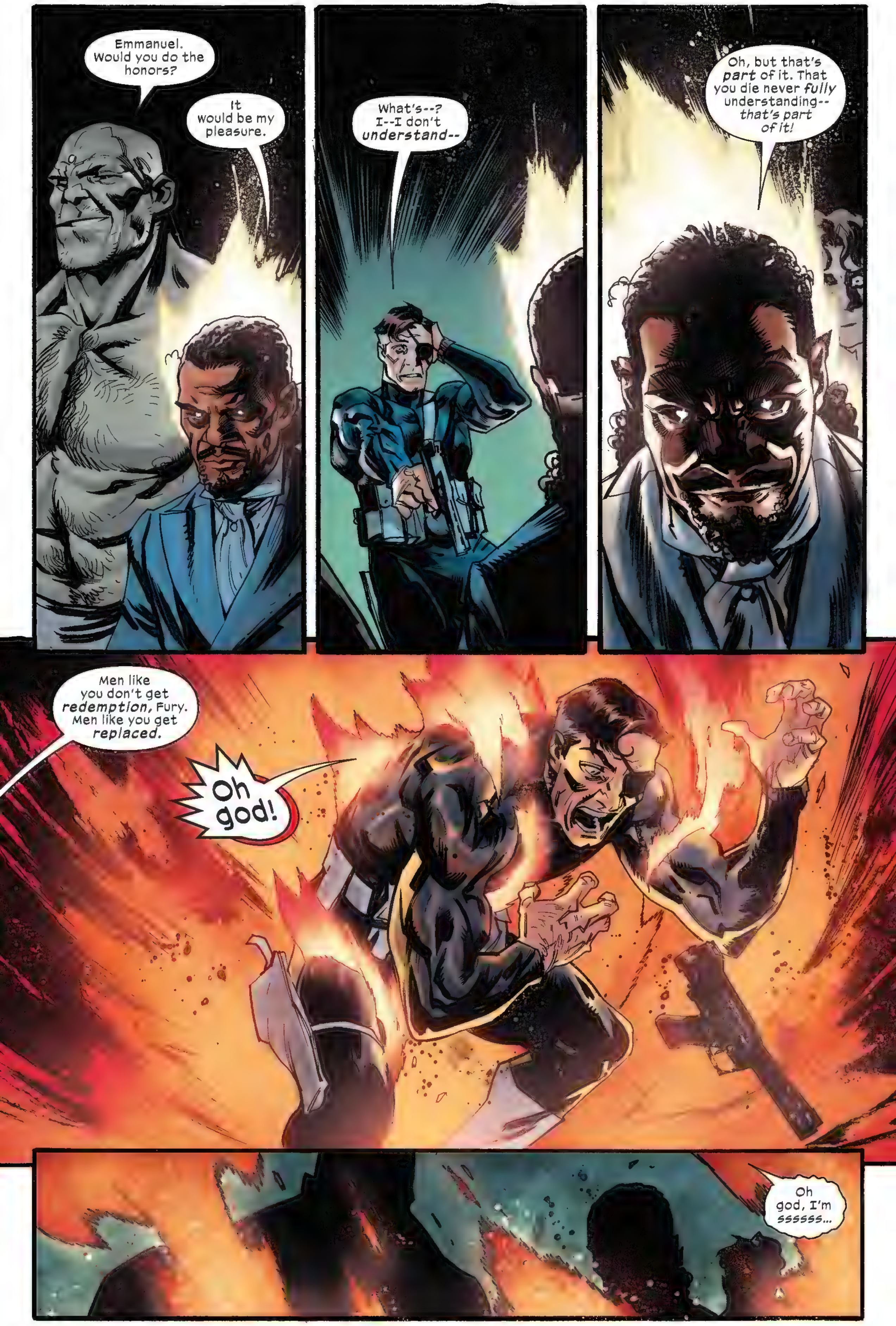

But we're getting to the end here, and I still haven't answered your question. *Whoever* you are.
Why'd I do it?
Serve the Maker. Then *betray* him.
Maybe a bullet killed my conscience in '44. Maybe it grew back.
Whatever I did, I believed I was doing for the *greater good.*

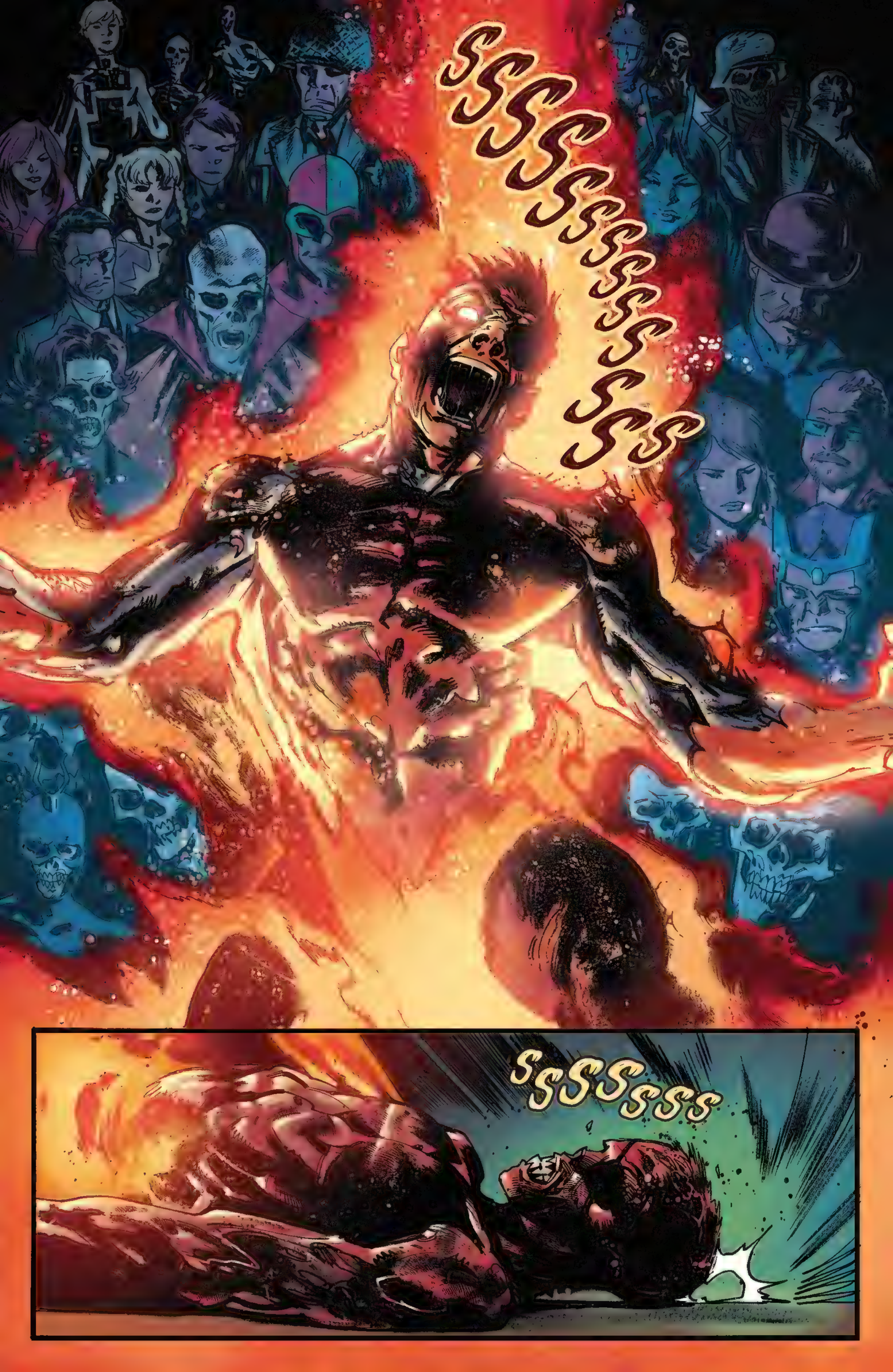

For the greater good, I enabled the Inhuman genocide and subsequent diaspora.
For the greater good, I killed a family of Star Children meant to usher in a bright new human age.
For the greater good, I permanently crippled promising young scientists with potentially destabilizing ideas.
Are we *boring* you, Fury?
I gave my *life* to the greater good.
0:00
Which would make me a dead man, *huh?*
Always. But now you've got my full attention.
Initiate self-destruct sequence. Fury Override Code *29448284H-Slash-D.*

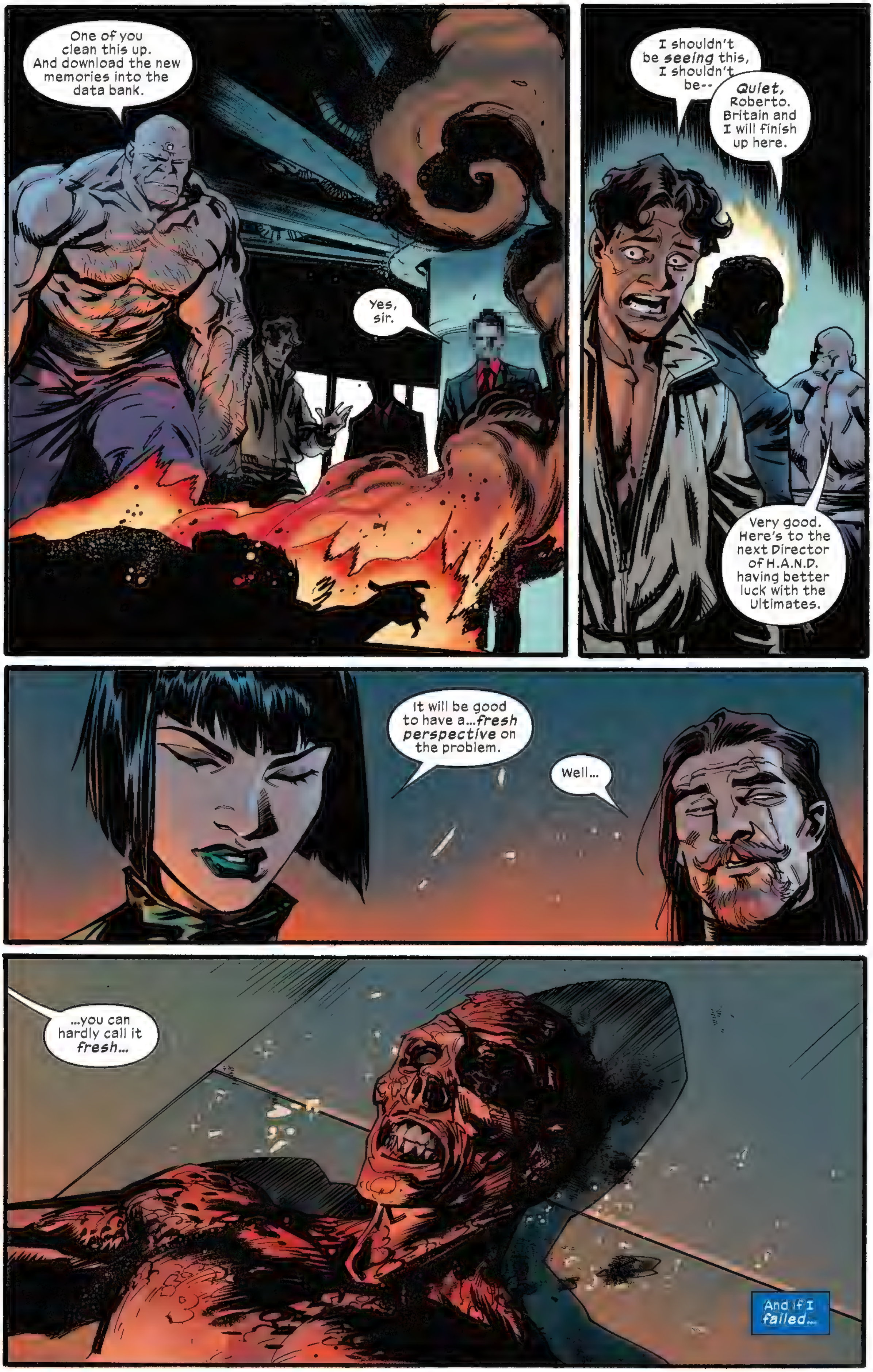

Self-destruct initiated.
One thing I've learned after sixty years of killing so-called "super heroes" is--
Fury? What...?
--they don't stay down.
C'mon. Don't tell me you weren't half expecting it.
You can put bullets in their ten-lobed brains and bury their indestructible bodies under *parking lots*...
Don't look to the agents for help. Poor bastards, they're ***soul-bonded.*** Loyal to ***death.***
You can suffocate the super-women in poison gas and run the semi-divine boys through with 100,000 volts until their perfect hearts finally give up...
In a few seconds, this entire Helicarrier goes up in a roman candle big as 10,000 Hiroshimas.
It might even kill *you,* Banner. We'll find out in...
Fifteen seconds to self-destruct.
...you can make them do things they never thought they could, *horrible* things.
I just had to make sure we were far enough away from anywhere inhabited.
I've got enough blood on my hands without adding half of ***Florida.***
...but however many you co-opt or put *down,* more will rise *up.*

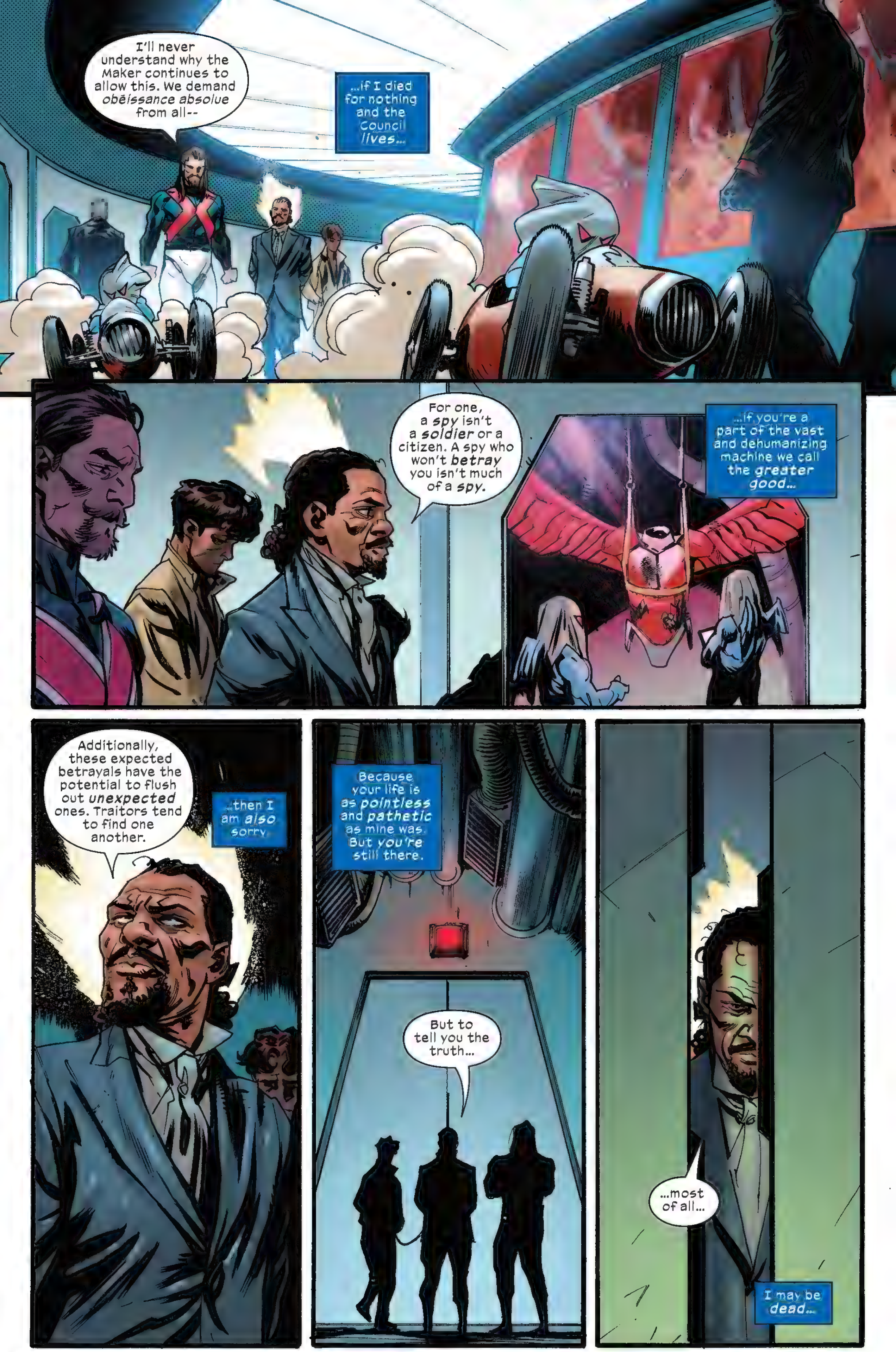

They're *out* there. More every day.
Fury...
Five seconds to self-destruct.
Shut your mouth.
They can be anyone.
Four...
If I succeeded and you're reading this--
I figure they've got a chance now. With you out of the way--with *us* out of the way--they've got a chance.
--decanted, I guess, from the astral plane, or wherever the mind goes when the brain becomes *vapor*--
Three...
--then know that I'm *sorry*.
That's gotta count for something, right?
Two...
I want you to know--I always hated all of you.
One...
See you all in Hell.
And that I know this is not enough.
Huh?

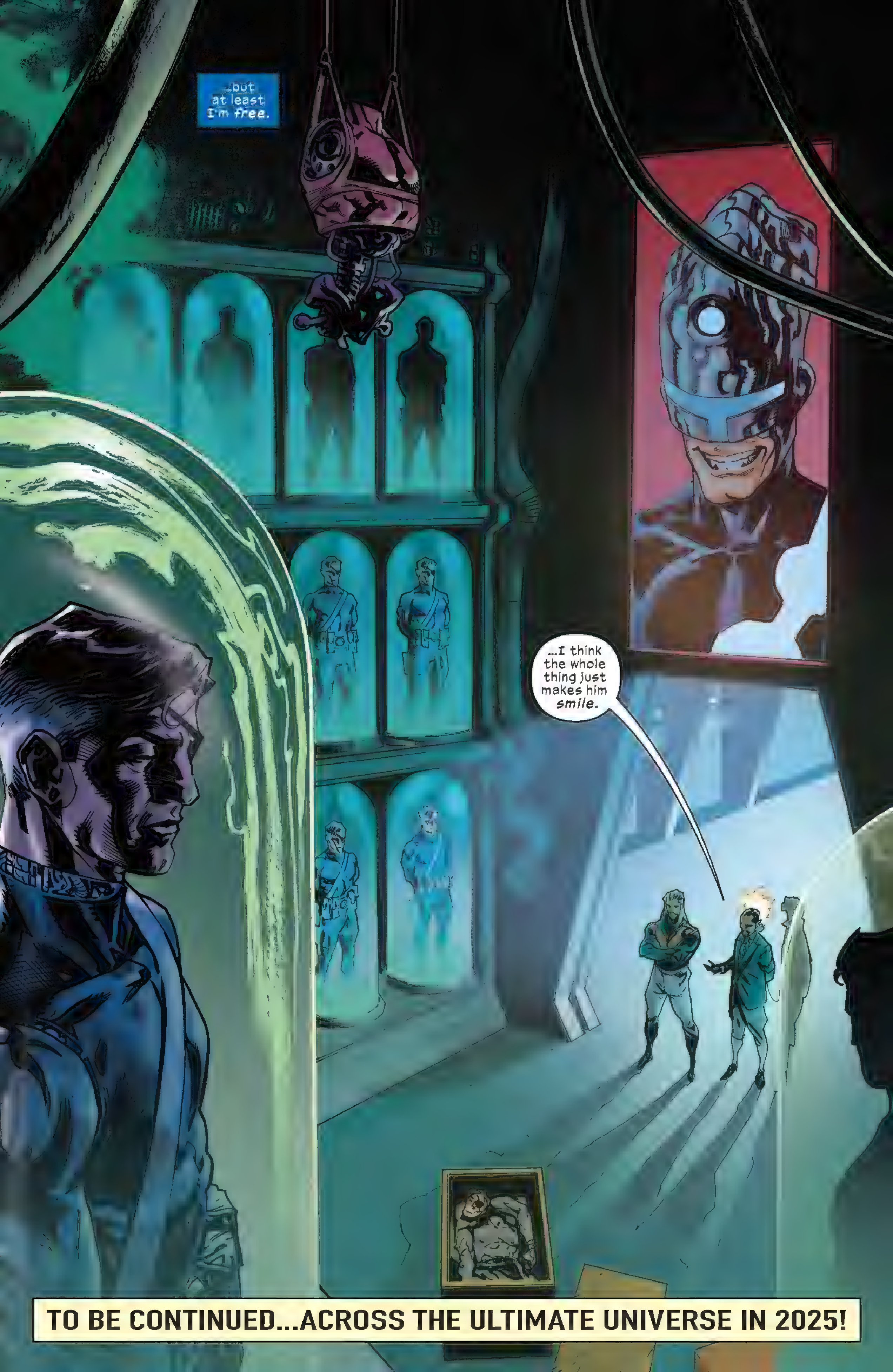

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
His *face! The look on his face!* It gets me every time.
I suppose it's that *time* again. They barely last a *year* now.
What was it last time? An exploding island?
No, last time was the hyper-plague infected *handshake.* The exploding island was *two* attempts ago.
Did you compose a *"confession"* this time, Nicholas? I particularly enjoy those. "My name is Nick Fury. And this is my last confession."
I like the bit about the bullet in his brain, the conscience growing back.
Yes, very *poetic.*
BANG
Tsk, tsk, tsk. Impotent old man.
TING
You know, Nicholas, I'm not really one for *reality television,* but I could watch you struggle all day. In fact, I sometimes *do.* I hold *viewing parties.*
Your pain is a big hit with the bored billionaire demographic.


Emmanuel. Would you do the honors?
It would be my pleasure.
What's--? I--I don't *understand*--
Oh, but that's *part* of it. That you die never *fully* understanding-- *that's part of it!*
Men like you don't get *redemption*, Fury. Men like you get *replaced*.
Oh god!
Oh god, I'm ssssss...

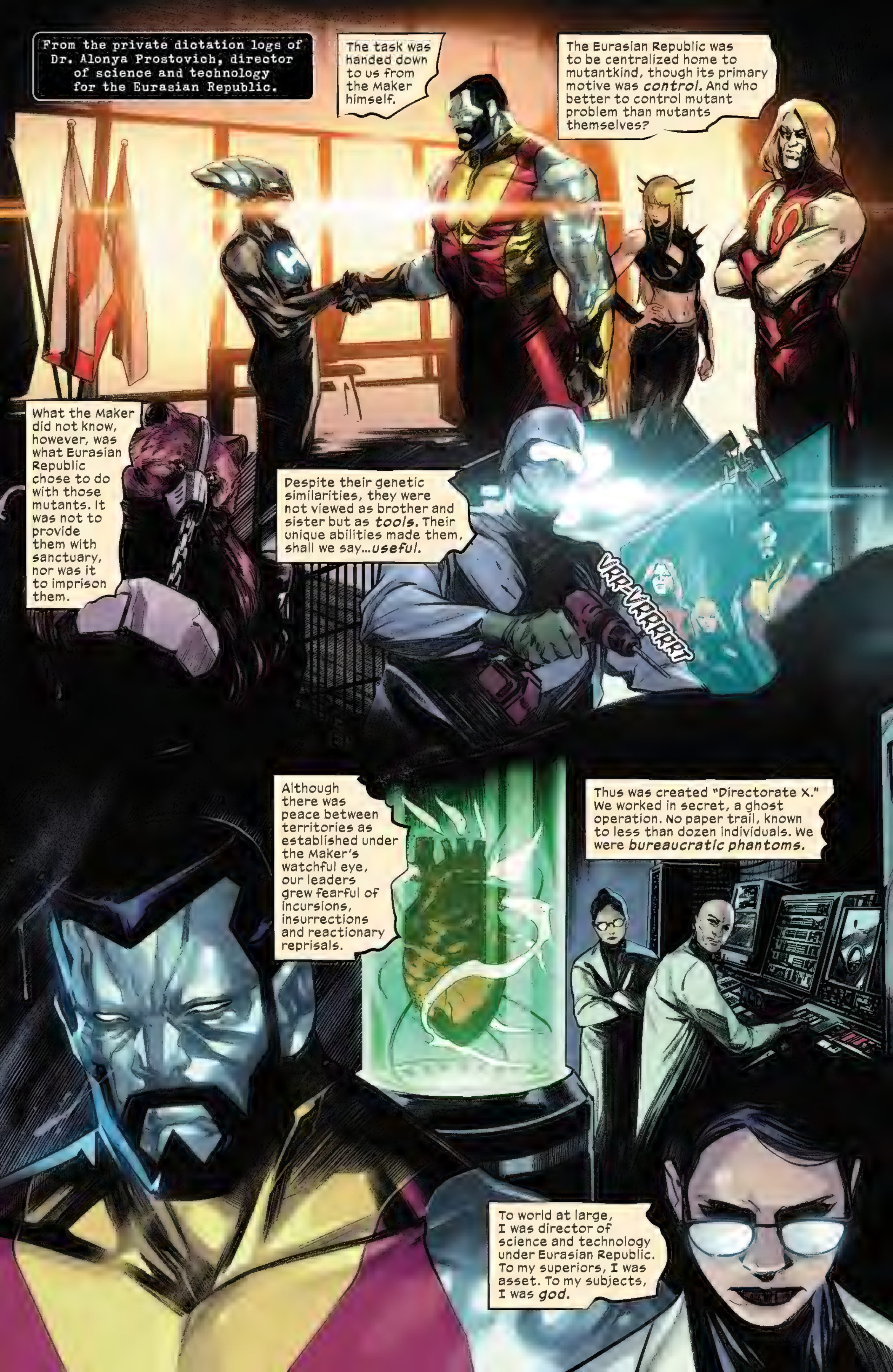

SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
SSSSSSSS

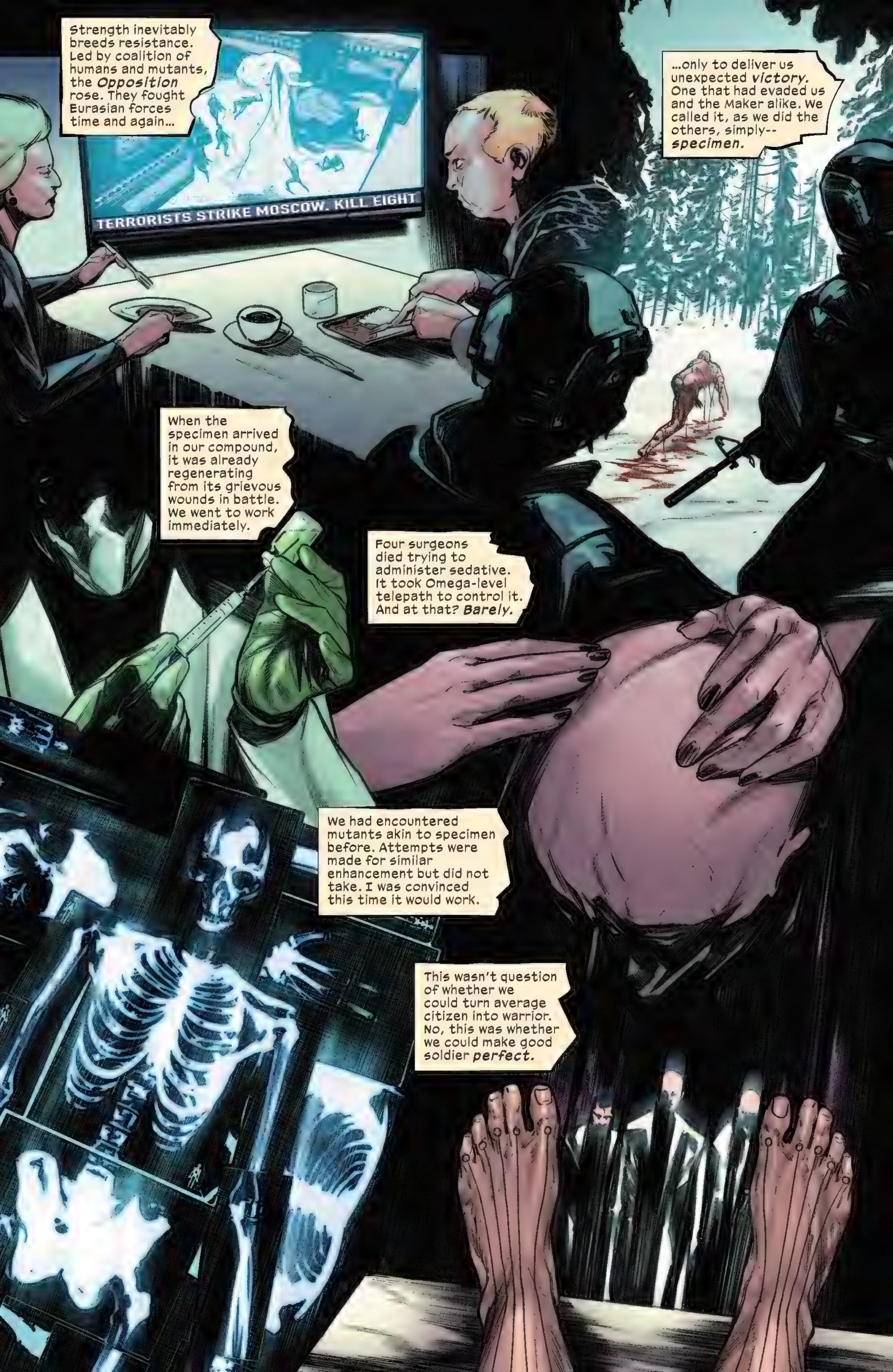

One of you clean this up. And download the new memories into the data bank.
Yes, sir.
I shouldn't be *seeing* this, I shouldn't be--
Quiet, Roberto. Britain and I will finish up here.
Very good. Here's to the next Director of H.A.N.D. having better luck with the Ultimates.
It will be good to have a...***fresh perspective*** on the problem.
Well...
...you can hardly call it ***fresh***...
And if I *failed*...

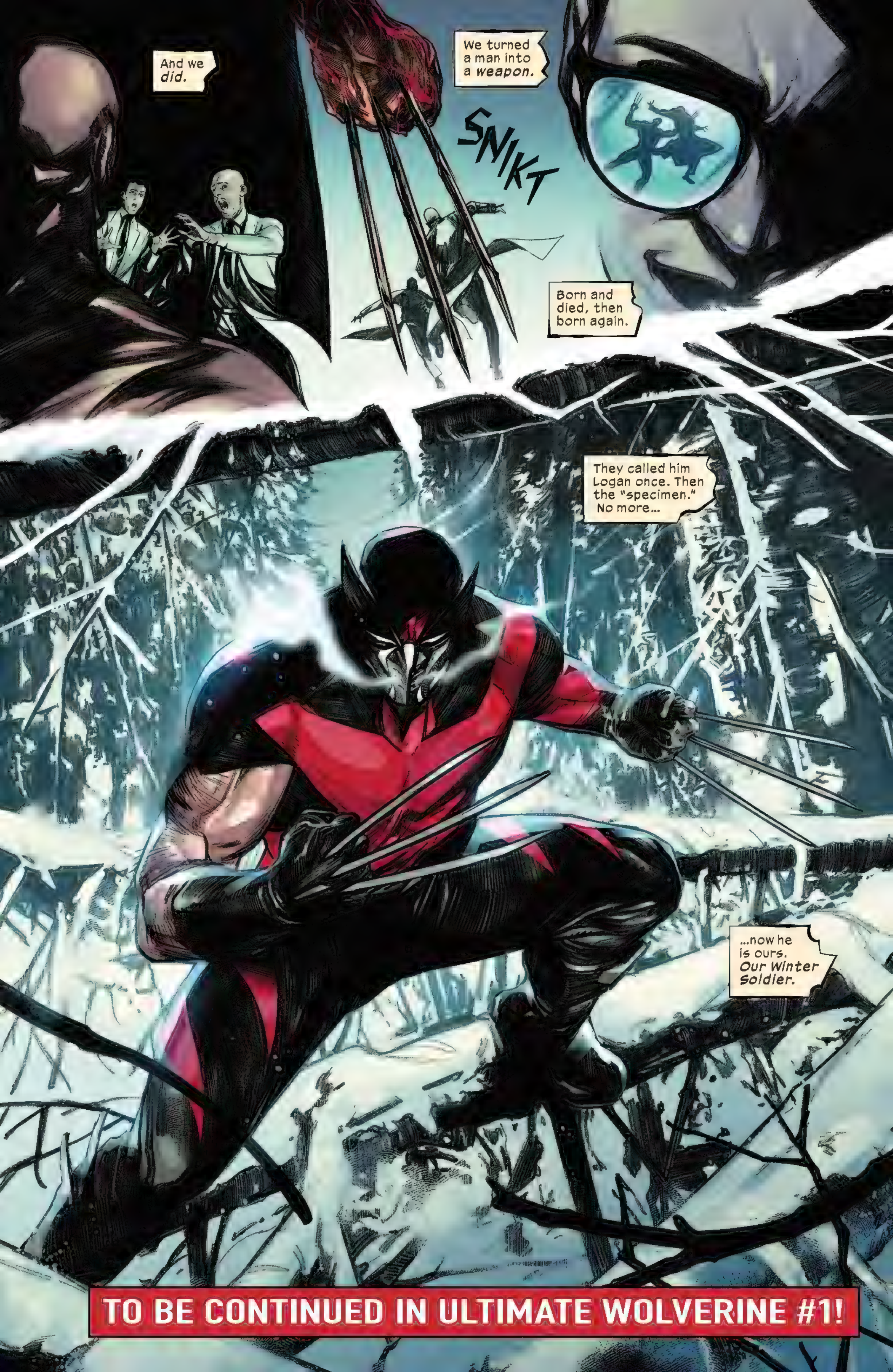

I'll never understand why the Maker continues to allow this. We demand *obéissance absolue* from all--
...if I died for nothing and the Council *lives*...
For one, a ***spy*** isn't a ***soldier*** or a citizen. A spy who won't ***betray*** you isn't much of a ***spy***.
...if you're a part of the vast and dehumanizing machine we call the ***greater good***...
Additionally, these expected betrayals have the potential to flush out ***unexpected*** ones. Traitors tend to find one another.
...then I am ***also*** sorry.
Because your life is as ***pointless*** and ***pathetic*** as mine was. But ***you're*** still there.
But to tell you the truth...
...most of all...
I may be ***dead***...


...but at least I'm free.
...I think the whole thing just makes him *smile*.

TO BE CONTINUED...ACROSS THE ULTIMATE UNIVERSE IN 2025!


From the private dictation logs of Dr. Alonya Prostovich, director of science and technology for the Eurasian Republic.
The task was handed down to us from the Maker himself.
The Eurasian Republic was to be centralized home to mutantkind, though its primary motive was *control.* And who better to control mutant problem than mutants themselves?
What the Maker did not know, however, was what Eurasian Republic chose to do with those mutants. It was not to provide them with sanctuary, nor was it to imprison them.
Despite their genetic similarities, they were not viewed as brother and sister but as *tools.* Their unique abilities made them, shall we say...*useful.*
VRR-VRRRRRT
Although there was peace between territories as established under the Maker's watchful eye, our leaders grew fearful of incursions, insurrections and reactionary reprisals.
Thus was created "Directorate X." We worked in secret, a ghost operation. No paper trail, known to less than dozen individuals. We were *bureaucratic phantoms.*
To world at large, I was director of science and technology under Eurasian Republic. To my superiors, I was asset. To my subjects, I was *god.*


Strength inevitably breeds resistance. Led by coalition of humans and mutants, the *Opposition* rose. They fought Eurasian forces time and again...
TERRORISTS STRIKE MOSCOW. KILL EIGHT
...only to deliver us unexpected *victory*. One that had evaded us and the Maker alike. We called it, as we did the others, simply-- *specimen*.
When the specimen arrived in our compound, it was already regenerating from its grievous wounds in battle. We went to work immediately.
Four surgeons died trying to administer sedative. It took Omega-level telepath to control it. And at that? *Barely*.
We had encountered mutants akin to specimen before. Attempts were made for similar enhancement but did not take. I was convinced this time it would work.
This wasn't question of whether we could turn average citizen into warrior. No, this was whether we could make good soldier *perfect*.


And we *did.*
We turned a man into a *weapon.*
SNIKT
Born and died, then born again.
They called him Logan once. Then the "specimen." No more...
...now he is ours. *Our Winter Soldier.*
TO BE CONTINUED IN ULTIMATE WOLVERINE #1!

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MARVEL
1
ULTIMATE
WOLVERINE
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ULTIMATE WOLVERINE #1

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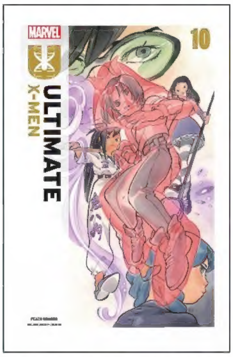
ULTIMATE BLACK PANTHER #11

BY **BRYAN HILL** & **CARLOS NIETO**


MARVEL
10
ULTIMATE
X-MEN

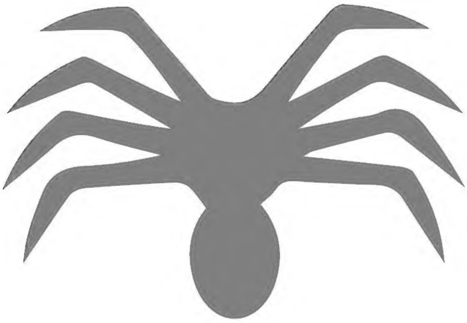
ULTIMATE X-MEN #10

BY **PEACH MOMOKO**

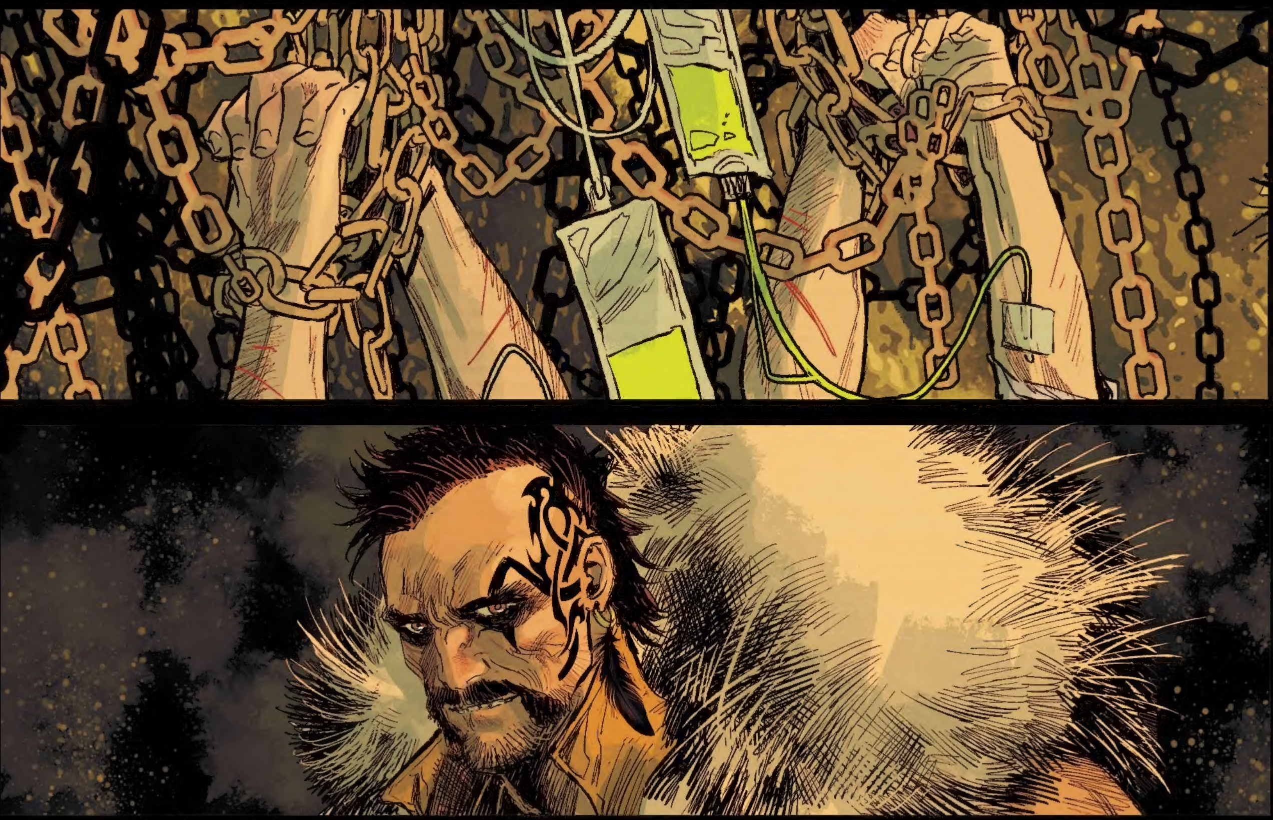
MARVEL
7
THE
ULTIMATES

ULTIMATES #7

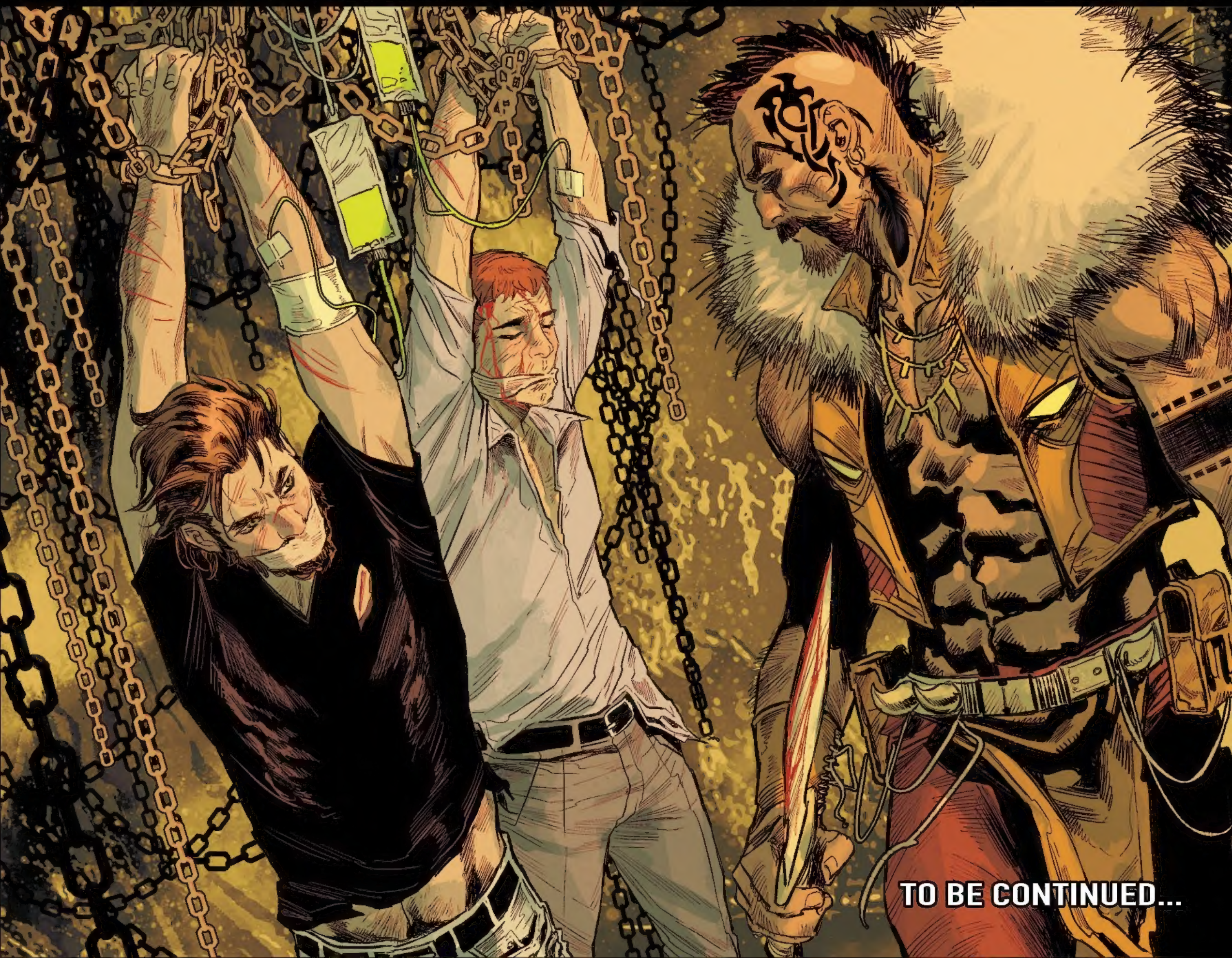
BY **DENIZ CAMP** & **JUAN FRIGERI**



“**Fear** is knowing it can all be taken away.”



EPILOGUE



TO BE CONTINUED...